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 ALBERT MORTON (MANAGER) ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON (OUR LITTLE PREACHER) NELLIE PARKHURST (SOPRANO) MARY J. IRVIN (ALTO)

MRS. E.L. WATSON AND HER CO-WORKERS AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE S.F.
 ELLIOTT, OAK, CAL.



ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

The Carrier Dove.

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

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No. 1.

Mediumistic Experience.

Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Lowe Watson.

We read the story of old of the wondrous birth at which the Heavens opened, pouring forth a song of joy and good will to men; a birth over which a miraculous star shone, and the Wise Men came and proffered rich offerings. At the birth of the subject of this sketch, of course, none of these signs were in the air, but there was that present on that occasion which was better than miracles,—a mother's tender love. Those who come into the world with this rich inheritance need neither miracle nor wondrous sign, for the miracle is here before them. The star may sink out of sight in clouds, the Heavens grow silent, and the wise men turn foolish; but a mother's love never fails us in this world. Other love will guard and cherish us so long as we shine with desired lustre, but a mother's love clings to us not only in the innocence of our childhood, but when the world turns away she still folds us to her bosom with faith in the good that remains and heals with her kisses our bleeding wounds. The arms of such a love received Mrs. Watson some forty-three years ago.

The beginning of her knowledge of Spiritualism was at the age of seven years. Hearing at that tender age of the wonderful knockings at Rochester, she thought of her little sister who had passed away, and wondered if she were about her. On one occasion as she lay in her trundle bed she asked her mother, "Is it true that little sister is floating in the air? That her spirit is in the darkness?" Cold chills ran over her at the thought, but her mother, who was a good member of the Baptist Church and firm in the old faith, answered, "No, my child, it is not true that your little sister is in the air; she is safe with God in Heaven." One day at the school she attended there came mysterious sounds on the desks. All the other children were wondering who made them. They were sitting with their backs to the teacher, who finally said, "Children, turn around upon your seats;" but still the raps continued. She drew one child after another on to the floor until she came to little Libbie, and her she seated in a chair in the middle of the room; still the raps continued. As the children were returning home that day they laid their hands upon the rocks, when those mysterious raps were heard as plainly as upon the desks at school. When home was reached they burst in upon the mother

with great wonderment, saying, "R——— is making the raps." And the dear mother at first did not know what to do; but finally said to herself, "God would not send to my innocent little child an evil one to torment her and me; I have tried to live a good life and obey His commands; why should he let the devil in upon my little sheepfold?" and she sat down to the table and "tried the spirits." For two weeks the mother scarcely slept, so anxious was she to know the secret of this power, and if it really was what it claimed to be; sometimes it purported to be the little sister, sometimes neighbors and friends, and always claimed to be a disembodied spirit anxious to make itself known and to tell something of that mysterious land that lies just beyond. The result of all this was the mother's conversion to Spiritualism, and a great scandal, of course, in the neighborhood. The neighbors said that that dear good woman had finally been deceived; for as the Bible saith, the very elect will be deceived." The friends and neighbors gathered in; some were convinced, and some called it this thing and some that, but finally it became a disturbing force in the household. The mother was very much absorbed in the investigation; the father was not very religious—he would have been called a materialist; he thought mother gave too much time to the other world, until the good angels said, "Now we will leave you for a time; just call upon us when you are sick or in need."

For several years the family lived the ordinary life of country people. Hearing strange reports, but not having witnessed hardly any of these mysterious occurrences, at length there came through her another manifestation of this peculiar power, this time in the form of trance. Sitting around the table at home this mysterious influence was felt sweeping over her; at the second sitting her lips were moved to utter strange things. She began to quote scripture and to talk upon different topics. She was then thirteen years of age. After a brief period, she resisted the influence; she saw how her young mates of the neighborhood began to look upon her as something uncanny; her great ambition to become a school-teacher was going to be thwarted by this influence, and she begged her mother not to urge her to yield to it any longer, and she said she would not. But finally the influence got the mastery, and at fourteen years of age her public ministry began. It may be noted in this connection, that she never went to school altogether more

than three or four years in a common district school. Twenty-five years ago to be a spiritual medium was to be almost completely ostracized and disgraced. The dear young companions dropped away from her, and the old paths so precious to girlhood's life were closed up forevermore, and strange and fearful stories were told of her. Some said she was possessed of the devil, others that she was going mad, while a few became her warm and tender friends.

She was both too ignorant and too innocent to know the awfulness of the tales that were circulated by good souls in order to put down the devil and his works. The stories that her friends wept over and wrung their hands about, passed over her as lightly as thistle-down. The neighbors said, "She is studying her sermons," and declared that she quoted whole lectures from A. J. Davis and others, lectures of which she had never heard. Some said she was always a remarkably smart child; others, that she was naturally stupid.

The days went on, and then as now she was called before large audiences; but not then as now could she count among them very many friends. Questions of all kinds were sent up to the rostrum to be answered, and almost universally a committee was elected to choose a subject upon which the lecture should be based. She was told by a gentleman a few years ago that he listened to a lecture delivered by her when fourteen years of age, upon the subject of "The relation of matter and spirit," a subject which was chosen by the audience, and that it equalled any that he had heard her deliver since.

How changed the condition of the world's mind to-day from that of twenty-five years ago! as has been said, to be a spiritualist then was to be banished and ostracized; now it is quite popular. And yet then for years she spoke three times every Sunday. The neighbors declared she would certainly go into a decline, but after three months of public speaking she developed from a delicate child to the picture of health.

When nineteen years of age she married a gentleman with five children, "rich, but respectable." For several years she retired from public work, and only officiated on funeral occasions when she was the only Spiritualist speaker available; and, as a public worker, she became almost unknown.

During those years of private life the angel ministry went on; if not in the same manner, if it was not noised abroad, there was at least that which was quite as sacred,

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the daily ministry of those patient teachers who took her, an ignorant child clothed in the coarse garments of poverty and inured to the hardships of the life of the poor; they taught her what they could, were patient with her still in that private life and in the service which the true home requires at a woman's hand. As regards her husband, she has told us that for over twenty years she enjoyed the loyal love of a great and noble heart. During these years of the home ministrations there were many necessities, many emergencies arising almost daily in which she felt to lean upon a higher power. For weeks after her marriage the good angels withdrew their presence, and that period was the darkest of her married life. "I think I shed more bitter tears during this time," Mrs. Watson has said, "than I have ever since, for the reason that I was thrown entirely upon myself. Cry unto them as I would, no response came; I felt as though the Heavens were vacant. Finally, one night, feeling that I could no longer bear this banishment from the heavenly light, I remember that I had put the little five-year-old daughter to sleep, as usual, and I was feeling drear and lonely (my husband was away), I threw myself upon my knees and prayed as earnestly as soul ever prayed that the angels would return to me. And they did come back, and for the first time in my married life I was not afraid of my husband; as he came up the stairs I felt no tremor of fear. And then began the angel ministry in our house. I was the second wife of course, and from the moment that the little children began to call me mother, there came over me the influence of the angel mother. From the moment I entered that home I felt that I must win their love against prejudice and against a feeling that my husband 'had gone mad after a poor little medium.' I felt that I must capture the citadel of their innocent lives, and have on my side the battle, the angel wife and the angel mother; and the children, who never spoke her name except in a whisper, and who thought of her as too far removed to have any sympathy or care for them; began to realize what it was to have two mothers, one in heaven and one on the earth. When I was in great trouble how to manage their little tempers and the angel mother would give the right word, and never shall I forget how she ministered in all these emergencies and days of trial, until her picture hanging there upon the wall became sacred, and how it seemed to shed tender benedictions and thanksgivings when I had been particularly patient with her dear children. If we could only feel the angel presence of motherhood and fatherhood it would have a far more sacred and beautiful influence than all the priesthood of this world."

During all those years of domestic life the good angels ministered. Mrs. Watson's first bereavement came to her thirteen years ago; she had two lovely blossoms on her marriage tree, both sons. With many

another mother she had felt the longing for that innocence, that tenderness, that grace embodied, which we conceive to be the proper gift of womanhood; how the mother longs to look into the face of the baby girl and find the beauty that she lacks, the grace that she longs for, the tenderness that lies hidden in the human heart. And that had been her prayer, and at last the answer came in her little Evangeline. She was a golden-haired, blue-eyed darling, the child of love; the tears fell from both the fathers and mother's eyes in showers of pearl when the little face came to make more bright this world; she was the ewe lamb of that little flock, and for seventeen months her face had only smiles for papa and mamma who wove around her those tender threads of dream-life and beautiful anticipation that all fathers and mothers know of. Very suddenly the little one was stricken with that terrible disease, diphtheria, and the agonized parents saw her turn pale under the kiss of death. The mother has known what it is not only to rejoice with exceeding joy over a dear child's birth, but she has known what it is to pray for death to come to release it from awful suffering. So when little Evangeline lay there in the agonies of slow strangulation she prayed for her release. But when the first joy of seeing the little struggling body at rest was passed, the great cloud of death stole over her, and it seemed that all the heavens grew dark and all the earth most desolate.

She had watched over the little one until completely exhausted, and she became a victim to the same disease, and lay dangerously ill, when the first sign of angel ministry came to her in the form of a gentleman who had been sent thirty miles to lay hands of healing upon her by spirit direction, he not knowing of her affliction or of the circumstances of her illness. The physician said she could live but a few hours, and when this gentleman laid his hands upon her, almost a miracle was wrought. When left alone for a few moments after receiving a treatment there came a signal from the skies to her the first since little Evangeline passed away; it came in the form of healing hands that were as perceptible as any human touch, and with such potency that in a few hours she was convalescing. She had with her at the time a dear lady friend, one whom she had known intimately for many years; she was not known to the public as a seer, but had a remarkably clear spiritual vision. She was in strong sympathy with Mrs. Watson, and one morning as she sat at her bedside saw an arch of light over the head of the bed, and on the face of the arch was written "Trust me, Libby; I will love her, I will care for darling now." Almost simultaneous with this message came the touch of baby hands upon Libby's cheek. Remember the two were alone in that room made sacred by the death of the little one, and under these circumstances came this testimonial from that angel mother whose little ones were in Mrs. Watson's care.

How natural that she should be near her children's second mother, and when little Evangeline was borne to the spirit world that she should take to her arms that baby-soul! In her earthly home Mrs. Watson was ministering to her children; how natural that in her heavenly home she should take Libbie's darling, and seek to return some of the good deeds that she had tried to do for her. Such is the responsiveness of the heavenly spheres, and such the sympathy between us here and those who are ever watching us over there. And day after day, at the twilight hour, the little one came to her mother on earth, a beautiful, palpable presence that made life rare and sweet, and took the sting from death and the victory from the grave.

In five months more another darling passed away, and in the birth of this little boy of five years of age into the spirit world there came a strange experience. Mrs. Watson did not see what was actually transpiring about her, but she realized most palpably the presence of many angel children, who seemed to be welcoming her boy in the spirit land with demonstrations of joy akin to those with which we greet the birthday of our children in this world; and that home, which in the common experience of human beings would have been draped in mourning, was decorated with immortal flowers, and vocal with the song of spiritual joy, guiding the dimpled feet in sunny paths. These are glimpses of the ministration that came to her home-life. Finally there was a change in the external surroundings; the prosperity which had for so many years crowned the efforts of a really noble life now ceased, and reverses came that swept from their hands the golden baubles of earth. Then, how was it? Then as never before, the beautiful truths of our philosophy shone forth. She and her co-worker never were so rich as when all seemed gone; there came from the upper spheres a voice, saying, "Sweet are the uses of adversity, though the earthly riches may take wings and fly away the riches of the soul survive and grow more beautiful forever."

Finally her health failed and it was thought best she should have a change of climate, and she came to this coast for the first time some ten years ago.

She came almost unknown to the people of California, and after a severe struggle she won a little place in their hearts and did a little work. "I have never enjoyed so much of real life," we have been told by Mrs. Watson, "as I have in these ten years in which I have been able to stand before the people and utter words of hope and encouragement. From that time to this I have been before the public, making no preparation for any service; attending to the necessary duties in the home, and coming upon the rostrum empty, with only a great longing in my heart to do what good I might with angel help. In all these experiences of over twenty-five years, I can speak only good

things of my brother men and my sister women. I have traveled alone across the continent three times with no protection except the presence of little children, and I have traveled up and down the earth a good deal for the last twenty-five years, and I have yet to meet with open insult; nay, I will say further I have yet to be placed under circumstances where I have not found some good and loyal man to render needed assistance; some noble, faithful, tender woman to give me needed consolation."

"In standing upon the Spiritual Rostum," says Mrs. Watson, "I want you to feel that I am not confined to any ism, for there is no ism that can express the longings and aspirations of the human soul. Therefore I would come to you not merely as a Spiritualist, not merely as a medium for the utterance of truths connected with our philosophy; but I would come to you, if possible, as a representative of the great and philosophical truths which are the inheritance of the race."

For nearly five years Mrs. Watson has been lecturing almost constantly in San Francisco, and with ever increasing popularity. Her many womanly graces, combined with the eloquence and power of her public addresses, have endeared her to the hearts of her congregation; and probably no religious teacher or pastor in the city is more dearly loved by his faithful flock than is the woman-pastor of Metropolitan Temple beloved by the eager-listening auditor who each Sunday hang upon the burning words of fervid eloquence and beauty that roll from her angel-touched lips in almost measureless streams of richest harmony and love.

Mrs. Watson's continuous sojourn in San Francisco has been twice broken; first, by a trip to Australia in 1882, and secondly, by a tour of the East in the Summer of 1885. In Australia she was most cordially received and her lectures everywhere greeted with large and enthusiastic audiences. Her tour of the East last Summer was one continued ovation. Whether speaking in churches, halls, or camp-meetings, crowds of rapt listeners hung upon the streams of living eloquence that flowed in a ceaseless torrent from the inspired lips of the "silver-tongued orator of the Golden Gate," as she has been aptly termed; and her last address at the Cassadaga Camp-meeting has been characterized as one of the grandest and most transcendently eloquent orations that mortals have ever been privileged to listen to. During her public career she has been the recipient of many warm encomiums from critical minds, both spiritualists and non-spiritualists, and the following testimonial to her eminent worth as a public ministrant, from Wm. Emmette Coleman.

"I regard Mrs. E. L. Watson as one of our most valuable and efficient spiritual workers, and for the following reasons: 1. Because, in my opinion, she is an honest, earnest, simple-minded evangel of truth

and right; 2, because she labors to make humanity purer and better; and 3, because on most points among spiritualists her head is generally level, her plain, practical, common sense enabling her to steer clear of the vagaries and delusions into which some of our public teachers fall. Mrs. Watson's labors are principally devoted to the edification and upbuilding of mankind morally and spiritually. Scientifically speaking, her work is largely on the sociological plane—the relations of human beings to each other in this world, the rounding out and perfecting of character, the elevation of the race in the domain of ethics the strengthening of the moral instincts and aptitudes. Such teaching, such assistance, the world needs very much. Intellectual wealth is a grand thing, but moral affluence is grander. Though one have the knowledge of a Herbert Spencer or a Humboldt, or the eloquence of a Webster, or a Demosthenes, and yet is deficient in moral culture, that person in the spiritual world ranks far beneath the honest, upright peasant, however unlettered he or she may be. Morality is the true touchstone of human character. Without it all our material wealth, all our intellectual riches, counts as nothing in the sight of the angel world; and seeing how largely Mrs. Watson's labors are devoted to the guidance and furtherance of the moral sentiments, my soul goes out in thankfulness to her therefor.

"Moreover, the philosophy taught by her is so free from the delusive theories held by many spiritualists that it, in general, commands my sincere approbation; and so long as she teaches a rational, common-sense spiritualism, and so long as she labors to improve men and women in their social and ethical relations, so long shall I most heartily and soulfully commend the beneficent life-work of Elizabeth L. Watson."

Mediumistic Experience.

Sketch of Mrs. Albert Morton, of San Francisco.

Mrs. Albert Morton is a native of Maine; her ancestors were from England and were among the earliest settlers on Cape Cod, Mass.; and springing from the same source as many bearing the name of Hewes, who have been prominently identified with the enterprising people of California.

Miss Howes married Captain Littlejohn, of Portland, Me., at the early age of seventeen years, and was left a widow at the expiration of eight years, with three small children dependent upon her exertions.

Although a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, she soon became interested in Spiritualism through the counsels of her parents, who were earnest believers, and shortly became a subject for various phases of mediumship, and many of her evening hours were devoted to giving seances to inquirers, without any compensation other than the consciousness of having done her duty in assisting to alleviate the trials of

marked characteristics of her nature. In others which is one of the most strongly was the desire of her controls that she enter the field as a public speaker, having frequently been controlled to speak at length in a very acceptable manner, to some of the cultured people of Boston; but possessing a very retiring nature, she shrank from the publicity of such a position. She was developed as an automatic writing and test medium, possessing fine clairvoyant powers. Upwards of twenty years ago she was successfully used to treat a niece who had been given up to die of consumption by two regular physicians, and since that time has been one of the instruments used by Dr. Rush (who made the above mentioned cure), for diagnosing and treating diseases. After several years of opposition to the public exercise of her mediumistic gifts as a professional worker, she was forced to give up all other business and enter the large field of spiritual labor, seventeen years ago, and was constantly employed as a medium in Boston, until removing to San Francisco, in 1872.

An incident illustrating the power of prevision and methods of spirit controls with their mediums may be of interest. During a visit to Philadelphia, in June, 1870, Mrs. Littlejohn was told by Dr. Rush and T. Starr King (through the mediumship of Mrs. Katie B. Robinson), of their desire to work with her in San Francisco, Mr. King expressing great anxiety "to meet my people through your mediumship." Mrs. L. demurred, saying, "I have not the means to make the change, nor have I any protector." Dr. Rush replied, "You shall have a protector and means, and we shall take you there when the proper time arrives." Mrs. L. was much attached to her people and had no desire to leave Boston, consequently gave little heed to the prediction. But man proposes and the angels disposed in their own good time.

In August, of the same year, she was invited by her warm friend, Mrs. Morton, who had been ill for a few days, but not considered in danger, to pass the night with her, and relieve Mr. Morton. After passing a very pleasant evening, laying plans for spending the usual summer vacation with friends in Maine, they retired to rest filled with anticipations of the enjoyable visit of to-morrow. To-morrow dawned in sadness for Mr. Morton was summoned early to call the doctor, but despite all the efforts of the attendants, collapse of the stomach ensued, and in the forenoon Mrs. Morton passed away without pain or the consciousness of the approach of the new birth.

In a few days Mrs. L. accepted the invitation of Mr. Morton and the parents of his deceased wife, and became a member of the family. The result of the mutual esteem, ripened by daily association, was naturally, marriage, and the following year the promise of a "protector" was fulfilled.

Mr. Morton had retired from active business, and being an earnest worker in Spirit-

ualism, was easily induced to return to San Francisco and devote his services to the cause of rational Spiritualism; and during the early years of her labors here, Starr King was able to realize his wish, for many of Mrs. Morton's sitters were his personal friends and parishioners.

Although Mrs. Morton possesses various phases of mediumship, the mere curiosity or wonder seekers will be very likely to have their attention called to more elevated planes than those of a phenomenal nature, if her services are sought.

The following statements from prominent Spiritualists bear testimony to the work of Mrs. Morton as a conscientious instrument of the angels.

Mr. C. M. Plum, formerly associated with A. J. Davis, in the publication of a spiritual magazine entitled the *Friend of Progress*, says:

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

Selden J. Finney, one of the most eloquent and grandest speakers ever in the spiritual ranks—one of Nature's noblemen—said at the close of a seance:

"Mrs. Morton, I feel that I have had a feast from the spirit-land. I have been blessed far beyond my anticipations, as I came for a different purpose. * * * I feel that the angels saw my needs and used the time for me instead. There is need of more workers in the field like yourself, and I fully appreciate your beautiful powers."

Such evidence is of the highest value, and carries great weight among those who knew the man.

We close this sketch by copying from our esteemed cotemporary, the *Golden Gate*, the testimony of one of the most critical observers and writers, who has won a high place among the literati and scientists of America and Europe:

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:—It is rarely, I think, that anything relative to the mediumistic gifts of Mrs. Albert Morton appears in the public prints, and, having been conversant for over five years with the various phases of these gifts, I feel it incumbent upon me to make this public attestation thereof. Being ever retiring, not courting notoriety, so much the more then should

those acquainted with the good work done by her let the facts be known.

Mrs. Morton has been used as a medium for about twenty-five years—sixteen years as a public worker. During this time I learn that she has been consulted by many of the leading people in Boston and San Francisco. Although her mediumship is varied, combining Clairvoyant, Psychometric, Healing, Developing and Advisory phases, her special phases are Diagnosing and Healing diseases, and teaching the laws of health and spirit unfoldment. I am informed that she has been consulted by many prominent physicians in relation to obscure diseases where they have been in doubt.

Some of our prominent mediums have been assisted in their development through her influences. The late Jane Flint, M. D., first sat with her for development for several months. When first told she had healing power, which would be used for the public, she scoffed at the idea; but she shortly became one of the most successful healers, having a large practice among several of the leading families in this city.

I have been informed of the following remarkable instance of her power in diagnosing and healing by absorption:

A lady in this city came to Mrs. Morton in great distress, fearing she was in a condition to become a mother, and, from a former experience, confident she could not bear a child and live. Mrs. Morton's medical guide, "Dr. Rush," told her she *was not eniente*; but she insisted that there could be no doubt, as she had had a personal examination by two lady physicians, who agreed in their diagnoses. She was promised relief, and concluded to try, but for several weeks was in great doubt. After passing nearly the usual time of gestation, continually increasing in size, and with the usual symptoms of child-bearing, expecting confinement in a few days, Mrs. Morton's guide said to her: "You have a uterine tumor, into which have passed the impurities in your blood; this tumor we will now absorb and pass out of your system entirely, leaving you in good health."

The lady began to reduce in size, and in a short time the swelling had disappeared. She has been in excellent health ever since, but it is not known what became of the doctors' baby. (?)

The following narratives indicate the possession of remarkable clairvoyant powers, oftentimes of signal service to humanity:

Two ladies (strangers) called upon Mrs. Morton, who were in considerable trouble in relation to the will of their father-in-law, involving a property valued at \$250,000, which had been lost. The old gentleman was in a poor mental condition, and his wife was jealous of the ladies, fearing that, in case of a new will being left at his decease, it might be contested on the grounds of mental incapacity. The ladies were anxious to dispel these unpleasant feelings, and, as a last resort, decided to visit a medium, although not Spiritualists.

After the sitting, they said to Mrs. Morton, "You have accurately described our store-room, and an old black trunk in which you say this will is; but it is not probable that so valuable a paper is there, and the room has been thoroughly searched; however, the accuracy of description of a place you have never seen inspires us with sufficient confidence to make another search for the paper." In a few days thereafter the old gentleman and his wife called to express their gratitude for Mrs. Morton's instrumentality in bringing them relief. On a more thorough search, the will had been found where it had slipped between the outside cover and body of the trunk.

A lady had been sitting with Mrs. Morton, and went away without making any unfavorable comments; but she was evidently disappointed. About three months thereafter the lady called and said: "Mrs. Morton, I have called to make an apology, and to testify to the accuracy of a sitting you gave me several weeks ago. I wanted advice in reference to taking steps towards a divorce from my husband, but you advised against it, giving as your reason the statement that my husband would not live long enough for the matter to be brought to trial, and stating that his death would spare me the notoriety and disgrace. I was considerably disappointed, and thought the information given me to be false, as my husband was apparently in perfect health; but in six weeks after my sitting he fell dead with apoplexy in the streets of New York, and I was spared the disgrace just as you predicted."

A manufacturer, whose name is known throughout the world, in connection with his wares, had a sitting with Mrs. Morton, and called for a second sitting within two weeks. After his second sitting, he said to Mrs. Morton: "Madame, when I had my first sitting, your control told me I had valuable papers in my safe which I thought to be all right, but, on the contrary, they were all wrong. I was about to make changes in my business, and had the papers all prepared, and thought you must be mistaken; but your statements showed such an intimate knowledge of my affairs that I thought it advisable to follow up the clues you gave me. I found you were correct; and, had it not been for that sitting, I would have been a loser of \$20,000, and would never have known it."

In the course of her mediumistic labors, Mrs. Morton has been the recipient of many very complimentary testimonies from leading Spiritualists, among whom are Luther Colby, William White, Allen Putnam, Selden J. Finney, Gerald Massey and J. M. Peebles, and also from Rev. C. A. Bartol.

Thomas Gales Forster, in one of his lectures in San Francisco, stated: "I have recently had interviews with the controlling spirits of Mrs. Albert Morton, of your city, during which they discoursed grandly and eloquently upon this and cognate subjects."



Very truly yours
Dr. Albert Morton.

ELLIOTT. OAK.

* * * I found Mrs. Morton one of the most truly magnetic and cultured mediums I have ever known."

Charles Bright, of Australia, in a letter to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, said: "I had the satisfaction of listening to admirable addresses and receiving many remarkable test communications from Mrs. Morton's control. The influences which surround this lady are of the highest and purest order, and my seances with her were complete spirit baptisms. In such communions we reach the heart of religion."

Mrs. E. L. Watson said, in her farewell address in Metropolitan Temple, April 29, 1885: "The noble wife of my manager, Mrs. Morton, is one of the first mediums in this city, and is daily ministering to sorrowing hearts in her own quiet and beautiful way. Her spiritual support and womanly love have come out to me all the time like a golden stream in which my heart has bathed, and many times been healed. God bless that dear, noble minister of the gospel of angel love. Go to her, ye who sorrow, and receive the heavenly baptisms! And ye who are sick, and ye shall find in her little temple the priestess of my manager's house dispensing blessings always."

When Mr. Gerald Massey was in San Francisco, *en route* to Australia, he said that he intended returning to England *via* India, going around the world, proceeding Eastward; but Mrs. Morton told him that instead of thus reaching England he would return *via* San Francisco and America; and it has so turned out. She also told him of certain business difficulties which he would experience with a certain person in Australia, which occurred as predicted. This Mr. Massey himself told me a few days since.

I have had various satisfactory sittings with Mrs. Morton, particularly for psychometric purposes. Some months since I handed her a photograph of a lady friend, merely to look at, with no thought of her giving it a reading, when she immediately named the most striking characteristic of the lady—traits of a marked, peculiar character, accurately described by her. I sent a copy of her delineation to the lady, who thought it very remarkable.

On one occasion I obtained from her psychometric readings of two lady friends. Certain points of character given of each I thought incorrect, according to my own knowledge. Of one of the ladies, Mrs. M. told me that I did not fully understand her yet. This information was volunteered, as I said nothing of my doubts of the correctness of the readings. Not long afterward I ascertained that I had not fully understood either of the ladies, and that the points in each reading that I thought wrong were indeed correct.

Mrs. Morton's address is No. 210 Stockton street.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The DOVE is the only illustrated Spiritual journal published.

Biographical Sketch of Dr. Albert Morton.

The request of the editor for a sketch of my somewhat uneventful life led me to feel like the weary knife-grinder, "Story! God bless you, I have none to tell," and, if it prove uninteresting, the readers can assert the prerogative of man, and, in the language of our sneaking ancestor, Adam, lay the blame on the woman.

Among those who left England in search of freedom were three men named Morton, who landed in Plymouth in 1626. From them have descended nearly all the Mortons in America of English descent, including the writer. The family has generally held respectable positions in Massachusetts; none have been hung to my knowledge, but one of my distant cousins cast a shadow on the ancestral tree by running for the gubernatorial position—led the forlorn hope a dozen times on the Democratic ticket—and was finally elected Governor over his opponent, Edward Everett, by one majority, and, it is said, cast that vote himself. My family pride is especially centered on the member of the family who was fined five pounds for breaking the Lord's day; probably his mantle of independence was my inheritance.

My grandparents emigrated to the then District of Maine early in this century, where my father was united in marriage to another descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers. In September, 1832, an addition of three and one-half pounds was made to the family. Where it came from I know not, nor do I think my re-incarnation and Theosophical friends can throw much light on the subject. Unlike A. J. Davis, I have never heard that any prognostications of future greatness attended the advent of this heavy weight in America, but the day has been frequently celebrated in Boston and throughout the country; probably not so much on account of being my natal day as from the fact that it was the Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston and the Adoption of the Constitution of the United States. I have always had a very warm regard for "the Hub," for it was there I first found the comfort to a near-sighted person of the Boston uniform of "culchure" spectacles; and there, in later years, I found the dear companion whose loving ministrations continually brighten my life.

My mother was very refined and sensitive, and from her I probably inherited mediumistic qualities, for, in childhood, it afforded me great pleasure, after retiring at night, to clairvoyantly review the scenes of the day, which were as real to me as though actually before my normal sight. In later years I have met several persons possessing this power.

My opportunities for acquiring a good education were as good as the times and country afforded, which were not improved as they should have been. I cannot recall the time when I could not read; only re-

member when three years of age—a babe in petticoats—I was attending school, which was continued until I was sixteen. To my father's regret I declined a collegiate education, on the plea of weak eyes, and, fascinated by sea stories, like most boys in that maritime country, I wanted to enjoy "A Life on the ocean wave," so beautifully portrayed in the song with that title by our arisen friend, Epes Sargent. It did not take many trials to remove the practical haze and disgust me with "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue Ocean, roll," and conclude that hereafter it might roll all it liked, but it should not roll me, at least only as an unwilling passenger.

In the "fall of '49" my father started for this El Dorado, expecting me to follow him after closing up his unsettled business; but circumstances prevented my coming, and, being thrown upon my own resources, I followed in the footsteps of Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Wilson, and many other illustrious persons, and mounted a shoe-bench, becoming, in a few months, a full-fledged ladies' shoemaker. In 1851 I emigrated to Wisconsin, and, in the following year, while employed as a student of medicine, I first heard the subject of Spiritualism discussed—a family where I frequently visited, the members of which were orthodox, resided near two families recently from the vicinity of Rochester. It was said the poor, deluded people pretended, and really believed, they held communion with dead people; such claims, and the reports of their seances, led the neighbors to look upon them as off their balance; good people enough, but on that subject monomaniacs, in which opinion I sapiently coincided. Time modifies opinions, and, a few years later, one of the crazy members of that circle of cranks was Lieut. Governor of the State and Member of Congress. I paid no further attention to the subject, and shortly afterwards heard of the death of my father, *en route* to California, on his second voyage hither. Giving up my medical studies, I returned to my people in Maine, and the following winter made my residence in Boston, where, probably somewhat affected by my lonely condition, I became deeply interested on the subject of religion. Although surrounded by scoffers, I earnestly sought for the truth, and was severely reprimanded by my good Christian friend for listening to that arch heretic, Theodore Parker, of blessed memory, and still more blessed presence in after years, as one of the controls of my wife, from whom I have received instruction in spiritual matters of inestimable value. During that summer I heard the subject of Spiritualism frequently alluded to by members of the family where my lot was cast, and, on one occasion, was invited by a young lady friend to have a sitting, to which I reluctantly consented. We knew nothing of mediumship, but placed our hands upon the table, and, laughingly, waited for manifestations. In a short time, much to my surprise, we heard knocks upon

the furniture. My companion exclaimed, "There, there they are. Is that Albert's father?" Immediately three loud raps were given upon the stove-pipe. Instead of hailing the blessed boon of communion with my parents—ignoring the light which they were trying to cast upon my pathway—I indignantly denounced the sacrilegious trifling with memories which were holy, and retired to seek consolation in the book which is now esteemed by me for its records of ancient spiritual manifestations. I continued to search the scriptures with a blind devotion which found little to feed upon, feebly assenting to dogmas which did not appeal to my reason.

The following year I was employed as clerk in a real estate office, in Chicago, the proprietors of which were engaged in creating a boom for the town of Evanston, twelve miles north of Chicago, which place has since become the seat of several Methodist educational institutions. During this season I was an earnest seeker after religion, and attended prayer and inquiry meetings nearly every evening, shirking no cross my advisers recommended, but the "prospect didn't show a color." The ministers with whom I was brought in contact grew to seem more like land-sharks, speculators in terrestrial corner lots, than was consistent with real estate holders in the Celestial City. Notwithstanding my protestations that I realized no change of heart, didn't consider myself a vile sinner by inheritance, and had never done a mortal or intentional injury, consequently did not realize the enormity of my crime against God, I was persistently urged to join the church and thereby glorify God—an infinitesimal atom twanging a golden harp to glorify the Infinite. Becoming discouraged, and not being one to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knees that thrift may follow fawning," I declined joining the church, and was lapsing into indifference and materialism when good fortune led me to intimate daily association with an intelligent and earnest, though poorly educated, Spiritualist in a shoe-shop in Wisconsin. I became deeply interested in the philosophy, read, thought and talked almost constantly on the subject, and the result was, in a short time I became a firm believer in Spiritualism long before I ever met a medium, or witnessed any of its phenomena. I had found a reasonable religion. To find the pearl of great price I had only to seek diligently and live purely. The mere phenomena, although always witnessed with gratitude, was merely incidental. I realized that a future progressive life was my inheritance, I could gain all my efforts would entitle me to. That was enough—all any one could reasonably expect.

Conditions again proved favorable. Bidding a final farewell to my trade I removed to Milwaukee to take a position on a newly started railroad, and there I found all a seeker of spiritual food need ask for. Although poor and few in numbers the Spiritualists had the good fortune to secure the

services of the able inspirational writer, Charlotte M. Beebe. Refined, and of a fine presence, she had few equals on the spiritual rostrum. She was soon after lost to the cause, for, marrying a prominent business man, she became one of the most brilliant members of the New York Sorosis and a leading society woman. Immediately following her, our society engaged S. J. Finney, for one year. Being reluctantly forced to give up his occupation at the carpenter's bench, Mr. Finney became one of the grandest speakers it was ever my good fortune to meet. Eloquent, logical, very scientific and powerful, he was without a superior on any platform, and, although ministering to an obscure congregation of "crazy Spiritualists," no political meeting during the Fremont campaign in Milwaukee was considered complete without a speech from him. His presence becoming known at a meeting was the signal for tumultuous applause and calls, which could only be stayed by the tones of his magical voice. Coming to California, a few years later, this grand minister of the most advanced gospel of the nineteenth century was met by the Spiritualists with apathy, too advanced in thought and expression to please those who are constantly seeking for a sign he retired from the public work, but was soon called to take his seat in the Legislature, as Senator from San Mateo county.

Too honest and transparent to answer the purposes of political scavengers, at the close of his term the man who could, and should, have graced the highest position in the gift of the people, was permitted to retire to his rancho and wear out his life with uncongenial physical work to which his frail physique was not adapted. Regasus harnessed to a plow-tail, it is no wonder his crushed spirit left the form while yet in the prime of life.

While recalling memories of those grand workers, with whom I have associated in the past, it is difficult to confine myself to the brief limits of a magazine sketch.

My connection with the meetings continued until my visit to San Francisco, in 1860. At that time our belief had obtained but little foothold here, and I found only two public mediums in this city—Miss Munson, a healer, and Mrs. Sweet, a good test medium.

In the fall of 1861 I returned to Milwaukee, and, shortly afterwards, was requested to take charge of the meetings, which I managed, with varying success, for the remaining time of my residence there. During the exciting war times I engaged Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, now Richmond, to lecture. Upon one occasion, being controlled by the spirit of Stephen A. Douglas, the Abolitionists were denounced as the party responsible for the fratricidal war. Questions being called for, I asked him if the temperance reformers were not equally responsible for the evils of intemperance as the Abolitionists were for the encroachments of slavery. The speaker controlling failed to see the pertinency of the

question, but it seemed to be appreciated by the hearers.

The sentiments uttered by some of the controls of Mrs. Richmond about that time raised a storm of abuse about her, but, to those acquainted with her, knowing her radical anti-slavery and progressive views, as an individual, they were accepted as the strongest evidence of her absolute control by the unseen intelligences.

In pursuance of a long cherished desire to make my home in Boston, I removed to Massachusetts in 1864, where I resided until coming to San Francisco in 1872. During my residence in Massachusetts I was actively engaged in spiritual work, holding positions as one of the Trustees of the State Association of Spiritualists and Assistant Conductor of the First Childrens' Lyceum of Boston, and, in 1870, was one of the founders of the American Liberal Tract Society, William Denton, President, of which Society I was Secretary, until my departure. During my connection with the Society, I distributed nearly two million pages of spiritual and progressive literature throughout the country. The last two years of my stay in Boston I was occupied as a spirit artist, and, finally, as a magnetic healer. It was a most interesting period in my spiritual experiences, but the recital would consume too much space, and I must briefly draw this article to an end. In July, 1872, I became established as a healer, associated with my wife as a spirit medium. In 1880 I became the Pacific Coast agent for the *Banner of Light* and other publications of Colby & Rich, which position I was forced, by impaired health, to resign. I assumed the management of the meetings in Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of Mrs. Richmond, in March, 1883, and, at the close of her services, was requested, by the friends of Mrs. E. L. Watson, to take the charge of her meetings, which service I performed until last April, engaging George Chainey to fill a portion of the time during Mrs. Watson's summer vacation. The meetings were continued until July, when I retired from the management, making a continued service of about twenty-nine months. I do not know of another instance within the history of Spiritualism where meetings have been held for so long a time, and in so creditable a manner. For this service the Spiritualists of San Francisco are indebted to the warm and liberal support of the friends of Mrs. Watson, by whom she is highly esteemed for her good qualities as a woman, and her fine inspirational powers. No other speaker in the field has held audiences together for so long a time; and, as the interest in her services continues undiminished, it is to be hoped she will enjoy a degree of health which will enable her to continue the good work so long established under her able ministrations. Of my own connection with these meetings, I will permit Mrs. Watson to close this sketch. At the close of her services, April 26, 1885, Mrs. Watson said:

"In taking our leave of you to-night we think it is fitting to express, in this public manner, our great indebtedness—first, to our beloved and worthy manager, Dr. Albert Morton, who, for twenty months, has taken charge of all business matters and made the way clear for us; and, by his continual encouragement and the faithful performance of his duties, made our work light, and helped us in a thousand ways to do the best we could. We want to say to you and to him that the great debt of gratitude we owe can never be paid, save by our utter devotion to what we both believe sacred and true; and that, forevermore, the record of these days that have been made golden by your encouragement and silent ministration, will glow in memory's chamber. These services have been given without money and without price, but for the good of the cause, which he believed to be the cause of our humanity, and we have received them in the name of human love and of divine truth; and, (to Dr. M.,) we pray that those efforts which you have given so freely, and, apparently, with such gladness and free-heartedness, may at last bring you in an hundred fold—a harvest of gratitude from hearts whom now you do not know. The angel co-workers—who must remain invisible, but who would be recognized as your fellow-beings and truly as your co-workers here—would tender their undying gratitude, and would, so far as possible, make the ministrations of the daily life pure and tender, and full of good to you. To you, our Manager, we owe many things we cannot name to-night, but they are recorded in our hearts, and, as time unrolls, you shall read them from the depths of your own consciousness, and, in that reading, find a portion of your reward." (Applause).

The Christ With Us at Christmas-tide.

A Discourse, by Mrs. E. L. Watson, delivered at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Evening, December 20, 1885.

The life of man is one with the blossoming clover and the rolling sphere. It travels in an orbit and has its yearly blooming-time: and the Christmas-tide, stripped from all its sectarian paraphernalia, softened from all its boisterous and rough features of one hundred or two hundred years ago, flows in upon us with a mingling of human and divine tenderness. It had not its origin in the birth of the gentle Nazarene, for long antedating that event was seen this yearly celebration; a holiday in which the human heart threw off its heavy load of care, and sang songs of joy throughout all the world.

But the Christmastide of the nineteenth century, like every other modern expression of human life possesses a character peculiarly its own. Time has modified this day, as it has all human opinion, but it has lost none of its sweetness or sacred significance because of its entirely unsectarian character. No class can monopolize its joy; Age as well as

Youth is conscious of a feeling of newness, of exaltation and of inexpressible tenderness on Christmas-day. *The Christ* was in the world long ere Jesus came, else the world would have been lost indeed; but the spirit found new expression, new vitality, new embodiment in the life of that noble man, and we are quite reconciled to the idea of this yearly, universal holiday being commemorative of the event of his birth, since we know that to dwell in the realm of the fair ideal, to feel our lives liberated now and then from the hard clutch of daily care, is to drink anew at the fountains of youth, and is necessary to keep alive our enthusiasm for doing good. When we think of this embodiment of the Christ life as found in Jesus, our hearts are stirred with new courage and new hope for all humanity.

We cannot say with any certainty that Jesus of Nazareth was born on the 25th of December, but we can say with certainty that every 25th of December sees the true Christ new-born upon the earth. We can say with truth that if the angels failed to sing songs of joy at the birth of Mary's son, they do not fail to feel a sympathetic thrill with the joy that is born on Christmas-day in the hearts of countless human beings. We cannot say with certainty that Jesus brought into the world any new truth; or that his life and death will be the means of redeeming all humanity, but we can say with certainty that the Christ that now is and ever has been, whose life was voiced in part in the noble teachings and in the self-abnegation of Jesus, will in time redeem the world. It is good for the soul to feel itself akin, even for one day of the year, to the best expression of divinity which the world has ever seen; and even among the ignorant where the name of Jesus was never heard, there is a tremor in the air, there is a bright shining of human love, a tender voicing of human sympathy which is felt superior to all creeds, and which cannot be defined, but simply cognized on the part of the human soul. For every such expression and embodiment, for every such token from God and from human life, of love and goodness in this world, we feel profoundly grateful.

We all become weary in well doing; we cannot keep up to its full flow this feeling of sympathy for our fellow men; the grandest spirit has lapses; and though virtue is sweet, and we know that we must obey the moral law, there are times when the hold upon spiritual verities relaxes, and we fall back into the prose of every-day existence. Just as the old earth in her annual round drops her shining leaves, congeals her singing streams and the birds take rest from summer song, so the human spirit, too, has its night of sorrow, its winter chill of discouragement, and the Christmastide flows in, in good season and when most needed to stimulate anew human benevolence and brighten up our feelings for one another, and to tear away the veil which hangs between us and all that is best and truest in our lives. In these expressions of tenderness, in our

self-forgetfulness, in our remembrance of the needs of others at Christmas-tide, we behold the true Christ in actual presence with us in the world; we again feel the glow of his tender word, and the very spirit which descended upon Jesus when he was anointed the Christ, enters the human heart.

Man's nature is superior to all creeds; you cannot formulate a faith large enough to hold him or to express him at his best; you cannot measure the height and depth of these occasional excellencies that blossom in his life. In view of this fact we are glad that it is not among Christians alone that this day which you are soon to celebrate, is made precious. We are glad that this day among all the other good days which the year brings us does not belong to a sect, but to all humanity, as indeed to all things else that are good and true. If you are a searcher after truth, if you are making discoveries in the realm of science, if you have appropriated in a moment of intellectual illumination a grand fact, you may feel for an instant that it is your own, but very soon you will awaken to the consciousness that your fact is a universal possession and that in giving it to another you have not reduced its value, but rather enriched yourself by this impartation. So it is with all virtue, with all goodness, with all real blessings, and the Christmastide is chiefly beautiful, excellent and useful in that it melts, as it were, all human hearts together, and runs our thoughts for the time being into one generous mould. If we have been hoarding all the year, this is a time when we feel the necessity of giving, not simply because it is customary, but because the soul itself feels the divine prompting in communion, in association, upon these higher planes. Nothing which is indulged in and enjoyed alone is half so sweet as when it is shared with some sympathetic nature; it is then that it begins to show its true brightness and reveal its real value. So it is at the Christmastide seeing that others are also doing good makes our goodness shine the brighter and warm the heart to a more generous glow.

We love to think that the Christ came into the world in a human form, that one child was born holy, that there was one expression of motherhood immaculate; we love to think that the heavens were concerned in one man's conception and birth, that the stars shone forth upon an angel host, shouting, "Peace on earth and good will toward men," for this thought lifts us above the common contemplation of humanity, which often pierces the heart as with a dagger, for we see at times base ingratitude, a noxious weed, springing in our midst; and we see alas! every day of the year, except one, selfishness plying its task and embittering countless lives, and so blinded to their own real good that they pass down to a dishonored grave. Since this is true, to dwell on this great thought of divinity in the form of one man, since we may think of the heavens at one time aware of the needs of men and ready to sup-

ply them, it gives us a key to God's tenderness and opens up wondrous possibilities for our humanity. For, if the Christ came thus in the form of one child, since goodness is boundless and love cannot be measured, the time may come again for sacred births, when fully embodied, the Christ shall walk on earth. It is now only in part we see him, but thank God, seeing him in part we still are able to trace his soul-prints not only in one, but all lives. Were it not so, then at these precious seasons there would not be the general rejoicing and the full flowing of this tide of human tenderness which now we see.

We are glad that it is in the human home that it finds its fullest expression, for, in our opinion, the home is the garden spot of God, where he plants his fairest flowers, and where the divine attributes find their fullest expression. Not in grand cathedral, not in the Christian church, not at the public altar, but in the home do we find the Christmas star shining most brightly, and the Christmas joy rising highest in the human heart; and, from the home-life flowing outward to the world, the purest and tenderest human feeling. It has become a day, not for stimulating men's minds to the adoption of fearful creeds, but a day for forgetting all creeds, and paying tribute to that universal spirit of love, which, when it shall have possessed the world will see all discord, war, want and violence banished forever more. We are glad that these precious days are being stripped of the old garments of religious and solemn ceremonials, and are taking on those beautiful adornments of joyous celebration which makes the whole world young one day in the year. We never look into a child's face but our heart is filled with unutterable yearning towards the innocence that we see mirrored there. On Christmas day the glance of the whole world is into the child-face of humanity. We forget the weight of years, and dance and sing with the children. Our souls are turned towards their stainless innocence, and through our sympathies and blending with this spirit of childhood, by entering into the enjoyment of all their gay sports, pure pleasures and wild merriment, we are made young again. The heart seems to lose its scars, the face its dark and sorrowful lines, and the soul is bathed in a golden flood of memories. We are carried back to the days of our own childhood, and there again we hear our mother's tender voice, the ringing greeting of our young fellows, and our souls responding to the happy melodies; we are ennobled and purified by all these blessed associations. In these seasons we feel that it is true that the Christ is with us again on earth.

I do not believe that there is ever a time when the Christ deserts us altogether. There is not a day of the year that is not somehow sanctified to the memory of some human being by a noble act. We are glad to believe that every day of the year some soul has been made happy by the generous act of

another, or by the spirit of resignation that has taken possession of the heart, or by the letting go of some treasure that was highly prized, for the sake of another. My heart flows out to these spring times of our life with gratitude and joy, for I know that it is the renewal of all that is best in us, and I believe that when life's sacred scripture shall be fully written it will not be so much the work of one supreme God, as it will be of God in all variety of human expression; it will be full of thoughts, dear and tender, and of truths divine and infallible. I believe that when the Sacred Book of the world is written we shall find the acts of these Christmas days, when men forget the selfish cravings of their own hearts and let the soul flow forth in all sweet benevolence.

I believe that in our present manner of celebrating these sacred, joyous days, we see the evidence of progress. Once it was the rough play, the boisterous abandonment, the overflowing beakers, the much drinking and eating that made it a pleasant holiday; it was rather the rejoicing of the outward, animal man, than joy of an inner life. Now all things are being spiritualized, just as our forms of religion are blossoming forth into higher spiritual expression; just as day by day the barrier between the real man on earth and the ideal man in the heavens are breaking down, so, too, in our festivals and in our holiday merriment there is a refinement which the old days did not know. Now it is not the quantity of wine that is drunk, or the brilliancy of the feast that is spread that makes the day so precious, but, above all, it is the benevolence, the charity, the love, the strong friendships and fellowships which find expression that make it sacred, and the Christ is more truly with us at the present Christmastide than on any day the world has ever seen. Once benevolence was spasmodic, and the charities knew not such an abundant flow; now the poorest person has something to give on that sweet day. The garnishing of the home, the holiday attire, the smiling faces, the pleasant greetings—all this helps to cheer the heart and sweeten the tides of being; helps to bear us upward, responsive to the shining throngs which still sing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Of all the acts performed by the religious devotee I believe there is none so precious, in the sight of the angels and of God, as the act of human charity. Of all the sacrifices offered on the altars of an exacting creed, none meets with such heavenly response as those offerings of the generous human heart, which seeks to soften the hard fate of a fellow being. Of all the sacraments, of which the human soul may partake, there is none so precious as that of sympathy. At Christmastide the fountains, long sealed, break up, and we feel, perhaps, as on no other day of the year, that humanity is not so bad after all. We see the man lowest in the scale of being trying to be a little more cleanly on that day, and the old veteran sitting in the sun for the warmth of the Christmastide, feels

it flowing in upon him from the faces of merry children passing by, and the ice within breaks up at the warm glow of joy and sweetness which thus appears. It is not only that the Christ is with us in all these ministrations, which make the lot of the poor less hard, and that the animal man is made more comfortable; but the most precious token of all is this evidence of the goodness of human character.

To have an ideal ever before us is an inspiration for doing good, and the Christ even as embodied in Jesus of Nazareth, is newly unveiled at the Christmastide, and we feel him not apart and sitting upon a throne, but as one that is with us and mingling with the poorest in society, blessing the little children, and saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Let us also remember that nature and nature's God are glad with us; the season when the flowers spring and the birds warble over fresh-built nests, is nature's Christmastide, just as now, we, in our hearts, greet our season of new growth of love in the world; just as in our hearts, we look toward the rising of that sun that shall see the hovels of the poor filled with tokens from the rich, the unfortunate cared for, those in prison visited, the victims of sad circumstances—each and all remembered in some loving, tender way.

Oh, it is blessed to feel the charities come sweetly and newly blossoming on our earth; it is blessed to feel the divine heart beating in human bosoms, to feel that the innocence of the Christ is here in every cradle, rocked by mothers' love, is here in every smile of childhood, in every tender act of the strong man and the loving woman. Remember that doing good not only blesses others, but ourselves, and that it is to embody the principles of an immutable law, that it is to form links in the golden chain binding us to all that is best and truest in the world.

Oh, friends, if you could see with the angels' eye the needs that may be met at the Christmastide! not only by dispensing material gifts, but by giving of the soul, which lies within the power of all, you would not lay too much stress upon the value of gold, upon the glitter of these outward things you bestow with a loving hand, but remember a cheerful word often drops like a sunbeam in the human heart. Remember that cheerfulness is godliness, and is a part of nature's religion, and at the Christmastide let us sow anew not only the golden seeds of charity, which feed the hungry body, but the charity that provides for the hungry soul as well. Let not only the feast-table be spread with visible viands, but those feast-tables of the soul, where new faith and new hope are served. Bring flowers to the home, and also let there be immortal blossoms in which are reflected the heavenly light of love.

Make not our Christmas day a formal exchange of outward tokens; but spiritualize it by the full and free expression of a tender heart moved to a noble deed. Let every token be significant of a deathless principle. I would have this day so full of the true



MRS. DR. ALBERT MORTON.

ELLIOTT. OAK.

Christ-spirit that no harsh reprimand should be heard, and no cherishing of regret, but the nurture of all that is sweetest and best in human life.

The Christ walks with us when we give to those grand institutions where the weak and the suffering find shelter and protection; the Christ goes with us when we spread the sunshine of good cheer. The Christ is with us in the children in our homes; let us always study the needs of these little ones, and remember the Christ is possible in each, and is waiting unfoldment there. Let us move onward and upward with our Christmas day, until its light and gladness runs through every day of the whole round year.

Welcome the blessed day that brings
Forth human love in larger measure,
And draws our thoughts from sordid things,
To dwell in realms of pure pleasure.

The Star beheld at Bethlehem
Will shine, throughout the world, resplendent,
So long as angels watch o'er men,
And good remains in the ascendant.

The Christ means Messenger of God,
Or one to noble work appointed,
And they who duty's path have trod
Are justly called "The Lord's anointed."

The holy child of Nazareth,
Our precious kin—since born of woman,
Both in his life and in his death
Was sweetly and sublimely human;
And at the merry Christmas tide
Sweet joy must fill that sacred bosom,
To see good will on every side,
And withered hearts with good deeds blossom.

And as the angels sang that morn,
Above the hills of fair Judea,
When Mary's noble son was born
To bless the world and make men freer,

So now we feel their joy thrill through
The silence of those starry portals,
As they behold the Christ renew
His mission here 'mong suffering mortals.

The wondrous work of fairy folk,
Their feats of joyous transformation,
We may with glad success invoke
At every Christmas celebration.

But, more potent still than occult art,
Is pure, tender human feeling
Outpouring from a generous heart
For others, woes a balm all healing.

On one day of the year, at least,
Love rules throughout the world's dominions,
It sweetens every Christmas feast,
And justifies our good opinions.

May hearts forget to grieve that day
In earnest striving to bless others,
And all good gifts for which you pray,
Be freely shared with needy brothers.

Old time will pause on shining wing,
Then onward sweep with added swiftness;
Then let life's joy-bells sweetly ring,
God send you all a merry Christmas.

The Drummer of Tedworth.

A Psychological Study, by John Allyn.

Spiritualists, generally, suppose that the raps witnessed at Hydesville, in March, 1848, were the first answers to questions plainly indicating intelligence in the invisible power producing the concussions.

That such is not the case will be apparent to any one who will peruse the following narratives of mysterious phenomena that occurred at Tedworth, Wilts county, England, two and a quarter centuries ago. These phenomena and disturbances—for such they were—occurred at the house of Mr. Mompesson, a respectable gentleman and magistrate. For an intelligent narrative of these events we are indebted to the works of Rev. Joseph Glanvill, Chaplain to Charles the Second, a member of the Royal Society, author of several theological works, and a defender of the Baconian Philosophy. These phenomena, apparently produced by and connected with occult forces and intelligence, were discussed for twenty years throughout England.

In March, 1661, a vagrant drummer had been annoying the country by his noisy demands for charity. Mr. Mompesson, in his character as magistrate, had his drum taken from him and left in the hands of the bailiff. This drum was afterwards placed in one of Mr. Mompesson's chambers. He imagined that there was some connection between this occurrence and the disturbances that soon after commenced and continued for two years. As the drummer was still alive, he could not attribute it to the hauntings of his spirit, but seemed to favor the prevalent theory that, through witchcraft, the drummer had hired Satan to do this vengeful work for him.

In the light of recent phenomena of a similar character, which the writer has investigated, he hopes, if he cannot fully solve the mystery, to afford a clue that may lead to a better understanding of the causes and significance of the occult mystery.

Reserving our philosophical suggestions, we will now give a brief narrative of the phenomena:

In April, following, as Mr. Mompesson was about to start for London, the bailiff sent the drum to his house. When he returned his wife told him that she had been greatly disturbed by noises about the house, which had likely to be broken into by thieves. Soon the same noises were heard. "It was a great knocking at the doors and at the outsides of the house. Hereupon he got up and went about the house with a brace of pistols in his hands. He opened the door where the great knocking was, and then he heard the noise at another door. He opened that also, and went out around the house, but could discover nothing, only he heard a strange noise and hollow sound. When he got back to bed the noise was thumping and drumming on the top of the

house, which continued a good space, and then by degrees went off into the air."

This drumming and thumping was very frequent, and always came as they were going to sleep, whether early or late. After a month's disturbance outside it came into the room where the drum lay, within half an hour after they were in bed, continuing two hours. The sign of it, just before it came, was an hurling in the air over the house, and, at its going off, the beating of a drum, like the breaking up of a guard. Mr. Mompesson slept in the same room for two months to observe it.

During Mrs. Mompesson's confinement, and for three weeks after, it intermitted; but "after this civil cessation," says Mr. Glanvill, "it returned in a ruder manner than before, and vexed the young children, beating their bedsteads with that violence that all present expected to see them fall to pieces. For an hour together it would beat the tat-too and several other points of war, as well as any drummer. After this they heard scratching under the children's bed, as if by something that had iron talons."

Rev. Mr. Gregg and several neighbors visited the house, and when the following remarkable phenomena occurred:

"The minister went to prayers with them, kneeling at the children's bedside, where it was then very troublesome and loud. During prayer-time it withdrew into the cask-loft, but returned as soon as prayers were done; and then, in sight of the company, the chairs walked about the room of themselves, the children's shoes were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber. At the same a bed-staff was thrown at the minister, but so favorably that a lock of wool could not have fallen more softly, and stopped just where it lighted without rolling from the place."

However whimsical and unlikely this may appear, it is fully paralleled by phenomena witnessed by the writer at the Fisher ranch, in Shasta county, last August. It is thought to possess value as indicating that missiles were moved by an intelligence which had a power not possessed by men in the flesh.

The next phenomena has great interest, as being the first instance known to history, of responding, with apparent intelligence, by invisible powers. The following occurred in the bedchamber of Mr. Mompesson's oldest daughter, then about ten years of age. She was evidently a medium, but mediumship had not then been discovered as such. "As soon as she was in bed the disturbances began there again, continuing three weeks, drumming and making other noises; and it was observed that it would exactly answer in drumming anything that was beaten or called for."

Afterward a gentleman, "for further trial, bid it, if it was the drummer, to give five knocks and no more that night, which it did, and left the house quiet the remainder of the night. This was done in the presence of Sir Thomas Chamberlain, of Oxford, and divers others."

The Rev. Joseph Glanvill and a friend visited the house, and used every effort to find the cause, and especially if there was any trick. He says: "I had been told that it would imitate noises, and made trial by scratching on the sheet five and seven and ten times, which it followed and stopped at my numbers. I searched under and behind the bed, turned up the clothes to the bed-cords, grasped the bolster, sounded the wall behind, and made all the search that I possibly could, to find if these were any tricks, contrivances, or common cause of it. The like did my friend, but we could discover nothing, so that I was then verily persuaded, and am so still, that the noise was made by some demon or spirit."

The drummer was prosecuted at the Assizes, a bill having been found by the grand jury; but, to the honor of the grand jury, he was acquitted, his connection with the disturbances not being proved. But most of the facts were testified to before the court by Rev. Mr. Gregg and others.

Robert Dale Owen, in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*, quotes the case at great length, and devotes considerable space in arguing to convince the materialists that the phenomena was not the result of tricks or feats of legerdemain. In those times there was a small minority who attributed all such phenomena to tricks or imagination. The belief in witchcraft was almost universal in those days, and the great majority, who attributed them to a spiritual origin, explained them by witchcraft and Satanic agency. The drummer was accused of causing them by witchcraft and Satanic aid—a bill was found by the grand jury—and he was tried at the Assizes and acquitted, on the ground that there was no proof that there was a connection between him and the disturbances.

This account is not written as a sensational wonder, but for the purpose of affording some rational solution, or a clue to a solution of such mysteries. The writer has no doubt but such mysteries, in the near future, will be solved, and is willing to labor and wait.

In most, if not all hauntings, a strong motive or feeling of wrong can be detected, as in the case of murdered people. A sense of being, wronged out of life, engenders an intense emotion which seems to be necessary to call forth certain spiritual phenomena. Next to taking life is the taking away the means of supporting life, and, no matter how humble that means is, or even disreputable it may be, it is equally dear to those depending upon it. My theory is, that in this case the drummer had no further connection with the case, but that his guardian spirits—perhaps mother, father, or other near relatives, being connected by the strongest ties of affection known to earth life, and being moved by resentment at seeing their protegee deprived of his means of securing a living—produced the phenomena. In this they were aided by the mediumistic powers of the Mompesson girls. Of course

they did these things in accordance with laws and forces of the spirit world, perhaps but partially known to themselves.

The disturbance at the Fisher residence, in Shasta county, an account of which the writer published in the *Golden Gate*, last September, seem to support the same theory. The two cases have many strong parallels, and certainly the Shasta ghost takes the palm in the whimsical and trivial character of much of the manifestations. The Fisher ranch of five hundred acres, possessing much natural beauty, was formerly owned by T. B. Langlois, a Frenchman. He was crossed in love, and, becoming distracted and off his balance, left the country and some debts. His brother allowed the ranch to be sold at Sheriff's sale, and Mr. Fisher was the purchaser. Afterwards Langlois returned and wept bitterly to see that his property had passed to other owners. His guardian spirits, through sympathy, may have had a strong motive to cause the phenomena. Mr. Fisher could not be blamed, as he paid the full value of the property. In both the above cases no damage was done to person or property other than long continued annoyance.

It may be asked why the disturbances at Tedworth continued so long—two years. We know so little of spirit laws that speculation seems useless, but, having learned, perhaps accidentally in the past how to produce them, they may have continued from habit, and perhaps they enjoyed the fun.

I hope to continue these *Psychical studies*, and to be able to get further help by a case of most startling interest.

Tobacco.

The Effects Following Its Use, as Proved by Statistics.

Every time a smart newspaper reporter notices the "old man who has used tobacco fifty years," he is sure to report the joke about the "slow poison." That may be a good joke, but I venture to assert that the old tobacco user's children—if he has any—will not live to reach the age of their father. The stupefaction of narcotism deadens the nervous centers, and destroys or injures the germ from which progeny proceeds. If statistics were kept as they should be it would not require many years to demonstrate this.

The statistics of *France* show a remarkable degeneracy in the people of that nation during the last fifty years. The men are smaller of stature; the average duration of life is less than it was, and there has been an increase of diseases. The first year after birth sweeps off more than half of the children that are born in France, and there is no telling how many die before birth. The French Academy of Medicine, which must include among its members some very sapient physicians, attribute this infant mortality to the "native weakness of the children," but it does not assign a cause for the "native weakness." Is it not fair to infer that the use of

tobacco by parents is the main cause of infant mortality, as it undoubtedly is, also, of the rarity of a healthy old age?

Although tobacco was introduced into France in 1560, it is only about fifty years since its use became general in that country. Statistics show that in 1830 there were 10,332 centenarians in France, while in 1877 there were only 120, and most of these were women. The school statistics of France show that the non-smokers greatly excel the smokers in clearness of intellect and progress in study, while the army statistics prove that one-half of the conscripts are unfit for military service, presumably so because of the use, by themselves or their parents, of tobacco and its twin destroyer—brandy.

When tobacco was first introduced into European countries, it was recommended as an antidote against contagious diseases, and a panacea for nearly all human ills; but it was soon found to be so direful in its effects that, in 1600, its sale in France was prohibited by law. In 1679 it was re-introduced and protected by the Government, which for 250,000 francs per annum allowed John Breton the exclusive privilege of selling the the poison. The monopoly was so profitable that in 1718 the Government assumed control of the production and sale of tobacco, and entered systematically into the business of corrupting and ruining the French people.

The revenue to the government increased from sixty-four million francs, in 1820, to three hundred and forty-four million francs in 1880, and during the same period the number of insane people in France increased from 3,000 to 52,400, and the suicides from 1,500 per annum to over 7,000 per annum; and crime in about the same proportion, while nervous disorders, delirium and other brain troubles, kidney disease, apoplexy, paralysis, and kindred ills increased out of all proportion to the increase of the population.

Of course the increase in the use of intoxicating drinks has had something to do in causing this great increase of disease and death, but the use of tobacco leads to the use of intoxicants; it creates a thirst and a craving for stimulants which the victim cannot resist. Tobacco and whisky are twin devils who travel hand in hand and assist each other in their work of ruin. Wherever one is seen you may safely wager that the other is not far away.

In the New England States fifty years ago nervous diseases were much more common among women than among men; but Dr. Weir Mitchell says they are now far more common among men than among women. The reason is obvious—men, as a rule use tobacco and whisky; women, as a rule, do not. When we have the complete statistics of this country properly classified, the result may appear as appalling as in France. As soon as I can get time to go through the last census reports, I will furnish you some facts which I think will be surprising; and yet those reports do not show one-half the facts

that one ought to be able to find in them. The reason of this is that all legislation is for the preservation of property instead of for the benefit of humanity. Our law makers keep the "almighty dollar" so closely in view that they cannot see the millions of human beings suffering for want of attention.

W. N. S.

Perfect Equality Between the Sexes.

This is my sentiment over my autograph in the Woman's Rights album of names collected at the centennial in 1876 and elsewhere and expresses the sentiment I have advocated with tongue and pen in public and private for over forty years and which prompted me in the constitutional convention of Wisconsin in 1846 to move to strike out the word male from the suffrage article.

I regret that this was not made in the regular session instead of committee of the whole as the committee's doings were not entered in the journal and hence my motion is not in the record nor my other to strike out the word white in which thirteen voted with me and only one on the question of male.

I have often been asked if this equality, especially at the ballot box, would not put Christians into office and the churches into power and thus once more institute a persecution of honest and outspoken liberal and free thinkers and Spiritualists? I think not for several reasons: First, because many advanced and leading churches and preachers are already too liberal and too far advanced to join in, or sanction, such course being nearly as liberal as we are and rapidly adopting our philosophy of spirit life and intercourse. Secondly, because when woman has other fields of mental labor and enterprise open to her as church work and education of small children are now, her views and efforts will be expanded and enlightened on social, political and general business matters and she will not only not join with the tyrants that have so long crowded her and kept her out of the pulpits and made her do most of the work to support them and have also been most instrumental in keeping her out of the halls of legislation and the courts and held her in servile subjection under the teachings of Paul, the great light and guide of the church on social questions. In the church meetings women have long had an equal voice but are (without exceptions) not allowed to teach from the pulpit and by the church authority are mere slaves in domestic life. Of course, the more liberal churches, above referred to, are growing out of this under the advancing public sentiment which has been greatly increased by the teachings of spirits and Spiritualists, who have ever put women forward as rostrum teachers with perfect equality and ever taught that wherever a woman was made a slave as a wife she had a just right to divorce. I have also maintained the just and equal right of women to one-half of all the property in the country she having earned half

by a still greater number of hours' labor than man. So far as I can learn from assessments for taxes, that are unjust because without representation, she holds but little more than one-eighth of the property and that should be exempt from taxes and churches taxed to help make up the loss in revenue. If they had their share of the property and could use it in business to support themselves, thousands each year would be saved from prostitution into which they were driven by poverty, much of which and some of the worst, is through the marriage ceremony in which they are bound in the most solemn manner to obey, as Paul directs, and to submit as the old churches teach, and to work for only food and clothes (often poor at that) as the law directs and enforces in our enlightened country which our churches call a Christian nation. I ask for this perfect equality because it is *right* and I am never afraid of right being perverted finally into wrong. Temporary evils may sometimes arise from adjusting to the right a system long practiced in the wrong as in closing the saloons and the liquor traffic which would temporarily throw thousands out of employment, and abandoning the use of tobacco which would stop the profits now large on it as a crop and cut off the employment of thousands of girls and boys now being slowly poisoned to death by working it into a condition to be used to more slowly poison our young men and boys and unfit them for marriage and social life. Let us have the help of woman at the ballot box and everywhere to purify society and reform it as she is generally opposed to the use of alcohol and tobacco and so am I. Many of my friends know I have been picketed out in the outer picket guard of reforms for many years and I do not intend to be driven in by the clergy, nor by those who fear them and think, as I do not, that they will control the women.—*Warren Chase in Spiritual Offering*

A Great Deal Too Old.

The Rev. George J. Mingins, of the Union Tabernacle in this city, is evidently trying to frighten his flock, and perhaps other folks, into activity in the church. He lately denounced laziness with great vehemence and declared that "The lazy people in the churches include the grumblers and women who have time only to talk about their neighbors. They are a pest in the church, put there by the devil. They fill the church with the odor of scandal and gossip, and no wonder God keeps away." If brother Mingins is right the devil is stronger than the Almighty, and instead of God being Supreme in Wisdom, Goodness and Power, He is *subordinate* to Satan in the latter, certainly, and we have all been mistaken in our conceptions of the Creator.

But we do not get the whole of this preacher until his thunderbolt on hell and damnation has been hurled from his lurid brain. "The truth is, he said, 'that we do not read our Bible aright and many preachers are en-

couraging this fault. They are afraid to tell the truths of the bible—few dare preach the doctrine of future punishment. They say: 'God is merciful. He is too good to damn anyone.' Yet God's justice must have its way. One-half of the ministers apologize for God. They talk as if he did not mean what he said, or know what he meant. The Bible says that men who die in their sins are lost. Of the 40,000 people who die annually in this city, not ten per cent. believe in God. It is an infernal piece of selfishness to be at ease when this is so. How can we thus sit still and see friends and loved ones damned?"

We trust that it will afford some relief to the perturbed brain of our reverend brother, to know that we "are not at ease when this is so." It is not so, outside of his own imagination. We do not "sit still and see friends and loved ones damned." No one ever saw one of them damned; or knew of one that was damned, and no one ever will. They are not damned except in the minds of a few unfortunate persons like the one whose words have been quoted. We should all be like Ingersoll if we believed what is said by the Rev. George J. Mingins and a few others of his kind. "If I believed a friend of mine was going to hell when Christianity would save him, I would seize him and hold him against the wall until I had convinced him," says the great infidel. So would do every man, woman and child that is a Christian. All manual labor would be suspended and the greatest excitement would prevail everywhere if the statement of this pulpit orator that 36,000 of the 40,000 people who die annually in New York City are damned, was true and believed by Christians. The reverend gentleman himself would be so anxious about saving them that he would not take time even to draw his salary. But he does not really believe it, nor does anybody else. It is a theory a hundred years too old to be taught.—*The Day Star*.

And if one goes to Heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow-men: the worst I know
I would do good to. Will death change me so
That I will sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
Of souls that suffer. Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the strada har I beset,
Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate man less
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)
The world of pain were better, if therein
One's heart might still be human, and desires
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears. —Whittier.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose,
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three. —Lowell

THE CARRIER DOVE.

An Illustrated Spiritual Magazine devoted to
Spiritualism and Reform.

EDITED BY — — — MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

DR. L. L. SCHLESINGER,)
MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,) * Publishers.

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

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Our Advertisers.

We would call the attention of our readers to the business cards of our advertisers, and solicit for them your generous patronage. We can cheerfully recommend them as honorable dealers, and ask you to give them *your* support as liberally as they have given us theirs.

Personal Mention.

Among the friends from abroad, who have visited our *sanctum* during the last week, we have had the pleasure of numbering Mr. and Mrs. Owen, editors of the *Golden Gate*, San Francisco; Miss Martha J. Wright, of Reno, Nevada; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of San Francisco; Mr. H. C. Wilson, President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists; Mrs. Mayo, San Francisco; Mr. Thos. Middlemist, Yreka, California; Miss Bennett, Mind Cure Healer, San Francisco; Mrs. L. M. Bates, Alameda, California; Mrs. Thayer, Monticello, Cal.

The New "Dove."

The CARRIER DOVE speeds joyously forth this Happy New Year, bearing its "glad tidings" in an enlarged and beautifully *Illustrated Magazine* form.

We trust our readers will be pleased with this new departure, as it has been our most earnest wish to make our paper a success since we first commenced its publication, three years ago, as a little four-page Lyceum paper. From that small beginning it has grown to its present form, and, consequently, greatly enlarged sphere of usefulness. It holds a place among the Spiritualistic literature of the day, distinctively its own. It is the only *illustrated* Spiritual journal published. The illustrations consist not only in portraits of prominent Spiritualists, but *Spirit-pictures* will be reproduced, with authentic accounts of the manner in which they were first obtained. The first of our illustrations this month consists of an interior view of Metropolitan Temple, as photographed last Anniversary Day, March 31st, 1885, showing Mrs. Watson seated on the rostrum, and near her the Chairman, Dr. Albert Morton.

Grouped around her are the members of her Executive Committee: Mr. J. M. Mathews, Mr. M. B. Dodge, Mr. F. A. Woods, Mr. A. Weske; and the choir consisting of Mr. F. M. Brown, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, Nellie Parkhurst, Mary J. Irwin, A. O. Eckman.

The floral decorations, as will be observed, were very beautiful.

The portrait of Mrs. Watson, we feel sure, will be hailed with delight by her many friends, both East and West; and, to those who know her not, save through her loving and inspired utterances, which have been wafted to the uttermost parts of the earth, it will be a confirmation of the ideal picture of a face wherein is mirrored womanly sweetness and tender grace. The biographical sketch accompanying this portrait will prove of absorbing interest, and faithfully delineates the life-work of this most estimable woman.

The portrait of Mrs. Albert Morton will be no less gladly welcomed by the many friends East, and those to whom she has endeared herself by a quiet, unostentatious life of noble service in her own self-sacrificing way, daily dispensing blessings upon all who seek her in the retirement of her own home; and, unto such, she is indeed a

"good Samaritan," and "like the shadow of a great rock in the desert," as her husband has so touchingly portrayed in a fine engraving in connection with her portrait, which was an exquisite copy of the one from which our engraving was made. It was indeed a beautiful tribute of love for the happy Christmas time.

Dr. Albert Morton's genial face will also be a welcome visitor in many homes, where he is remembered with affection; and to those who only know of him by his reputation as a zealous, noble worker for the Cause of Truth. His and Mrs. Morton's biographical sketch will be found exceedingly interesting.

The photograph of Mr. Aspinwall, with his Spirit friends, is fully described by himself in connection with it, and demonstrates satisfactorily, to any candid mind, the truth of Spirit photography.

The remaining illustrations are copies of Spirit-pictures drawn by a young lady under Spirit-control, one of which was recognized by a gentleman as his mother and a little brother who was drowned. He purchased the picture of the medium for fifty dollars, as it was one of the first she drew. The remaining picture, by the same medium, is that of an Italian lady who committed suicide from being disappointed in love.

The Lecture—"The Christ with us at Christmas-tide"—is an earnest appeal for the observance of Christmas festivities for the sake of the little ones, and for the sake of the soul-growth it brings to all who respond to the sweet charities and self-sacrifices so necessarily blended on this occasion.

The closing improvised poem is a sweet song for the Christmas time, and will awaken a responsive echo in every sympathetic heart.

And now, dear readers, we leave you to con the remaining pages of our new DOVE, at your leisure, knowing you will find something to interest, instruct and amuse, all the way through.

Those wishing to consult a good test medium should call at this office, 854½ Broadway, where Dr. L. Schlesinger will give sittings to all who come, asking as compensation that you subscribe either for the *Golden Gate* or CARRIER DOVE.

The CARRIER DOVE, the only illustrated Spiritualist journal published, will be sent to any address one year for \$2.50.

The New Year.

The CARRIER DOVE wishes all its friends a happy New Year; a New Year fraught with choicest blessing, fragrant with tender memories of the year just ended, blossoming with beautiful hope-buds for the future, realizing each day the sweet fruition of past effort and aspiration for the highest good, drawing the Spiritual world of light and life nearer and still nearer the throbbing heart of humanity; permeating it with its divinity, until each human life shall radiate the shining star-beams of infinite love and tenderness.

May the New Year which has just dawned upon the world bring with it such an influx of Spiritual light and power, that, where now injustice and tyranny sit enthroned, ruling with despotic sway, right and justice will triumph and be clothed with the vestments of authority, until the swift revolving wheels of time shall disclose a world of beauty, from which poverty and crime, war and its resultant evils, sin and suffering of all kinds shall be banished, and in their stead, peace and plenty, love and good-will uniting all nations in one common brotherhood. Then shall the upturned faces of humanity behold the great millennial dawn fore told by prophets, sung by poets, and described by seers since time began. Already we see glimmerings of this dawn. Its golden rays are shining through the mists and clouds resting upon the hilltops, and they prophesy of the noontide splendor later on. Brave, noble men and women are everywhere laboring to this end. Never in the world's history have heroes banded together for such divine purposes as now; and never has there been greater need of strong, persistent effort on the part of heroic souls, than at the present.

Injustice, greed, the tyranny of the strong over the helpless, have wrought such ruin in the world, that now the white arms of loving angels must be outstretched to save, or the darkness of night will again settle upon us. But hope whispers, *they are come*. Many are being led by their wise and tender guidance to labors of love so great, so deep and broad, that finally they will encompass the whole human race with their divine and potent power. These are the glimmerings of light we now see which herald the dawn. These angel messengers are finding their way into the hearts and lives of men quickening them with noble impulses, lofty aspirations and deathless hopes.

Everywhere are the angel teachings of the last thirty-eight years blossoming and bearing fruitage. We feel their silent influence, radiating from the pulpits of orthodox churches, permeating the literature of the day, developing humanitarian projects, and framing more just and lenient laws. Our judges and juries are swayed by the popular sentiment which evidences the growing spirituality of the people, and shrinks from adding crime to crime in the administration of supposed justice. In stead of this, noble men and women are earnestly planning and perfecting schemes for the amelioration of the sufferings of the criminal classed, and educating the people in the laws governing reproduction of human beings, so that no criminal will be born, but only those in whom the divine life shall find largest expression.

The Children.

The Children's Department of the CARRIER DOVE will hereafter contain messages from loved ones in spirit-life, from whatever reliable source they can be obtained. The present number contains a very interesting communication from Spirit Matie, daughter of the editress, given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. J. Whitney. A remarkable coincidence occurred on the day we received this communication. We were seated in Mrs. Whitney's parlor, reading it aloud, when a lady came in and took a seat, waiting to see Mrs. Whitney. When we read that portion where mention is made of Maudie Wise, the lady became greatly agitated, and was asking concerning it, when Mrs. Whitney entered, and said a Spirit had controlled her to write, giving the name of Maudie Wise; said her father's name was John Wise, and her mother's name was Sarah. She said she died with diphtheria at the age of nine years; was now seventeen. The lady burst into tears, saying, "It is my daughter—my own little Maudie—and is all correct." The lady had never visited Mrs. Whitney before. She was a member of a rich and fashionable church in San Francisco.

We hope, if any of the messages which appear in this journal are recognized by friends, that they will acknowledge them through these columns; this is but just to the spirit and the medium through whom they are given. Reliable reports of tests, given through different mediums, gladly received for publication.

Our Editorial Contributors.

Among the names of those who have agreed to write for the CARRIER DOVE will be found some of *the best* and most favorably known writers on the Pacific Coast, and who are prominently associated with the best Spiritual journals in the world. We will add other names to this list until we shall have a shining galaxy of the most able writers known to Spiritualistic literature. We are determined to make the CARRIER DOVE a celebrated bird, one on whose pinions will indeed be borne "glad tidings" to all the world; and, whatever of success has attended our efforts thus far, is due to the wise guidance of our invisible benefactors, in whose hands we are but feeble instruments, many times walking almost blindly, yet earnestly, endeavoring to follow the voice of the Spirit, knowing by past experience that it leadeth unto the dawn.

To the Friends and Patrons of the Carrier Dove.

The proprietors of this journal wish to extend to you all, dear friends, their grateful acknowledgments for your very generous patronage, which has enabled us, each month, to send forth the DOVE, bearing, we trust, the olive branch of peace to many of earth's children. We have always endeavored to give you our best inspirations and highest interpretation of truth. If we have differed with you sometimes it was because *our interpreters* saw that it was best we should.

Our aim, in the future, as in the past, will be to make our journal worthy of your confidence and support, and we feel, with the new and greater facilities at our command, we shall be enabled to do this still more acceptably. We thank you, not for ourselves alone, but in behalf of the dear angel guides who labor with us for humanity. May the New Year bring to each one of you as much of joy and blessedness as will develop into highest fruition the angel-side of each life and the uttermost good to all.

We decided it would be best to commence the new DOVE as Vol. 3, No. 1, instead of Vol. 3, No. 5, as it really is. As we do not wish to lose the last four numbers we will reproduce the portraits and sketches which have appeared in them some time during the present year. We have a few bound volumes for the year beginning September, 1884 to September, 1885, which we will dispose of at \$1.50 per copy.

Editorial Notes.

Our book reviews and new exchange notices will appear next month.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of San Francisco, will visit Los Angeles during the month of February.

The *Golden Gate* and CARRIER DOVE will both be sent to any address for \$4 per year. Single subscriptions \$2.50 each.

The *Spiritual Offering*, Christmas number is an exceptionally fine one. It contains three engravings, and is filled with intellectual and Spiritual food.

The February number of the CARRIER DOVE will contain the portrait and biographical sketch of Wm. Emmette Coleman, one of the most distinguished scholars and writers on the Pacific Coast.

The *Golden Gate* and CARRIER DOVE, at either office, will be furnished to subscribers at \$4 per annum. Dr. Schlesinger, who is a remarkable test medium, will give a free seance to all subscribers to either.

If our readers will preserve their DOVES, and at the end of the year have them bound, they will possess a valuable book of Spiritualistic biography, and a collection of portraits of celebrated mediums, nowhere else obtainable.

A deeply interesting serial, entitled "Garnished Sheaves," by Dr. N. S. Aspinwall, will be commenced in the February number of the CARRIER DOVE. Subscribers should renew in time to get the first chapters of this excellent story.

Those who wish to take the CARRIER DOVE, and are too poor to pay for it, can secure a year's subscription free by sending us four subscribers at \$2.50 each. Almost any one can obtain four names among their friends, thus helping us and themselves also.

The following editorial notice we clip from the *Golden Gate*:

It always affords us pleasure to say a good word for that excellent medium and genial big-hearted gentleman, Dr. Schlesinger, of Oakland. As a test medium, we have never sat with a better. In fact, his powers are most wonderful.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney leaves San Francisco for Los Angeles, about February 1st. It may be possible she will visit other places in the Southern part of the State during her trip. We trust all who can will avail themselves of this opportunity to visit one of our most gifted mediums.

The science of mental healing is one of vast importance to the human family. It is gradually and surely displacing the dispensers of drugs, and proving to mankind that disease is imaginary; that when once we come to know ourselves we bid good-bye to sickness, trouble and pain. Mrs. Mason is now located at 854½ Broadway, where she would be pleased to see or talk with any one desirous of learning or investigating the subject of mind cure.

Mrs. E. L. Watson was the recipient of a pleasant surprise at the close of her lecture, Sunday evening, December 20th. As she was speaking of the children's Christmas festival, Mr. Dodge stepped upon the rostrum and presented her with \$75, in gold coin, as a Christmas token of esteem from her friends. Mrs. Watson was quite overcome with emotion at this testimonial of affectionate regard, but soon recovering herself, she feelingly expressed her thanks to the generous donors, regretting her ability to reciprocate other than in her earnest wish to serve and bless her people.

We are pleased to learn that the CARRIER DOVE, of Oakland, will appear in a new, enlarged, and greatly improved form, with its January number. It will be a beautifully printed and bound magazine of twenty-four large pages, with an elegantly engraved cover, and filled with the choicest reading. As the paper will contain more than double its former amount of reading matter, the price will be raised to \$2.50 per annum. Mr. and Mrs. Schlesinger are to be congratulated on the success of their enterprise.—*Golden Gate*.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee will lecture every Sunday evening at Medical College Hall, on Clay street, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, Oakland. Her first lecture at that place on "The Science of Life," on Sunday evening, December 20th, was an able effort and well attended. At the same place, at 2 P. M., Sundays, is held a mediums' meeting, under the management of

Mr. G. A. Carter. We hope the friends will rally to the support of these meetings, as they are the only Spiritual gatherings held in Oakland, and if a united effort is made great good may be accomplished.

Resolutions of Regard.

Mrs. E. S. Sleeper, who recently made the generous donation to the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, was presented, on Sunday, December 27, with the following words of appreciation, neatly engrossed and framed:

SOCIETY OF PROG. SPIRITUALISTS,
November 17, 1885.

TO MRS. EUNICE S. SLEEPER:

Dear Sister: On behalf of the Board of Directors and of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists which it represents, I have the pleasure of informing you that your valuable and timely gift was formally received on Friday, the 9th instant, and accepted by the Board of Directors with grateful expressions of regard to the generous donor.

The Society accepts the trust in the same spirit that inspired the giver, and will devote it to the development and uplifting of humanity and the advancement of spiritual truth. As you realize the material needs of the hour, so may your angel friends be able to realize your spiritual needs, and minister unto them fully.

As the Society has found favor with you, and has been chosen as an instrument to carry out your noble, philanthropic ideas for the lasting benefit of many of earth's children, so may you find favor with the arisen ones; and when the last day on earth for you shall have past, and, with loving arms your dear ones shall have borne you to your beautiful home, erected by your good deeds, may you be chosen by them as a fitted instrument to aid in disseminating wisdom, justice, purity and love to all the children of men. We trust that our future acts will prove that your confidence has not been misplaced.

By order of the Board of Directors and the expressed wish of the Society.

In the pursuit of truth,

H. C. WILSON, President.

The New Leaf.

Oh, would our leaves of life were fair
With faithful writing everywhere!
Oh, would that love shone clear and true
Each plan and purpose clearly through;
That zeal did never faint and tire;
That hope ne'er waned to low desire;
That so each New Year's dawn should bring
The old year's buds to blossoming;
And so all plans and hopes should tend
Through patient work to perfect end.

—A. A. Hopkins.

Our Title Page.

While our new engraved magazine cover presents an attractive appearance, there is in it a Spiritual significance deeper than is outwardly expressed. It is difficult to embody literally a Spiritual truth, although the attempt to do so may assist somewhat in conveying the idea intended. Clairvoyantly, the Editress saw a beautiful picture of a group of angel forms looking earnestly earthward, and floating downward from their hands was a beautiful, snowy-winged CARRIER DOVE, bearing the "glad tidings of great joy" to earth's children, that, "though a man die," *he shall* "live again," bearing the "glad tidings" that our loved ones are *not lost* to us forever, but that, with infinite tenderness and love, they are watching over us, guiding and guarding us all along life's pathway, speaking timely words of warning in moments of temptation, or loving words of hope and encouragement when the shadows of earth gather thickly about us.

Oh, it is sweet in darkest hour,
To feel the strong magnetic power
Of angel hands, to guide and save—
Bidding the fainting heart be brave.

Oh, it is sweet to feel and know
That through life's journey here below,
We are attended, day and night,
By angels from the sphere's of light.

Oh, it is sweet when Sorrow's cloud,
With sable pall our lives enshroud,
When from our loving, clinging grasp,
The dearly cherished one has passed—

To feel and know they are not dead,
The loving spirit has but fled
From out a useless, shattered form,
Which, like a garment, old and worn

Is laid aside, for raiment new—
A form most beautiful to view,
Where stains of earth have left no trace,
But clothed upon with angel grace,

They linger near the sorrowing friend,
And tender messages will send
To those on earth they dearly love;
So speed ye forth bright CARRIER DOVE.

Passed On.

Mrs. Mabrey's spirit passed from the mortal, on Christmas Eve, December 24th, 1885. Her life was filled with deeds of kindness, but more especially was her motherly heart drawn out towards homeless children. A firm believer in the harmonial philosophy, for over thirty years she was an earnest worker for that cause.

Mrs. Mabrey passed away in San Francisco, but is better known in Oakland,

where so much of her work was done. For many years "Father Mabrey's" doors were opened for free meetings, and many people came to know the truth through their instrumentality.

And now her work on earth is done, and we know she is happy with the loved ones "gone before," and the only sadness is for him who is left to finish life's journey alone; but only a little way behind. She has left the "gate ajar," and will wait for him and lead him gently over when the great spirit says—

"COME UP HIGHER."

The following poem was read at the funeral of Mrs. Eliza J. Mabrey, December 26th, 1885:

Why mourn we that our aged friend is dead?
We are not sad to see the gathered grain;
Nor when their mellow fruits the orchards cast;
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

We sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky.
In the soft evening when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
On the warm colored heavens and ruddy mountain head.

Why weep we then for her who having nearly won
The bound of our appointed years at last.
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labor done,
Serenely to her final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of her virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun has set.

Her youth was innocent; her riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved her, calm and sage,
Faded her late declining years away.
Cheerful she gave her being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

And I am glad that she has lived thus long,
And I am glad that she has gone to her reward;
Nor can I deem that Nature did her wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord,
For when her hand grew palsied, and her eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was her time to die.

—Selected.

Spirit Picture.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—In accordance with your desire, I write out the history of the Spirit Picture given you, to be engraved for the January number of your excellent magazine. In my visit to the Eastern Spiritual Camp Meeting, last July and August, for the purpose of investigating the different phases of mediumship and Spiritual Phenomena, I noticed a sign—Spirit Photography. I at once felt interested, as in my early life I had experimented considerably in that business. I entered the cottage, and found upon the centre table specimens

of Spirit Pictures and a basket of cards, reading—Dr. Keeler, Spirit Photographer. I asked the lady present (who proved to be Mrs. Keeler) if I could see the Doctor, if not engaged. She said certainly, and called him. When he came I said to him: Doctor, I used to be a photographer, and I would like to investigate this. He said, "I would be glad to have you do so." I then said, Mrs. Keeler, I would like to look at you through this camera. She said, "With pleasure," and took the seat. I found the camera all right, and then said: Doctor, I will sit for a picture, but I must go with you to the dark-room, see the plate prepared, which I did, and after the sitting went with him to the dark-room, and saw him develop the picture with bath and chemicals, and saw the faces come out, the plate washed and put up to dry. Another was taken immediately after with entirely different faces, and I have a number taken by the same artist of different mediums, some having different spirit faces plainly discernable. The one before you is the guide and Spirit Picture of my oldest daughter and her youngest child, who passed to the higher life in January, 1885. While here she was an exemplary member of the Methodist Church. After this picture was taken she appeared to me at two different materializing seances; told me of having her picture taken with me, and bringing the baby; told me her name in full, and the names of the three children she had left; talked with me of their present location, of her mother's health, and made herself immediately known to me in many ways. That Spirit Photography and Materialization are *facts* is, in my mind, indisputable. It is with regret that I say I found many frauds, and did not hesitate to pronounce them so publicly, and if, in materialization, those who are called up to greet their friends, they had any doubt of their genuineness, would insist in holding them until they dematerialized, the frauds would soon be stamped out. I saw and investigated all the different phases of mediumship at Onset Bay and Lake Pleasant, the two largest Spiritual Camp Meetings in this country, and may, in the near future, give you my personal experience while there.

Hoping that the CARRIER DOVE will be appreciated, as its merits deserve, with a large subscription list, I am your friend and co-worker in the Great Cause of Human Progression.

S. N. ASPINWALL.

I think the spirits of those departed never or rarely ever visit puerile idits, or evangelical or editorial egotists, because they know it would be useless, as the fool is too unwise to utilize the information they could impart, and *the conceited are too full of themselves to seek instruction even from the angels.*—Dr. Joseph Simms.

Subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE, \$2 50 per year.

Mason Valley Letter.

MASON VALLEY, NEVADA.

Dear Friends: "Go ring the bells and fire the guns and fling your starry banners out." A faint Spiritualistic echo has crept over the mountains and dropped, weary and faint, among the sage brush and alkali on this side, to die and be laughed over by the natives.

Two young men whom we will call C. and K., both dealers in general merchandise in this wee, wee town, occupy stores on the same side of the one street and but a short distance apart. They may and they may not be rivals in any other respect, but it is generally supposed that K. has appropriated to himself a certain young lady who, when a photographer from San Francisco wandered up this way, wished to "have her picture taken." The thirteenth of the dozen the artist claimed for himself, and she consented to his keeping it.

One day at the restaurant table the boarders were told that if they would sit for their pictures a Spirit face would appear on the plate, which would be that of the future marriage partner.

(Query.—In that case how could it be a Spirit?)

C. made the trial and obtained a face, so closely resembling the young lady mentioned that every one recognized and joked K. about it, whereupon he demanded the picture. C. persistently refused to give it up, and high words followed, accompanied by some shaking and pushing from K., the whole ending in a suit brought by C. for assault and battery. The jury disagreed, and every one laughed, but more alcoholic spirits appeared than any other, and better suited to the wants of the people, whether it is to their needs or not.

One Sunday morning not long ago our attention was attracted by groups and stragglers of men and horses slowly approaching the house in a long, uneven line. As they came near we saw that they were Piutes, out on the long-expected rabbit hunt.

They say, "White man want um rabbit killed. Piute want um, so come kill um." Accordingly, perhaps one hundred and fifty, more or less, assemble each fall at one end of the valley and sweep the whole length of it, shooting the frightened creatures as they crouch trembling under a bush or leap forth in wild search for a safer place. The Indians were of all ages, sizes and degrees of ugliness; and, when they passed, each had from four to eight rabbits hung to his belt, which, as he walked, gave him a peculiar appearance of being all legs.

This hunt is quite an advantage to the farmers, as the animals exist in such numbers they would otherwise devour much of the crop. A squaw, who speaks English quite well, told me they used the skins for blankets in cold weather.

Speaking of the Piutes reminds me of an item I saw in an Eastern paper some time ago, referring to a speech of Sarah Winne-

muca's, in regard to her tribe. She is reported to have said that seven thousand were kept on the Reservation here, and suffering all sorts of miseries, including starvation.

I am told there are not more than seven hundred, and, judging by what I can see and learn, they are well fed and comfortably clothed. The men hunt, fish, gamble and work in the hay field; the squaws go in twos, never one alone, from house to house, and wash, scrub, or do any other rough work for half a dollar a day, always going before breakfast, or at least always wanted one before they begin work.

The babies ride on their mothers' backs in queer little pointed willow-baskets and look out on the world with their quiet black eyes, while the older children trot by their mother's side. So it sometimes happens that while we are having our washing done we have a whole family to keep, but their families are never very large. They seem to have no taste for fancy work, except the making of willow-baskets, which they do beautifully.

They have a school, &c., on the Reservation and, so far as I can see, enjoy as much freedom as the whites, except the *glorious privilege* of getting openly drunk, and even that they often get by stealth.

I hope to learn more of them before I leave, and, if it is possible, shall visit the Reservation.

S. D.

Correspondence.

DEAR MRS. SCHLESINGER: I received the October number of the DOVE and found "Thoughts" helped to fill its clean pages. I hardly see how you can make room for me, when your paper is always so full of sparkling gems. My husband does not claim to be a Spiritualist, but says he wants the CARRIER DOVE; he thinks it is the best Spiritualist paper he has ever seen, and I agree with him. It does not quarrel, nor give chaff for pure grain.

It seems to me that Spiritualists are thinking too much of building costly temples, when there is so much poverty and destitution in the world. We need places for public meetings, to be sure, but it is the principles we teach, and the deeds of kindness we do for needy humanity, that shall build for us palaces that shall never crumble.

I want to say that placing the pictures of the pictures of mediums in your paper is, I think a splendid idea, and I hope you will please subscribers by putting in your own picture.

I think my subscription must have nearly run out, but I shall renew it soon. I hope I shall be able to send in a few new names to you. I shall try any way. I am afraid I shall trouble you making this letter so long. Yours for Truth,

MRS. C. L.

Jamestown, New York.

DEAR FRIENDS: (For since the double letter came some weeks ago I am going to claim you both.) I have been waiting for a convenient opportunity to reply and have also been thinking about what it contained.

You think I am mediumistic without knowing it. I cannot prove it otherwise yet have never supposed it to be so except in so far as this life is concerned. I seem to absorb other people's troubles without their joys and add them to my own which have not been any too light. I have endured enough of a woman's miseries to understand something of woman's position in this life and in that way, perhaps, can sometime be made a means of help to other women, for my mind turns most persistently in that direction. If such is to be the purpose of my life I would say, "Be it unto me according to thy word," for surely no better thing could I do, "but how can these things be seeing" I am so cumbered with family cares, my mind so worried with "What shall we eat and what shall we drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

These troublesome questions have prevented my preparing anything for the DOVE, for, though it takes no time to think it does take some time to write down one's thoughts, and I would not wish to put them down as hastily as my letters are thrown together. The idea is fascinating, as was the promise of the new and wonderful land to the wandering Hebrews. When scarcely in my teens I began to dream of literary work and string together rhymes for the paper in the country town where I lived, but most of my writing has been seen by no one until this Summer I showed some of them to Jane. At twenty I married and the cares of this world choked the ambition and limited my efforts to a straggling correspondence with personal friends. In looking back over my life I cannot help feeling as if the one effort of whoever controls my fate had been to crush my personal wishes. I have an intense love of home, but in the twenty-three years since I married have moved almost numberless times. I cling to old friends and am slow in making new ones, but as soon as they are made am obliged to leave them.

I detest cooking and the unvarying regularity of three meals a day, but have been compelled all my life to do it. The care of small children and the thousand little economies of the poor are inexpressibly worrying to me, and they have decidedly been my position. The details of farm life are disgusting to me so I have been obliged to have a liberal share and have never had time and means to indulge in but one strong liking and that was for flowers; but even that is taken away now, for the soil is of such a nature they do not flourish. Excuse me if I am too personal, but you led the way which must be my apology. Realizing all this you will understand something of what my life has been and why I so ardently long for a different



Youn & Co - Workers
S. K. Depinwall

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ELLIOTT & OAK

work, and why I so eagerly accept the ray of hope you sent in my direction. Do not say more than the facts justify for me in case of a failure, the disappointment would be great.

Do you remember the first time I visited you? I had felt as if I must go, but I did not want treatment so much as friends. If that visit leads to my being associated with you in your work in ever so humble a capacity I shall bless the day and believe a good angel guided me. That brings me to another part of your letter and a question that has been struggled ever since men began to think; predestination and free agency. If all my life has been ordered for me how do I deserve blame or praise for any of it?

It is hard to believe I have needed such bitter lessons as I have sometimes received, but it may be that one day it will be made clear. I thank you much for your effort to get a message for me. It is a great thing to be destined for a holy purpose and if it is so I am thankful, but the human heart cries out for something more and I wish there had also been a personal message from one I knew and loved, some one who knows my daily trials. I wish some more *positive* evidence would come to me for I am such a doubter, and it is so hard to tell which is myself or whether after all we are not all deluded as outsiders say we are.

But it is time to meet the stage and I will take this with me and, perhaps, can add a little more with not so many *I's* in it.

J. sends her regards and Mr. A. Perhaps he will write next time, but he had so much work he has done little writing beyond business letters. It is useless to ask him to have sittings for I think he has made a vow not to have anything to do with it as he says for a year from the time we left there. He might as well vow to have nothing to do with air or sunlight, and if he refuses the bright side the dark will surely come, but you know a man cannot be reasoned out of a thing when he is determined not to be. He apparently tries not to think of anything connected with it, and words cannot tell how lonely I should be without the dear letters I receive from friends. I wish you could tell how long I shall be in passing through this purgatory. *Please say a few masses for me.* LUPA.

Our dear sister will pardon us for publishing her private letter instead of the article sent for publication. It expresses so much that is true of the lives of many women, so much of the unsatisfied yearning after better things—longing to step out into broader fields, away from the narrow, monotonous limitations of humble, home-life, with its ceaseless round of unappreciated, unrequited toil, preferring to struggle and battle with life in the great, broad, free world, and win, step by step, their places among the world's recognized and honored

workers—than toil on forever in the way thousands of our brightest, best and most amiable women are doing; and, when too weary to toil longer, lie down in the prime of life a faded, shattered wreck, and leave little baby-fingers to cling to other hands than those that should lead and guide them. The tired, worn-out form is laid away; and, save for the faint remembrance in the childish hearts of a patient face and tender voice, the world knows not that they ever lived. It is for the encouragement of that class that brave words should be spoken. It is to those silent martyrs that our sympathies go out in unutterable yearning. We long to open the doors of their prison-houses and give them a glimpse of God's great, boundless universe lying just outside their narrow limitations. We long to say to every cramped and dwarfed human soul—*grow, expand, be free, break every shackle that binds you*, and grow unto the full stature God designed you should.

Mind Cure Talks.

Number I.

"Faith," says W. F. Evans, "Is the source of all spiritual power." If ye have faith even as a grain of mustard seed ye can say unto this sycamore tree, be thou removed and planted in the sea and it shall obey you."

We eat our food by faith, we go to sleep when tired, by the same unconscious faith. If so much can be done by our unconscious faith what may not be done if we but cry out from the depths of our hearts in the words of the disciple, "Lord, increase our faith."

Mr. A. P. Sinnet gives as instance of the power which resides in faith, the marvels wrought by the Oriental adepts. Their training is designed to develop the principles of faith. But every one who asks, how am I to get this faith? the desire to obtain it is a prayer in itself. The sole condition of receiving is a willingness to receive and a disposition to use beneficently. By assuming an attitude of passivity toward it we may absorb it as the earth does the light and heat of the sun.

In every genuine act of faith is the union of thought and faith which makes it the Word Power. In one of the sacred books of the Hindus it is taught *that the exercise of such will power is the highest form of prayer* and is instantaneously answered. Strong *will force* makes no more exertion in a silent curative effort directed to ourselves or others than the mind makes in believing and affirming that two and two are four. All labored effort, all strain, all struggling is not will, but a lack of it.

In effecting a cure through the science of mind no more effort is necessary than in

raising an arm or taking a drink when thirsty, the faith that the water will quench the thirst is all-sufficient.

We have and possess a thing in proportion as we believe; we cannot have unless we believe we have. If we believe we have disease the thought finds outward expression in the body. All disease, so far as it has a bodily expression, must have had an existence before in an idea or fixed mode of thought. The secret of the Christ's healing was owing to a perfect faith combined with a pure, unselfish love.

M. J. MASON.

Oakland, December 22, 1885.

A Remarkable Dream.

The following is related by one Helmore, the first mate of the brig "Red Jacket," in 1844:

"While at sea, after having weathered a terrific gale in the latitude of Bermuda, Helmore retired to his berth and immediately fell into a troubled sleep. He dreamed that his father, who had died twelve years before, came to him with the intelligence that his uncle John, with three companions, were exposed to the sea in an open boat, and that it was in his power to rescue them.

After having conducted the sleeper to the scene of the wreck and back again, the visitor informed him that, to accomplish the desired end, he must slightly turn the ship to a southeast by easterly course, whereupon he departed. Aroused by his dream, Helmore communicated the same to the pilot, and they together concluded to make the experiment, unknown to the captain, and, suiting the action to the word, changed the vessel's course two points to the east.

Having so kept her for four hours, or until daybreak, they were actually rewarded for their pains by the welcome salute from the ratlins of 'Boat, ahoy!' What is very remarkable, is the fact that one of the four rescued men was the veritable uncle John, alluded to in the dream, whose brig, the "Joseph Brown," from Liverpool to Jamaica, had sprung a leak and sunk ten days before.

A most extraordinary coincidence is still further afforded in the fact that the uncle dreamed the night previous that he and his comrades would be picked up by a passing vessel on the approaching morning."—*Phrenology and Physiognomy*, 1875.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. One glance at this face lifts us at once out of the arms of despair; out of the mists and shadows, away from tears and repining into the beautiful realms of hope.

Tobacco costs New York city far more than is paid for bread by the inhabitants of the whole State.

The Christian Church and Women.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton

(Republished from the *Index*.)

The grand ideas of Confucius, Zoroaster, Buddha, Mohammed, Jesus, have been slowly transforming the world from the reign of brute force to moral power, and science has been *as slowly* emancipating mankind from their fears of the unknown; but the Christian Church has steadily used its influence against progress, science, the education of the masses, and freedom for woman. It is often asserted that woman owes all the advantages of the position she occupies to-day to Christianity, but the facts of history show that the Christian Church has done nothing specifically for woman's elevation. In the general march of civilization, she has necessarily reaped the advantage of man's higher development; but we must not claim for Christianity all that has been achieved by science, discovery and invention.

If we admit that the truth it has taught, as an offset to its many errors, has been one of the factors in civilization, we shall concede all that can be fairly claimed. The prolonged slavery of woman is the darkest page in human history; and she has touched the depths of misery since in Bethlehem the Magi gathered round the child in the manger, who was hailed as the Saviour of mankind. But the life and teachings of Jesus, all pointing to the complete equality of the human family, were too far in advance of his age to mould public opinion. We must distinguish between the teachings attributed to Jesus and those of the Christian Church. One represents the ideal the race is destined to attain; the other, the popular sentiment of its time.

Had Jesus lived in Russia in the nineteenth century, he would have been exiled as a Nihilist for his protests against tyranny and his sympathy with the suffering masses. He would have been driven from Germany as a socialist, from France as a communist, and imprisoned as a blasphemer in England and America, had he taught in London and New York the radical ideas he proclaimed in Palestine.

I speak of the Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant, of the priesthood, the bulls of its popes, the decrees of its councils, the articles and resolutions of its general assemblies, presbyteries, synods, conferences, which, all summed up, compose the canon law, which has held Christendom during what is called the Dark Ages until now under its paralyzing influence, moulding civil law and social customs and plunging women into absolute slavery.

The worst feature of the canon law reveals themselves to-day in woman's condition as clearly as they did fifteen hundred years ago. The clergy in their pulpits teach the same doctrines in regard to her from the same texts, and echo the same old platitudes and false ideas promulgated for centuries by ecclesiastical councils. According to Church

teaching, woman was an afterthought in the creation, the author of sin, being at once in collusion with Satan. Her sex was made a crime; marriage a condition of slavery, owing obedience; maternity a curse; and the true position of all womankind one of inferiority and subjection to all men; and the same ideas are echoed in our pulpits to-day.

England and America are the two nations in which the Christian religion is dominant; yet, by their ethics taught in the pulpit, the ideal woman is comparatively more degraded than in pagan nations. I say comparatively, for, because of the various steps of progress in education, science, invention and art, woman is now more fully the equal of man in these countries than in any other nation or period of the world. And yet the old ideas taught by the Church in the Dark Ages of her inferiority and depravity are still maintained; and, just in proportion as women are the equals of the men by their side, the more keenly they feel every invidious distinction based on sex. To those not conversant with the history of the Christian Church and the growth of the common law, it may seem a startling assertion; but it is, nevertheless, true that the Church has done more to degrade woman than all other adverse influences put together. And it has done this by playing on the religious emotions (the strongest feelings of her nature), to her own complete subjugation. The same religious conscience that carried the widows to the funeral pyre of their husbands now holds some women in the Turkish seraglios, others in polygamy under the Mormon theocracy, and others in the Christian Churches, in which, while rich women help to build and support them, they may not speak or vote or enjoy any of the honors conferred on men, and all alike are taught that their degradation is of divine ordination, and thus their natural feelings of self-respect are held in abeyance to what they are taught to believe is God's will. Out of the doctrine of original sin grew the crimes and miseries of asceticism, celibacy and witchcraft—woman becoming the helpless victim of all the delusions generated in the brain of man.

Having decided that she was the author of sin and the medium through whom the devil would effect the downfall of the church, godly men logically inferred that the greater the distance between themselves and all womankind, the nearer they were to God and heaven. With this idea, they fought against all woman's influence—both good and evil. At one period they crucified all natural affection for mother, sister, wife and daughter, and continued a series of persecutions that blackened the centuries with the most horrible crimes.

This more than any other influence was the cause of that general halt in civilization, that retrogressive movement of the dark ages, for which no historian has satisfactorily accounted. At no period of the world was the equilibrium of the masculine and feminine elements of humanity so dis-

turbed. The result was moral chaos—just what would occur in the material world, if it were possible to destroy the equilibrium of the positive and negative electricity or of the centripetal and centrifugal force.

For the supposed crimes of heresy and witchcraft, hundreds of women endured such persecutions and tortures that the most stolid historians are said to have wept in recording them; and no one can read them to-day but with a bleeding heart. And, as the Christian Church grew stronger, woman's fate grew more helpless. Even the Reformation and Protestantism brought no relief, the clergy being all along their most bitter persecutors, the inventors of the most infernal tortures. Hundreds and hundreds of fair young girls, innocent as the angels in heaven, hundreds and hundreds of old women, weary and trembling with the burdens of life, were hunted down by emissaries of the Church, dragged into the courts with the ablest judges and lawyers, of England, Scotland and America on the bench, and tried for crimes that never existed but in the wild, fanatical imagination of religious devotees. Women were accused of consorting with devils and perpetuating their diabolical propensities. Hundreds of these children of hypothetical origin were drowned, burned and tortured in the presence of their mothers, to add to their death agonies. These things were not done by savages or pagans; they were done by the Christian Church. Neither were they confined to the Dark Ages, but permitted by law in England far into the eighteenth century. The clergy everywhere sustained witchcraft as Bible doctrine, until the spirit of rationalism laughed the whole thing to scorn, and science gave mankind a more cheerful view of life.

So large a place has the nature and position of woman occupied in the councils of the Church that the Rev. Charles Kingsley facetiously remarked that the Christian Church was swamped by hysteria from the third to the sixteenth century. Speaking of witchcraft, Lecky says the Reformation was the signal for a fresh outburst of the superstition in England; and there, as elsewhere, its decline was represented by the clergy as the direct consequence and the exact measure of the progress of religious scepticism. In Scotland, where the reformed ministers exercised greater influence than in any other country, and where the witch trials fell almost entirely into their hands, the persecution was proportionately atrocious. Probably the ablest defender of the belief was Glanvil, a clergyman of the English Establishment; and one of the most influential was Baxter, the greatest of the Puritans. It spread with Puritanism into the New World, and the executions in Massachusetts form one of the darkest pages in American history. The great religious leader of the last century, John Wesley, was among the latest of its supporters. He said giving up witchcraft was giving up the Bible. Scepticism on the

subject of witches first arose among those who were least governed by the church, advanced with the decline of the influence of the clergy, and was commonly branded by them as a phase of infidelity.

One remarkable fact stands out in the history of witchcraft, and that is, its victims were chiefly women. Scarce one wizard to a hundred witches was ever burned or tortured.

Although the ignorance and crimes of the race have ever fallen most heavily on woman, yet, in the general progress of civilization, she has had some share. As man became more enlightened, she, of necessity, enjoyed the results; but to no form of popular religion has woman ever been indebted for one pulsation of liberty. Obedience and subjection have been the lessons taught her by all alike.

Lecky, in his *History of Rationalism* and his *European Morals*, gives facts sufficient to convince any woman of common sense that the greatest obstacle in the way of the freedom and elevation of her sex has been, and is, the teaching of the Church in regard to her rights and duties. Women have ever been the chief victims in the persecutions of the Church amid all its awful tragedies, and on them have fallen the heaviest penalties of the canon law.

But the canon law did not confine itself to social relations. It laid its hand with withering touch on the civil law, and blighted many personal and property rights accorded woman, under the Roman Code.

Speaking of the Roman Code before the introduction of Christianity (Gaius), Maine says: "The jurisconsults had evidently, at this time, assumed the equality of the sexes as a principle to the code of equity. The situation of the Roman woman, whether married or single, became one of great personal and property independence; but Christianity tended somewhat, from the very first, to narrow this remarkable liberty. The prevailing state of religious sentiment may explain why modern jurisprudence has adopted these rules concerning the position of woman, which belong peculiarly to an imperfect civilization. No society which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by middle Roman law. Canon law has deeply injured civilization."

Rev. Charles Kingsley says: "Whoever wishes to gain insight into that great institution, Canon Law, can do so most effectively by studying Common Law in regard to woman. There will never be a good world for woman until the last remnant of Canon Law is civilized off the face of the earth. Meanwhile, all the most pure and high minded women in England and Europe have been brought up under the shadow of the Canon Law, and have accepted it, with the usual divine self-sacrifice, as their destiny by law of God and nature, and consider their own womanhood outraged when it, their tyrant, is meddled with."

Women accept their position under the shadow of the Canon Law for the best of reasons—they know nothing about it. And, if they should undertake to explore it, they would waste their lives in the effort. While spending a year in England, I heard that a learned clergyman in the Established Church, living near by, had a remarkable library of old and valuable books, and, among others, innumerable huge volumes of the Canon Laws. So, thinking I might readily find those affecting women, I made arrangements to spend a day in his library. The volumes, as large as our largest family bibles, stood there in long rows, leather bound and clasped, without an index, and all in Latin. Seeing the formidable array, I said: Could you be kind enough to give me the volumes that contain canons specially affecting woman? He said, Alas! I could not, without looking through all of them; and that, as you readily see, would involve more time than you and I have to spare. But, he added, as the customs of society, the position of woman in the church, and the old common law of England have all been moulded by the Canon Law, you can judge of the general spirit of these volumes by what you see and hear of woman's condition in every day life.

This is one of the peculiarities of woman's position; she knows nothing of the laws, either canon or civil, under which she lives; and such churchmen as Rev. Morgan Dix are determined we never shall. Nero was thought the chief of tyrants because he made laws, and hung them up so high the people could not read them. What shall we say of the great State of New York, that makes laws for women, and binds them in calf, and then forbids its daughters to enter the law schools where they might learn them, or to plead for the most unfortunate of their sex in our courts of justice?

As the result of the canon law, what is woman's position in the State and the church to-day? We have woman disfranchised, with no voice in the government under which she lives, denied until recently the right to enter colleges or professions, laboring at half-price in the world of work; a code of morals that makes man's glory woman's shame; a civil code that makes her in marriage a nonentity, her person, her children, her earnings the property of her husband. In adjusting this institution of marriage, woman has never yet in the history of the world had one word to say. The relation has been absolutely established and perpetuated without her consent. We have thus far had the man marriage. He has made all the laws concerning it to suit his own convenience and love of power. He has tried every possible form of it, and is as yet satisfied with none of his experiments. If an inhabitant of some other planet could suddenly light in one of our law libraries, and read over our civil and criminal codes, he would be at a loss to know what kind of beings women are, so

anomalous is the position we hold, with some rights partially recognized in one place and wholly obliterated in another. In the criminal code, we find no feminine pronouns. All criminals are designated as "he," "his," "him." We might suppose our fathers thought women were too pure and angelic ever to commit crimes, if we did not find in the law reports, cases in which women had been imprisoned and hung as "he," "his," "him." And yet, while the masculine pronoun can be made to do duty for punishments, when it comes to privileges we are excluded, because the laws and constitutions do not contain the feminine pronouns "she," "hers," "her." We are a kind of half human, half animal being, like those wonderful questioning sphinxes we see in the Old World.

And we present very much the same appearance in the Church. Go into any little country town, and the chief excitement among the women is found in fairs, donation parties, festivals, church building, and decorating. The women are the chief, untiring pertinacious beggars for the church. They compose the vast majority of the congregations. Rich women give large sums to clear church debts, to educate young men for the ministry, and to endow theological seminaries. Poorer women decorate the temples for Christmas and Easter, make surplices and gowns, embroider table covers for the altar, and slippers for the rector; and all alike think they are serving God in sustaining the church and the priesthood.

In return, the whole tone of church teaching in regard to woman is, to the last degree, contemptuous and degrading.

Perhaps the very man educated by some sewing society of women will ascend the pulpit and take his text in I Corinthians, xiv: 34-35, "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." Ephesians v: 23: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church. I Timothy ii: 11-13: "Let the women learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp the authority over the man . . . For Adam was first formed, then Eve." I. Corinthians xi., 8, 9: "For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man."

Now, my friends, what effect do you think such Epistles as these, written by Paul to the Ephesians, the Corinthians, and the Thessalonians, had on the men and women of those times; and what is the effect of sermons from such texts to-day, but to degrade woman and demoralize man? These teachings in regard to woman so faithfully reflect

the provisions of the canon law that it is fair to infer that their inspiration came from the same source, written by men, translated by men, revised by men. If the Bible is to be placed in theological seminaries, proclaimed as God's law in our temples of worship, let us by all means call a council of women in New York, and give it one more revision from the woman's standpoint.

Disraeli said that the early English editions contain six thousand errors in the translation from the Hebrew, which were constantly introduced and passages interpolated for sectarian purposes or sustain new creeds.

The *Church Union* says of the present translation that there are more than seven thousand variations from the received Hebrew text, and more than one hundred and fifty thousand from the received Greek text, making by these two authorities one hundred and sixty-three thousand errors. It is fair to suppose that at least one-half of these errors are with reference to woman's position. It would not be assuming too much, in view of all the facts of history, for woman to take the liberty of defining her own position, without the slightest reference to the church, its canon law or Biblical interpretations.

But, to return to the temple of worship the sermon finished, to which women reverently listen in silence, the choir performs its part in this travesty on womanhood.

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

(Concluded in Our Next.)

Written Through the Mediumship of Mrs. E. A. Higgs.

UTICA, N. Y., February 18, 1885.

Man must be subjugated! Yes, the time is fast approaching when woman, with her fine intuition power, will, with her ability and far-sightedness, bring to the minds of people the absolute necessity of a complete subjugation of the power which is now casting a blight all over this land by its unwise and selfish administrators.

Woman, with unselfishness and strong desire to see justice accorded to all classes, will sweep out from the halls of our Legislature the filth and corruption which has been accumulating for so many years, and, by her judicious and wise management, will bring peace and harmony out of the confusion which has hitherto existed. This, my friends, is true. We have pledged ourselves to help fallen man and woman. We are ever striving to impress upon the minds of earth's children the necessity of bringing woman to the front. We can through their organism wield a greater power over the minds of the people than we can through those who are steeped in vice and crime, as

so many of our leaders now in the field are. We are now bringing a power to bear which will soon be felt. We do not want to debase man, but, on the contrary, we want to lift him up, and, in order to do this, we must first subjugate him. There must be a power wielded over this nation which will seek to withhold from the iron grasp of avarice that which is now causing so much anxiety and distress amongst some of our brightest jewels.

We want equality. We want to bring before the masses, in the kindest and gentlest manner, some of the wrongs which are now being enacted by the men whom we are expected to look up to and admire, but from our standpoint it is only with feelings of loathing and condemnation we think of them. They are already trying to bring into the cabinet those who can be used as tools in the hands of those who are only working against the interests of our most estimable citizens, the working classes. Few of these men care for the interest of the people. It is to the interest of those who can bring to them the greatest amount of that which they are striving so hard to gain at the expense of suffering humanity. It makes no difference to them how many are deprived of the necessities which will keep the physical body in a condition to battle with the storms of this life, so long as they live in gilded palaces and their sensuous appetites are ministered to. We, who are not unmindful of the condition many of earth's children are now subjected to, would enjoin upon all intelligent and thinking people the utmost caution in regard to the officers they put into power. Beware of those who are already trying to plant their standard on this beautiful free American soil. See to it that all pernicious men are debased from exercising their wiles by ingratiating themselves into the confidence of their unsuspecting victims. It is through these very means they expect to conquer. This is why we feel the importance of bringing woman to the rescue. She is true to others; she will be better enabled to cope with these vipers who are coiling themselves into our most prominent offices; to see that the virus emanating from these false and poisoned fangs will be thoroughly cleansed before reaching those they would destroy. It is through woman we hope to save this nation from a slavery worse than has ever befallen her.

The ladies of Sorosis Society, New York, gave a breakfast to Mary Anderson, in that city, a few days ago, that lasted from eleven o'clock until four. The guests included only women, of course; and, if any one doubts woman's ability to contribute to the maintenance of a club—indeed of men—he or she should become familiar with the doings of Sorosis, and the women who run it. When Sorosis meets the masculine clubs languish with curiosity—the members all stay at home waiting for the return of their companions, hoping once more to learn something.—*Golden Gate.*

• Hash.

Rashly wrench the vine from the shrub, by which it first climbs, and you shall have withered leaves, broken branches and bleeding tendrils. Left to itself, it reaches out for the first tree that promises to bear it aloft. As it higher climbs the lower clasps let go, while it clings the more lovingly to the forest tree, whose branches lift it to the kisses of the morning.

When William Penn became a convert to Quakerism some of his brethren complained to George Fox that the young gentleman neophyte, still carried his sword. "Let him carry it, if he can," said Fox, well knowing that the religion that would abolish war must soon also do away with its symbols.

As with the vine, so it is with our own moral and spiritual growth. We reach and fasten to the higher, and the systems to which we once lovingly clung, and which seemed necessities to our spiritual growth, begin gradually to depreciate, and finally losing their whole value and becoming to us as things of the forgotten past.

The world outgrows rather than repudiates its superstitions. Yonder is a revivalist, who tells us of a real personal devil and of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, where the wicked must burn and wail forever and forever. A half century ago these myths were terrible realities, to doubt which was to be the child of the one and the elected victim of the other. To-day they are fast becoming obsolete ideas, and the roaring threatenings of the fanatic scarcely excites emotions other than pity.

But let us not be offended at their folly. Let them alone and they will reach to the higher, and, as they fasten here, they will let go the lower of themselves. The mind that has grown high enough to conceive that the eternal God is omnipotent can not long hold to that lower belief that divides his dominion with the devil. The mind that has conceived of the universality of law will gradually let go all notions of special exceptions by which the power of darkness is permitted to burn cities, or to make fair regions desolate with the terrible cyclone.

It will not be denied that it is sometimes necessary to denounce folly by name and to meet error face to face, that truth and error, right and wrong, are mutual antagonisms, and must, therefore, mutually contend. But, when the judgment has been convinced and the heart persuaded, the higher way will be accepted voluntarily.

Doubtless it is better to note vice in embodied form than not to be averse to it all. But when the comeliness of the right way and the uncomeliness of the wrong have been once thoroughly ingrained into the mind, a vastly higher reformation has been effected than that which comes only of the dread of punishment.

Let us so teach and so live, that while our teachings may point out the better way, our lives may be its best exemplification.

QUIEN.



SPIRIT MOTHER AND CHILD.



SPIRIT PORTRAIT
OF AN
ITALIAN LADY.

Children's Department.



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

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

Why We Grieve.

What grieve we for?
Our pet lamb is gone.
The Shepherd above
One morning looked down
In pity and love,
Then softly he called
Our lamb to his fold.

What grieve we for?
The wee bird has flown,
Whose music made glad
The hearts in our home,
And now we are sad.
No more will be heard
The song of our bird.

What grieve we for?
We nursed a sweet flower
The Great Gardener came
One morn to our bower
And severed the stem,
Then bore from our side
Our floweret, our pride.

Our lamb, so they say,
In spirit lives still.
Our bird flown away,
Its music still trills,
Our flower, with more care,
Is growing more fair.
Our boy, free from pain,
Nearfus still remains.

We hope it is so,
But faith will grow weak,
For how do they know?
Have they heard him speak?
Deceive me not, friends,
For I hear no sound,
See naught, yet I feel
You may not be wrong.

LUPA.

Spirit Message.

My name is Matie. My mama's name is Julia, and my grandma's name is Mary. I have such a nice home in Spirit world. I was not quite two years old when my mama buried my little body on the plains. She put flowers in my hand; then she cried so hard all night and day. I did not know what made her cry, but I know now. She thought I would be lonesome without her. I staid with my mama until she felt better, but I could not make her hear me laugh

and sing. She knows I can come to her now. She writes such a nice paper; it is the DOVE, and so many nice spirits want to write to all their dear ones on earth to let them know they are happy, and what nice homes we have, and so many to love us. I learn music and drawing. I can teach some little children how to speak to their mamas when they come to the medium. Sometimes I can tell them my name, but they say, "I don't know you." Then they say no one talks to them because the ones they wanted could not tell what they wanted to know. My mama always says she is glad to see any spirit that will speak. There are nice rapping spirits that come with me. There are two boys with me and they know how to rap and make sounds in circles. One is Snowdrop; his sister is Lily. She is in your world and a medium. Oh! she is so nice. Her mother is sick sometimes, then the Indian gives her something to make her well. There is such a pretty little girl here. She fell into the water and that is what brought her here. She had a nice sister here, but she could not talk while in earth life—something was the matter with her throat; but she can talk now. Her name is Morse; she has aunties and uncles and grandma here. There is a nice little girl here named Laura Baker. She wants to write to her mama. Willie Baker is here. He is a big man now. He is going to show us how to come on spirit pictures; then my mama will see me and grandma. Aunt Maria wants little Bernie's picture. Lily Renney wants to write to her papa in Rock Island. Little Starlight and Sunbeam are with Lily; they are oh, so nice! Lily has such a dear little baby. She wants her papa to know she is with him so often. She has twin brothers here—James Antonia and James Henry, and her mother, whose name is Jennie. Her papa's name is William. Some time when I can write more I will tell you what we do here—what nice schools we have and how we learn. We do not have to read books, we have a much nicer way to learn than that. I heard a big Guide talking and say that many mediums would be developed next year, 1886, then we can make you all understand.

I am going to write for my mama's paper all the time, and lots of spirits will send messages to their dear ones.

Maude Wise is here, and wants to write. She was a little girl when she came here; now she is seventeen years old. She is very beautiful; her eyes are so large and bright. Her mama does not go to mediums. A big man is here and wants me to say to mama, he will write sometime. His name is William Sherwood. A boy comes and says his name is Zansford. We have lyceums, which we all like to go to. Lilly Benson wants me to tell her mother she is so happy now.

Allen McCarty and Jennie are here. I will have to stop, there are so many who want to talk and the medium will not

hold the pencil. We are all happy; and when we speak or write we do our best, but cannot always make you understand. A pretty lady says that if I will say her name was McCarty and her brother's name was Tim, that the one she wanted would see it and come and talk to her. His name is J. S.

Mama, grandma says that grandpa is feeling better, and do not worry. I love my brothers; O, I do love Robbie so much.

YOUR LITTLE MATIE.

Lizzie Miller wants her mama to know she is with papa, and aunt Phebe and two grandmas.

MATIE.

Spirit Communication.

I want to send a message to my loved ones. My name is Libbie Anderson. My papa is J. Z. Anderson, of Santa Clara county. I want them to know I am often home with them. Mama was speaking of us this morning. I wanted to make them hear me speak, and understand that I am with them, and enjoy this Christmas day. I want mama to know the doctor is with her often, and she is much stronger. The Indian will take all the bad feeling from her limbs. Mama, do you know that Josie, Eddie and Wellington have grown and progressed? Oh, they are so bright! When I came to Spirit-Life I was so glad I had a sister and two brothers to welcome me. I never thought much about sister Josie only as a tiny baby, for you always spoke of her as such; but she is a beautiful lady now. Eddie is like papa, only taller. Mama, don't you think I look like you and papa, both? Wellington looks like grandma.

Mama, I am often home, and try to make you realize my presence; and I know you do. When that happy feeling comes over you, you may know that we are there.

Papa feels so much better. I want Mrs. Cozzens to know her husband does not have to walk with a crutch now, and he is not so big and fat as he was; but he laughs, and is just as merry as he used to be.

Wesley Bentley wants to tell his mother he did come to her; she will know what that means. You are anxious to know what we do in Spirit-World, and how we live? You will think it strange when I tell you we have beautiful homes, and more fruit and flowers than you do. We have schools, but not books, as you do. Every beautiful word that is given to us we remember, and so you see, mama, it is not hard to learn. We have so many beautiful places to go, and every one welcomes us. They do not say, "I do not know you," as so many do in circles when we speak to them. People will understand, after awhile, that strangers can help them as well as their own loved ones, who all come back with guides. Mama, you are a medium, and will soon develop so we can talk to you, and write through your hand.

Dr. Spencer is here, but he cannot make his loved ones understand he can come