



A SPIRIT HOME

# The Carrier Dove.

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

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## The Platform.

### Woman—Her Place and Power.

A Lecture by the Guides of J. J. Morse, delivered at the State Camp-Meeting, Oakland, June 23d, 1887.

(Reported for CARRIER DOVE, by G. H. Hawes.)

The saying is attributed to an eminent Frenchman that "Man was the problem of the ages, but Woman is the riddle of the nineteenth century."

A great deal of philosophical truth was contained in that statement, which is also a fruitful source of reflection to the thoughtful and intelligent minds of the community. Progress has done much for man politically and religiously, as well as in the matter of intellectual freedom. But that progress has, in either case, been, in the main, accomplished by men *for* men, not for women *with* men. It is true that women have relatively shared in the results of the progress of the present day, and that, as a consequence of the enlightenment of mankind in the nineteenth century, she, in civilized countries, occupies a somewhat more prominent and satisfactory position in society than she did in by-gone ages. But, grateful as we may be for the advantages she has attained, there still remains, nevertheless, much more to be done, greater fields of conquest to be mastered, greater rights and privileges to be obtained.

The time, of course, has gone by for the civilized world to preach about universal rights, and universal justice, when that preaching only concerns one half of the human race. There can be no universality about justice that does not include humanity irrespective of sex or color. (App.) Bearing this clearly in your mind you will be able, we trust, to follow us through the remarks we shall offer for your acceptance in the elaboration of our theme, "Woman—her place and power," which will show you we have not the slightest sympathy with that weak kind of right and justice that excuses her from her due and proper share in the government, in society, in the industry and progress of humanity at large. (App.)

The question will have to be considered, from several points of view. First we shall have to meet the too frequently misapprehended argument that is very often actually ridden to death—the physiological argu-

ment. Then we shall have to meet the question of woman's social position; then those other questions, of her political and industrial spheres, and in traversing these four different fields, we shall have ample material to occupy all the time at our disposal.

There is a great consideration involved in the minds of many people as to the unfitness of woman by reason of her sexual qualities and formation for the enterprises and affairs that man, by reason of his physical structure, is capable of engaging in. It is said that the organization of woman, her functions and adaptations being upon an altogether higher and refined plane, debar her from pursuing those employments which man can easily adapt himself to; but, if we start out with that argument, the whole question of woman's rights stands confessed and admitted; it is the very worst of arguments that the opponents of woman, so far as her rights and privileges are concerned, could place before you!

If she stands in her physical structure, upon such a high plane, and has such marvelous functions belonging to her, then, in the very nature of the case, there must be most decisive and universal rights belonging to her by reason of her exalted position. Those who say her nay in regard to these rights, are denying the very argument on which they postulate their own position. Carefully consider this argument, and you will find that it is a double edged sword cutting in two directions.

There is necessarily a certain truth involved in this argument we have placed before you. Every woman knows, just as well as we could tell her, that her functions and position in the world, physiologically, make certain demands upon her, and entail occasional sequestration from public activity, thereby preventing her, to that extent, from engaging in those rough and ready employments that man is called upon to take his share of. This is an old, old story, easily understood and readily admitted, without needing any very precise argument to place before you at this time. But what is the conclusion that follows from it? It is this: That she has certain civil and intellectual rights and prerogatives that are as much hers, by reason of her having a mind to comprehend her intellectual requirements, and the ability to fulfill her social duties, just the same as man possesses like qualities of consciousness, and like relationship to the

civil and social life around him. If you admit, then, these higher qualities pertaining to woman, then those qualities have rights inherent to them in woman's case; just the same as on the part of man. If man claims certain rights because of his intellectual and personal unfoldment, equally so woman has rights in regard to her intellectual character, and justice can never be universally consummated until the rights of both men and women have been mutually admitted and mutually accorded.

It is further said, that from the brain capacity of woman there is evidence of inferiority; that she has not the intellectual machinery to enable her to compete with man, or to enter into any similar occupations with like success. Over and over again you have been taught that she is more sensitive, refined, and altogether superior in make up of structure and character to man. If this is true of her body, her nerves, and her brain, and her structure, would you not rather be inclined to say that as is the refinement of the organism so will be its superiority? as is the superiority of the organization so will be the perfection and beauty of its expression? And if you physiologically admit that woman is the more refined, and has a superior organization, as compared to man, as a matter of consequence you will have to take the whole argument and admit that her mind is more delicate and refined because of the delicacy of the machinery through which that mentality is expressed.

Therefore, the great physiological argument rests absolutely upon rubbish when used as an hypothesis against woman's ability, her intellectuality, or character; for it is, after all, the strongest argument in favor of the reverse, as just presented.

We know that there are certain things that women are not called upon to do, that there are certain enterprises the field of which seems to be naturally and entirely man's, because he is adapted to it. But, if you will go over the history of the past time, and if you will go over the history of certain countries in Europe to-day, you will find women of a certain type of organic structure, laboring in fields, mines, and factories, and enduring heavy labor and toil, just as well as the men that stand by her side. These are not refined and delicate women, nor of the highest type of spirituality, not those kind of women which you hold as intellectual

flowers upon the tree of life, but they have become adapted to certain pursuits under the force of circumstances covering a long period of time. You can make women masculine, and men feminine, but that is not desirable from any point of view. The physiological argument leads us to one final conclusion: That, as by structure and function woman has a certain definite place in the economy of human life, a place peculiarly her own, therefore, she must, of necessity, have rights and privileges pertaining to it, and, if she has rights and privileges pertaining to it, only woman can be the best judges of the rights and privileges pertaining to that position, for they are the parties who occupy the position. But this may lead us into a consideration that trenches upon the borderland of a ground considered too sacred for public discussion. We will only just hint what is involved here, and in another portion of our remarks make the true connection.

As woman alone occupies her own position, functionally in nature, in regard to the economy of human life, then, we repeat, that woman alone is the party to decide upon the rights that belong to her position, and those rights being decided upon, as a matter of justice, no one has a right to say her nay, and the whole question of social life in coming times will rest upon this very postulate—the right of woman to be her own mistress, and in her own way, and in her own time fulfill the position she occupies in the economy of human, and social life. (App.) It is useless to give woman the ballot, to talk about social emancipation, to claim intellectual equality with man, to cultivate her intellect, to elevate her social position—absolutely useless to do all these things, unless you concede her the right to control her own person. (App.)

We now pass to the social aspect of the question. Do not fall into the error of supposing that in calling your attention to that particular place in nature which woman occupies, that it is the only place we consider she is entitled to fill. This is her peculiar place, but it is not the only place she can occupy in social or civil life.

We take the question, then, of woman's place from the social point of view. Here she stands before us as sister, sweetheart, wife, and mother. As the sister of the household how much you love her! When young you pulled each other's hair, and quarreled over one another's toys, but the boy cuts his finger and the loving sister binds it up; he grows up and falls in love, and is disappointed, and the tender and sympathizing sister soothes and comforts him. The sister stands as an emblem of use, beauty, and helpfulness.

And here is the mother who gives her life that her children may exist; if children were only taught to know this, that the price

of their lives was sometime almost the price of their mother's life; if they were taught this reverently, and deeply, they would no sooner think of offending or disgracing their mothers, than Christians would think of offending their God. (App.)

Then by easy stages, as the sister grows in advancing years, she, by-and-by, reaches sweet seventeen and is the sweetheart of some loving swain, who like a love-sick Romeo sighs for his Juliet, makes love over a balcony, and swears she is the brightest star of all the heavens, and oh! how he loves her! She blushes, and admits to herself that she experiences a sort of extra flutter in her heart, and is rather glad to know that he is coming; she experiences a certain tremor when she hears the familiar step. Oh, yes, there is no doubt that at this time more intensity of sentiment, more depth of true tenderness holds sway over human hearts and lives than oftentimes comes in all the after years. During this period of love, where a true, devoted love fills both hearts, there is an atmosphere of glory and a radiant happiness that no words of ours could adequately do justice to.

Woman's place as a sweetheart! oh, it is tender, bright, and beautiful. And when Romeo, sighing in sylvan glades, presses Juliet's hand, and breathes out words of love, or impresses a kiss upon her marble brow, (of course all sweethearts' brows are marble before they are married), he feels ecstatic happiness, beyond all expression, has come to him; he can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, so as a natural consequence, grows thin. Here he says, "I have found the most charming girl in all the country hereabout; there is but one noble, great and glorious woman in the world, and I have got her."

Let us pursue this subject by a somewhat unfamiliar path a short while. We will call, for the sake of convenience, this loving swain "John Smith;" it is a sort of universal name that will not hurt anybody, though perchance it may fit you all. "John Smith" bids her good-night; "dream of me in thy sleep, remember me in thy prayers; to-morrow, being Thursday, I shall be unable to see you, but on the next day, Friday, on the wings of love I will fly to thee my own true one." Thursday night, in company with some of "the boys," he attends the theatre, maybe picking out that theatre where the drama is presented in the highest, noblest, and grandest manner possible, where the observant student has an excellent opportunity for studying the anatomy of the human frame, for instance. The theatre is over, and "John Smith," and his kindred "John Smiths" turn out into the street. Two handsome doors swing easily open, and, in they go. It is a wondrous place; it is beautifully furnished, there are large and elegant mirrors, the pictures, and all the furnishings, are of the

most refined description; the air is heavy with tobacco smoke, but that is a mere incident to the occasion; there are the clinking of glasses, the gurgling of liquids; "John Smith" has been smoking a cigar, and is getting very thirsty and he calls up the rest of "the boys," and they get into a state of glorious happiness (?) Then to the billiard-room for a game of billiards, but, in their hilarity, they tear up the green cloth, and in return for their amusement "John Smith" and his friends are unceremoniously precipitated into the street.

"John Smith," finally manages to get home, and goes to bed; he wakes the next morning and says, "Oh, my head! oh, my throat! oh, my stomach!" and "John Smith" suffers a great deal more bodily pain in this world than perhaps he will suffer in the world beyond.

Now we meet "John Smith" in the afternoon and say, "Why, how are you John? glad to see you! By the way, ain't you a good deal interested in "Lily Dale"?"

"Oh, yes, Lily is my best girl."

"Glad to hear it—but, by the way, I saw Lily last night."

"You did! where?"

"I saw her with some other girls at the theatre. I saw them go out of the theatre and they went into a saloon."

"What!"

"They went into a saloon; I followed them in; she treated the crowd; then they all smoked cigars, and tried to play billiards, but they ripped up the green cloth, and the proprietor ejected them into the street."

"I will never speak to that girl again!"

John Smith, my dear beloved brother, society, civilization and custom says you can get ridiculously mellow and big-headed and you will still be considered an honorable citizen; but as to Lily Dale, society and custom says to her, if you get drunk we will throw you out into the street. (App.)

The getting drunk is the whole question. If drunkenness is disreputable, it is just as disreputable in a man as it is in a woman. John Smith says, "I will not marry a woman who drinks, who smokes or associates with questionable company," and the world will applaud John Smith and call him a brave-hearted fellow. But how many women have been fools enough to marry men who drink, consort with bad company, smoke, and do a thousand other things that degrade their manhood and defile their physical bodies! Women, look at the question fairly in the face, and if men will not marry you if you smoke and do all these things, do you stand up as sweethearts and say, "We will never become the wives of men who do not present us the purity they claim to find in the women they select for wives," for justice urges that when there is an exaction, or a claim, or a demand for the purity of one sex, it must always be met with a corresponding purity in the other. (App.)

"Ah," but some of the ladies will say, "that would deprive us of half the sparkling acquaintances we have, for your real good fellows, and your bright men, are all men who have these little weaknesses."

No woman, with the soul of a woman, can look upon "these little weaknesses" and pass them lightly by. They are the germs of moral damnation, the elements of personal degradation, the very blasting fires of hell that will rift the closest bound hearts asunder. Stand up for the purity of your womanhood and say, "If we have to be pure sweethearts and loyal wives, such we will be, for it is our desire and our nature, but we must have pure lovers, and loyal husbands in return." (App.)

John Smith has loved Lily Dale, and she becomes his affectionate wife. Now what is her place?

"Well, you know Lily, we are married now."

"Yes, John."

"You are going to be a loving wife?"

"Yes, John."

"And you will look after everything nicely, won't you?"

"Yes, John."

And so the conversation goes on, possibly some of you have engaged in it on your own account at different times in your lives.

The happy household proceeds upon its career; the house is nicely furnished, they are very comfortably situated, but somehow it does not work. John is not quite so attentive as he used to be; he goes to the club a little more often than the club meets; (but he does not say that); instead, he says he has a great many business engagements, the office keeps him very late indeed; sometimes, one might almost believe that he had persuaded a dealer in liquors to name his saloon "The Office" so that he could conscientiously say to his wife that the office took a great deal of his time. Lily Dale begins to find that her patience, her forbearance, long suffering and dutifulness, are all meeting with neglect, indifference, extravagance and carelessness in return.

Now, gentlemen, when you have partners in your business, and you find that they are exhibiting carelessness and indifference to the well-being of the firm, you just cut that partnership in two as quick as you can, because you are not going to risk your interests with a careless partner who will squander all of your property away. Business is business, the old proverb tells you, and if you are going to run your domestic relationships with your wife on strictly honest principles, then you must recognize that there are responsible duties to be performed on one side as well as upon the other, and you had better not assume the responsibility until you are capable of fulfilling your part in this relation. (App.)

But some people say, "Well, you know

woman is not the equal of man; she can't share his pleasures."

Thank God she does not—some of his pleasures.

Some say, "She cannot minister to his mind."

Why cannot she?

"She is not able."

Now, if there is any unfortunate sinner of a man here to-night who has ever been in the habit of using that argument, let him take to his heart the words of advice we are going to give him. The next time you think that your wife cannot share your mental pleasures with you, just sit down and patiently try to discover how much she can share with you; for we warrant you almost in every case where such an argument is used, the individual has never once put himself to the trouble of making the experiment. If you will be as patient with your wife as you often are with your office boy, you will very soon find she will soon come up to your own standard, and you will be wonderfully surprised to discover how a little grain of kindness can start up a whole mine of sense in the heart and understanding of the woman who shares your heart and home. Do not consider your wife a superior kind of servant, working for her board and clothes. Do not look at it in that way, for home is a palace; and wives are the queens that rule therein, while your children should be the sweet and loving subjects. Each of you have something to do to make that home happy, to make it the radiating center of divinest influences. If you can regard wifedom and husbandhood in this light, you will be contented with the result, and be satisfied with one another; you will forget there is such a thing as a divorce court from one end of the United States to the other.

Then the wife becomes a mother. Ah, how much of joy and happiness and beauty, or misery and woe, and lifelong sadness, may be involved in that wondrous consummation!—It may lift up the domestic life to the very highest pinnacles of earthly joy, or it may be the entering wedge of a sorrow, whose canker shall strike right into heart and life, producing sad and hideous results for generations yet unborn. You have it in your hands to represent upon the human plane the very height and depth of true nobility; but this makes great demands, calls for fortitude and strength. Looking at it in this manner, realizing its beauty and glory, how reverently should the man bow before the sublimity of nature's greatest mystery, and her most wonderful operation in the economy of human life, and accord to woman, as the mother of the race, the full rights of the exalted position she so peculiarly fills, and in all respects obey the laws and due requirements that belong to her in the fulfillment of her well-nigh divine function.

Do we ask too much? No, we do not

ask enough; for when we claim the place of woman as the mother of humanity, the source and fountain, physically, from whence the whole life of mankind flows, we are asking you to recognize everything that the world has ever had of righteousness and beauty; for all the greatness and grandeur and nobility of human life—the greatest king, the noblest emperor, the wisest philosopher, the deepest mathematician, the divinest orator, the most charming poet the world has ever seen, each and all of them was some mother's child. (App.) Some mother's child built the vast empires of the east; some mother's child conquered the Goths and Vandals of Europe; some mother's child laid the foundation of Grecian and Roman civilization; some mother's son built up these great United States; some mother's son carved civilization out of barbarism; a mother's son wrote those mystic pages of Shakespeare's lore; some mother's son has done the world's work; some mother's daughter has soothed the world's sorrow with her magic touch, has healed the wounded and distressed, brought peace and happiness; the sons and daughters of your mothers have made the world what it is to-day. (App.)

"Do you believe that woman ought to work?"

Why not?

"Oh, I don't think it is right!"

Why don't you think it is right?

"Well, you know, it competes with our labor."

My dear smoking, beer-drinking, wrangling, quarreling brother, that sometimes won't work when you get the chance, and would prevent your other brothers when they get a chance, who are extravagant in your own habits, and everlastingly doing your best to keep your families poor, take a back seat, remember that the honest worker, and the true toiler, fears no competition from the other sex, because he realizes that ability and capacity are the only tests that can be truly applied to the labor of any one. (App.)

Now, industrially, if women can do some things better than men, by all means let her do it, and if by that way she is able to put herself in a position of independence, so much the better.

"But that is the thing, you know; women get so 'bossy' and independent when they make their own living."

There you have the opposition argument clearly disclosed; women are "bossy" when they earn their own living!

Why, sir, you have been educated that you ought to provide for woman, and she has been taught that she absolutely depends upon you for the clothes she wears, and the house she lives in. But when you have the other idea that she can do all these things herself, why it comes with all the force of a cold wave over you, and you want to run away from or abuse the whole question. If

a woman feels like remaining in a state of single blessedness, and working for her own living, she has just as much right to do so as a man has a right to remain a bachelor, and support himself. (App.)

"Oh, then you would limit the employment of women to single women, would you?"

O, no, nothing of the sort; we have only used that argument so far; it is our fashion to complete one argument before we turn to another.

Now we come to the industrial aspect of the question in regard to married women.

"But" says one, "I wouldn't have married women work!"

This is a laudable sentiment indeed. It does seem that when a man woos a woman and claims her life, and monopolizes her altogether, that he ought to do pretty much all the rest. But how many men live upon the labor of their wives? (App.) How many men loaf, and smoke and drink, all through life, and their wives work at the washtub, run a sewing machine, or do a hundred different things, while they, poor wretches, are idle, do not want to get any business, and the wife earns the money that keeps the pot boiling on the stove! If there is one thing more contemptible than all the rest, it is that of a strong, healthy-bodied man who will live upon the labor of his wife. (App.)

"Well, have we got to keep them?"

What did you take them for? If you don't want to keep them, don't take them. Why, if you bought a dog the common sense of the neighborhood would compel you to keep the dog, and as a woman is infinitely more valuable than the finest dog, you can make the application readily.

"But would you allow her to compete with man?"

Allow her to compete with man? Does anybody ever think of asking whether the tornado competes with the summer zephyr, or whether the waves of the Pacific shall compete with the tornado? You can depend upon it that nature will settle the question here, and wherever and whenever man proves himself the superior of woman, or woman proves the superior of man, that superiority will be indisputable, and no finely spun argument will ever be able to wipe it out of existence.

When there are responsibilities pertaining to wifehood in the form of motherhood; when all that is necessary to be done makes full demands upon the energy and time of husband and wife, of father and mother for its accomplishment, then we say emphatically that where it is a mutual sharing of duty, a mutual fulfillment of obligation, a mutual recognition of right and justice, then the home becomes the most sacred altar, the divinest temple, the noblest place wherein man and woman jointly—if you please—should labor to bring to the world

such fair and noble fruits, such divinely glorious offspring, that they shall prove in some sense, a return for all the privileges the world conferred upon them.

Do we believe in home? O, yes, friends; a little more home, if you please, than you have; a little more home with a little more love and a little less vice; a little more home with a little more childhood in it—childhood that brings you sunny faces and rosy cheeks; a little more home with those bonny little cherubs in it whose gleaming eyes are stars in the firmament of your love. A little more love, home, and childhood; a little more sweet unity; a little more intermingling and co-operating; a little more of all that will bring out and make active the beautiful and divinest qualities of your being.

When John Smith and Lily Dale have become husband and wife, shame on you if the tender vows of love and affection, and the sweet and holy emotions that stirred your minds and hearts and thrilled every fibre of your being in your courtship, are lost sight of and trampled under foot. But when to this, as the years pass on, is added the sweetness and beauty of home, wherein woman shines pre-eminently glorious and great, then we have a condition of life beyond all words that we could use to adequately describe.

"Oh!" but you say, "that is the old fashioned story over again."

Wait a little; it is not the old story by any means. We want you to remember that the childhood of to-day will be the manhood of to-morrow; to remember that "the hand that rocks the cradle shapes the destinies of the world." What are you doing, mothers, for the childhood of to-day? Fathers, what are you doing for the motherhood of to-day, and for the manhood of coming years? Answer for yourselves; husbands and wives, men and women, answer to your own souls. What are you doing for the happy, virtuous and noble motherhood of to-day that you may have a pure and healthy childhood to-morrow, and that posterity may have a glorified manhood in the days to come? Ask yourselves what are you doing; and where is there a place more tenderly sweet, more divinely holy, more purely sacred than within the home, wherein these sublime problems of a healthy, virtuous and noble motherhood, a pure and healthy childhood, and a noble posterity can have their beginning, their working and unfoldment? We know of no purer place than that guarded by the love of two lives united into one. Home is the foundation of the morality of the world, the health of society, and the purity of mankind for future generations. (App.)

Well, we have got a little further on the road, but we have to go one stage beyond. But, remember, as we close this section of the argument, that so long as

marriage means a matter of convenience, or is only a question of the passion of the blood, so long as you feel, "if I don't like him I can get rid of him, you know;" so long as it rests only on such sentiments as these, then there is grave danger of incompatibility and inharmony, and consequent departure from right, and a lowering of the high standard previously insisted upon.

Attached to the industrial part of the question is this responsibility of properly caring for infancy, and youth, and forwards, till that time when the youth is prepared to battle with the world. Until such times the paternal and maternal powers should be directed to the due and proper education of these pledges of mutual love, and in that primary responsibility they should exert every nerve, and every energy, to provide the means for the healthy, physical development, the wise intellectual training, and moral unfoldment of the child that stands before the altar of their lives. Then husbands should not desire their wives to work at such times, while wives can claim their full support from their husbands, and in return they will both find their sweetest and dearest delight in the unfolding of the future Senators, or Presidents, who come within the circle of their domestic life and loving counsel.

When there are no such duties devolving upon her, then she may work if she wishes; there are no ties to hold her back then. But you should never undertake duties you cannot fulfill. But when there are other responsibilities, such as we have just mentioned, the task of daily labor ought never to be imposed upon woman. In the latter case let her take her choice, let her do whatsoever she will, and if intellectually, or in any direction, she has a desire to unfold her latent capacity and increase her personal development, by every law of right and justice she has a perfect right so to do, if she desires. If men would recognize the fact that she increases their pleasure by coming to their lofty plane, by unfolding every intellectual power so their husbands may find congenial companions in them, there would never be any opposition to their using all their talents when there are no other duties to be done.

If men really wish for wives that can be on a level with their mighty intellects, who can have some sort of comprehension of science, philosophy and religion, real companions meet for them, let them cease to marry dressmakers' advertisements; if they will do that they will be able to find sensible women among the balance of the community, and the former will be left to parade the streets for the admiration of thoughtless beholders who pass her by.

And ladies, we must claim your attention in this regard; you cease to marry tailors' walking delegates, for "the apparel oft proclaims the man," and, very frequently, is all

there is of the man; and still more frequently, what there is of the man even then does not belong to the man, because he has not paid for it. (Laughter and applause.)

If you will remember these things you will see how easy matters might come down to a proper solution in the end.

What position shall woman occupy politically?

"Send her to Congress."

What for?

"To vote."

Send her to Congress to vote! My good friend, our address has not produced much effect upon you. Have we not been pleading for the superiority of woman, her delicacy, her greater capacity in nature—placing her upon the very highest pedestal organically, socially, and in the various relationships belonging to social and industrial life, claimed for her great and glorious things?

"Oh, yes, that is true!"

Then why do you want her to be sent among such a set of people as go to Congress for?

(A voice from the audience—"To civilize them.")

You may civilize the savage, and the savage may civilize you. But seriously, you send women into Congress to civilize it; that is all very well, and we are very much pleased at the suggestion; but we would like to ask our friends just this: As man is the superior animal, why has not man civilized the Congress of the United States? (Great app.) If we must send women to Congress to civilize it, then on the face of that it seems that man is incapable of doing it alone.

Now that brings us right to the marrow of the whole argument: Man is incapable of civilizing the representative institutions of the world, because one-half of a machine is absolutely dependent upon the other half. (App.)

When it becomes necessary to consider the nature of crime, and the criminal happens to be a woman, judicial indignation streams out by the yard, and the judge, upon his lofty eminence, looks down with a sort of pity and disgust upon the unfortunate criminal; he does not know much about women, save as he has seen them from that lofty eminence; he is happily married to a decent wife, has lovable daughters, and he knows very little of the trials and temptations that belong to life. She may be ill, she may be diseased, she may have been driven hither and thither, no one scarcely knows how. But is she judged by her peers? The very essence of judiciary is that the criminal shall be judged by not less than his peers. Is she judged by her peers? Can a person situated entirely different, whose mental direction is altogether different, whose experiences are entirely different, can such be the peer of that other being, and enter into the life of that other being,

realize the emotions that stir the blood of that other being, enter into all that makes up that other being? In the very nature of the case they cannot do so, and, therefore, when the female criminal is condemned, a judicial anomaly is presented to the gaze of the civilization of to-day.

"Would you have women on the bench, then?"

Yes, and a great many men might tremble if they were there, too! If men have a right to be tried by their peers, women have a right to be tried by their peers; and until that simple principle, important indeed in its results, is admitted in the judiciary of all civilized countries, justice will in the nature of things continue to be more or less one-sided. That this is a most important principle every reformatory person will at once admit.

Every community is governed by certain rules, laws or customs, whether it be a city or a parish; men have had all the say hitherto of how these customs should be worked out, and many nuisances and vices are tolerated because men have not the power to abate them. Now, if in the election of your officials women had an equal voice with men, what would become of your houses of debauchery? (App.) What would become of the thousand and one snares that are tolerated openly or covertly in every great center of civilization throughout the world to-day? (App.) Why, the proprietors would have to pack up and emigrate to the moon, for they could not get a chance anywhere else. If you wish to see these hells on earth swept away, with their degrading and demoralizing consequences, then, in the name of God and humanity, give her the ballot, and a voice in your municipal administrations and say, "God bless her," and let her close these hells forever. (App.) Men will not give her the power; they know she would do this. (App.)

Now look at one little fact that we may bring before your notice. We have heard a great deal about the nobility of woman, but look on the opposite side; see how her frame, her features have been put to the basest and most degrading uses; how it has been used as the symbol of all that is vicious and demoralizing. Then can it be wondered at that sensible and pure-minded women, with souls that can feel, and hearts that can burn and throb with indignation at this degradation of their divine functions and purposes, should demand those rights and powers that would enable her at once and forever to strike out of existence these abominations, and root up these sign-posts on the road to hell? (App.) Do you wonder that women, seeing this, knowing this, and suffering all it entails, should rise up in their intelligence and strength and demand to have a hand in the making of the laws that are so vital to their interests and

happiness? Then give her a vote, send her to Congress to civilize it, or better still, turn it right out and put a new one in its place; there is one thing certain it would not be a bit worse than the present occupants.

Politically, when woman has a right to participate in the making of the laws that govern her, when woman has a right to decide upon the character of municipal administration under which she lives—and suffers, sometimes—when she has a right to make the laws that affect her labor and work, when she has a right to do something to hedge herself around with protection and safeguards, then, instead of the terrible bestiality she is sometimes the subject of, instead of the misuse she is so frequently put to by reason of her utter helplessness and lack of political power to protest against it, she will stand up as one of the units of the community exercising as much right as the besotted wretch whose vote can be bought for a glass of poison.

Citizenship and its rights are never questions of sex; right is right, whether it be man or woman who is concerned. If you are citizens of an empire, and directly or indirectly are bound by its laws, citizenship entailing the duty of election should be given to all who are concerned in the well-being of the empire in which they live. (App.)

You will remember a little over a hundred years ago what a conflict there was in this very land over the question of taxation without representation, and how you protested against it until at last your protests became a triumphant victory, and that flag, (pointing to the stars and stripes) has floated over your heads from that time to this; over a people politically free, and who repudiated the doctrine of taxation without representation. Now enfranchise the other half of your community. (App.)

Now abolish the anomaly within your own order, and where you have women taxed give them votes, or you will be guilty of the very thing you protested against by the force of arms.

This is but an application of the lesson of history; the truth must be told sometimes even if the lance goes beneath the skin.

Here, then, we have seen, the place of woman is the place of honor always; but that place of honor entails duties that go with it, for the greater the dignity the more solemn the duties that belong to the possessor of that dignity.

Now, women, may we speak to you; may we go right down into that deep heart of yours, that heart that beats tender for some one somewhere; that heart whose emotion has welled up and beamed forth in those wondrous eyes of thine, as thou hast gazed into the face of him you loved; may we go right down into that deepest heart of yours and ask you in the name of all that you treasure there, in the name of all that you reverence there, is it not your duty to live up

to the divine nature you possess? to present to the world the fairest and the best? to lay aside vanity and frivolity, jealousy and petty hatreds, and, remembering all the little lessons that the sorrowful past has taught you of the follies of life, come out in the greatness and dignity of your motherhood, and be to man not only sister, lover, wife and mother, but all these together. Your heart is deep enough, your bosom wide enough; then take to you the divinity and glory that lies in man's nature as well as in yourselves, and in thought, speech, and act, do naught that can degrade you from the lofty level whereon we try to place you.

Oh! be true to your place in the world as the other half of humankind, with all the other half's duties; with all the other half's prerogatives, with all the other half's obligations—be true to these in every case and at all times. When, if you realize this, and your high and glorious position, your power upon the generations yet to be shall be incalculable for the uplifting and purifying of human life at large. Your place is by the side of man, working with him, walking with him, thinking with him, legislating with him, and bearing the difficulties of life wheresoever and whensoever you are able. That is your place by the law of eternal justice, that says the rights of life, and the duties of life, and the joys of life are not confined to any one sex, but are the heritage of both.

When you take this, your place, then your power on the childhood of to-day shall be reflected in the humanity of the future, and the happiness and glory, the progress and development of the civilization yet to be, shall be the index manifestation of the progress, the beauty and the truthfulness of your lives to-day.

Go on then, sweet sisters, up the heights of time; leave the fair plains of fancy behind; the needs of the world say there is work to be done out in the great battlefield of human action. Do your best, and by your example, by your power, and by your influence sweep out the evils and the vices of society, and in their places plant and establish the good.

Let your voices ever be heard on the side of justice and equal rights and equal duties; let your voices resound in the councils of the nations, and the hearts of the people; let your voices be always for the true and for the good. What is exacted from you, you have a right to demand and exact from others; if men ask purity at your hands, you ask purity of them; if men demand clean living from you, you demand like things from them.

Each of you, men and women, acknowledge your mutual duties and give to others what you ask in return. Then the place of woman as helpmeet unto man, equal with him in the divine order of eternal justice, shall be recognized. And thus recognizing her place side by side with man in all these things, brothers and sisters, you will realize

truly, beyond all question, through the divine functions of motherhood, wifehood and loverhood, that in very truth the hand that rocks the cradle shapes the destiny of the world. (Applause.)

## Fiction.

Dr. Fell.

CHAPTER XVI.

"And a little child shall lead them."

We left Dr. Fell, Ethel Raymond and Eva Lynn floating at sunset among the unopened lily-buds near the mill-pond, the clouds in their social atmosphere packed away at least as securely as the dense dark mass on the western horizon.

Mr. Raymond marching silently home with long strides, was thinking how little young people, or even middle-aged ones, needed the company of an old man like himself, and feeling his loneliness far more than when engaged in his absorbing occupation of agriculture, or the equally engrossing entertainment of reading.

Little Frankie's evident liking and innocent prattle had been, however, a ray of sunshine on his path that would brighten it for many a day. A home man himself, he wondered how his neighbor, the Hon. Mr. Findlay, could absent himself so large a part of the year from his interesting family.

Had Mr. Findlay been wise enough, he would have permitted the tiny hands of his pure-minded children to lead him, and his young wife's intuition and affection to guide him, and making his stand on the home-acres, in his own vineyard, have permitted the *honorable* offices to come to him, instead of deserting his family and proving recreant to parental trust in pursuit of them. There are other infidelities than the marital; and it is one thing to serve one's country at that country's call, and another to seek its high offices for emolument or distinction.

A much-needed reform will be inaugurated in that respect when a wiser constituency requires it.

The "seer" previously quoted, said, a quarter of a century ago, "A free-born, natural child is an ineffable wonder, the flower of the human family."

So profoundly did Mrs. Findlay feel this, that she removed from the city, from old and cherished associations and privileges, for her treasures' sake, and so watchfully did she guard them, doing double duty, that she never left home without them. The father, whose duty it was to be watch and ward, had flown to a distant metropolis to meet a chattering conclave of other male deserters, who were contending for precedence in the fall flight to the National Capital—a more genial climate, which too many of them did not propose to share with the inmates of

their homes, but left them to the rude, desolate blast of the winter winds and possibly to the tender mercies of some stray, prowling wolf.

The thoughtful, gray-haired, middle-aged Mr. Carey was not such a one, however. A genuine admiration mingled with a sincere sympathy for mother and little ones, led him to acts of courtesy and kindness. Mrs. Findlay appreciated his thoughtful attention in not leaving her side at the earliest possible moment, and thanked him heartily at the threshold of her own door.

Mr. Carey had buried wife and son, but felt so assured of their continued existence in that "better land," that he lived as if in their presence. Restless, from the lack of home-ties, he had become something of a wanderer. What mattered it to the lone man where the night overtook him or the sunrise found him; to his faithful nature the world was now a wilderness, it was no longer his home, only a sojourning place where he would kindly greet and freely help every needy traveller or wayfarer, who, like himself, lacked something for complete content.

Dr. Fell, feeling that the clouds were dispersed, and the sun, shining again benignantly, was in his gayest mood, a natural reaction from the unwonted depression of a few hours previous.

Eva's youthful spirits had also risen, and feeling less awe of the Doctor, seeing him subject to like misunderstandings and mishaps as the rest of mankind, said suddenly as she sat idling with the oar:

"Dr. Fell, I gave the same version of that affair of the 'Communication' in the *Banner*, and your repetition of it, to Uncle and Ethel, that you did this afternoon."

"Ah!" he said, glancing up quickly, with that darkening of the iris that indicated intense or angry thought, directing his gaze at Ethel a little suspiciously.

"I believe you were not present, Miss Lynn; Miss Raymond must have reported me."

"Doctor," Ethel felt called upon to reply rather deprecatingly, "the address impressed me, and I pencilled my recollections of it upon my return, for the benefit of father and Eva; when quite to my surprise it was discovered in the *Banner*."

"And you, Miss Lynn, found a solution of the seeming inconsistency?" in a gratified tone.

"I remembered the phenomenon of the reading of sealed letters, and believed it a parallel case of thought transference."

"I was fortunate in having so able an advocate," said Dr. Fell, pleased to discover Eva's knowledge and sympathy in the case.

"Yours is a wonderful philosophy," continued Eva, "and I wish to know more of it."

"Seek and ye shall find," quoted the Doctor.

"That is what I would like to do," musingly, as if the way were beset with difficulties.

"You will find many drawbacks, and much that is perplexing; if not absolutely disagreeable, at least quite disenchanting."

"Is not that the case in almost every pursuit?"

"Of knowledge under difficulties, yes; and this pre-eminently so, as it is the philosophy, or science of inter-communication between two contiguous but wholly different spheres of being."

"That is the charm of it," said Eva lightly, "the greater the obscurity the more fascinating the pursuit."

"You are quite courageous," commented Dr. Fell.

"O, I do not know, I have been bidden to 'beware' you will remember."

"That may mean little or much, according as it was possible to manifest their meaning."

"Is not that your opinion, Miss Raymond?" questioned the Doctor of Ethel, who had sat silently steering the little boat, which had been turned homeward during this brief colloquy, and they were now rowing upstream, Eva making long, graceful strokes, with her slender arms, whose open sleeves fell away from their gleaming whiteness, at the little flutter of breeze created by each stroke.

The contrast between her fairy-like appearance, all in gossamer white, and that of the pair in black would have caused a looker-on from a distance to imagine that a phantom-form or guardian spirit had dropped down between the two.

Ethel replied: "I feel utterly incompetent to decide, Dr. Fell, yet I am profoundly interested."

"Perhaps you are reminded of the adage, that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread,'" he replied humorously.

"Not exactly, as angels do appear to tread the unseen pathway of communication."

By this they had reached the landing point, and assisting them ashore, as Dr. Fell turned to recross the stream where Mr. Carey was strollingly waiting, he raised his hat, saying impressively, "May we three meet again!" bowed and departed.

The twain waited upon the bank of the stream until the voyagers of a day were embarked again, when they waved an adieu, and turned up the woodland path. The last red rays of the sun had departed; yet its glow shone above the peak of the mountain like cloud in the west, toward which Eva turned for a last look, as they emerged from the grove and entered the meadow path; for she never wearied of the varied brilliancy of sunsets amid country scenery.

The silence more expressive than speech had reigned between them, till out in the open meadow Ethel seemed recalled to herself, and pausing, exclaimed, "I have forgotten to deliver that note."

"That is fortunate," laughed Eva.

"Fortunate?" questioned Ethel, who was not easily turned from what she considered a prudent decision.

"Did I not say that I wished to know more of this matter?" answered Eva.

"There are other ways of learning than by circles."

"Perhaps so;" said Eva, thinking of her solitary hour in the grove, and what came of it; something she had not imparted to Ethel yet; it would be soon enough when her poem was published. But she added—

"This is the only opportunity I shall have for the experience of private circles."

"O, if you still desire it, of course," said Ethel.

"Will you give me that formidable note?" Eva asked, holding out one white hand.

When Ethel had drawn it from her pocket and placed it therein with the other, Eva, without glancing at it tore it into tiny bits, and scattered them among the clover.

"Thus I relieve your sensitive conscience of all responsibility," she said gaily.

"Very well," Ethel replied, "as you said at first, you are now old enough to learn to judge for yourself."

When they entered the dwelling they found Mr. Raymond sitting in the twilight, apparently in a meditative mood.

"Why so pensive uncle?" said Eva, placing her light hand upon his shoulder, as she was about to pass him.

"I was concocting a scheme," he replied vaguely. "More schemes!" she exclaimed. "Am I involved therein?" "Of course," he replied. "I am getting up this one chiefly on your account."

"Is it a secret?" Eva inquired.

"At present; I will let you know all in good time."

"I wonder what project father has on hand now?" remarked Ethel, as they passed into the hall to lay aside their hats.

Absorbed in conversation with Mrs. Findlay at the time, they had not heard little Frankie's prattle, or the "bargain" that Mr. Raymond had made with him.

Eva, however, replied that "Uncle is always kindly planning something for my entertainment; a ride perhaps for tomorrow."

But the morrow brought the first rainy day of her visit. There were leaden skies on the Sunday morning as if they had been beaten out with a goldsmith's hammer from the dense black mountain of them on the western horizon the evening before.

The robins had "gleaned" the cherry-trees the morning previous, and now sought shelter in the grove, songless, as became a Puritan Sabbath; but the rain dripped, dripped, in incessant monotone all the day long.

At the breakfast-table Eva asked, "Doesn't this spoil your scheme, uncle?"

"O, no," he replied mysteriously, "it will keep for some time yet."

(To be continued.)

## Original Contributions.

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

### Water Lilies.

Born in beds of slimy darkness,  
Mid the crudest, foulest things;  
Yet life's upward reaching spirit,  
You to richest beauty brings;  
Graceful, peaceful blossoms, floating  
Like white stars within the sky  
Of the blue-tinged dreamy waters,  
Which on earth's warm bosom lie.

Golden stamens steeped in fragrance,  
Set in petaled leaves of snow,  
Through whose waxen bloom, unsullied,  
Subtle, soft, subdued lights glow;  
You from Flora's laboratory,  
Took the finest elements  
To weave your exquisite raiment,  
Which entrances sight and sense.

Innocent and yet so regal,  
Lake and pond own you as Queen—  
Bride of summer gazing Heavenward—  
Through a veil of dewy sheen;  
Are you here on earth contented  
Where your equal is so rare?  
Did God from above transplant you  
That of Paradisal air

You might waft a breath to mortals,  
Give us just the faintest sign  
Of the wonderful creations  
Possible with powers divine?  
Flow'rs of fairy-like enchantment,  
Casting o'er my soul a spell,  
Hushing on my lips the language  
Which in rhymes your praise would tell,

In mute, timid adoration  
At your beauty-shrine I bow,  
While your chalices, half hidden,  
Sweetest incense o'er me throw;  
Till in visioned dreams I wander  
Through ecstatic scenes of bliss,  
Where a thousand pearly lilies  
Shining sheets of water kiss.

EOLIA.

### Of Interest to Metaphysicians.

BY DR. CORA ELLISON.

So much is being said pro and con in regard to metaphysics, that I venture a few remarks. In a late issue of the *Chicago Express* there appeared an article from the pen of an enthusiastic writer, who went so far as to say that no one ever died under metaphysical treatment! Knowing this to be false, and in view of the wrong impressions these so-called "Scientists" are flooding the world with, also the dishonesty in their ranks, I can no longer keep silent, and trust you will give this article a place in your columns. I, for one, lost "my one ewe lamb" with a metaphysician standing beside her, denying sickness and even death,



until after the breath left her little quivering, suffering body. The writer referred to *knew* this, but had probably forgotten it. One of the strongest advocates of the Mind Cure in San Francisco sickened and died under their methods. Another's father died in spite of the son's faith and mental efforts in his behalf; this son had devoted his talent and time freely to help a suffering world. The month of June just past chronicled the death at Kansas City, Mo., of a lady whose arm had been sprained, and who had employed some metaphysicians of the "Christian" science school, and died under their treatment. These, Mrs. Edith, are a few of the facts which I happen to be conversant with. I am thoroughly disgusted with the misrepresentations and dishonest one-sided statements made in their journals, and by nearly all their writers; and also with their attempts to do the impossible in the name of Jesus, with whom many of them have not the slightest kinship. For instance, one of them attempted to cure an idiot. Think of it! Of course she failed. While in Chicago recently I related this circumstance to one of the "Science" advocates when she said, "Well, you must remember the "Science" don't admit of a failure." "No," said I, "but *makes* failures all the same." I know a lady well who patiently sat through course after course of their lectures, and paid them hundreds of dollars to be healed, and at last was told that it was "innate evil" on her part that prevented the cure, and this too, when they deny evil! They also deny disease, yet publish in their journals accounts of persons being healed of certain diseases! "There is no matter, all is mind," and yet they want hard cash, and that in abundance for what they do, and why? Simply to purchase material benefits. One of these "Christian Science" healers took for a patient a young man destitute of means, and agreed to cure him gratis, but said in case he was ever financially able to meet the expense, he might remunerate her. She gave him eight treatments and dismissed him no better than when he commenced. After he had been at home less than a month she sent his bill and told him all that stood between him and health now was, that he was holding the debt in his mind—to pay it and he would recover. Does any sane person fail to understand this?

One of the leading teachers recently said in a lecture in San Francisco, Cal., that she "could breathe carbonic acid gas and live on just the same, or could swallow carbonic acid and remain uninjured."

I will venture that this same woman would not accept a proposition made some three years ago, (and still is open), to swallow a mild dose of homœopathic medicine and by the power of mind stop its action. In correspondence, about one year ago, with the principal of a "Christian Science School," that lady ignored the healing effects

of the sun, pure air, and the freedom of the body, by saying, "One can lace in tight corsets if they wish, can live anywhere under any circumstances, if they are only in this 'Science.'" This same teacher said in reply to the question, "Why is not magnetism as good as metaphysics in healing the sick?" "Because the healer soon takes the disease of the patient and dies." How is this, when they assert that there is no disease and no death?

She also refused to go and save a dying woman, and said by way of excuse, "God does not allow us to make test cases." She further said, when importuned by a student to give them a demonstration in the class, "Jesus was taken up into a high mountain and tempted of the devil forty days and forty nights," thereby exalting herself to his fame and position. Nor is she alone; hundreds of them claim to be the anointed ones—the Christs—from Mrs. Eddy of Boston, to the most ignorant in their ranks.

There is one, I am informed, who claims that he will not die, but will become etheralized, and his body be divided among his followers (see July number of *Mental Science Journal*). Truly the spirit of anti-Christ is abroad in the land. Let them who *will* help to crucify it; let us not be led as the blind, by the blind.

All medical journals will publish both cures and failures; all magnetic healers admit their failures as well as cures; but these "Christian Science" organs, only their cures, which are less than one-half true. Let us insist upon honesty. Let us publish their failures for them, until honesty is compulsory regarding their success or failure.

Let no reader suppose that I write this through prejudice; or that I deny the principles of mental cure—or spirit cure, as I deem it. Not so, for nearly four years I have investigated its claims, spending time and money without stint for that purpose. I find therein a principle of truth, but that it embodies *all* the truth I deny. It cures in some cases and fails in many more.

Its philosophy has more rotten planks than sound ones. Now I would that all that is true in metaphysics may live; also that it recognize *all* truth. Truth is a mighty word, high as heaven, and broad as the universe; not a system exists or ever shall exist that is not a factor in it. God's voice is calling us to-day, he speaks to us lovingly, but does not tell us all the same thing; he directs one into one field of labor, and another into another field, for they must all be sown, reaped, and garnered, and when all come "bringing in the sheaves" they have gathered, I feel sure the great Father will find beauty and perfection in them all. No grain of truth, however small, shall perish. Say not to me, Lo! here, or Lo! there is the truth, for know ye that in spirit there is none higher, and there is none lower, for *all* are of God, and God is truth.

### Is It Wise?

BY DR. C. C. PEET.

Is it wise to petition the exalted intelligences of the highest spheres to come and pour into our minds the floods of wisdom and inspiration which enriches their natures? Could we comprehend the vast scope of their minds, and the far-reaching perceptions of their souls if they should?

What would be thought of the wisdom of that mind that sought to teach the infant Abcdarian the higher branches of mathematics before it had even learned the value of the simplest numbers? What would it know of the forty-seventh problem of Euclid after it had been fully explained to it? Simply nothing! It would be time thrown away for naught, and the effort of both would be lost in vain and fruitless endeavor. We are but little children in intellect, and should ask for those things that we are most in need of now, that are within the range of our powers to grasp, and that will benefit and bless ourselves and those around us most.

We must not seek to bound from the dawning Alpha of comprehension to the golden-crowned Omega of wisdom at once. Each letter and character must be understood in their order as we go along; the experiences of each hour in the day-school of being are essential to the unfoldment of individualized power within, and must be earned by honest, earnest effort to secure that exalted and ennobling freedom which the soul craves. Whoever begs for that which they have ability to earn, prove themselves unworthy of the boon they crave, and should meet with prompt and absolute refusal. We should no more beg of the angels than of mortals. Physical labor is good for the growth, strength, health and happiness of our bodies; so is mental effort for our minds and spiritual effort for our souls. The great round drops of perspiration that are brought to the broad, white brows of our selfhood, by the performance of unselfish duties will enrich us here and in the future more than all that celestial spheres could bestow upon us as vagrant suppliants asking alms, that if given would be like jewels in the snouts of swine. We are all spiritual infants just entering the primary department of individualized being, in the great school of experience. When we have made the necessary advancement we will be promoted to the intermediate, and from thence to the high grammar department, where the language of the divine life will be taught, and thoughts shall flow in rythmical numbers from our souls, as they now do from those ancient minds that once inhabited earth, but now have ascended the ladder of unfoldment, until their intuitions illuminate and robe them in the beautiful garments of truth and immortality.

Let us aspire to be something more than

the mere mouthpieces of other intelligences, let us be men and women on the basis of individual worth and merit. Let us cease to be the parrots that have only power to repeat what some other mind has manufactured, the echo and sounding-boards of others.

Let us be men and women in the highest, noblest and truest sense, unfolding fountains that boil and bubble with eternal truth. Let the illuminating powers of the soul shine forth, haloing all within, beneath, above, and around. Then will we be justly and worthily honored by the exalted of the upper world, and their benign benedictions will fall as gently as the refreshing dews of heaven upon us; and silver winged harmony will bear to our spirits the melodious anthems that are chorused on the golden shores of celestial life by heaven's sweetest choristers.

### The Higher Phases of Mediumship.

BY N. F. RAVLIN.

The near future will witness wonderful manifestations of spirit power through mediumistic channels, but many of the phases will differ widely from the old regime of physical tests.

Those were the alphabet of Spiritualism, but the coming phases will construct the idiom and develop the language of occult science. We recognize, of course, the importance of first principles and elementary commencements, but it will not do to stop here. Sitting still and wondering at the marvelous manifestations of physical phenomena will never construct the spiritual house in which we are to live in the spirit world. The development of the latent spiritual forces that lie concealed in the nature of man is of vaster moment than the gratifying of idle curiosity in forever witnessing physical "tests" that effect no change in the moral character or life of the individual.

He who dwells only within the realm of his five senses, and to whom the sixth sense has never been opened, knows absolutely nothing of the realisms experienced within the arcana of the esoteric world, nor can he appreciate the type of evidence that not only carries conviction to the mind, and lays the jasper foundation upon which rests the knowledge of a future life, but which rears its walls, paves its streets with gold and hangs its gates of pearl, as well. There can be no testimony concerning the immortal destiny of man, affording stronger or more unimpeachable evidence, than a knowledge of the "Soul of things" found in the higher development of his spiritual nature.

Physical manifestations lie at the threshold of the boundless realm of spirit, and not until one passes that confine on his journey toward that which lies within, can he have any adequate conception of the lofty grandeur

of the soul's possibilities, or the infinite heights to which it may ascend in its contemplations of the Absolute and the Eternal.

He has left the nursery of physical research and the science of the occult forces has given him the key that unlocks and brings to view the effulgent glories of the esoteric, waking him to the consciousness that the soul's capacities are vaster than the material universe itself.

The spiritual germ lies deeply hidden in the dual constitution of man, and like all other seeds it expands outward. The law of growth is from the internal to the external, from the concealed motives of the heart to the outward actions of the life, from the centre toward the circumference, and not *visa versa*.

The first phases of mediumship being physical, appealed to the organs of sense in the external man.

Physical phenomena are to Spiritualism what the ceremonial law of Moses, with its diverse carnal ordinances was to Judaism, or the externals of the church to Christianity. Neither have any power inherent in themselves to develop spirituality. It is only as they appeal through the external to the inner consciousness of the soul that they are of any use. It is a fearful mistake to suppose that any type of religion, or philosophy, or phenomena are of any special use or value, when they fail to educate man's spiritual nature. The real man is a spirit, and if his spiritual nature is neglected he suffers an irreparable loss. No more egregious blunder was ever committed than for people claiming to be Spiritualists to scorn everything spiritual, and ignore every means calculated to develop the divine qualities of the soul. As the spiritual nature in man is unfolded, he begins to recognize himself in his true relations to the other world, until finally the shadowy form of materiality vanishes altogether and with it all that appertained to mere external phenomena.

Hence the phases of mediumship must change as man progresses in spirituality, and in the normal unfoldment of his moral nature. He who is not beyond the necessity of "tests" given through physical phenomena, and who has no aspirations above and beyond what his eyes can see, his ears hear, or his hands can handle, is a spiritualized fossil, and knows nothing of spiritual growth.

By growth we progress out of those conditions, and we reach the realms of scientific knowledge and spiritual enlightenment. Higher gifts of mediumship are required to minister to us the much-needed spiritual nourishment which our changed conditions demand. The higher gifts of mediumship will necessitate a more cultured and spiritual class of mediums. There is as much depending upon the material out of which a musical instrument is constructed, as upon the scientific manner of its construction, and both are governed by the use it is to serve.

It is impossible to produce the melodious sounds of the violin or harp upon the base drum; and it is equally impossible to serve the purpose of the drum with the violin or harp. Each in its place serves an important use, and the nature of that use governs the selection of the material and the construction of the instrument. The higher the use, and the more intricate the mechanism, the finer must be the quality of the material used in its construction. So in the selection of sensitive organisms by the spirit world, not only will those be chosen whom they can use, but such as have attained a higher degree of mental and spiritual culture themselves.

A message may be transmitted through the medium of a rusty iron wire, but a golden one is better.

Mediums for the higher phases of spiritual phenomena must themselves receive both intellectual and spiritual culture, be conversant with letters, and have an extensive acquaintance with men and things generally. The better educated they are, and the higher the type of their spiritual unfoldment, the more readily can spirits from the more exalted spheres communicate through their organism, and the more convincing will be the manifestations of spiritual power, and the more readily will one be able to recognize the style of the spirit communicating. For instance, should Lord Bacon or Wm. Shakespeare, or any other exalted character wish to communicate with the material world, they would choose an instrument which they could use in such a manner as not only to enable the people of earth to recognize their familiar style of thought, but they would see to it that the literary merits of the communication did not fall below their earthly standard. If it is urged that they must establish connection with the earth plane, and of necessity must use such instruments as are available for the purpose, then so much more imperative the need of a higher, better educated, more intelligent and spiritual class of mediums. We say this, not to blame or censure the true, honest, physical mediums, for their work as we have said above, lies at the very foundation of occult science, and is the only school, so far, in which a skeptical world or an unbelieving church can come to the *knowledge* of immortality. We do not underrate this phase of phenomena, and in speaking of the higher gifts of mediumship we speak of them in the sense we speak of the higher branches of learning, and the more advanced grades of education. The instructor who teaches a primary school is just as necessary and is doing a work equally as important as one who instructs in the higher branches of learning; but it would be folly to expect the primary teacher to do the work of the ripe scholar. So merely physical test mediums cannot be expected to do the work of instructing, guiding and spiritualizing those who have long since graduated from

the primary school of occult science, who no longer need to be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, but who have great need to be educated in spiritual things, and fitted for the higher spheres of the spirit world. To do this work mediums are being constantly developed by the occult powers, and hence a more spiritual type of Spiritualism is being made manifest. It is working in the churches like leaven, and soon the whole lump of theology will be permeated with the leaven of liberal thought and spiritual philosophy.

It is needless to undertake to specify what new gifts of mediumship the future will bring to light. We cannot limit the powers of the unseen world nor estimate the extent of the resources at their command. Unquestionably the musical phase of mediumship will play an important part in the grand spiritual work of the coming years, and although there may be coupled with it physical manifestations, yet they will be incidental, and not simply for tests to skeptical investigators. The world-renowned musical medium Jesse Shepard, a literary as well as musical genius, demonstrates what the spirit world can do in this regard; and what they have already done through him, evidences what they are able to accomplish through others in the coming years. It is a well known fact that many independent spirit voices are heard in his seances, and not unfrequently do they sing, when every mortal in the circle is silent.

Music is an important factor in every church service, and in every spiritual seance, and the time is near at hand when in them all, independent spirit voices will be heard mingling in the songs of mortals, and a multitude of the heavenly host will make themselves openly manifest to the religious assemblies of earth. The long, painful silence of supposed death will be broken at last, and every doubt that man lives again, crowded with the wealth of everlasting years, will be effectually dispelled from the human mind forever.

San Diego, July 1, 1887.

## Selected Articles.

### Pilgrim Pencilings.

BY J. J. MORSE.

[Feeling sure our Californian readers would like to know something of the scope and character of the work of our English visitor, J. J. Morse, in the Eastern States during the past twelve months, we reprint the following excellent letter he lately contributed to the *Banner of Light*, the perusal of which will no doubt interest his many friends in this city and State. Ed. C. D.]

Abundant experience has proven that if one desires a particular matter to reach the entire body of Spiritualists in the United

States—and a very numerous majority beyond their boundaries—no better vehicle exists than the veteran and breezy *Banner of Light*. Its newsy columns, its interesting contributions, its record of phenomena, and its value in general to those who, like the writer, must keep posted on matters and things, make it a prime necessity in our periodical literature. And this implies no disparagement of any other journals, all excellent in their ways, and all deserving the writer's grateful thanks for help and encouragement extended to him for upward of eighteen years now past. Bearing all above points in mind, the Pilgrim again turns to your pages, Mr. Editor, to jot down a few more "Pencilings," in answer to the questions pouring in upon him continually from all parts of this land, from England, Australia, New Zealand, and other British possessions; for he knows your paper travels to all such places, and will meet the eyes of his numerous friends therein resident.

Early in October last your columns contained the previous contribution under this heading, and the time since has passed "like a midsummer's dream," so pleasing have been the months and their incidents. So many loving hearts have twined their loves around his family and himself, that in very truth it will be more than hard to leave these shores when the wise and unseen directors of our pilgrimage bid us homeward turn.

During the months of October, December, and February last, the Pilgrim's labors were in Grand Opera House Hall, New York City, under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, presided over by that noble and earnest-minded gentleman, Henry J. Newton. Very excellent audiences assembled, and the labors of the control were of such a nature as to—according to reports in private and in public—help our work very greatly. The scene on the closing Sunday evening was quite affecting in the warmth and evident emotion characterizing the farewells to the Pilgrim, his household and his control. Mrs. M. A. Newton, is, as all know, an efficient and devoted coadjutor as Secretary, and we are under many grateful obligations for numerous social courtesies that Mr. and Mrs. Newton have extended us during our labors in the metropolis during the five months in all thereof; while a truly deserved word of thanks is due our good friend, Mr. John Franklin Clark, for the public records he has made of the results achieved by my beloved inspirers. Many others deserve acknowledgments herein—Mr. and Mrs. Maynard of White Plains, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbun of Mount Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lovell, and Mrs. Hester M. Poole, Mrs. Hindley—the well-known medium—all of New York City, and many more there are whose names lack of space alone precludes mention of, but to all our warmest thanks

are tendered here. We will meet you all once again, good souls, ere we bid farewell to this great land of hopeful promise.

The months of November and January were devoted to work at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose genial proprietor, Bro. W. J. Rand, does all that can be done to make the meetings a source of pleasure to all attending his clean and handsome hall; while Bro. Jeffreys, acting as President, brings a smiling face and a genial influence to his task that are wonderfully inspiring to the occupants of desk and seats alike. The meetings were large, enthusiastic, and financially successful—so, therefore, pleasing to all concerned. The Pilgrim has pitched his tent for eleven months, in all, in the City of Churches, in the same quarters all the time, making some true and abiding friendships while there; and helping onward the tide of a sensible and rational thought connected with our beautiful gospel. As among those ever to be remembered with feelings of deepest regard are that great-hearted and earnest-souled brother—now ascended—S. B. Nichols, his sweet-natured wife and brightly active daughter; Judge A. H. Dailey and Mrs. Dailey—royal souls both, whose friendship is a prize worth having—may the angels bless them; Mr. Frederick Haslam, Mr. George W. Close, Dr. Owen E. Houghton, and his good wife, with others who crowd before the mind's eye as inspiring memories of sweetness and pleasure that will remain as long as life endures. Complimentary resolutions were passed alike in this city and the metropolis across the river at the close of the Pilgrim's labors, and the only hope he has is, that some day their subject may be able to feel himself worthy of all the good things said of him.

Twelve years is a lapse of time more than long enough to be forgotten in, yet, though that period had elapsed since the Pilgrim's previous appearance in Philadelphia, there was no sort of sign that he had been forgotten in the meanwhile. The welcome could not have been warmer, the audiences could not have been larger unless they had stood on one another's heads! and the visit could not have been more pleasant. Part of the time was spent with Bro. Winner, an old and indefatigable worker, with whom and his motherly-natured wife a pleasant and comfortable visit was spent. It was here that Mrs. Sarah Patterson, the slate-writer—than whom the Pilgrim has not yet seen better—was staying at the time of her utterly unjust persecution, resulting in her being fined one hundred dollars for advising a man to poultice his eyes! the medical society securing her conviction for *practicing medicine without a license!* Verily, all the bigots are not in surplices.

The remainder of the visit was spent at the comfortable and elegant home of Mr. W. H. Jones, whose large-hearted liberality

in aiding the financial work of the First Society in Philadelphia, and the great undertaking involved in the Parkland estate and Camp-meeting, entitle him to every praise—to him and to his warm-hearted wife and cultured daughter we owe many thanks. The Pilgrim and Pilgrimesse participated in the anniversary celebration, at which, and during his engagement, he saw the largest and best sustained meetings outside of Camp-meetings, and his services in Boston, that he had then observed; the evening audiences running up to between seven and eight hundred people. The Pilgrim left under a solemn promise to return again, which promise he will surely keep, for he has never failed to keep a public engagement in all the eighteen years of his public life.

From thence on to the nation's capital, Washington, D. C.; arriving on a cold evening and finding that snow and slush covered the streets; leaving a month later, when the sun was roasting, the trees all budding in emerald verdure, and the beauty of May coyly stepping forth from the water caves of April.

Large audiences in the morning, hall crowded at night, weekly receptions filled to overflowing, invitations to dinners, receptions, etc., more than could be attended, combined with an exploration of some twenty of the public departments, in the interests of "the young tourist," as the Pilgrim's daughter has been called, involving the ascent alike of the Capitol and Washington Monument—all these matters tended to so rapidly consume the time that the month ran away almost before we felt it had fairly begun. The good friends, the Stienbergs, the Edsons, the Clendaniels, Bros. Higbee and Benton, our old friend, Geo. A. Bacon, Capt. and Mrs. Cabell, with others, are all thanked for more than kind attentions; while the closing reception, with its handsome testimonial of a Masonic jewel of rare beauty and value, and the wealth of loving sentiments showered upon the Pilgrim, his controls and his family, will ever be remembered as among the richest of his mental treasures.

In due course Cleveland, O., was reached; where, under the arrangements of that veteran worker and genial gentleman, Bro. Thos. Lees, good work was done on two Sundays in Memorial Hall, and during the two weeks of stay in private parlors. Our stay in the Garden City was made most pleasant, and the hospitable favors of Mrs. Oviat, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Moss, and Mrs. Lathrop are all duly treasured as pleasant memories. Very pleasant calls were made on Mr. and Mrs. Wade, the eminent banker and his wife, also on a relative of Mrs. Richmond, and a number of other eminent and earnest Spiritualists, all being glad to see the visitor from afar. One shade, however, fell upon our visit, from the utterly

unexpected and quite sudden translation to the higher life of the eldest daughter of Bro. Lees. We owe Bro. Lees a wealth of thanks for all his kind attentions, and trust that the sympathies of friends and the consoling facts of our philosophy will help him to bear the trial a parent ever feels in losing the outward presence of a beloved child.

A brief visit to Willoughby, spent at the charming country home of our good friend E. W. Bond, gave us a whiff of pure country air—sadly needed after two weeks of Cleveland's dreadful smoke—and enabled the family to see a model town, the Pilgrim to visit the Garfield homestead, and the controls to deliver an address to a large and highly appreciative audience. Brother and Sister Bond are among the true salt of the earth, and the Pilgrim and Pilgrimesse are proud to know them.

Fifteen hours of rattle, roll and rumble, through the dark of night, past Bro. French's little town on toward Lake Michigan, losing the sense of motion in snatches of sleep as "the sleepers in the sleeper" sped on, until at last Chicago, the wonder of the West, enfolded us in its embrace. One almost imagines London has dropped a piece off, dumping it there on the prairies, so much like London bustle, building, enterprise, push and smoke is it all. Immense parks, huge buildings, a splendid system of horse and cable cars, magnificent stores, an opportunity for almost illimitable growth; Chicago is truly the Queen of the West, and may ultimately prove a more than rival to the cities of the East. The stay of the Pilgrims was limited, but with true British tenacity they saw all that could be seen "until wearied feet could no longer crawl." An item in your columns gave a passing notice of the two splendid meetings the controls addressed, but at this date all that need be said is: the audience was representative, eminently cultured and respectable, the hall was splendidly attended, and the proceedings full of practical value. The "Young People's Association" were the parties responsible for the meetings, Mr. Coverdale, their President, presiding with true dignity and efficiency.

Our hostess, Mrs. Perry, and her every way worthy son, could not possibly have done more to make our stay pleasant beyond description. From our warm welcome on arrival, to the hearty "God bless you all," and the well-filled lunch baskets handed to us on our departure, it was a long round of hospitable kindness, the like of which wipes out the sting of toil and travel. Col. J. C. and Mrs. Bundy were also extremely kind and personally attentive to us, for which they have our grateful thanks.

Then followed our ride of two thousand three hundred and twenty-six miles—Chicago to San Francisco—the details of which must needs be held over until a future time.

Suffice it now to say we arrived here safe and sound on Saturday, May 28, having been met at Port Costa, thirty miles up the road, by a delegation from the State Camp-Meeting Association—consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Eliot, Mr. Clark, Mr. G. H. Hawes, and Mrs. Elsworth. My many friends east will be glad to know that my advent here has been a complete success. Very flattering and quite extensive reports have been given in the *Examiner*, *Chronicle* and *Call* of San Francisco, and the *Enquirer*, *Times* and *Tribune* of Oakland. The Pilgrim is informed that his controls have thus received a public recognition which the press here has not hitherto extended to spiritual lecturers, but happily the exceptional of the past is the rule of to-day here. The Pilgrim attended the lecture of his old-time friend, Prof. A. R. Wallace, and was much delighted to hear that able man and deep thinker pay a pleasing tribute to his control—which was duly reported in full as published in the *CARRIER DOVE*, *Golden Gate*, and the *Banner of Light*.

The Pilgrim wishes the *Banner* every success, and trusts that its faithful zeal and earnest work may continue to win troops of friends, for its great aim is to help the angels in their work for the uplifting of humanity to the highest life. To this end, good friends, let us all unite and help it as far as each is able.

331 Turk Street, San Francisco, Cal.

### 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, 1877.

The time is coming when men will not suffer wrong conditions to exist simply because their ancestors suffered worse.

# THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editress

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PUBLISHERS.

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# THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AUG. 6, 1887.

## A Spirit Home.

(See Illustration.)

This beautiful picture which adorns the present issue of the DOVE, was engraved by Mrs. Allie Livingstone under control of her spirit guides. It is a lithograph engraving as are nearly all of our illustrations. The greatest test and most remarkable part of this work is that it was a free-hand drawing on a lithographic stone, and our artist, Mr. Kipps, considers it a well-executed work considering the difficulties which the spirits must have had to overcome in making a drawing of this kind through a medium wholly unacquainted with such work. During the sitting we had with Mrs. Livingstone for the purpose of getting a description of this scene, our spirit daughter came and told us it was a home where spirit children were taught. She said: "Mamma, we do not need oars or sails to move our boats, for they just go where we wish them to." She said it was herself represented in the boat with her lap full of flowers which she had been gathering on the margin of the

beautiful little lake. The trees, as will be seen in the picture, are covered with vines whose bright blossoms, mingled with the perfect green foliage, form a most delightful contrast, and are lovely beyond description. In this beautiful home children receive instruction, but not as in the schools in this world through the tedious process of studying books. The surroundings of this home are expressive of harmony and beauty, and is no doubt one of the "many mansions" where dwell the little ones whose innocence and purity symbolize the kingdom of heaven. We know our readers will appreciate this effort on the part of the dear invisible friends to portray, if but feebly, something of the grandeur and beauty of the homes "over there" which await us all a little later on if we but improve the present by building wisely and well.

## 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.

## The "Temple" Services.

We are pleased to note that the interest in the meetings at Metropolitan Temple continues unabated, notwithstanding the other attractions, which it might be supposed would have somewhat interfered with the usual large attendance. That such was not the case shows conclusively that people are beginning to *think* and consequently must go where they receive food for thought, which is ably and abundantly dispensed by the spirit controls of J. J. Morse.

We regret not having a review of the lecture "The Future Life—Its Ethics," which was the second of the series of three discourses delivered during the past three weeks. From the many favorable comments

we have heard, it must have been exceedingly instructive. To-morrow, Sunday morning, and evening, the control will answer questions from the audience.

## J. J. Morse's Classes.

### CHANGE OF MEETING PLACE.

In consequence of the great numbers that have joined Mr. Morse's classes, the accommodations at the Palace Hotel have proved entirely insufficient. To meet the great demand for increased room the class has been transferred to GOLDEN GATE HALL, in the Alcazar Building, O'Farrell St., San Francisco, in which handsome and spacious chamber every accommodation will be provided. Mr. Morse's class numbers nearly one hundred each evening. It commences at 8 P.M. sharp, each Monday and Friday. The next course commences on Monday, September 5th, at the same place. Seats can now be secured at our office, or of J. J. Morse.

## The Progressive Spiritualists.

This society will continue its regular Sunday afternoon meetings at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy Street, as usual. At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors, the Hon. John A. Collins was elected chairman, to preside over the meetings during the absence of the president, H. C. Wilson. Last Sunday, Mrs. Sarah A. Harris of Berkeley, occupied the platform and answered questions from the audience in a very acceptable and satisfactory manner. Good speakers are always present, who unite in amicably discussing the live issues of the day of which Spiritualism is the highest exponent. A free spiritual library is open to all.

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

There is an intellectual strength and originality about all that comes through J. J. Morse which is eminently refreshing after the weary floods of inconsequent bombast that we have had to listen to in so-called "classes" during many months past. The DOVE attended the opening lessons of a course of twelve now being held by Mr. Morse, and was agreeably surprised at the matter presented and the large company—over seventy—that was present.

The matter was decidedly original in

many points, as was the plan of the lessons that Mr. Morse announced. He terms his teaching—which he says has come to him from his guides, and we believe it—"Psycho-Psychological Science," basing it upon the facts and structure of man's physical, mental and spiritual organization. At the initial lessons a variety of accurate and interesting information concerning the human structure was presented, which disclosed an evident practical familiarity therewith. A vein of refined philosophy ran through all that was said, and the most breathless attention was paid to every word. Mr. Morse deals with the very *how* of things, showing that all life and being are concentrated and individualized in ourselves. He is leading the class on step by step to a true knowledge of our physical, mental and spiritual powers—and showing how such may be used by us in this life, normally and naturally.

An entirely novel and very useful feature of these lessons is the use of some large and very fine diagrams, wherein the system is worked out into a rational formula. These diagrams, as well as the lessons, are all received by Mr. Morse from his control, and we certainly must say the teachings are greatly beyond anything of the kind ever given in this city before.

Not the least pleasing feature about these classes is the fact that Mr. Morse is personally free from all undesirable eccentricities of character or manner, and does not repel intelligent Spiritualists by advancing claims for his controls that we have heard advanced on behalf of others with infinitely less reason to support them.

We are glad to know that the applications to join the class have been in excess of the accommodation provided, but Mr. Morse will establish a second series as soon as the present is concluded, which will be on Friday, August 26. The new one will start the first week in September. If we might offer Mr. Morse a suggestion we would urge upon him to start at once an afternoon class for ladies. Several of our friends have expressed a wish to us in the above direction. No doubt Mr. Morse would do so if sufficient inducement was forthcoming.

We recommend our readers to sustain Mr. Morse, as he is a credit to our work and cause.

### "Impersonal Journalism."

"It is often said that the days of personal journalism are over. The meaning intended is that, whereas once the personality of the editor was plainly impressed upon his journal, now his identity is generally lost in that of his paper. Once it was Franklin, Bennett, Greene or Greeley who spoke; now the newspaper is the aggregate result of the joint daily labors of many minds, whose particular share the reader does not concern himself to determine, even if he knows any of the co-workers by name. The news and movements of the day also have a prominence in the live newspaper which prevents any overshadowing importance of mere editorial opinions, and the most pronounced views of public affairs far less than formerly take shape from the individual character of a single writer."

The above quotation from the *Publishers' Bulletin* represents a condition of progress that is full of advantages. The domination of individual opinions is ever of questionable value in the advancement of truth, since too often *who* says and not *what* is said is made the criterion of value. An editor may be a most excellent administrator and a capital judge of the value of other people's literary wares; he may excel in selecting such lights upon a given subject as will illuminate all sides of it, yet he, being human and finite, can scarcely expect to be able to do so on his own part.

Personality in editing is frequently a matter of individual vanity—at times a peg whereon to hang subscriptions that will be given to a *personal friend* when they would be denied a paper. As a result, in the journalism of special movements like ours, there is a flood of periodical literature that is a drain upon the resources of the truly able papers that are connected with the movement.

Opinion-craft and one-manism are always dangerous. The duty of the editor is to select, administer, and play the part of captain to the ship. What he writes should be brief, clear, impersonal, and intelligible. The paper reflects his mind; it should never reflect his personal feelings. He is hampered when he is known, and being known becomes a fair target for every little sharp-shooter to fire his tiny popgun at. Keep him impersonal; make him the subjective embodiment of the principles of his paper, give him room to move freely in his sphere untrammelled by his friendships, his associations, or the appeals or abuse of interested

parties. This can only be assured him by keeping editorial labors up to the high plane of impersonality.

To mould opinions aright, to protest against wrong, to redress injustice, to chastise where needed, to be always alert, the editor of a live journal now-a-days must be inaccessible and impersonal.

## Chips.

Remember our price is now ten cents per copy, and that we are appearing every week.

If our San Diego correspondent who sent a securely sealed envelope without anything inside, will please enclose the letter next time, we shall be better able to reply.

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.

Our next issue will contain a lecture entitled "The Relation Between the Seen and the Unseen Worlds," delivered at the late Camp-meeting in Oakland, this State, by Dr. W. W. McKaig.

Our last edition is entirely exhausted, with the exception of the necessary copies kept back for our bound volumes. Our friends have patronized us beyond our most sanguine expectations.

Our next issue will contain an original contribution from the pen of that talented and esteemed writer, William Emmette Coleman upon "Christian Spiritualism, and the Teachings of Jesus."

Mrs. Emaline Perkins, trance and clairvoyant medium, is an authorized agent for the CARRIER DOVE. She will receive subscriptions and keep the books on sale at her office, No. 1021 1/2 Market St., S. F. See her card in another column.

THE DOVE relies upon its intrinsic merits for patronage. It does not need "boosting" into popularity. Its opinions will always be honestly expressed, unbiased by any consideration regarding its advertising columns. We are neither for sale nor hire.

In our next we shall give our readers an article by our good friend Dr. J. Simms, upon the "Nose," which will prove very instructive and entertaining. We have on file a notice of Dr. Simms' great work "Physiognomy Illustrated," written by a talented contributor, which we shall use as soon as our space permits.

J. J. Morse was greeted by a large audience as usual, at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last. Mrs. Howell, the able and accomplished soloist, was in most excellent voice, and the control just delighted all listeners. The address occupied some forty-five minutes, which were truly golden periods.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson left for the East, August 2nd. They bear with them the best wishes of their friends, and it is hoped that much good may result from their investigations into the practical business management of Eastern Camp-meetings, which have proven so eminently successful as to seem worthy of imitation.

Mrs. Ada Scales, who is well known as one of our standard mediums is spending a few weeks in the city with friends, and will give sittings during her stay. Mrs. Scales paid us a call and her little control "Midget" gave us many kind encouraging words in regard to the new venture of issuing the DOVE weekly. Look in the daily papers for her advertisement and give her a call.

The widow of Thomas Gales Forster and her sister, Miss Grimes of Baltimore, Md., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Wood. Mrs. Forster has been instrumental in placing before the public a book of rare merit, entitled "Unanswerable Facts." The book contains the spiritual discourses delivered by her husband while he was entranced.—*Onset Bay Dot.*

From a private letter received from Dr. Joseph Simms, Physiognomist, we learn that he is making some interesting scientific discoveries, which will be given to the world in due time in his great work on which he is now engaged. Dr. Simms and wife are now travelling in Europe, gathering material for this forthcoming and crowning work of his life. We hope some "jottings by the way" from their able pens will appear in the DOVE before long.

We would like to ask the Seybert Commission whether a "Preliminary Report" of its proceedings is the proper place for the expression of an opinion regarding the truth of a subject under investigation? Is it not a little too previous? What would be thought of a jury that, after a preliminary hearing, should render a verdict of guilty? Would it not appear that the desire to convict was uppermost in the mind, and that its verdict was given at that stage for fear something might arise to justify a different conclusion? It looks something like hanging a man and trying him afterwards.—*Banner of Light.*

### Eastern News.

#### CAMPS.

Our Southern brethren are holding their fourth annual Camp-meeting at their camp grounds on Lookout Mountains, Tenn. The meetings so far are well attended, the various speakers and mediums being very cordially received.

Onset Camp, Mass., is now in full working order—the meeting commenced on July 10. The speakers so far have been Mrs. M. S. Wood, and Mr. Walter Howell, on the first Sunday; and Miss M. T. Shelhamer, (the *Banner of Light* message medium), and Miss J. B. Hagan on the second Sunday. Onset is rapidly filling with its hosts of visitors.

Parkland, Penn., is in thriving order; its new grounds are now in their best conditions. The speakers so far have been Mrs. Shepherd-Lillie, Mrs. Lake, Mr. Eben Cobb. This meeting is one of the largest undertakings of the kind south or west of New York State.

Rindge, N. H., under the presidency of George A. Fuller, opened its work on Sunday, July 3. Mr. Fuller gave the opening address, followed in the afternoon by Mrs. Juliett Yeau. The most perfect order was maintained, and the meetings reflected the utmost credit on our cause, and the management of the Camp.

#### MRS. ADA FOYE IN CHICAGO.

On Friday evening of last week Mrs. S. B. Perry of Prairie Avenue, gave an informal reception in honor of Mrs. Ada Foye. Of necessity the invitations could only include a comparatively small number of those who had become interested in this excellent test medium during her brief stay

in the city. The company was largely composed of members of the Young People's Progressive Society, under whose auspices Mrs. Foye came before the Chicago public. There were present, however, a number of mediums and representative Spiritualists. Mrs. Sarah F. DeWolf and others made brief speeches of a complimentary nature, and Mrs. Foye responded in a touching manner. She also improved the occasion to counsel her sister mediums to maintain their own individuality and independence of will, and to labor along the line so persistently advocated by the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. She paid the *Journal* a high compliment, and argued the necessity of stringent adherence to its methods and platform. Several of the Society's young-ladies enlivened the evening with music, some of the numbers being brilliantly executed. Mrs. Foye left with a most cordial feeling toward Chicago and the promise of an early return.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

## 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.

### The "Dove" is Thanked.

*Editress CARRIER DOVE,* Dear Madam:—Permit me to extend you my thanks for the very pleasing surprise of a large parcel of your excellent issue for July, which your publisher so generously placed in my hands free of cost. His kindly action is pleasing to record and acknowledge, and I heartily trust that your enterprise in presenting your readers with my counterfeit presentment and biographical sketch has obtained for you a satisfactory return.

I may say that the biographical sketch is the best and most complete of any that has yet appeared. Wishing you every success, I am very respectfully yours,

J. J. MORSE,  
331 Turk St., San Francisco, Cal.

### The Good Work East.

*Editress of CARRIER DOVE:*—In fulfillment of my promise I take this opportunity to write you a few lines on the progress of Spiritualism. Here in the east, as elsewhere, its course is onward and upward as I see by the DOVE, which is ever new and progressive, teeming with love, wisdom and power, unfolding the noblest

attributes of our spiritual natures and bringing them into useful, harmonious action.

Spiritualism is truly reforming and improving the condition of humanity. Grand, beautiful and sublime are those progressive principles which flow to us from the angel world and are impressed upon us as naturally as images are reflected in a mirror.

By study, cultivation and aspiration we have learned that we can hold profitable communion with the inhabitants of the spirit world just as naturally as we can with each other in this world. We have learned also that our departed friends are possessed of all those lofty powers of mind and soul, all those strong and holy affections, all those delightful emotions of inward hope and joy that characterized their earthly existence; and by the same attractive power which draws them to the other world can they return again to earth and under favorable conditions manifest their presence. We know, too, by seeing, feeling, hearing and conversing with our departed friends that a profitable line of communication has been established between the two worlds.

Through the inspiring and saving influences of the angelic gospel which is proclaimed in tones of seraphic sweetness, the great world of mankind pauses in its wayward course of sin, and unbelief in a future state of existence, to listen to the immortal voices which teach us that there is a life, all divine, beyond the tomb and the clouds of earth. How joyously the crushed souls look up from the cold and lifeless dogmas of the past to greet the spirit messengers of life chanting their sweet song of "Peace on earth good will to men."

Long may the CARRIER DOVE bear its messages of love and joy to humanity.

Yours in the work and worship of all truth,

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.  
Rockland, Me.

#### Friendly Commendation.

Dear CARRIER DOVE:—I see that your beautiful magazine has become a weekly instead of a monthly messenger to Earth's children. I feel quite sure that its more frequent appearance will be hailed with delight by all who are interested in the principles and truths of our ennobling philosophy. The DOVE has gained great favor and popularity by its bold, brave flights into the unexplored realms of soul science, and the firm stand it has taken on the subjects of temperance and the emancipation of woman.

Its pure, white pinions have never been soiled by avarice, greed and uncharitableness or its pages and beauty sullied by the names of cheats, frauds, pretenders and spiritual mountebanks; this is as it should be. True reformers and those who wish to see the

world grow better day by day, do not wish to pay for nor support papers and periodicals that, for the paltry fee of a few dollars, will support and recommend that class of persons to their patrons. Spiritualism is a grand truth, and is able to stand upon its own merits, hence needs no theological props or Christian spiritual braces to keep its backbone straight. All it needs is true men and women who love principle more than gold, and honor more than the opinions of Mother Grundy, to support it, to make it the religion of all religions, the science of all sciences and the philosophy of all philosophies. The DOVE does not simply preach charity but it practices it as well; this we know, and we are pleased that such is the fact. There is too much preaching and by far too little practicing in our ranks, and many turn from us because of the loud professions and the small possessions amongst us.

Give us sincere, earnest, practical Spiritualism, unadulterated by any of the myths or mythologies of the past. Let us make its teachings the chief foundation upon which to stand to try the real issues of being. If it is the grand truth we believe it to be let us so proclaim it to the world. Why should we pander and truckle to old theologies and the supporters of dogmas? Have they not called us everything that was bad, low and vile? Have they not said that our loved ones were devils, and that the messages we received were from demons, or were the conjurations of weak and enfeebled minds? Have they not called our mediums harlots and done all they could to degrade, debase and slander the cause and principles we worship? Now that we are becoming popular and a power in the land, and they begin to see and feel our strength, they would like to come in and steal the triumphs and victories we have now, in spite of their opposition, and under the head and title of Christian Spiritualism rob us of our good name by prefacing it with the term Christian. Spiritualism is older than Christianity and the Golden Rule more ancient than Jesus of Nazareth. The only Christian Spiritualism there is in the world is in the Catholic Church. Do we want such as that? No! The truths of Spiritualism are basic and lie at the foundation of all beliefs, all bibles, all religions. As such let us keep them unsullied with baser matter. May the DOVE ever carry in its beak the pure and unadulterated principles of our philosophy as enunciated by our angel loved ones upon the higher realms of unfoldment, is the sincere wish and desire of yours for human progress and spiritual exaltation.

DR. C. C. PEET.

Oakland, July 20, 1887.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. W. E. Burlington, (Kan.) Are glad you are so well pleased with DOVE, and

hope its weekly visits will prove as acceptable as its previous monthly appearance has been. Sorry there is so little progressiveness where you are now located.

T. Merritt, (New York City.) Thanks for your letter. We are glad sales have gone up so well.

J. Simms, M. D. (Glasgow, Scot.) Your letter of July 14 safe to hand. Have mailed you July issue of DOVE, see article marked therein. Many thanks for your latest, and all other favors.

W. S. (Yuba City.) Thanks for your remittance. Glad you are so well pleased with our work.

E. A. Pittsinger. The cordial opinion of Mr. McDonald is gratifying. We are delighted to read his commendation of our artist and your biographer. Similar praises have come from other quarters as well. Glad you are so well pleased.

## Message Dept.

(Published by request.)

### A Spiritual Vision

BY MRS. P. W. STEPHENS.

One afternoon during the recent Camp-meeting in Oakland, as I sat listening to the speaker, I was magnetically attracted to look towards the door, in which direction Mrs. Schlesinger was sitting, and there I saw over her head a beautiful silver crown. It was held by two delicate hands about four inches above her head. It was composed almost entirely of filigree work. There were many points projecting upward from all parts of this beautiful crown; every point was tipped with a diamond, and each diamond threw out two rays of light—green, varying in every shade from the pale delicate tint of the young plant, to the deep, dark shade of the more mature foliage.

The other color was white light. I asked why the diamonds reflected only green, and the answer immediately given was, that green being the symbol of growth in the vegetable world, her labors here in the earth side were symbolized by these varying shades of green; the lighter tints reflected from the diamonds that projected from the lower portion of the crown symbolize the result of the first of her labors in seeking to elevate humanity. The darker, deeper shades shown in the upper portion of the crown represent the result of her work in the future years of her labor.

I also observed that the crown was not on her head but over it, and the under side was dark like soiled silver. I wished to know why this was so and was informed that it was in consequence of human surroundings and lack of proper appreciation by those among whom she toils, reflecting painful memories



in the sensitive soul; but the brilliancy of all the outer and upper parts shows the great value of her work as seen by those in spirit life; the brilliancy of the rays of white light represents the condition that her labors for elevating humanity will bring to her in spirit life.

### The Value of Health.

By Dr. F. V. Raspail, late of Paris, France. Given through the mediumship, and translated from the French by Mme. C. Antonia.

It would be better for all, if medical science was more understood by the world at large, more looked into, was made more interesting. Hygiene means the art to preserve health—a doctor is expected to restore health after it has been lost or enfeebled. The normal condition of the human family is to be in good health. Sickness is an exceptional condition of life. To be sick means to be on the road to death. Health enables men to fulfill towards society duties imposed by nature. Sickness makes useless, and burdens society. Honor to the sick, disabled in the service of his country, in the service of humanity at large—the tender care, the sympathy of all, should be his.

Pity to the sick whose disease is a freak of nature or accident. Pity to him whose whole life is a lingering death through the sins of his parents. The care that is bestowed upon him is but a poor reparation for the wrong he has suffered by having had to live at all.

But woe unto him who has lost God's best gift, and exposed his life to satisfy the passions of a moment. Doing good to no one, he deserves no sympathy, no pity; it is duty only, that gives his the much needed care. Hygiene is the science that teaches the most perfect development of the body, renders life in all its functions vigorous, decay less rapid, and death more distant.

In its widest sense the term, Hygiene means "rule for perfect culture of body and mind." If science was exact and means adequate, the human being should be perfect; there should be no death, no decay; man should remain perfect, as he comes out of the hands of the Creator.

Do not preach to the young, teach them the laws of nature, of physiology; how grand constitutions, magnificent minds, have been broken down, destroyed, by not having been governed by those laws.

From my present state it appears strange that men of position, men of science and thought, can submit to be done to death by a body of men, who, by virtue of their diploma, should be permitted to sell the promise of life without being held to their promises. A doctor has absolute right over life or death by virtue of his diploma; he is held responsible to no one.

I always was, and am now an intense believer in science, but I think it is absurd that a patient should not be permitted to be treated by a doctor of his own choice, be he a regular or not.

## Our Exchanges.

### More than one World at Once.

*Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

It probably seemed big and wise to one man to repel the suggestion of a religious friend with the sententious utterance, "One world at a time;" and its reverberations have seemed to many of like disposition to sound like thunder; but it is not a thunder which is worth stealing. It is every way one of the most superficial conceits ever entertained among those who claim to think. They may plausibly plead that they know only one world, and that by this their practical interest and responsibility are bounded, but if they avow that they are free from all feeling and sentiment on the subject, that they have no queries and no stirrings of a speculative spirit that ever pass the bounds of our mortal existence, then they sink down very low in our esteem. At the best, they are only an unfledged intelligence. They are but the raw material of men and women. Their passions have not passed up above the line beneath which the pre-human and sub-human powers are working in their mundane and mortal environment.

### It Echoes in the East.

*The Eastern Star, Glenburn, Me.*

One phase of Spiritualism is under a cloud at the present day. Too much sunshine is detrimental to the growth of any plant, and clouds are necessary for their unfoldment.

Materialization has basked in the sunshine of prosperity until great fissures of credulity have opened up large enough to catch the unwary seeker after this great phenomenon.

Rogues and charlatans have taken advantage of prosperity and the restful assurance of the people, and foisted their wares upon the public as genuine. Counterfeiters always come to grief, and they fill the web and woof of life accordingly; and so do those who are genuine.

This mighty wave that is rolling against materialization and mediumship is as necessary as sunshine is to the earth; the whole will come from the crucible more refined and in a better condition for acceptance by the people. The wise ones in spirit life are bringing this about upon the human race because it is what they need. The ground must be prepared before it is ready for seed. Everything comes when the demand is sufficient to produce it.

### Is Beecher a Medium?

*Saratoga Eagle, Saratoga, N. Y.*

I am what I am partly by the influence of an old negro man in my father's employ, Charles Smith, who was so black that he cast midnight into the shade. I owe much to my father's preaching and my mother's influence, but to Charles Smith something. Talk about a man's being born again! I was born three times before I was fit to go to college. I had to be born into mathematics; I had to be born into public speaking. I tried to write but the editors had more sense than they have now, and wouldn't publish what I wrote. Then I tried to speak in a little debating society, and all of a sudden an influence came to me that gave me power. I surprised myself and surprised the boys, who never expected such a stream from such a well. That influence never departed from me.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Mr. Beecher's experience is analogous to that of many who claim to be inspirational speakers. It is noticeable that nearly all who are in a marked degree

endowed with this peculiar influence, promulgate principles of great breadth and liberality. Many eloquent advocates of Spiritualism claim to be aided and controlled by the same kind of an "influence," which they define and Mr. Beecher does not.

### Women Should Organize.

*The Labor Echo.*

The organization of women labor is a question which is strongly provoking trades-unions. It is forced on them through the numbers of women now finding employment by the side of men and competing with them in the amount of products thrown on the market by women's hands. Women to-day are found in occupations where five years ago the idea would be scouted. Their presence is menace to a fair standard of wages. How can the collision be met and equitably adjusted without disturbance in existing wages?

The Typographical Union has gone about this work in a sensible fashion. Chivalrous at all times towards women, yet the printer of yesterday "kicks" against a woman in a printing office. But things have changed. The woman is in the printing office, and he has to make the best of it. He perceives, too, that the woman is intelligent, reliable and oftentimes gets away with him in the amount of work turned out. So it is that the printer of to-day steps in and demands that the woman shall receive equal pay with himself, and that she shall become as one who is governed by a Typographical Union. He demands that as a measure of self-protection. Hence, to-day, those women who work in printing offices under the jurisdiction of the union receive in wages as much as men. Those employed elsewhere are tendered the same poor pay as other women receive who are not organized.

Let the women who are looking in vain for better wages heed this illustration of the union printer girl. All they need is organization, more bone in their backs and less in their corsets.

### Timely Words.

*Light on the Way, Dover, Mass.*

Test hunters and wonder seekers ought to pocket their ear-trumpets and spectacles, and retire to the fields of reflection, that their brains may have a chance to develop, and their minds obtain an introduction to common sense. They are ever on the jump for a test from grandmother, uncle Isaac, or Tom, Dick and Harry; always investigating (?) but never satisfied. We do not wish to deride, but rather deplore the mania for sensationalism, and the conspicuous lack of spiritual growth, intelligence and culture among many who have no interest in Spiritualism beyond test and physical manifestations. It is not for the purpose of gaining food for thought and instruction from the inspiring teachings of intelligent and progressive controls that these people frequent our meetings, and the words of lofty wisdom, divinely eloquent and uplifting, fall tiresomely on their slothful hearing; but let the test be announced and heavy John and sleepy Susan brace up their wits with a celerity angels must find diverting at times. The inspired speaker sits down with a coming chill of non-appreciation, and hears the plaudits and sighs of relief welcoming the test section of the service, show, entertainment, or whatever one may call the bill of variety presented in too many of our spiritualist resorts of to-day. When we have sat through one of these sensational revelations of spirituality, have listened to a wild polka or galop played on the cornet by a young but struggling interpreter (?) of music, and have had queer songs thrown at us for the hundredth time by dubious vocalists, we begin to protest and call for a decided reform in our meetings, where spirituality, refinement and harmony can congregate. We accept the test, rap and message as parts of a convincing whole; but above all, we place the understanding and development of Soul. Remember, the greater our intellectual and spiritual progression on earth, the higher our condition and association in the realms of Eternity.

The CARRIER DOVE is now issued weekly. Single numbers, 10 cts. \$2.50 per year.