



DR. J. V. MANSFIELD

# The Carrier Dove.

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

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## Biography.

### Dr. J. V. Mansfield.

[The writer is indebted to Emma Hardinge-Britten's works "Modern American Spiritualism" and "Nineteenth Century Miracles," for much of the matter contained in this sketch.]

The subject of this brief sketch deserves a more elaborately written biography of his long-continued and valuable services in the cause of Spiritualism than the writer can give with the meagre data at command, and lacking also a personal acquaintance more than that afforded during a limited correspondence; being impressed, however, with the importance of giving to the world glimpses, at least, of the life-work of those grand veterans in the cause of truth, this one was selected as a most worthy representative to be placed among the DOVE's galaxy of workers. Mr. Mansfield's name is a familiar one wherever Spiritualism is known, having been one of the most reliable and popular mediums in the ranks for a period of about thirty-five years. Mr. Mansfield's special phase of mediumship consists in answering sealed letters, and so universally correct have been these replies that he has been called the "Spiritual Postmaster," through whom thousands of the mourning, heart-hungry of earth's weary children have been blest and comforted with tender messages of love and remembrance from friends departed to the "other side." His office in Boston is constantly crowded with eager investigators, and through the tests there received are convinced of the great truth of immortal life. Sealed letters, carefully marked and secured in a manner to render it impossible to open them without detection, are taken or sent, and invariably answered correctly and returned to the writer without a seal or mark having been broken or disturbed. Sometimes the letters of skeptics have been inclosed in plates of metal, or curiously interlaced with silk, to resist the supposed action of "electricity"—the wonderful agent to which so many of the spiritual marvels are attributed. Sometimes they are inclosed in a variety of envelopes and are pasted, stitched and marked in many peculiar ways so that any attempt to open them would be detected, and yet, no matter how great the precaution used, the answers give conclusive evidence of having been dictated by spirits

who are fully aware of the contents of the letter and know just how to reply.

Occasionally, letters are returned unanswered, when no spirit friend is present who wishes to communicate; but such cases are of rare occurrence. Not only are the replies appropriate and characteristic of the dictating spirit, but usually contain names, messages and details of events not even referred to by the questioner, thus precluding the possibility of the answers originating in Mr. Mansfield's brain, even had he seen the letters.

Frequently answers are written in languages unknown to the medium, whose friends testify that he is conversant with the English language only; yet there are many instances when the replies have been written in German, French, Spanish, Greek, Arabic, Sanscrit and even Chinese.

Mr. Mansfield was one of the most successful and industrious pioneers of Spiritualism in this State, having resided here four years during which time he made many thousands of converts, his remarkable phenomenal gifts attracting wide-spread attention. Some of his converts were amongst the best and most exalted minds in the country.

Altogether, this accomplished medium preformed a work which should not be disregarded or forgotten, as it laid the foundation of a rational, demonstrated belief in spirit communion throughout the State of California. The details of these labors will probably never be given unless in an extended biography; but the history of Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast would be as incomplete without a recognition of his invaluable service to the cause, as a history of the State would be without any allusion to the mines of gold, which made the days of '49 memorable forever. During a period of over thirty years Mr. Mansfield calculates that he must have written over one hundred thousand answers to sealed letters at the dictation of Spirits. He has seen one after another of his early friends and associates vanish from his side, and last and best-beloved of all, the fair and faithful companion of his youth, the friend and counsellor of his mature age, has disappeared amidst the golden mists which enshroud the radiant summer land, from the dazzled eyes of mortality; but despite of care and change, bereavement, and the stealthy approaches of life's wintry season, for which earth knows no returning spring, James V. Mansfield

has still kept his seat at the mystic spirit table, waiting—and seldom in vain—for the invisible dictators who should send messages of consolation and proofs of immortality from land to land, and despatch tidings from the post-office of the soul across the silent sea, bounded by the coast lines of earth and the realms of immortality. Though the snows of many winters have bleached the once raven locks, the heart and hand of the good "postmaster" are as devoted to the service of the angels as in days of yore, and the Eastern Camp-meetings this season, number among their most valued and worthy test mediums the loved and honored veteran—J. V. Mansfield.

## The Platform.

### The Relation Between the Seen and Unseen Worlds.

An Address delivered at the Camp-meeting, Oakland, Cal., by Dr. W. W. McKaig.

Some one, I do not remember who, made the laying of the first Atlantic cable the theme of a curious and imaginative speculation, as to what might be the effect it would produce upon the fishes of the sea. Let us enlarge a little on this bit of fancy: Suppose that all the multifarious creatures that inhabit those watery depths were endowed with some degree of intelligence, and could think and reason on what was going on around them. As they roamed about in the deep, they could hardly help noticing such an event as a long line creeping from one shore to the other along the floor of the sea. They would naturally gather around it in contemplative wonder. Some of the smaller fry may have regarded it as a thing of evil, a strange monster coming to make war upon them, and run away from it. Others, prejudiced against new things, may have thought it unworthy of their notice and gone about their work or play. But the wiser ones among them may have brought to the study of the strange phenomenon what little science they possessed, and as every effect must have a cause, concluded that this long, slim, queer-looking thing must have dropped down into those silent depths from another world. The shark, porpoise, whale, or some other one of the fishy race that often sported near the surface of the water and caught sight

of great ships sailing along there, would have reasoned themselves to the conclusion that this strange thing that had come among them was in some mysterious way connected with those floating monsters. That would be about as far as their science could reach. The most transcendental philosophers among them would not have the slightest idea of the mighty force freighted with human thought that was constantly flashing along that wire between two hemispheres of the globe.

Now, we dwell at the bottom of a vast atmospheric ocean, that extends all around the globe and hangs fragments of cloudy vapor upon the ragged peaks of our highest mountains. It is no burlesque upon the mighty powers of human thought to confess, that there are wind-currents and other meteoric phenomena going on in that gaseous envelope, whose laws and causes many people know no more about than the fish in the sea of coral forests, or the lunar-tides. Why, it is not long ago when the wisest men believed the earth was a flat plane, and that the sun traveled round it once every twenty-four hours. They were frightened at the shadow of an eclipse—the shooting of a meteor; every unusual sight or sound threw them into trepidation. There are still many benighted minds in bondage to such fears. There was a time when the whole vast realm of scientific knowledge that now lies before us in the broad sunlight was wrapped from our gaze in profound darkness. We knew no more about it than the bird in the egg knows of flying; and this realm, now so clear and open to our vision, to less enlightened minds is an unknown world. Our light is their darkness; our knowledge, their world of superstition. They see prodigies and marvels where we see natural events, and yet, after all that has been achieved for ages, our boasted science, as Newton long ago confessed, is merely a few pebbles and shells we have picked up along the shore of an illimitable ocean; and this is not strange when we pause to reflect that our earth is no more, in comparison to the stellar universe, than a mote dancing in a summer sunbeam. There are most likely properties of matter, occult forces at work all around us, for the perception of which we have no corresponding sense, and we are as thoroughly ignorant as we would have been of light and sound had we been born blind and deaf. Now, when we remember these things, we will have humility enough not to try and make our petty knowledge the measure of the possible; as well may the uneducated ear attempt to fit the standard of music, or the eye that never looked through a telescope set bounds to astronomic vision. If there is anything strange occurring all over the world, that is inexplicable by any known law, instead of strutting about and pretending to look wise and incredulous, we will feel it to be our duty to give the phenomenon a respectful notice.

These reflections lead up to a subject that you all take a deep interest in. Bishop R. S. Foster, of the Methodist Episcopal church, in a sermon delivered before the Chautauqua Assembly a few years ago, said: "We have neither sense nor mental vision of man after he dies; where he is, or that he is at all, is absolutely unknown to us. The dead do not come back to us, and we are not able to go to them." There are still thousands of good and intelligent people exactly in this frame of mind; they firmly believe in the immortality of the soul, but seriously doubt the possibility of coming into a conversable relationship with the spirit world. It is certainly a very strange attitude of mind in view of the trances and transfiguration scenes of the Bible, and the experience of thousands of competent witnesses scattered all over the earth. But let us lay aside all this kind of evidence for the present, and see what Nature teaches us to expect.

Scientific men call the physical universe a cosmos, meaning by the word that Nature is a unity; that it is all of a piece, a web woven in the same loom on one design. So intimately is every thread related in this wondrous cloth of things, that Herbert Spencer calls it an organism; that is, a structure where every part shares in one common life. Your bodily frame will furnish you the finest illustration. We marvel, sometimes, to find that the unity and sympathy between all parts of our bodily frame is so complete that the physician, from the varying frequency of rhythm and tension of the pulse, owing to the varying activity of the heart and the capillary circulation, can discover the slightest approach of disease and indicate the organ affected; and yet you may find throughout the entire universe a pulse as delicate and sensitive to change as the beat of an artery. Allow me to give you one illustration from the many that science furnishes. For a long time it was surmised that there was an intimate connection between the cause of auroras and that of terrestrial magnetism. A few years ago that conjecture was verified. It was discovered that the bond of sympathy between the magnetic needle and the aurora is so close, that not only is the needle disturbed, but the movements of the needle keep time with the wavy movements of the auroral streamer; that when an auroral display is in progress, and the colored banners waved to and fro as if shaken by unseen hands, the needle, if carefully watched, would be seen to respond to every shimmer of the display. But the marvel does not stop there. A few years ago two gentlemen, wide apart, without any concert of action, were both at the same time watching certain spots on the sun, when suddenly both saw at the same moment a luminous appearance like a cloud of light, far more bright than the average sur-

face of the sun, sweep rapidly across one of these spots. They afterwards found out that the needle of the self-registering instruments of a number of observatories had at that moment given a strongly marked jerk. At the same time a magnetic storm was in progress disturbing the telegraph wires all over the earth. Speaking of this incident R. A. Proctor tells us that as sure as the planets that stud the midnight sky are illuminated by the same sun, so are they equally subject to the same mysterious influence that throws out its banners upon the cold northern sky, and that the tiny needle will respond to every flutter and coruscation of auroral display upon every planet that travels around the sun.

Now I have dwelt pretty fully on this idea for it is the type and symbol of a corresponding law that pervades the whole realm of mind. As every atom of matter is attracted by every other atom, so all spirits are akin, and the intelligences of all worlds are orb'd in the same law of thought, reason, memory, conscience and volition, differing only in the quality and degrees of their unfoldment. You cannot conceive of the inhabitants of a distant star possessing a system of geometry or musical harmony different from ours. You intuitively feel that the Golden Rule cannot change as you travel in space; that what is true, beautiful, good and lovely on earth will awaken the same sentiment among the intelligences of the entire universe. This thought fills us with an insatiable curiosity to know how our kindred in other worlds are getting along; for instance, we cast our eye upon the midnight sky, and we are forced to believe that those bright worlds we see hovering over the depths of space are peopled by intelligent and moral beings, for we cannot conceive that those resplendent orbs are all desolate wastes; and as we gaze at those starry worlds so distant and silent, we are naturally stirred with a curiosity to know what our fellow kindred are doing up there. What kind of a history have they been making these dateless ages? Do they marry and give in marriage, gossip, flirt, swear and steal? Have they churches and police courts, saints and sinners? Does that mysterious change we call death, prowl about their homes? Have they funerals and cemeteries, or have they found the elixir of life for which we have vainly sought for ages? What kind of a language do they speak? Do they sing, write books and songs and make speeches? What kind of a climate has Mercury down there so near the sun, or Neptune, way out yonder so far away on the frontier of the system that one of his days is equal to one hundred and sixty-four of our years? Three or four generations on our planet would pass away before the people of that distant world would see a sunset; and as all mind is akin, the people of that distant planet may possess a curiosity like ours, and as they

gaze over the universe wonder what sort of people live on that dim speck we call the earth, and how they manage to keep from burning up in their warm belt so near the sun. Hence it is reasonable to conceive that the inhabitants of all worlds are mutually and deeply anxious to learn something of each other, and were it possible to spring a telegraph from planet to planet and from star to star, all would exult in using the lines of inter-communication. This would be natural; it is just what we have a right to infer from our knowledge of the laws of mind. If all minds are akin, homogeneous in nature, individualized parts of one universal intelligence, then it inevitably follows that all minds of all worlds must feel a deep desire to know something of each other and would gladly avail themselves of any means of communication, were it possible, to interchange the story of their lives.

Now let us take another step, a little higher up this ladder. For thousands of years we know this earth has been constantly changing its intelligent population. That those who have passed away were like us in thought and feeling; that they all had homes and loved ones here, just as we have. Now, we have two departments of the intelligent and moral creation: those who are here, busy and active on this physical plane, and that vast host that was here but has passed away. How mighty this army of the departed no tongue can tell. We have no earthly statistician who can call the long muster-roll of the dead. All the great names that have made bright the pages of human history and imparted an undying beauty and fragrance to art, song, literature, law and religion, are somewhere in the unseen world. Socrates and Plato, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Jesus, Paul and John, Luther and Wesley, Bonaparte and Wellington, Washington and Lincoln, and thousands more who made a great stir in their day, have all passed into the spirit-world wherever or whatever it may be. The great musicians are there, the great poets and orators are there, the great apostles of religion and liberty are there, the philanthropists and martyrs to truth and right are there. What an innumerable company of toilers, poor, suffering, nameless ones have drifted from the earth as the leaves of autumn drift away in the breeze! Our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters are there. What an innumerable host of sweet children are there! We are here, they are there. We love to cherish the names of those noble minds who have gone before us into that spirit realm. We are nourished by their thoughts, we sing the songs they sung, we live in the temples of law, religion and liberty they helped to build. We call them our ancestors, and love to read the story of their heroic deeds, and wonder how they must have gone on to sublimer heights in their new fields of thought and discovery. And those loved ones that glad-

dened our lives and made life a charm, can we ever forget them? We still sprinkle their graves with the choicest flowers. We carry their sweet images in the silent chambers of the soul, not as parlor pictures for every one to gaze upon, but as heart-pictures for our own solitary contemplation. Such is our attitude towards the spirits of the departed, but how is it with them? Keeping in view the laws of mind we cannot conceive it possible that they have forgotten the world and the scenes they left behind. Has Plato forgotten Greece, Solomon forgotten Jerusalem, Paul forgotten Rome, Napoleon forgotten France, Washington forgotten America? Think of the millions of fathers and mothers in that realm! Have they forgotten the world where they first loved and wedded, the homes where they lived and died, the joys and sorrows, the struggles and triumphs they had together here? And our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our children and loved ones over there, have they forgotten us who weep over their graves, kiss their sweet images and fondly cling to every precious relic and memento of the loved hours on earth? If human nature is the same there as it is here, we know they have not. We have now two departments of the intelligent and moral universe: they who live here, and those who live there, mutually remembering each other and casting loving thoughts from opposite shores.

Let us now consider another fact that is equally indubitable. We know in this world that man is the helper of man; that it is only by associated effort that men can emerge from barbarism, accumulate wealth or achieve any great and enduring work. This is not only true in the world of material things where all the arts, trades and handicrafts mutually lean upon each other, but is equally true in the world of mind. As the seed is quickened and the flower wooed into life by the genial rays of the sun, so thought begets thought, and we are cheered and inspired to intellectual and moral effort by the precept and example of others. All our education is merely learning how to individualize the knowledge and experience of those who are older and wiser than we, till we are able to stand alone; indeed, we are never quite able to stand alone, for all our life long we need the hope and encouragement that comes from judicious sympathy and appreciation. You know how it is in your family; you never tire teaching your children, and if you find a good thing you hasten to share it with them. Now surely those who loved and cared for us here, who were anxious when we were sick or in trouble, who never wearied in lightening our burdens, must still be anxious to help us in all possible ways now that they have passed from sight. We know how it is in history; Washington never loved his country more than when he wrote his "Farewell Address," and Wesley

never loved the church more dearly than when he felt the time draw near when he must leave his work to the care and management of others. Jesus spoke his most tender words to his mother and the beloved disciple, as he hung on the cross. If human nature continues the same in the unseen world it is here, then, those who lived to enlighten mankind, to add to the world's stock of knowledge, smooth the path of progress, chase away all doubts and errors, and help earth's struggling ones to better things, must still be in the enthusiasm of this helpful and benevolent feeling. They wished to help us here—they still wish to be useful to us now they are away.

Now, I submit to your candid judgment that this group of reflections, based upon the law of mind and the structure of nature, tends to create in us the expectation that some kind of media has somewhere been provided for communication between the world of the departed and the world of the living; that this expectation is so natural and enduring, that if it is not realized, all argument from analogy and design is at an end. Now let us see what answer Nature has made to this expectation.

It is within the memory of many, who declare they do not feel very old yet, that the world was startled by the transmission of human thought on electric wires over continents, across oceans, and around the globe. The marvel had scarcely become domesticated when the world was again startled by the discovery of the possibility of practically annihilating distance between human voices in conversation. Though the telephone is in every house and office, and has transformed the great city into a vast whispering gallery, still we stand before it in wonder. How the voice can be seized upon and held in form by a magnet, and sound-waves transmitted by electrical currents along a wire, so accurately, too, that not only is every word heard, but the nicest modulations of the voice may be distinguished a hundred miles away or more, is one of the stupendous marvels of the age. But now comes the London Society for Psychological Research, made up of some of the most eminent scientists of the age, and declares in a report, after four years of elaborate investigation, "That there does exist a group of phenomena to which the word thought-reading, or as we prefer to call it, thought-transference, may be fairly applied, and which consists in the mental perception by certain individuals, at certain times, of a word or other object kept vividly before the mind of another person or persons, without any transmission of impression through the recognized channels of sense." The editors of this Society, in two recent volumes entitled "Phantoms of the Living," say that persons may be impressed by this sort of telepathy when hundreds of miles apart. That for instance some one in great distress

or in the dying agony thinks of some one far away on the other side of the continent, or the sea, and in an instant that thought has registered itself upon the distant mind. Now let us see where we are. If a human mind in the body can, as these learned men aver, project its thoughts in such a way as to impress upon another human mind, is it a violent assumption to say a disembodied mind may be able to do the same thing? Why should we think a human mind in the body had more power than one out of the body? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that a spiritual entity in a purely mental state should possess greater power, and that the more a spirit is untrammelled by the endless succession of sensations from the material world, the greater its mental potency? And now what is the conclusion from all this? As the great globe is woven all over with electric lines of thought, along which pulsate every hour an epitome of the world's history, and as the population of cities and communities are trading and gossiping wide apart by means of sound-waves traveling along a thread of wire, and as it is an established fact that mind may impress mind though hundreds of miles apart, why should it be thought strange that one who was with us a few days ago in the form, through magnetic chairvoyants and all sorts of nerve telegraphs and auric-telephones, should slide back to converse with those they love?

That great practical chemist, Mr. Edison, believes in what he calls the electric atmosphere; something that is far more subtle and extensive than the tenuous atmosphere in which we live and breathe; that it permeates every atom of the earth and stretches away into illimitable space, and that it is possible we may some day discover how to converse through this atmosphere with the inhabitants of a distant planet. And this is exactly what Sir Isaac Newton meant by the "Divine Sensorium." "A very subtle spirit," he says, "which penetrates through all, even the hardest bodies, and which is concealed in their substance. Through the strength and activity of this spirit, bodies attract each other, and adhere together when brought into contact. Through it, electrical bodies operate at the remotest distance, as well as near at hand, attracting and repelling; through this spirit the light also flows, and is refracted and reflected, and warms bodies; all senses are excited by this spirit, and through it animals move their limbs." Now remember this was said by the great discoverer of the Law of Gravitation, more than a hundred years ago. The same idea is more fully expressed by the authors of the "Unseen Universe," when they say: "May we not regard ether or the medium as not merely a bridge between one portion of the visible universe and another, but also as a bridge between one order of things and another, forming as it were, a species of cement,

in virtue of which the various orders of the universe are welded together and made into one? In fine, what we generally call ether may be not a mere medium, but a medium *plus* the invisible order of things, so that when the motions of the visible universe are transferred into ether, part of them are conveyed as by a bridge into the invisible universe, and are there made use of or stored up. Nay, is it even necessary to retain the conception of a bridge? May we not at once say that when energy is carried from matter into ether it is carried from the visible into the invisible; and that when it is carried from ether to matter it is carried from the invisible into the visible?" That is, the ether is a finer kind of atmosphere than the element we live and breathe in; that it pervades all space; that all the energies of the present system was originally derived from it and flows back to it when divested of their physical conditions; that, in short, it is a spiritual atmosphere along which thought travels as the voice on sound-waves, or a ripple on the smooth surface of a lake. Mind-readers are persons who are peculiarly sensitive to its vibrations. There is no night in this atmosphere, no cloud disturbs its serenity. It is the light in which the clairvoyant sees, and thick walls, even mountains do not obstruct the vision. Somnambulists are awake in this spiritual atmosphere and often see more clearly than when awake. Now, what relation does this ethereal medium sustain to the spirit world? Allow me to give another quotation from the "Unseen Universe." The authors of this book say: "If we now turn to thought, we find that, inasmuch as it affects the substance of the present visible universe, that thought in like manner will also affect the invisible order of things, and thus it follows that thought conceived to affect the matter of another universe simultaneously with this, may explain a future state." But it more than explains "a future state." Grand as that glimpse through the door ajar may be, it shows that there is a medium of communication existing between the seen and unseen worlds. If our thoughts may "affect the invisible order of things" what hinders the thoughts of the higher intelligences affecting the visible order of things? The only difference is that we are at one end of the line and they at the other.

But this is not all. If you look a little deeper into this spiritual atmosphere you will find it a cosmic canvas upon which is photographed every thought and act of your life. The whole history of humanity, the record of the globe and all worlds may be seen in that astral light. It has been called "The Memory of God." Prof. E. Hitchcock, years ago in his "Religion of Geology" speaking of the influence of light upon bodies, said: "It seems, then, that this photographic influence prevades all nature; nor can we say where it stops. We do not

know but it may imprint upon the world around us our features, as they are modified by various passions, and thus fill nature with daguerreotype impressions of all our actions. It may be, too, that there are tests by which nature, more skillful than any photographer, can bring out and fix these portraits so that acuter senses than ours shall see them on the great canvas spread over the material universe. Perhaps, too, they may never fade from that canvas, but become specimens in the great picture gallery of eternity." Psychometry in these modern days has transformed Prof. Hitchcock's conjecture into a stupendous fact. About the time he was indulging in these pleasant speculations, Prof. J. R. Buchanan was experimentally demonstrating that there was a class of sensitive persons who could read the history of any object they held in their hand or pressed against the forehead. That rings, letters, locks of hair, articles of clothing, and the like, revealed a vivid picture of the person, life and character of the owner or giver. That even old books, manuscripts and pictures revealed the thoughts and lives of their owners who lived more than a hundred years ago. In Prof. Denton's charming little book the "Soul of Things," you may find revelations of this kind that are simply startling. A fragment from Cicero's house, a bit of marble from an ancient church in Smyrna, specimens from Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Nineveh and various other places of the ancient world gave up their history at the touch of a sensitive. Even the tooth of a mastodon would cause a panorama of the scenes in which it had lived to swiftly pass before the vision. Says the author of this book in his glowing way: "Not a leaf waves, not an insect crawls, not a ripple moves, but each motion is recorded by a thousand fruitful scribes in infallible and indelible scripture. This is just as true of all past time; from the dawn of light upon this infant globe, when around its cradle the steamy curtains hung, to this moment, nature has been busy photographing. What a picture gallery is hers!" Now let no one jeer at this as the dream of an occultist, for, as level-headed a scientist as Dr. Draper, who stood aloof from the psychic marvels of our day, says: "A shadow never falls upon a wall without leaving thereupon a permanent trace, a trace which might be made visible by resorting to the proper process. The portraits of our friends, or landscape views may be hidden on the sensitive surface from the eye, but they are ready to make their appearances as soon as proper developers are resorted to. A spectre is concealed on a silver or glass surface, until, by our necromancy, we make it come forth into the visible world. Upon the walls of our most private apartments, where we think the eye of intrusion is altogether shut out, and our retirement can never be possessed, there exists the vestiges of all our acts,

silhouettes of whatever we have done." In short, all the past is stored away in what Newton called the "Soul of the World." Prof. Denton called the "Soul of Things," the same thing our scientists call the ether, or the students of the eastern lore call the astral light. The psychometrist is a sensitive, who, upon coming in contact with an object, has a visional or impressional picture of its history as recorded upon the astral or ether currents. These facts have become so common that there is no longer excuse for doubt or jeering wit. Now, what hinders the intelligences of the unseen world reading these memories of the earth and its inhabitants? If we have accomplished so much they surely ought to be able to accomplish vastly more—they stand upon a higher plane and have a wider field of survey.

I have now in a rough sort of way outlined the thought that was in my mind. I have called your attention to the fact that physical nature is a unity symbolizing the higher unity that exists in the whole world of mind; that the intelligences of all worlds must possess an insatiable curiosity to know something of each other's history; that the special class of intelligences that once existed on this planet must possess memories of their earthly homes and cherish an undying interest in the drama of human life; that there exists a natural medium of communication between the visible and invisible worlds. The telegraph lines are up and in good running order. At our end of the line we are beginning to learn how to use them, and the transference of thought is now going over wide spaces. All over the world people are ringing occult bells and precipitating their thoughts into each other's minds. Now, if you get these facts of science well defined in your minds, it will no longer seem strange to you that our departed friends may be able to handle the same medium of communication—surely no believer in the Bible can doubt such a commerce of mind. The whole Christian system asserts the existence of an invisible order of things, and the fact of a communication having taken place between the two worlds for the purpose of revealing God and lifting the soul unto fellowship with Him. It also recognizes the reality of influences exercised by the powers of the invisible world. Jesus told Peter in the Garden of Gethsemane, "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my father and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" And Paul said to the Hebrews, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" The bridge they passed over is still standing—why should it not be used? Surely human nature needs all the help and consolation it can get from the angel world as much as it ever did. Its continued existence will explain many of the mar-

vels of history that otherwise will be inexplicable. It will give a new meaning and a sweet charm to special providence, that had begun to wither in the frosts of materialistic science. It robs death of its terror by giving glimpses of the white porches of our father's house. Many of you have lost dear ones you loved as your own life—is it no joy to feel assured they may be near you and mingle their sweet thoughts with yours? We are all within a pulse beat of the eternal world—is it no consolation to feel that we are not going among strangers, that we are going home where sorrow and parting will be no more?

## Fiction.

Dr. Fell.

CHAPTER XVII.

"He is a free man whom the truth makes free."

Nothing further was said in regard to the "scheme," as it was not yet matured in the author's brain. Sunday would have been a dull day to any other than the diligent readers of Mr. Raymond's household. What time could not be given to the perusal of varied literature during the week, was appropriated on that day commonly devoted to the formal dress parade of church-going.

As part of the procession passed the dwelling, with skirts tucked up and streaming umbrellas, the farmer, who felt that Sunday was about the only day in which he was presentable at the parlor windows, bethought himself to make to Eva his annual remark, when such rainy Sabbaths occurred.

"I am afraid you will have a dull day, niece."

"By no means, uncle; you know I enjoy its freedom."

"Not much of that outside to-day," he said, glancing up at the leaden skies and pouring rain, feeling the confinement indoors more than the other inmates; yet had it been pleasant weather, with doors and windows open to the outer world, he would have been quite content.

"This is the best part of my annual rest and recreation," urged Eva. "You can scarcely understand how I enjoy it."

"Then your mamma takes you to church as regularly as ever?"

"Ye-s," replied she, wearily, "except when I steal a day on some pretense."

"When all the divines of your city are holding forth every Sunday?"

"But, uncle, you know we are strictly limited to our own, whose 'bread of heaven' is stale as the musty tomes from which it is extracted."

"A lecturer of the 'Woman's Christian Temperance Union,' when here, styled the churches 'schools of virtue,'" said Ethel.

"The Chinese probably look upon their Joss Houses in a similar way," added Mr. Raymond.

"And she informed us that the public schools were 'schools of intelligence!'" continued Ethel, with slight sarcasm. "But she drew an invidious comparison between them and the 'schools of vice,' as she rightfully termed the saloons, which are open day and night, while the 'schools of intelligence' are in session only five or six hours during five days of the week."

"What more would she have?" questioned Mr. Raymond, who was much interested in humanitarian projects.

"She did not say," briefly replied Ethel.

"Humph!" ejaculated her father, "didn't propose night schools, or anything of that kind?"

"No, she made no suggestions for improvement."

"Did she remind them that their costly 'schools of virtue' were running only five or six hours a week?"

"Nothing of the kind," said Ethel; "she missed a fine opportunity of making a tame discourse eloquent, and of pointing a moral to adorn her genuine tale of woe."

"She was hampered, of course," remarked Eva, "and 'hedged-in.'"

"And you think you could have done it?" questioned Mr. Raymond of Ethel, who had sometimes wondered why her talent had not cropped out in some especial direction.

"If I failed to do it, I should know that I had mistaken my vocation." Secretly this was the talent she most admired, the position she most coveted. During her mother's lifetime teaching had been her vocation.

"What would you have told them?"

"If I could answer that readily," she said smilingly, "perhaps I might impart my ideas to the public in the same way."

"You know I have often declared, dear coz., that upon the platform your foot would be upon its native heath"—this, half in jest, half in earnest.

"You think she would shine there, eh?" said Mr. Raymond.

"With no glow-worm's light, but as a bright, particular star."

"What makes you think so?"

"The impressive way in which she reads a passage or peroration of an eloquent speech," said Eva.

"That is another matter," commented the farmer, who, secretly proud of Ethel's ability, was not prepared to see her filling public places, nor in any readiness to send her forth for that purpose.

But constantly Ethel carried about with her a little feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction at her comparatively aimless existence. Her helpfulness in the household, though quiet and unassuming, was none the less efficient where most needed, yet so restrictive are

most home-nests that they do not permit of the stretch and freedom of the grown wings for flight.

To launch out and make the trial trip, usually requires the great effort. Without the sanction and encouragement of the parent-bird, the necessary experiment is often long delayed.

Hitherto, as has appeared, Ethel believed she was restrained by a higher than earthly love and intelligence. This may have been only in accord with her own shrinking timidity. However it was, the leaven of an innate desire to do something for the needy, waiting world, was at work in her inmost soul; and she had instinctively been fitting herself for it by close research and study. A smouldering spark of heavenly fire but needed fanning to a flame, and Eva's just meed of praise had only revealed its existence.

Late in the afternoon, the June skies, unused to much weeping, signalled their intention of clearing, by little rifts in the clouds, where the blue vault appeared which gradually expanded, until the whole mass dispersed and the glory of the setting sun flooded hill and vale.

At twilight, Dr. Fell and Mr. Carey "dropped in for a few moments," they said, the latter consenting to make amends for the seeming desertion of the day before, as well as to enjoy a social half-hour; having been at the house only on circle night hitherto. He had met Mr. Raymond in the village in the way of business, and the twain exchanged cordial greetings. After a little desultory conversation, Eva introduced her favorite topic by referring to an article she had been reading, saying that she "noticed some of the leading magazines are giving accounts of occult and singular phenomena, that have heretofore been deemed baseless superstitions."

"The scientists are also interesting themselves," said the Doctor; a matter of deeper significance, he thought.

"Yes," Ethel said, "and college professors, also."

"It is ultimately destined to claim the attention of the world, and revolutionize it," added he.

"I hope it will be a peaceful revolution," Ethel rejoined.

"As far as being aggressive of itself, it certainly will," he replied.

"Do you expect to be put on the defensive?" queried the farmer, who had witnessed one revolution, and had little of the martial element in his nature.

"It looks like it," said Dr. Fell, "when our old medical schools are resorting to the law to put down the new."

"They claim" said Mr. Carey, "that you are without the pale of any school."

"Our theory," not replying directly to false claims, "if less burdened with technicalities, which darken the understanding,

is still a definite one; but being less material, does not require the tedious and laborious forms of the old."

"That looks reasonable," repeated Mr. Raymond, who was glad to be in accord with the new Doctor, as far as his methods looked reasonable; the only standpoint from which he proposed to view terrestrial affairs. The looking into the celestial ones was quite another matter; it having been so "bred in his bones" to accept these upon faith, if at all, until a mature age, that he could not yield readily to new religious views.

His last conclusive remark seemed to close the conversation in that direction, when Dr. Fell solicited a little music from Eva; her simple presence gladdening him already nearly as much as did the vanishing vision of Rose, while the sound of her voice was as alluring in its cultivated, polished accents as far away music to his oft clairaudient ear.

"Will you sing, Miss Raymond?" he asked.

"Certainly, if you will assist."

"I would prefer listening this evening, if you will excuse me," he replied.

Seating herself at the piano she said laughingly: "Then I must give you a farewell;" and in a low voice, but with great expression, she sang the little song she had written in the grove, which she had fitted to a favorite melody, and surreptitiously practiced in Ethel's absence about household duties, and entitled it "Only a Memory."

"Only a memory; nothing beside—  
Out as a waif again on the world's tide;  
A waif of humanity on Life's restless sea,  
Space and forgetfulness 'twixt thee and me.

"But a short time of rest, just a brief glow—  
Lighting of soul-fires; murmurings low  
Of voices musical, tuned to accord,  
Are all that the changes of this life afford.

"Only a loving glance; farewell of souls—  
Pressure of warm hands; the spirit controls  
The tide of emotion surging up to the brow,  
The fond words that tremble on lips silent now.

"A few flowers at parting to brighten the way—  
For me but a name, and a date, and a day.  
Only a memory; alas, nothing more!  
But the heart will recall it again, o'er and o'er.

"Only a memory; bright as those flowers,  
It will shine o'er my pathway, lighten the hours  
Of wearisome toil; to the sad spirit bring  
A balm as of healing, on Memory's wing."

A spell of silence bound the circle for a moment, when Ethel asked in wonderment.

"Why where did you find that, Eva? I have often heard the melody before, but never those words."

"I chanced upon it," laughed Eva evasively, "and committed it to memory."

"As 'only a memory,' I trust," said Dr. Fell, significantly.

As the gentlemen rose to depart, the Doctor paused, saying: "Are we to meet here next Thursday?"

"I believe that is the arrangement," replied Ethel.

Had Eva been a love-lorn, broken-hearted damsel, instead of one with healthful heart but vivid imagination, she could not have wailed forth sadness and regret in accents of greater pathos or tenderness.

But in truth, in the composition of her song, she only remembered as she sat in the lilted light of the poplar, that soon the events of yesterday—when the grove was fresh as Arcadian shades and she as new to its scenes and events as the first shepherdess—would be to her "only a memory."

(To be continued.)

## Original Contributions.

\*\*Articles appearing under this head are in all cases written especially and solely for the CARRIER DOVE.

### The Old and the New

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,  
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—  
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,  
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all."  
*Thomas Moore.*

They say that the deadly Serpent winds  
Its sinuous course to our open door;  
They say that its charm forever binds  
Each innocent bird that would try to soar.

They say we were cursed before our birth,  
That each shares the sin of the primal fall,  
Though brightest of flowers may cover the earth  
The trail of the Serpent is over them all.

And yet, is it true? Is there no power  
As strong as the Serpent's, no charm as great?  
Must always a poison fill each flower?  
Must we helplessly yield to predestined fate?

I cannot believe a dogma that chills  
The warmth and the life of all faith and hope,  
That each budding effort quickly kills  
And weakens the hands that in darkness grope.

As sure as the sun is higher than all  
The quick changing clouds that obscure its light;  
As sure as no shadows upon it fall  
When we, turning from it, produce the night,

So certain am I the good is higher  
Than any great evil we know or fear—  
Success must reward the souls that aspire,  
For this is the promise that greets my ear—

"Blest race of men," saith the Spirit of Progress,  
"Nobly ye've paid for your primal fall,  
The Serpent shall die and his trail shall vanish,  
For the blossoms of conquest shall cover it all."  
*LUPA.*

### Christian Spiritualism and the Teachings of Jesus.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Among the multitudinous adherents of Spiritualism may be found various shades of theological thought. While an overwhelming majority, perhaps, of those denominated Spiritualists are rationalists or free thinkers in religion, there remains a remnant of our spiritual brethren and sisters who prefer to call themselves by the Christian name, as they undoubtedly have a right to do, and

so we hear much from time to time of Christian Spiritualism and Christian Spiritualists.

We have been told that Christian Spiritualism is based simply upon the teachings of Jesus, free from all theological dogmas and churchal creeds. But, on the other hand, it is evident that, in many important particulars, the teachings of Jesus differ widely from, and are radically contrary to, the teachings of Spiritualism; and also that the creeds and dogmas of the orthodox Christians are largely, though not entirely, based upon these same teachings of Jesus, and to a still greater degree upon the doctrines enunciated by the apostles of Jesus and other primitive Christians. If the teachings of Jesus and those of Spiritualism are mutually antagonistic on vital points, how can one believe in both at the same time? We must either accept the words of Jesus and reject Spiritualism, or reject Jesus and accept the spiritual philosophy.

What are the teachings of Jesus upon which Christian Spiritualists base their acceptance of the Christian name? After careful comparison of the reported utterances of Jesus in the gospels with the doctrines of Christian Spiritualists, I confess that I can find but little in common. The latter seem to have some kind of vague, indefinite idea that Jesus was a special messenger of God, a specially inspired teacher, and that portion of his sayings alluding to his mission from the Father they probably accept. This, however, rational Spiritualists reject. In addition, he inculcated some very good moral precepts, intermingled with some that were foolish and extravagant and not conducive to man's highest welfare. A large portion of Jesus's teaching was purely local, in its nature, peculiarly Hebraic in tone and applicability, with various crude theological dogmas and speculations interwoven therewith.

It is probable that it is only the moral precepts of Jesus, which are in consonance with genuine Spiritualism, that are really accepted by our so-called Christian brethren and sisters; and, because Jesus is deemed by them the author of those precepts, they recognize him as their spiritual leader, and call themselves Christians. But as every moral precept of value to mankind, ascribed to Jesus, had been taught by others before him, in Judea, China, India, Persia, Greece, etc., the claim of Jesus to be regarded as the peculiar, particular, and special agent of God in their enunciation and dissemination falls to the ground.

If we should call ourselves Christians because Jesus, the Christ, taught the Golden Rule, then, as Hillel, from whom Jesus probably derived it, taught it previous to Jesus, we should, in consistency, still more call ourselves Hillelites. If, because Jesus advised kindness to enemies and forgiveness of injuries, we call ourselves after his name,

so should we call ourselves still more after the names of those inculcating the same previous to Jesus, such as Confucius, Socrates, Pittacus, Publius Syrus, Zoroaster, Sextus, Pythagoras, *et al.*

In connection with these and some other analogous precepts of spiritual beauty and of substantial benefit to mankind, together with a commendable spirit of beneficence and loving kindness manifested at times in his life, we find recorded other precepts and sayings of Jesus that are erroneous in principle and of no benefit to the world, coupled with some things indicative of malevolence and spite, rather than good-will and sympathy. The same contrariety, both in speech and action, the unwise and the evil mingled with the wise and good, may be found in the lives of all historic moral and religious teachers,—Socrates, Plato, Confucius, Moses, Mohammed, Shakyamuni and the rest; in the writings of all of whom may be found exalted moral and spiritual beauty, and in their lives deeds of beneficence and love, so far as can be gathered from the fragmentary accounts of their acts and words. I fail to perceive that the life of Jesus exhibits that immeasurably greater proportion of the good and true in word and deed, in comparison with those of the other inspired sages of antiquity, which our Christian brethren would fain have the world accept as indubitable historic verity.

In view of the foregoing considerations, the force, and validity of which, I think, can be readily perceived by the rational mind, I fail to see the consistency with which the Christian Spiritualists continue to denominate themselves followers of Jesus alone, in contra-distinction to being followers and disciples of the others who have taught similar truths, in many cases long ere Jesus was born. Consequently, surveying the wide field over, comparing their several teachings the one with the other, in my judgment the rational, consistent Spiritualist should decline to be considered a special follower of any or all, whether Jesus or Buddha, Confucius or Socrates.

San Francisco, Cal.

### I Wonder.

BY G. F. PERKINS.

I wonder if Spiritualists have children. I go to meetings of all descriptions, lectures, seances, etc., but few children are there. Where are they? I wonder who will fill the front row of seats at the "Temple" in place of the tried and true, who have grown grey in the cause.

Go where I will, there is something lacking. I wonder if it is the fresh, youthful faces and the spiritual atmosphere that none but children can bring?

The Catholic Bishop said: "Give me your children until they are eight years of

age, and I will hold them for life." I wonder if he was not a pretty shrewd judge of human nature.

"Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves." Let me see if that will apply to the children in this case.

"As a twig is bent, the tree is inclined." Can that be applied to the training of the children, morally and spiritually? I believe it can.

In all the different churches there can be found various schools, societies and social entertainments, which have a tendency to attract the young people to that particular church: children are especially looked after; Young Ladies' Aid societies, which furnish objects of interest to stimulate a desire to help the needy within their circle, thus drawing out the dormant talents and abilities of the young, for the benefit of their own organization. I wonder if all these several branches of work does not have something to do with the lasting impressions, morally and spiritually, all through their lives.

I wonder if our good Spiritualists know where all their young men and ladies spend their leisure evenings?

I think sometimes that perhaps there is need of some kind of an "organization" for a sort of a "loadstone" to draw the young men and ladies. I have heard remarks made by young ladies, who, according to their own judgment, were very great additions to the world: "My mother is a *Spiritualist* but I don't believe in such *bosh*, they are all cranks." Another, "Mother, I am ashamed of you; I wouldn't own it if I was a *Spiritualist*;" and many similar remarks are heard from time to time.

*Query:* Is there anything wrong in the "bringing up" of these young ladies, who are wiser than their mothers, and who have no respect for their opinions, experiences or feelings? Again, can it be that the excessive liberal ideas of some people react upon their children?

If the child of a "liberal" lecturer hears his father make the remark that "Every man is a God unto himself, and should reverence nor bow to no God, man, or powers of any description," does the child get such an impression as will make him more obedient to his father, more loving to his mother, or more loyal to his country?

I wonder if it would be a good idea to be a little cautious in our public remarks with reference to this point, and I am thinking whether some Young People's Literary societies, and Young People's sociables, and exercises for the children would be a drawing and attractive power to our cause.

About three rousing lyceums ought to be carried on successfully in San Francisco.

A Children's Concert once a month would not only be beneficial to the societies, but draw out and develop the young talent so much needed to brighten and refresh the general condition of things. I pity that man



or woman who has no use for children, who does not enjoy their innocent "confusion" that he or she frets about. More children's faces seen in our audience would be about as profitable materialization as could be produced. A good hall fitted up for concert and dramatic entertainments would be an addition. Why not bring out our own talent and use it for our own benefit, and save hiring *uninterested* talent, when such is desired.

I know of no class of people more talented, and I know of none so backward in presenting it, than the Spiritualists.

I wonder if something could be done.

I have a mind to talk about it, and I guess it would be well to *do* something about it.

## Selected Articles.

### Evidence of Spirit Power.

An Englishman, who was recently in Kansas City for a few days on a business trip, dreamed one night that he was walking rapidly up the main street of the village of Sunbury-on-Thames, the home of his mother, in England. On arriving at the door of his mother's house he saw that crape was tied to the knob, and that the shutters were closed and the blinds drawn. He related the dream to a friend at breakfast in the morning, and then dismissed it from his mind. In the afternoon, he received a cablegram from his brother announcing that his mother had died suddenly the night before. A lady of Ellaville, Ga., who had just recovered from a serious illness, expressed a desire one day to have a quail or a partridge served for her dinner. The market was scoured, but none could be found, and as the patient refused to take any other nourishment her physician was in a quandary. Suddenly a partridge came fluttering down the chimney and fell limp and lifeless on the open hearth in her bedroom. The bird was dressed and cooked, the lady enjoyed it immensely and the physician was greatly edified by the occurrence.

A ghost has been performing strange antics in the old brick school-house on Green street, in Middletown, Conn., and the citizens are being much wrought up over the matter. The phantom is supposed to be that of old Richard Hyland, the eccentric janitor of the building, who died recently, and whose spirit now flits through the empty rooms of the school-house at night and lights them up with unearthly light. People who live near the school-house have seen the old fellow poke his grim visage through the windows at night, and then, retiring to the tops of the desks, dance an uncanny war dance there in the glare of a ghostly light. The children

refuse to go to the school any longer, and the affair is to be investigated.

Mrs. Gordon's little boy, of Cairo, Ill., acted strangely one morning a week ago and was put to bed. Suddenly he called to his mother and said:

"Papa has come back." "That is foolish talk, Charley," said his mother; "your papa is dead and cannot come back." "But he's sitting on your chair there and laughing at you," said the boy. Thinking that the child was becoming delirious Mrs. Gordon sent for a doctor, but while the messenger was absent the little fellow said: "Papa tells me that John won't find the doctor at home, and that you must now kiss me good-by." A moment later the child became unconscious and soon died, while the messenger on his return reported that the physician was out of town.—*New York World*.

### Physiognomy of the Nose.

BY DR. JOSEPH SIMMS, THE DISTINGUISHED  
PHYSIOGNOMIST.

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As a general principle, large noses are indicative of active, energetic characters, apt to be proud, pompous, impatient, desirous of being leaders and commanders, and often overbearing and tyrannical. On the contrary, small, low noses denote weak characters, deficient in government, even of themselves, and slaves of their appetites, loves and hates, rather than persons guided by reason and judgment. The large-nosed, in critical positions and circumstances of excitement will be cool and self-possessed, and competent to act more prudently than the small-nosed. Large noses are found chiefly among the inhabitants of mountainous regions and their descendants; small ones originate in low, flat countries. When the nose is long in proportion to its general size, it bears the impress of discretion, timidity, caution and thoughtfulness. Noses relatively short from the forehead to the point evince rashness, carelessness and self-will; while noses that stand out prominently represent characters that are discontented with their present lot and are anxious and aspiring. But when the point of the nose clings to the upper lip the tendency is to be miserly and to love earthly things. The nose that is thin as well as generally small, prefigures a poor, weak constitution and feeble character, with a tendency to consumption, presaging an early death. On the other hand if the nose is thick where it joins the face we feel assured of a strong constitution and strong passions, and have good reason to expect long life if proper care and prudence be exercised. Persons with sharp pointed noses are keen, intense, penetrating, and mostly quick tempered. A nose thick and nearly square at the point

denotes a talent for invention and an earnest desire to progress and excel. A nose that is prominent and almost straight, seeming to have two points formed by a vertical depression through the end signalizes a logical and meditative mind. A person whose nose reaches toward the mouth is cautious, but is specially considerate about bodily wants. Noses projecting in a straight line forward at the base imply that their possessors are of quiet dispositions, regular habits, especially in middle life. Round, knobby noses are mostly connotative of speculative minds, retentive memory and musical tastes. The small, low, round nose generally known as the pug, turning up a little at the point, signifies a pert, forward, saucy, conceited individual. A nose that shows a large proportion of bone in its size denotes a stable character, slow, deliberate judgment, firm and reliable; while the soft, fleshy or gristly nose is expressive of a sly, deceptive, cunning, treacherous character. The bony nose originates generally in temperate climates, and the gristly, fleshy, in the torrid zone. Examples of the gristly nose may be seen in the cat and all other members of the feline species. The straight nose inclines to science, art, polite literature and political economy if duly educated thereto. But the nose of convex form from the forehead to the point is emblematic of the inclination for commercial pursuits and true speculative talent. A dull, obtuse intellect with much physical power and destructive inclination, is typified by a nose very broad at the base. When the lower portion of the nose forms an obtuse angle with the face, and the point is elevated about forty-five degrees, we see a person inclined to snobbery and fashion. If the septum is longer than the sides we may infer an original and suggestive mind, as well as a penetrating and sagacious one. The nose that is high and thin in the upper part bespeaks moral courage, love of argument, quick apprehension, capacity to use to the greatest advantage what is known or at hand. Wide spread nostrils argue strong lungs, while the closing of them betokens pulmonary weakness. Wrinkles across the top of the nose are signs of thoroughness in every sense. A fiery, red, warty, and enlarged nose, betrays a diminution of energy through disease or strong drink, or scrofulous inherited tendencies, or excessive study while living principally on animal food, without sufficient vegetable diet. Long, sharp, and well-formed noses have an acute scent, if not subject to catarrh. As a general rule, square noses symbolize a masculine, and round ones a feminine character. The lower animals, as well as human beings with long noses, are uneasy, watchful, suspicious, and prone to travel. Those with short noses, are slow of movement. If the bridge of the nose is high, it evinces a disposition to assail those that are considered to be doing wrong.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

### Woman's Education.

It is easy to point out a few of the unanswerable reasons why a woman needs the best possible education, even if she is to be married the day after she takes her last diploma. To begin on the lowest plane, there is often the material need of self-support, and of that which is much more than self-support, since it may involve the sustaining of children and even of a husband. In a late report of one of our highest institutions for woman, the estimate was made by the directors that about half the students apparently came there to prepare for earning a living, and the other half from a simple desire for self-improvement. In our changing society it would not be strange if these two halves were to shift places—if the half who expect to support themselves were destined, after all, to be cared for by others, and the half who felt sure of a support were to be thrown on themselves. Who can foretell? As to external fortunes, at least the happiest marriage is but a lottery. In our homely rural phrase, "it takes but about three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." We meet every day women bred to competence and perhaps married into luxury, who now need all that the trained brain can do for them as to mere material provision. At the first normal school exhibition I ever attended, thirty years ago, I remember the calm brow, the clear eyes, the rosebud cheeks of the class poet; she seemed one of those fair creatures for whom all life must be smoothed, as it always had been; and when ere long, she was happily married, she appeared one of those who retire forever from the public gaze and whose education is called wasted. By no means. The best of husbands may fail in business or in health, and then we see of what material the wife is made. This woman has for many years been the main support of her own large household, and has in so doing developed a literary talent and an especial genius for teaching that have made her books the inspiration and the guidance of a thousand homes. She is but a type of a myriad of women all over this country whose education has paid for itself over and over again in the mere material aspect.

And even where this material use of education has not been actually necessary, how much stronger and freer a woman is when she knows that she has this intellectual capital and can at any time put it to use! Then comes, too, the higher use to be made of it, not for material objects alone, but for the good of all. The great changes of the last thirty years, placing upon women so much of the practical organization of philanthropies and the guidance of society, have gone hand in hand with the higher education. The Sanitary Commission and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are striking instances of this organized development. The Society of

Collegiate Allumnæ promises a vast deal farther in the same direction. The whole course of later American history has been perceptibly affected by the fact that Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the whole relation between the white race on this continent and the aborigines is being influenced by the fact that Helen Hunt Jackson wrote "A Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona." We cannot, if we would, keep woman's hand off the helm, since even the Greek orator, Demosthenes, confessed that measures which the statesman had meditated for a year might be overturned in a day by a woman. But it is for us to decide whether this power shall be exercised by an enlightened mind or an unenlightened one—by Mme. Roland or Theroigne de Mericourt.

Finally, let us meet the objection on its most familiar ground, and assume that all the main work of the world is to be done by men. Who are to bear or rear those men? Women! In every land that missionaries visit it is found, first or last, that it is useless to educate the men alone. Take men of any race at the time when they pass out of the care of women and you take them too late. Their characters are already formed; and have been formed mainly by women. Hence everywhere we see missionaries establishing schools for women in order to teach men. The South Sea Islanders have a proverb:

If strong is the frame of the mother  
The son will give laws to the people.

If for "frame" we read "brain" it is the same thing. He who receives from his mother a good frame, a good brain and a good disposition is equipped to serve the world. But how can we secure these things for him unless they exist in her?

—COLONEL HIGGINSON in *Harper's Bazar*.

### An Italian Ghost Story.

One day an old priest, who held one of the Marchese's benefices and often acted as chaplain at San Donato, and who seemed to know everything about everybody, told me, among other things relating to the Strozzi of San Donato, that many years ago, in making some internal alterations which required an opening in a very thick wall, the workmen suddenly came upon the skeleton of a man in a standing position, built into the wall. He was dressed in the costume of about 1620-40, well known from descriptions, and better from the portraits by Van Dyck, Sustermans, and other painters of the time. The dress had partly mouldered away, the skeleton had become a parched-up mummy, and only from the well-preserved teeth and light brown hair it could be conjectured that he had died young. On the head was a broad brimmed felt hat, like that in the well-known pictures of King Charles I. of England. One of the workmen took the hat and wore it till it was out.

There was no judicial investigation. The old priest said there was a tradition of a lover surprised by a jealous husband, a Strozzi, who had married a Genoese beauty about 200 years ago or more, and who suddenly disappeared, and was never seen or heard of afterward. He cautioned me not to ask the Marchese about it, as he disliked any mention of that part of his family history.

After some fine weather and pleasant excursions there came a day of continual heavy rain, so not being able to get out of doors we went most of us on a tour through the house. We found a number of old pictures resting on the floor and turned to the wall, mostly saints, landscapes and portraits of little merit and in bad condition. One of them was, however, a really good picture, and though damaged and torn and dark with age and neglect, made a great impression on me. It was a full-length portrait of a beautiful young woman in the picturesque dress of the seventeenth century, and from what could be distinguished of the figure, the fine features, and the singularly bright and expressive eyes, reminded me instantly of a charming portrait by Van Dyck in a Durazzo palace at Genoa. Round the fair graceful neck was a very thin silk or plaited hair chain, supporting a very small medallion of a reddish color. The name of the lady depicted, the date, and the name of the painter had been carefully and thoroughly erased. When I called the Marchese's attention to it, he looked at it with an embarrassed air, remarking that it was probably a fancy portrait of some stranger, and immediately turned it to the wall. In a moment after he opened a cupboard full of books, and kindly told me that as I had a liking for old books, I might examine them, and take those which I thought worth taking.

The operation of glancing at the title-pages, selecting and carrying the books in pockets from the lumber-room to my bedroom occupied more than an hour. I then seated myself on the floor, with a couple of candles and my books, and proceeded with my inspection. I was surprised by a very slight sound as of rustling silk, and, looking up from my books, I distinctly saw a female figure in a white dress slowly gliding round the room, feeling the walls with her hands, as if searching for some particular spot. My first impression was that it was a trick to try my nerves, invented by some one of the guests. As usual I had locked the door. All this flashed through my mind in an instant. Then, I confess it, there came over me that peculiar sensation called "creeping of the flesh." I felt my hair standing on end, and my voice stuck in my throat. I tried to speak and could not. At last I moved. At that moment the figure turned towards me, and I saw at once the image of the portrait in the old room;

the same white dress, the same lace, the medallion, the brown hair, the strange bright eyes with a feverish and melancholy expression. I started to my feet, and in so doing overturned and extinguished the candles. I had not closed the outer or inner shutters; there was no moon, but a very dim twilight, partly, I suppose, from the stars. Unluckily I had no matches to strike a light. There was the figure which appeared to move in a light of its own—a sort of halo, as it seemed to me. Slowly it left the wall and disappeared in the bed—a great bed of the seventeenth century, with a carved walnut-wood canopy and red damask silk hangings of the size and form of a bed. I have one at the villa of Majona, except that mine is more modern, being of the last century and having the canopy of carved wood gilt and the hangings of figured blue silk.

I remained for a time, I know not how long, standing bewildered in the middle of the room, straining my eyes toward the bed. The semi-darkness and silence become oppressive; I felt stupefied—an irresistible fascination fixed my thoughts. I undressed hurriedly and almost unconsciously climbed into the bed. I must have fallen into a trance or a deep sleep—so deep that I was only awakened by a loud knocking at my door. I jumped out of bed. It was late—so late that breakfast was ready, so the servant told me, and he had been sent by the Marchese to see if I was ill or had gone out. As I was dressing I saw something on the floor; it was a little medallion, a garnet or very red amethyst, or a carbuncle, or a ruby, I cannot say positively which—with an exquisite ancient Greek engraving of a sphinx, with a very thin gold setting and a very small chain, either of silk or plaited hair, with a tiny gold clasp. I send you an impression of it. When I appeared in the breakfast-room every one looked at me with a peculiar expression—at least I thought so—especially the Marchese, who, however, asked very kindly as to my health, observing that I looked pale and haggard. I thanked him, merely remarking that I had sat up too long over the books, and had not been able to sleep till early in the morning. I put into his hand the medallion, telling him where I found it. He looked at it curiously and nervously, turning very pale. He gave it back to me, saying that it had probably fallen out of one of the books; that as he had given me the books he begged me to accept the medallion also, and to keep it carefully as a slight remembrance of my visit to San Donato. Shortly after breakfast the party broke up, as had been previously arranged; and I returned to Florence.

“The law condemns the man or woman  
Who steals the goose from off the Common,  
But lets the greater felon loose  
Who steals the Common from the goose.”

### Woman's Sphere.

EVA A. H. BARNES.

One O. N. Bryan, in the *Chicago Express* has committed himself as follows: “The proper place for woman is the domestic hearth, as the tractable wife, the loving mother; in the school room as the dutiful teacher of children; in the church as the moral reformer, otherwise she is not in the place it hath pleased God to call her.”

But suppose God has called her to the domestic hearth, and that hearth is not forthcoming? Supposing she stands helpless and willing to act the part of clinging vine, and no oak is likewise called of God to support her gracefully? Many women, as we can all testify, have fitted themselves exclusively for domestic duties, and have waited long and patiently for some appreciative masculine to come along and marry them off. And they still hang, a helpless, soured burden upon society, whereas, if they had been taught to be self-supporting, looking upon matrimony as an incident in their lives instead of the chief end and only aim of existence, they would have become, whether marriage came or not, as much a necessary item in our social economy as the thrifty bachelor.

Supposing again that woman be “called of God” to enact the part of “loving mother,” and, as is often the case, no children appear to receive her bounty, is her life therefore a failure and she out of her legitimate sphere?

Supposing she, wishing to conform to the gentleman's pattern, desires to teach, yet owing to hereditary tendencies on other causes, she finds herself wholly unfitted for that calling. Or if ever so well qualified, and there be no other profession open to women except teaching, it is evident the supply must far exceed the demand. Hence, she must either be out of employment, or else so poorly paid, owing to competition, that one might as well complete the sacrifice and turn Sister of Charity at once.

Allow me to suggest then, in this dilemma, as it is impossible for all women to occupy the positions pointed out by our worthy friends and others, that as thousands of our wisest and best women are neither wives nor mothers, for various and obvious reasons, and as, however much we may wish to do so, we cannot pass laws compelling men to marry them off, with or without their consent, would it not be as well to let these little social affairs which concern more directly the private affairs of individuals, regulate themselves, and allow woman's sphere to be just so large a place in the affairs of this world as she has the capacity to occupy? Let the avenues of labor be thrown open to her to compete worthily and with dignity for any position or honors which naturally crown such endeavor. Let her be paid

equal wages with man for equal achievements. Then no man shall choose an inferior for the mother of his children, and no woman will marry for any reason except that she loves and honors the man of her choice, and believes him worthy, physically, mentally and morally to be the father of her children, for the necessity of marrying for a home and maintenance will have passed away. The man of the future, the ideal man, dear to woman's intuitive heart, will not be a Clay, Webster, or Calhoun. It will not be the man who loses himself in the excess and stimulant of applauded effort, for it is the abuse not the use of any power that is disastrous. The natural use of any organ of the body or mind tends to more perfect growth and development. Hence the coming great man is calm and self-contained holding within himself an unending fountain of strength, founded in a pure soul, dwelling in a pure body.

His greatness consists not in a little spurt of genius, stimulated as in the case of Webster at least by brandy and water, but it is the natural outgrowth of a natural life. Oh! friends, I am glad to see this age waking up to investigate the laws of heredity, but they will find more than the one thing wrong. We have tried in this country for over a hundred years disfranchising our mothers, wives and daughters, and placing them within a prescribed sphere; but education and progress in civilization is making havoc with time-honored traditions, and the air is full of prophetic voices whispering of liberty at last for all earth's children; of justice to woman and through her the redemption of the race.—*Iowa Home Journal*.

### J. J. Morse's Meetings.

J. J. Morse's Sunday services are held in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. Morning for answering questions at 11 o'clock. Evening an inspirational lecture at 8 o'clock. Organist, Mr. Arrilliga; vocalist, Mrs. Howell, late soprano of Dr. Barrows' church. Doors open free to both services. Reserved seats \$1.00 per month, which can be secured from M. B. Dodge Esq. at Metropolitan Temple at every service.

Classes in Physio-Psychological Science are held by Mr. Morse in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, O'Farrell Street, every Monday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Single admissions fifty cents. A few seats only for present course. Next course will commence on Monday, September 5. Fee for the course of twelve lessons, \$5.00. Names are now being entered.

Membership for classes can be secured of Mr. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday, or at the class room on the evenings of meeting.

Communications concerning the classes can also be made direct to Mr. Morse, at 331 Turk Street, San Francisco. July 30, 1881.

**THE CARRIER DOVE**AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO  
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER ..... Editress

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class  
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land.**THE CARRIER DOVE,**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AUG. 13, 1887:

**Spirit Authority.**

To what extent ought Spiritualists accept the statements from "the other side" as authoritative? When they deal with matters of spirit-life, and the career of the individual after "death," a reasonable latitude can be tolerated. They are living that life. Consequently they ought to be the best able to narrate its experiences, facts and general nature. When they deal with matters of practical psychology—from their point of view—regarding mediumship, to-wit: we can again accord them a liberal right to speak with authority. When they treat upon the *modus* of the tangible phenomena they produce here, again, we may grant they are better informed than us. When, in a word, they deal with matters that are actually within their ken and practice, we can cordially allow they speak with an authority that outweighs ours.

The case is different though when they assume to speak *ex cathedra* upon matters of philosophy, morals, religion, or science. We have heard "controls" give utterance

to some very novel and most peculiar ideas in regard to such matters, with the result that the facts of physical science, history and human progress have been so distorted as to be unrecognizable. Re-incarnation, re-embodiment, theosophy, occultism and other more undesirable fungi have grown in our midst until sometimes Spiritualism looks a veritable nondescript in the walks of thought.

There is no "authority" where reason is stultified and experience outraged. When the spirit world assumes to teach us, regarding the facts of material nature and ignores all our acquisitions, then such "teachers" themselves need teaching. We do not need to see our beautiful faith become a new form of theocracy and priestcraft. Hence, then, we should only accord the voice of authority to our unseen visitors when they deal with facts relating to their own lives, or when we find them laboring among us for the interests of truth as seen in our own life's history, scientific achievements, social progress and intellectual advancement.

At times, when listening to weary platitudes, we are constrained to ask where does the inspiration end, and the mundane thoughts of mediums and sitters come in? We need to know more—thereby rendering less possible the domination of authority in our work and ranks.

**Metropolitan Temple.**

The meetings at this place constantly increase in attendance under the grand, inspired ministrations of Mr. J. J. Morse. Last Sunday a large, enthusiastic audience greeted him morning and evening, and listened to his usual concise and philosophical replies to questions, which, we are pleased to say, were reported by Mr. Hawes and will appear in the DOVE next week. The music was excellent and delighted everybody. If people generally were aware of the rare spiritual feast presented at the services every Sunday, free of charge, we are sure the ample accommodations of the Temple would be inadequate to meet the demand.

**Special Notice.**

In our next issue will be commenced an illustrated story for the Children's Department of the DOVE. The engravings will be executed by Mrs. Allie Livingstone under control of spirit artists, and we are confident

they will be enjoyed and appreciated by young and old. It has long been our desire to introduce this valuable feature into our magazine, but the obstacles to overcome in the way of obtaining genuine spirit productions have been so great as to render its consummation almost impossible, until the work of this highly gifted medium was brought to our notice, when we at once began negotiations which have resulted as above stated. Those desiring to commence with the beginning of this serial should subscribe at once in order to obtain all the beautiful pictures of scenes in the spirit world that will be presented.

**The Progressive Spiritualists.**

The regular meeting of this society on Sunday last at 2 P. M., was well attended. Hon. John A. Collins, the chairman, made a brief opening address and solicited the cordial co-operation of the members of the association to enable him to continue the meetings in the same able and satisfactory manner they have heretofore been conducted. He then introduced the speaker, Mr. Geo. Irvin whose address was well received and elicited much favorable comment from the speakers who followed, among whom were Mrs. Sarah Harris of Berkeley, Mr. J. H. White of Chicago and Mr. Mills.

Mrs. Eggert Aitken and Dr. Louis Schlesinger gave tests.

**The New Panorama Representing the Land and Naval Battles of Vicksburg.**

"Perhaps there is no place in the city at present where an hour can be spent more profitably than at the Panorama of the Land and Naval Battles of Vicksburg, the fame of which has spread all over this great country.

From early morning until nearly midnight, visitors go and linger as they gaze at the landscape spread out before them, and then examine the details of the "battle's magnificently stern array," portrayed with marvelous fidelity and startlingly real.

The proprietors of this grand work of art have an established reputation in this country by several famous Panoramas they have exhibited. They are owners of the original and only true Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg now in Chicago, and also of the famous picture of the Battle of

Waterloo, which has been on exhibition for over two years in the same building, where Vicksburg is on exhibition now.

The Waterloo and Vicksburg Panoramas have been viewed by over two million of visitors, and Vicksburg, which has been on exhibition nearly two years in New York, excels them all; no other Panorama presents such sweep of country and no other presents nature arrayed in the garb of summer, with the summer sun producing the innumerable tints and the light and shade that lend to the scene a charm that is wanting in other paintings of this kind. And what a scene it is to be sure! The distant hills covered with forests, ripened grain ready for the sickle, high-ways and houses which have been happy homes; the beautiful Mississippi river with its many gunboats and mortars, and the contending hosts of gallant men struggling for victory; the artillery, which can be almost heard to thunder, the masses of infantry, the hand to hand encounters, the dying and the dead, and all the horrors of war are before the spectator. It is not surprising that the scene fascinates! that people go again and again to see this Company's exhibits, and that, although some have viewed this grand work several times, the cry is "still they come."

Of course every veteran goes. The old soldiers who know from experience what war is, appreciate the picture, because they realize that it is nearer to actual conflict than anything they have ever seen, except on the field of battle.

Everything that can be done for the comfort and convenience of visitors is attended to, and the employees are courteous and obliging.

In conclusion it may be said that those who desire to spend an hour or two pleasantly and profitably, the Panorama of Vicksburg affords them an opportunity to do so. It is easily reached, located on the corner of Mason and Eddy streets, in the very heart of the city.

### J. J. Morse's Classes.

A SECOND COURSE BEING FORMED.

The second class is now being formed, and will commence its session on September 9th, in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, this city.

Tickets for the course of twelve lectures are now ready, price \$5. They can be

obtained at the class room during the present term any Monday or Friday evening, of Mr. M. B. Dodge, Manager of the Temple meetings every Sunday, or at the office of the CARRIER DOVE at any time. Early application is necessary to secure seats. The first course has been extraordinarily successful.

### A Psycho Magnetic Healer.

Mrs. M. E. Ayers, who has been located in Oakland during the last fifteen years where she has been a very successful healer, has taken an office at 32 Ellis street during the present month, where she will be pleased to give treatment or advice to those desiring her services. She will be in Fresno City about the middle of September to fill engagements there. Those wishing to avail themselves of her services should do so at once. Mrs. Ayers has testimonials of cures from a number of prominent citizens of Oakland. Her Oakland address is 581 Seventeenth street.

### To Intending Subscribers.

To introduce the CARRIER DOVE to new readers we will send it every week for four months for fifty cents, free by mail. We consider this a better plan to extend a knowledge of our paper's character and worth than paying exorbitant commissions to canvassers—which, by reducing returns, generally endanger the stability of undertakings that adopt such plans. The above offer does not apply to present subscribers, but we will send the paper to the friends of our subscribers to any addresses furnished us by our present patrons.

This is at the rate of \$1.50 per year. We cannot renew the paper at the same rate to the same parties.

## Chips.

Where are the children of the Spiritualists of this city? In Orthodox Sabbath Schools? If so, why?

The replies to the questions answered by the controls of J. J. Morse at The Temple on Sunday last, will be given *verbatim* in our issue of next week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady-Stanton is in Paris,

sitting daily for her portrait to an American painter, Miss Anna E. Klumpke, of San Francisco.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee has removed from 20 Turk Street to Colonnade House, 1206 Market Street, this city. Mrs. Hendee is a reliable and veteran worker.

Jefferson Davis is the one man outside of the State prisons of the country who is the political peer of women. Blessed companionship.

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 35 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

### SPECIAL TO OUR READERS.

Our next issue will contain a portrait and biographical sketch of Thomas Starr King. Those of our friends desiring special copies should send in orders at once.

It was a saying of Horace Greely that a self-made man was inclined to worship his own creator. And old Francis Leiber used to tell his boys that it was just as ridiculous to talk about a self-made man as about a self-laid egg.

Will our friends, subscribers, and exchanges, all please note that the DOVE's address is now 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal. We are firmly fixed here to stay, and are greatly encouraged at our success. We thank you all, friends.

The individuals who stop to kick every snarling cur that growls at them, will make slow progress along life's dusty highway. Better go straight ahead and let the dogs bark; they will soon weary and turn their attention to the next traveler.

We received a very pleasant visit from Col. C. P. Hatch of Petaluma, on Monday last. The Colonel looks well and happy, and is one of those genial gentlemen who always bring sunshine with them. He and his estimable wife are staunch Spiritualists and faithful workers in the good cause.

It is not the great griefs that shorten human life and bring furrows to the cheeks and frost the raven locks. It is the little

daily cares and crosses that sting and poison the sensitive soul, making age come on with hurrying feet before we have arrived at the "half-way house" of our journey.

Mrs. Emaline Perkins, the well-known and reliable test medium who is an agent for the CARRIER DOVE, is meeting with much success, having sold a great many DOVES during the last two weeks. She is located at 1021 1/2 Market St. where she holds circles twice a week, and gives sittings daily. See ad. in another column.

The issue of the *Banner of Light* for July 30th contains a most excellent leading article reviewing a recent sermon in New York City, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Mendes, a distinguished Hebrew Rabbi. It contains some very useful points which ought to be read by those of our speakers and people who are constantly striving to exalt Jesus as a leading figure of modern Spiritualism.

Spiritual societies holding regular meetings should send occasional reports of such meetings to the spiritual journals for the mutual benefit of themselves and those who would be pleased to learn something of the progress the cause is making. Editors cannot attend all meetings in person, neither can they always command reporters, and consequently much that is said and done which would prove of general interest is never published. Let our friends wake up to the importance of disseminating truth through every available channel.

#### STUPIDITY OF COLLEGES.

Clairvoyance and spiritual phenomena have been in progress all over the world from periods beyond historic record, but colleges have not yet learned of their existence. They are now becoming familiar to millions, from the emperor to the beggar, and still the colleges plod on in sanctified ignorance where the priest rules, or in insolent dogmatism where the medical professor rules. Is there anything in the way of demonstration that can overcome this pachydermic stupidity?—doubtful! Clairvoyants have described diseases, described distant places, described things in public, while their eyes were bandaged—but the colleges learn nothing. Now there is another test of the collegiate amaurosis, or

cataract, or whatever it may be, which has lasted seven hundred years, and has thus attained its incurable character. A blind man is clairvoyant and psychometric. He travels about almost as well as those who have eyes. His name is Henry Hendrickson. The *Chicago Herald* gives an interesting description. He can find his way, can skate well, can read finger-language, and can describe objects with a cloth thrown over his head. But this is only another demonstration of second sight which has been demonstrated a thousand times. Why should colleges recognize such facts? have they not old Greek books for oracles which were written before the dawn of science! What are Gall and Spurzheim, Darwin and Wallace, Crookes and De Morgan, to professors who can fluently read Aristotle in Greek, and can tell how Plato proved that a table is not a table but only a mental phantasy!—*Journal of Man*.

#### Notice.

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

Dr. Schlesinger will give a free sitting to anyone who will subscribe for the *Golden Gate* or CARRIER DOVE. As either of these valuable journals is well worth the subscription price, we consider this a very liberal offer. The doctor is without an equal in his special and peculiar phase of mediumship, and his tests are convincing and satisfactory to the most skeptical.

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

It illy becomes a man to talk of the inferiority of woman, when he is indebted to his mother for every principle of virtue, integrity, intelligence, morality and spirituality which he possesses.—C. C. PEET.



### GRANDPA'S STORY.

than usual, and he quickly asks, "What is your name, little boy, and where do you live?"

"My name is Tom Jones, and I live way downtown in a tenement house, and mother is awful sick. Buy a paper, sir?"

"Yes; I'll take all you have left, so you can go home and show me where you live."

So on they go, and at last reach Tom's home. He goes in the room, and says: "Mother, here is some more green, and a gentleman to see you."

The sick woman starts up in bed as the gentleman stands beside her. One look is enough; she calls "Father!" and he exclaims, "Emma, is it possible?" and folds her in his arms. Tom stands by dumb with astonishment, then all at once a happy thought comes to him, and he exclaims, "Are you grandpa?" "Yes, my child, I

am," he replied; and after giving Tom a good hug, in spite of his ragged jacket, he says: "Now, Tom, do you know where to buy some bread, meat, tea and other good things?" "Oh, yes, I know where to get them, if I only had some money. I have to pay for my papers, and shall only have fifteen cents left; that won't buy much."

"Here is some money, Tom. Now go." So off he goes, as happy a little boy as the city contains, rich or poor. As soon as he is out of the room, father and daughter ask and answer many questions. It is the old, sad story—a farmer's daughter, tired of the country, going to a city for employment, marrying and being left alone and destitute. Her father calls in a doctor, and he finds she is not really ill, only weak and exhausted from lack of proper food and shelter. Her father says she and Tom must go back to the farm with him, as he is only in the city on business for a few days.

When they start Tom is such a proud, happy boy, dressed all in new clothes. His

mother leans back in her seat on the cars, pale and weak, still much better for the medicine and food she has had and the comforting thought of once more being at home, though she was too proud to let her parents know how much she needed help. It is quite a journey; but at last they get out at a quiet little station and find a comfortable country wagon waiting for them, as her father has telegraphed home the good news. They ride through shady lanes and cross merry little streams that seem to dance along happier than ever, and Tom is nearly wild with delight. At last they reach such a comfortable looking farmhouse, and in the doorway stands an old lady with open arms to receive the long-lost daughter. In a few hours Tom has been all over the place, and, tired out, falls asleep in his chair at the supper-table. Grandpa carries him upstairs to bed, and looks in once more to see if his daughter is comfortable in the neat, pretty little room she used to sleep in long ago. The rest and good care she has soon restores her to health and strength, and the happy days go quickly by. Tom, of course, goes to school, but on Saturdays has fine fun on the farm; he has some chickens—all his own—and takes much good care of them; has a pony to ride that follows him all about, partly for love and partly for the sugar he gets now and then.

One day Tom ran in the house and said: "Do you know, mother, I believe grandpa found us and brought us here and made you well, just because I stopped that day to find you a bit of green. I am awful glad I did. Do you suppose if some other little boy should find some grass he would find a new grandma and grandpa and a nice place like this?"

"I hope so, dear," answered his mother; "anyway, it is always best to take a 'bit of green' or a ray of sunshine as they come."—*Pacific Rural Press.*

## Correspondence.

\*Under this head we will insert *brief* letters of general interest, and reply to our correspondents, on topics or questions within the range of the CARRIER DOVE'S objects. The DOVE does not necessarily endorse the opinions of its correspondents in their letters appearing under this head.

Dear *Editress* CARRIER DOVE:

Your blessed DOVE has been our household pet the last two years. Yes, the DOVE, the dear old *Banner of Light* and the *Golden Gate* are very welcome visitors in our home. They should be read in every home whether the people are Spiritualists or not, for they come full of love and sunshine from our loved ones just "over the river," who are waiting to welcome us on their side of life.

Yours for the truth and love that never dies.

MRS. C. P. HATCH,  
Petaluma, Cal.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. L. M., Los Angeles, Cal.,

Your kind letter received, and we shall be glad at any time to receive your promised contributions.

## Message Dept.

Communication from the spirit of Thos. Starr King, through the mediumship of Mme. C. Antonia.

I have no language to express the gratitude I feel to be enabled to communicate through my medium who, though somewhat feeble at present, is still enabled to be the connecting link for a few words I wish to say to the readers of the CARRIER DOVE. I have many old friends among you, and you all know how much my life was devoted to study. I read and re-read the ancient philosophers, who are now over here, my constant companions. I studied the Bible earnestly and prayerfully, but you will be surprised to learn that it was out of the Koran I drew most of my lectures and sermons.

There is a passage in that sacred book which I wish to lay near to your hearts. "When a man dies," it says, "mortals enquire of him 'what good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'" O, friends! let your lives be pure, let your thoughts be pure; for when thoughts are pure the soul is near to God. Thoughts are not read in your world, but they are luminous in this one. Do not be discouraged; I was often so when I dwelt among you; my deepest thoughts, my best efforts, were disappointments to myself. I felt each was only a beginning, only pebbles picked up on the shore of the ocean of knowledge until the light of a broader faith entered my soul. When the broad light of Spiritualism came to me, it was something like the opening of a window of a vault, that has been closed for a long time. Down in that vault were all kinds of loathsome creatures and a few rare plants, blanched by the darkness. It was not the light that made the place so horrible, but it was the light that showed how forlorn the place was before the blessed sun entered into it. Open the shutters, clean the window-panes, let the light into your hearts and into your souls; do not resist.

No life is complete without the refining and purifying influence of sorrow. I had suffered, I had felt, during life's journey, deep agonies; therefore I could reach my fellow men better than most preachers. I spoke powerfully because I was in earnest. I could say severe things without giving offense; the people heard me gladly, because I was not above them, but one of them. O, my friends! let your every thought

be a perpetual prayer for deeper, grander, and more distinct views of life in its realities earnestness and best purposes.

### Questions and Answers.

*Miss M. T. Shelhamer, Medium.*

QUES.—Does an insane person (one who is much demented here) retain his former faculties on entering the spirit-world?

ANS.—It depends very much upon the condition of the spirit itself. If the dementia is caused through obstructions in the physical organism, then the spirit, on lessening its hold of that temporal structure, will find himself renewed in mental vigor and activity, and all traces of his insanity will have disappeared upon his entrance to another and a higher life; but if the spirit is mentally disturbed, independent of any physical obstruction, independent of any condition of the material body, it does not follow that he will regain his mental vigor upon entering the spirit world. If the cause of his distress still lingers with him—if he continues anxious over any event in life, over any circumstance that has happened to him—just so long as that anxiety remains may he remain also unbalanced in mind, because the mind, brooding upon one subject, continually remains in an abnormal condition, and must be equalized before it can regain a condition of health. Such a spirit if it still continues in a disturbed and anxious frame of mind, will no doubt be taken in charge by wise and advanced spirits who desire to assist the unfortunate. It will be taken to one of the sanitariums in the spiritual life, and there be surrounded by circumstances and conditions calculated to assist in lifting its mind above that brooding state which it has formerly experienced, thus providing proper ways and means for regaining a well-balanced condition of mind.

Q.—[By *Nancy Ross.*] If one of our friends is obsessed, how can we get rid of the obsessing spirit?

A.—Sometimes it is necessary to remove the afflicted person from the locality where he has been, change his surroundings entirely, give him new scenes and events to ponder upon. It may not be necessary to make a radical change in his life, but it may be wise to introduce him to some strong, good person who has large vitality, cheerful and spiritual magnetism, and thus bring these new elements into his life; allow the healer to associate himself with the afflicted one, and mingle his sympathy with the distressed one, and in this way surcharge his entire being with a higher magnetism, the grander spiritual elements belonging to the healer. Such a healer must be in good health, pure in mind, habits, morals, physically and mentally, and when brought in contact with the obsessed one, he may be able to gain an influence and control over



the physical body of the patient, and also over the obsessing spirit who is the cause of the annoyance. We think if our friends will follow these simple rules they will have but little trouble in treating those afflicted in this manner.

Q.—[By S. R. S.] Does it make any difference how old one is when he seeks development as a medium?

A.—Not necessarily. It sometimes happens that a very good medium—one exhibiting powers of rare mediumship—finds his qualities in this respect unfolded and brought into prominence late in life. Undoubtedly, these powers have always been with him innate in his constitution, but lacked development. Later in life, when he has had good experience—and we trust profited by it—he may be able to exercise those gifts and make good use of them. It is true that mediumship, developed early in life, may prove to be of utility, not only to the person possessing it, but to the world at large. There is sometimes danger in seeking to develop mediumship in the very young, because if one is brought into the sensitive condition before his character has become rounded out by copying with external circumstances, before he has gained strength and breadth of mind by conflict with the world, he may be brought into such a state as to be receptive and negative to all sorts of contending influences and elements, and from this life may prove a burden, while he may also prove a care to his friends. If one is developed in strength of character, if self-reliance is brought to the surface through experience, and mediumship is then brought out, the medium will prove to be a useful instrument in the world, and find in his gifts a source of happiness, of inspiration.—*Banner of Light.*

## Our Exchanges.

### A Good Effort.

*The Woman's Standard, Des Moines, Iowa.*

The suffragists of Kansas, like bees in clover time, are busy speaking and organizing auxiliary leagues. If those who manipulate the politics of the State imagine that the women are going to be satisfied with the modicum of equality given them, they will soon learn their mistake.

Their present plan is to work for a constitutional amendment, to be submitted two years hence, and can be voted upon three years from next November, unless it should be submitted at a special session. It is believed that with the necessary effort, and, with limited suffrage the success it is proving to be, it will certainly carry.

### Soul Life.

*The Golden Gate, San Francisco.*

The true life of the soul belongs to no condition or circumstance of environment. The humble toiler for his daily bread, as well as the man or woman high in rank or station, may be sharers in this life—this unselfish, beautiful life, that thinks all good of all humanity—that has a tender compassion for the erring, and a heartbeat in sympathy with all that is good and noble.

This is the life to aspire to in this world, whence the largest possible remainder will be carried over into the next life, there to bear fruits of gladness and beauty that will constitute the purest joys of being in the world of souls. Is it not something worth striving for—worth exchanging the dross of earthly ambitions and all sordid pleasure for?

### Temperance.

*Iowa Home Journal, Des Moines, Iowa.*

So strong has become the power of rum, interwoven as it is with the financial interests of the whole world, and again the appetite for strong drink acquired by heredity and otherwise has become so general, the most effective weapon to use for the suppression of the liquor traffic, is the strong arm of the law. *The saloons must be abolished*, banished from the society it has so long demoralized. When it is everywhere treated as an outlaw, the great victory will practically have been won, hence the motto of the *Iowa Home Journal* will be: "Education and Moral Suasion for the Victim, Legal Suasion for the Vender."

### Do We Serve Our Workers Better?

*Daily Telegraph, London, Eng.*

Speaking at the anniversary dinner of St. John's foundation school, Leatherhead, an institution for the free education and maintenance of the sons of poor clergymen of the church of England, Archdeacon Farrer said he thought Englishmen, as a body, were strangely ungenerous, illiberal and callous to the sufferings of the clergy. He had no hesitation in saying that many bodies of non-conformists were more generous to their ministers than English churchmen. Hundreds and thousands of English laymen did not contribute a single sixpence towards their own spiritual maintenance. There were 4,000 curates, whose average income was £140 pounds a year, and 8,752 or two-thirds of the livings of England, whose average income was less than £300. It was a fact that there were clergymen whose families were literally starving, and he therefore warmly appealed for support to the St. John's foundation.

### Value of Dancing.

*Journal of Man, Boston, Mass.*

Among the many disciplinary methods which have been neglected in our educational systems, I would give a high rank to dancing. Rightly conducted, it embodies so much of grace, dignity, cheerfulness, playfulness, health and the desire of pleasing, as to entitle it to a high rank in the promotion of health and virtue. Dancing is one of the imitative arts, and involves the amiable influence of imitation, as well as the more lively sentiments. The hostility of the orthodox churches to this refining exercise is probably the effect of the infernalism of their theology, which places mankind upon the brink of hell, in full view of the infinite agony of their friends, relatives and ancestors, so as to render every sentiment but that of gloom and terror inappropriate. How bitter their hostility to all gaiety! "Yes, dance, young women," said a famous Methodist preacher about twenty years ago, "dance down to hell!" At the same time, his own private record did not indicate any deep sincerity in his fear of hell. The same hostility is still kept up, and overflows in the popular harangues of Rev. Sam Jones, and many others.

Popular Christianity, in the majority of the churches, is therefore one of the greatest hinderances to a normal educational system, and to social refinement, notwithstanding its support of some of the essential virtues.

### Killed by Tobacco.

*The Tribune, New York City.*

Not long since I was walking in a city with a celebrated physician. As we passed a house surrounded with every evidence of wealth and refinement, he spoke: "I have a patient in there, an idolized wife, who is dying, and beyond help, and none of them know what is the matter with her, and

still her husband has killed her." "Why, doctor," says I, "what do you mean?" "I mean just this," he says, "her husband is just literally steeped in tobacco, until the insensible perspiration from his body has become deadly poison, and his wife absorbed enough of this, and had before I was called in, so that she will die." "Have you told them?" "No; what good? It would only add to their misery now." "But, doctor, are you sure?" "Yes; I have seen such things before. Some constitutions can bear this poison and some cannot. Why, just to give you an idea: I saw this experiment tried among others at an establishment where they treat patients for the cure of the tobacco habit. A man just brought in was washed as clean as soap and water could make him, and then some flies were allowed to light on him. In five minutes by the watch they were dead. There was poison enough in the perspiration that came out of a man washed as clean as possible to kill them. You can imagine what he would be when he wasn't washed, perhaps to spend several hours each day in a warm bed with him." This was all new to me and I was completely dumbfounded. I don't use tobacco, thank God, and never did; but if I did, that physician's statement would have stopped me as surely and as quickly as a bullet would. Run any risk of killing my dear wife by my filthy habit? Not much! I would have slept in the stable, no, in the pig pen, or outdoors under a tree, far from every live animal, until the poison was all out of my system.

### The Mental Healing Craze.

*The Open Court, Chicago, Ill.*

Boston papers state that the "mental healing" craze which has prevailed in that city the past two or three years under the name of "mind cure," "faith cure," "Christian science," "metaphysical healing," etc., has run its course there. It seems to have reached Chicago later, and judging from what we have seen and heard, the craze is about at its height in this city.

The fact of the influence of the mind over bodily conditions is unquestionable, and the adherents of these new (or old) methods of treating disease have considerable latitude in which to indulge in general statements on this subject. Every intelligent person knows that there is an intimate relationship between mental and physical conditions, that a mental shock may produce physical paralysis and that contusion of the brain may cause unconsciousness or insanity.

But what are the results? If the practitioners of these different schools of mental healing are to be believed, there are few if any diseases which they are not by their methods able to overcome; and they can all cite the testimony of persons who have been treated by them in support of all the claims they make. But anybody who has ever taken the pains to investigate these claims as the writer has, knows that when the exact truth is learned, the wonderful cures are at once divested of all that made them appear miraculous.

One of these practitioners in Boston, one whose rooms were thronged with patients, represented that he had by his method been able to effect cures in several cases of cancer, cataract, etc. A committee was appointed by the society before which his statements were made, to investigate a few of his cases. The committee took from this "healer" the names and addresses of half a dozen persons whom he claimed to have treated successfully for these diseases, and by careful examination of the facts, found that among them all there was not one case of cancer, and that his representations generally were false. Some women and even men had been wholly or partly relieved of nervous affections; and this fact, in no way remarkable, was sufficient to satisfy hundreds of people of the truth of his pretensions and of the truth, too, of the ridiculous notions which he presented as science, in explanation of his method of practice; and in all seriousness as a final solution of those problems with which other thinkers, because lacking "the understanding of God," had grappled in vain.

Whether a patient kneels at the tomb of a saint or sits with a "Christian scientist" or takes "bread pills" from a regular physician, the mind is impressed with an idea, has more or less faith in the means employed, and the mental condition is an important factor in the results produced.