

WE
COME
TO
LIBERATE

Spirit Mothers

CLASP
HANDS
WITH
US

VOL. 2.

DECOTO CALIFORNIA, MARCH, 1901.

No. 3.

THOUGHT PEARLS.

Written for S. M.
BY JEANNETTE W. CRAWFORD.

1. The attribute LOVE under the Law of Recognition to one spiritually cultured, recognizes not only its presence, but also its mission.

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2. The "Poor in Spirit" are those who pay no attention to spiritual teachings, thereby leaving the Kingdom of Heaven—which is within themselves, unprotected.

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3. All life depends upon the quality, grade and volume of the soul. Every spirit is compelled to make all its transits on the lines of its own grade of spirituality.

"AN ANGEL'S MESSAGE."

As I took up this daintily clothed book, just now, so beautiful in its pure white leatherette binding, lettered in gold, I saw for a moment the spirit who dictated the wonderful messages it contains, to her mother, the writer of "Thought Pearls." She was much more exquisitely lovely in appearance than the engaging earth portrait of her which appears in her book. I have never found another book whose atmosphere was so charged with the power to lift one above the confusions, the turmoils and wearying strife of the earth plane, as is this which I briefly mentioned last month, and which lies on my desk. The spirit so rapturously attuned to love's harmonies that her musical instruments in her spirit home vibrate in response to her thoughts, throws a shower of finest golden light over me, and shows me pure white silken cords which stretch out and up from our type room, where I write; she says "it is on those cords which you throw out to us of love and appreciation of our help to

the world, that we in turn travel down again to bless you with a sense of the love, joy and peace which ever prevail in our beautiful homes of light."

I am sure some of those soft, silken threads were spun out from my heart in the reverent gratitude, joy and aspiration which sprang so lavishly from it, awakened by Mrs. Crawford's magical touch of the keys of the golden "Etruria," those keys which were wont to respond to her daughter while still incarnate, and of which she brings "message" she has an exact counterpart in her own music bower in her beautiful home in the spheres! Such aid as good music gives to psychic unfoldment cannot be found elsewhere, and rare as golden are the opportunities to enjoy such as Mrs. Crawford and her Ladies' Orchestra gave us. The play of her thought as she writes is full of rich harmonies also, and I rejoice greatly that she has entered with her pen such a wide, rich, and exhaustless field of literature as this is. The world so much needs positive knowledge concerning life after the change called death, and who else could so well recognize the individuality of a spirit as the mother.

The rare blending in the divine realm of music enjoyed in this case, makes the work the two have entered on now, more charmingly useful in its appeal to the world's understanding, than any other relation could possibly do.

The royal procession of Spring flowering and growth marches steadily on in our beautiful valley without halt or delay. Peach and apricot trees are as loaded with blossoms as the almonds were one month ago. Grain fields are thriving. Shipment of peas from the hills began Feb. 21, and bags of the succulent pods are going off on the cars in daily increasing numbers, to refresh and gladden the good folks of the city.

OUR FLAG.

How ample in size, and how full of new meaning its symbolic folds as they float out in the odor-laden and sun-brightened air which envelopes our lawn-begirt home! We cannot call it "OLD Glory," for each sight of it kindles new thought, new hopes for our country's full realization of the world-wide Freedom it so significantly heralds to all who are praying for release from fetters, for all who are now pressed to earth by injustice, for all who are bowed down with despairing sorrow and care! It suggests not only a look around to your kindred brothers and sisters to carry out the high and righteous demands for equal rights to all who live in its bounds," but it is illumined and sparkling with power showered on it and us, by the Patriot Mothers and Fathers who dwell in spirit spheres made radiant by Justice and Love, and who will not allow the holy purposes which angelic beings so long ago planned to come to naught or miscarry. Woman reads in letters of light on the folds of "New Glory" that all that has been secured for her brothers under its protection are sure to be hers—to be hers because not only herself, but he, also, is beginning to see that to refuse the weight of influence in public affairs which is on the side of good morals and clear intuition, is subversive not only of her best interests, but in a larger measure, of his.

When the doctrine of "equal rights for all" was heralded to the world by our National Flag, only thirteen stars united their prophetic rays, and we can already count four as expressing the enlarged thought of the same Freedom for Woman to enact laws by which she shall be governed as it from the first secured to man.

AT HALF MAST.

When Queen Victoria entered

her new sphere of life it hung as listless all day, as closely wrapped round its staff as if no evening breeze could ever again shake out its bright folds—half mast, not in mourning that she had made the great and beneficent change, but because an aspiring woman soul was crushed out of physical life prematurely, because her loving mother heart could not have its fond beating heard,—because her mother love imploring the butcheries of war to be stopped, was met with stern and cruel refusal by the masculine powers.

The pageant which followed her to the tomb was a mockery consistent with the pageant of her reign, for, appearing to be royally enthroned as a woman, her coronet was proven at last to have been one of thorns—a seeming only of reigning by reason of woman's estate, while really subjected until death to the cruel pomp of man's civilization of greed and brute force.

I pray you rest not in your new sphere of labor and life, dear Mother Queen, until you call such progressed spirits round you as shall be able to concentrate a power to stay the business of slaughter, as you wished.

We are told that our great, good Patriot Father, Thomas Paine, chose the rainbow to be placed on our National Ensign. That was a high inspiration; he saw that bow of promise the most fitting symbol of what our country should stand for in the eyes of the oppressed of the world. He is now one of the most honored members of the great Spirit Congress which deliberates on our Nation's affairs; in that Upper Congress Spirit Mothers occupy a central position, urging arbitration, the abolition of war and death penalties, and the inauguration of Equal Rights and Universal Good Will; then may the rainbow's prismatic arch on our flag proclaim to the world the reign of Freedom, Justice & Love.

Spirit Mothers

MESSANGER OF CELESTIAL LOVE
HERALD OF THE MOTHER CIVILIZATION.

CHAMPION OF WOMAN
AND
BEST FRIEND OF MAN.

Monthly . . . 50 Cents a Year

OLIVIA FREELOVE SHEPARD
Editor and Proprietor.

PRESS OF THE NILES HERALD.

DECOTO, ALAMEDA CO., CAL.

The easiest way to send the fifty cents is to insert it in a bit of card-board, (the thick back of writing paper tablets will do,) paste a strip of thin paper over each side of the silver piece, and enclose in letter.

FRIENDS—To former subscribers and others to whom I send sample copies, I wish to say I hope you will at once favor me with your subscription. On account of a postal law which has been enacted since *SPRIT MOTHERS* was first published, it cannot be mailed as "second class", until I have more subscribers. Third class postage is eight times as much as second class, and like all other unjust burdens falls most heavily on those who are least able to bear them. This difficulty will soon be overcome however, and it is to give each of you who have not already subscribed the privilege of helping overcome it, that I make this statement, now.

Please recognize the fact that *SPRIT MOTHERS* is doing a work distinct from that of any other publication in the world.

Lois, The Invincible, sends out the Feb. number, Vol. 2, No. 1, of "Clothed With The Sun," from her new house in the new town of Home, Washington. She says, "Good-bye to paying rent, good-bye to landladies, reasonable or unreasonable."

Accept congratulations from all connected with *SPRIT MOTHERS*. We rejoice, as you do—not for yourself alone, but "because of the importance of the work." In describing her journey, alone, from San Francisco, she says, "As for 'protection,' there was not a man or woman in that car but would have divided dinner with me had it been necessary," and adds, "They seemed to glory in the fact that a woman of my years, (75) could do as I was doing. There is a change coming over the spirit of our dreams. The woman of the future will not be

relegated to the chimney corner because of her years." That is true. Spirit Jerome James in his delineation of my "character attributes", through the hand of Mrs. Jeannette W. Crawford, in answer to this thought, (which I did not voice,) "how can one of my advanced years acceptably accomplish the high duties which you say devolve upon me", wrote in answer to that unspoken query, "THE AGE OF RIPENING IS THE WORTHY AGE".

MATERIALIZATION.

The mode of form manifestation which mortals term Materialization is a chemical and scientific demonstration of the power of spirit through the will, over matter in solution in the atmosphere. There are a number of methods by which spirits demonstrate their presence by form manifestation, according to their individual power and experience, but often spirits without experience are assisted or presented to their friends in the seance room. In these cases, oftentimes the spirit form of the medium is overshadowed by the manifesting spirit more or less perfectly. Such spirits have not the power to act independently. But advanced spirits who are and were centuries ago adepts in occult science, can gather from the atmosphere about the medium and from other sources, the atoms required, and holding them by the will may manifest their personality and their intelligence.

The Brotherhood of counterpart souls, known by the Crescent and Star, (the Star formed by a double Triangle) are all chemical adepts, known of old as Alchemists, and are all laboring in the line of form manifestation, which will in the future be more perfect than now, when conflict and war fill the atmosphere with most discordant elements.

When harmony and justice, born of Love and Wisdom, shall reign, then will we appear, and walk and talk with mortals without a cabinet or a seance-room, but we cannot yet do so. It has been done in some instances, and what has been may be again, and we will most certainly succeed sometime. The motto of our Order is: All things come to him who will wait in patience.

Questions on these subjects, or other spiritual thoughts will be answered.

FORRESTER GORDON.

Given through the hand of Sara Williamson, Boston, Mass., Feb. 12, 1901.

AN EXPERIENCE.

The first seance for the Materialization of forms I ever saw was in 1880 or '81, in Brooklyn, at the house of Mrs. Ruggles—Mrs. Elsie Reynolds was the medium. I did not know anything about materialization, but my Spirit Guide, in writing through my hand, had given me some instruction declaring the great purposes of the Spirit teachers in this direction.

The medium was obliged to use the back parlor, which was Mrs. Ruggles' room, as a cabinet, a simple black curtain being hung across the folding door between the two rooms. The room having been examined by a committee, was locked, one of the audience retaining the key. The medium did not enter the room until after becoming entranced; she passed behind the curtain, when, before the curtain fell, a form floated out, an etherially beautiful being, seeming like the luminous white cloud in the heavens. Three times she thus came into the center of the room and then into the cabinet, where she parted the curtain, and in a whisper announced herself as "Mary." To my companion, Mrs. K., she said, "Anna, be faithful." She recognized her as her Guide and instructor, Mary Stuart. I was surprised by the words "aunt Polly!" Mr. Gruff, the cabinet guide, described the spirit as a short, stout old lady wearing a short gown and petticoat and Quaker cap. I at once knew that it was a relative of our family at whose farm in Pennsylvania I spent my summers when a child; one whom I was not thinking of, and could not have expected, as my family and history were totally unknown in Brooklyn.

Many beautiful forms were recognized by those present. Carrie Miller, a lovely young girl, with blooming complexion and full, rounded form, came wearing a pink satin waist, which seemed moulded upon her without seams. The solidity and seeming materiality of this form perplexed me, novice as I was to all phenomena, but three days afterward I saw little Carrie Cook, the grandchild of Mr. Chas. R. Miller, and niece to Carrie Miller, and I was astonished at the perfect resemblance between the spirit Carrie Miller and the baby Carrie, who was then about 2½ years old.

After that I attended quite a number of Mrs. Reynolds' seances, all of which were powerful and beautiful manifestations of spirit power. In her dark circles the musical and sympathetic voice of

Mr. Gruff, the Guide, and the bright and saucy child, Effie Foster, were very entertaining, as well as instructive. Since then I have witnessed hundreds of seances through many mediums, and each one has given me a lesson in the subtle and complex nature of the forces at work in all spiritual phenomena, and particularly the very delicate, magnetic and electric currents which are so easily thrown into disorder. A thought or a word of inharmony suffices to not only destroy the ability of the guides to do the work, but causes physical and mental suffering to the unconscious instrument.

SARA WILLIAMSON.

[In the spring of 1883 I went for the first time to a materializing seance by Mrs. M. E. Williams of New York City. I had never seen her until that evening, and had no acquaintance whatever with any person present. Among other interesting and wonderful happenings, a magnificent looking spirit called for "Mrs. Shepard." I went forward, and he addressed me just as naturally, distinctly and collectedly as any mortal could do, (indeed, far more so than most strangers do on first meeting,) in this wise: "You know of Charles R. Miller and the Psychometric Circular, of 15 Willoughby St., Brooklyn." I replied, "I have not seen Mr. Miller, but have seen one copy of his paper, and feel greatly interested in it." He added, "I want you to go there—I want to give you a communication thro' my medium, there."

I was living in Yonkers, New York, then, and two weeks elapsed before it was convenient to go to Brooklyn, to Mr. Miller's office. I found Sara Williamson there, and Gordon wrote thro' her one of the ablest and most significant communications I have received in forty years' experience. He has subsequently given me, thro' her hand, many valuable ones, and I am deeply grateful that both he and she are going to bestow their rich service on our paper.

Forrester Gordon's influence is calm, strong, majestic; he is a teacher of great power and wisdom, always insisting strongly on woman's coming to the front.

Miss Williamson's faithful and unswerving adherence to the highest truths of Spiritualism endears her to all who know her.

Please write all questions plainly, giving Editor of *SPRIT MOTHERS* your full name, and such initials or name as you wish printed. Ed.]

The Stone rejected must
the corner guild
In the New Temple that
your hands will build. I

Astræa

For Justice will be poised
by weight and scale,
And Truth walk radiant
with a coat of mail.
—Prophecy.

"JOVE MEANS TO SETTLE ASTRÆA IN HER SEAT AGAIN AND LET DOWN FROM HIS GOLDEN CHAIN AN AGE OF BETTER METAL."—BEN JONSON: 1615.

E. PAULINE THORNDYKE, Editor.

FREEDOM'S PROMISE.

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Be still, O, anxious hearts! and calmly wait
The coming hour that tells a people's fate.
Curb the deep throbbings of your heaving
breasts.

O, lowly ones, who long have been oppressed!
And ye who stand upon the watchman's tower,
And read the record of each passing hour,
Nerve your brave hearts with a diviner glow,
For aspiration like the ocean's flow,

Is welling up from souls whose latent power
Will brook nor metes nor bounds to Freedom's
dower.

O, subtle souls! whose boon it is to know
By Reason's power and Inspiration's glow,
The deeper current of this moving life,
Whose every phase with higher thought is rife—
Work nobly, earnestly, and proudly dare
To urge the conquest of a realm so fair,

Upon whose grander heights the coming man
Shall walk triumphant to great Nature's plan;
No more the tool, the plaything of the hour,
He stands a god, nor fears the tyrant's power!

But ere that distant goal shall be attained,
To basest ends the good will be profaned:
While demagogues, in robes of ermine clad,
Corrupt the nation, meek-eyed Justice, sad,

With mournful gaze surveys the passing scene,
Yet sees, beyond the mists that intervene,
A radiant future, tinged with golden beams—
A full-orbed Freedom, on whose summit teems

The culmination of long toiling years,
Outwrought thro' agony, and blood, and tears.
Roll back the curtain of the starry dome!
Survey the grandeur of the spirit's home!

"Let there be light!" the cheerful strain pro-
long,

And O, ye nations! swell the magic song,
Till earth's remotest mountain shall proclaim
A people's birth-right is no idle name!

Hurl Pope and Potentate from earthly throne—
Justice and right shall circle every zone;
A higher Faith will cheer the coming age,
Redeeming death, and bright'ning history's
page.

The maudlin priest, with creed and parchment
old,

No longer leads; truth is not bought and sold,
But comes untrammelled from the spheres above,
And draws the people by the power of love;

It needs no organ peal, no steeples high,
No mitred crown nor hypocritic sigh,
But throws its holy spell o'er high and low,
Embracing Nations in its hallowed glow.

INSPIRATION.

(Continued.)

Around, the storms of strife. Within the
boundary of home, peace, yet thy heart is
sad, and thy path lonely, and why? Thou
art walking through the valley, and are gath-
ering forces which anon will reverberate, and
be felt anear and far; calmly await the stroke
that will bring the herald of a new departure
for thee, and those of thy household, O, daugh-
ter of Tyana! God's ways are not thy ways,
nor his wisdom thine, yet score a point as ye
advance, and bear forward the work for which
ye dared go forth to herald to a sleeping world.

O, woman heart, bleeding at every pore,
what is the die ye cast, to be taken up when
thy work is ended, and the goal attained?
No recompense here, the stake was too high to
be reached in this poor mortal form, but some-
where beyond awaits the full fruition of thy
baffled life within these narrow bounds wherein
thy spirit chafes, and beats its prison bars
— Farewell. — Sept. 6, 1897.

TRUMPET TONED.

Editors SPIRIT MOTHERS and ASTRÆA,

"My dear Sisters, Friends and Co-Workers:—
Another of your papers has entered my home,
full of inspiring thought, and word. I feel
your 'Center of Living Force' is expressing
itself in a forceful manner.

"I am with you in thought, word, and deed,
as long as you broaden thought, strengthen
word, and enlighten deed, and I feel sure your
field of Progress has hardly been opened to
view, for it has a wide range, when it comes
to the Unseen and Woman.

"Our Mother!" the Creator of Life, the
Sustainer and Upholder of all things. It is
time she had her place—that she is recognized
among men and women, and beloved as is
'Our Father.' 'Our Mother-Father Life,' let
us know thee more, and serve thee better, is
my prayer.

"I am glad the long prophesied work is go-
ing on, on, on! Let it never cease, dear sis-
ters, while you can hold the pen, speak the
word, and think the thoughts so dear to our
hearts."

"I feel a 'Light' is coming in at your win-
dows as never before, and I seem to feel the
'Daughters of Tyana' have not been in vain;

that all of 'The Mother's' children, on the
Seen and Unseen Plane are working together
for good.

"I am glad we live to work and to love, and
may this Earth yet become a 'Haven of Rest'
for us all, where peace, harmony and love
reign supreme.

"I'll do all I can for the little paper; it is
great in thought.

Ever your friend and co-worker,"

M. A. WELLS. San Francisco.

REMINISCENCE.

Taking a backward view of the history of
Spiritualism in California, I recall many of the
old workers, who have passed beyond the veil,
leaving a bright halo to encourage and en-
lighten all earnest souls who yet linger on this
earthly plane.

Notably, and without a peer, stands the
name of Emma Hardinge, whose eloquence
held spell-bound the large crowds that weekly
thronged old Platt's Hall, San Francisco, in
the early sixties. Hers were manifold gifts—
words full of prophecy that seldom if ever, tell
short of their true import. It was my pleasure
to extend to her the hospitality of my home,
and thereby profit by the words of wisdom that
fell from her lips.

Miss Hardinge was engaged by the Republi-
can Central Committee of Cal., to stump the
state for Abraham Lincoln. The first meeting
was held in Benicia, and well do I remember
the words that closed that eloquent address,
while striving in my mind to fathom their deep
import—"When Abraham Lincoln leaves the
White House there will go up a wail from this
Nation such as was never before heard."

"What could this mean?" I asked Miss
Hardinge, after we had returned to our Hotel.
In her abrupt way, she said, "O, I don't know
what these fellows mean." So the words pass-
ed from me, in the whirl and excitement of
those eventful times. Later, at a reception
held in her rooms on Montgomery street, San
Francisco, where assembled men and women
of thoughtful mein, I recall a prophecy that
was fulfilled both in spirit and letter:—

Miss H. stood in the center of the room sur-
rounded by a company of twenty or twenty-five
persons, mostly men. My position was at the
farther end of the room, while the company
pressed quite close to the medium; tall men
were around her, and yet she was held by an
unseen power, a head above them all.

The subject of her address was, "The Rise
and Fall of Empire." Nettled and annoyed by
the words that came from her lips, foreshadow-
ing a time when our beloved Country might

might follow in the wake of others, apparently as secure, I impetuously said, "My friend, this is far-fetched, tell us something nearer home. Will Abraham Lincoln be re-elected President of the United States?"

Her head, that was always erect and stately, dropped, and her feet struck the floor with a thud, but only for a moment. The words then came with profound cadence, while the company almost held their breath awaiting an answer, "He will be elected, but will not live to fill the term." With more zeal than reverence, I asked, what is going to happen to him?

"He will be assassinated."

How soon after he takes his seat?

"About six weeks."

Who is to do this, I asked.

"The real culprits will escape, the tools will be dealt with."

This was given the June before his election. Strange to say, this prophecy never came to my mind again until that dreadful day in April, when our city was thrown into a panic by the sad news that flashed across the wires.

After draping my house with the insignia of woe, with flag half mast down, I retired to my room, when, for the first time during all these months, the ominous words through the lips of this inspired medium came back to my mind.

"Nothing reliable in these spirit communications," say these wise-ones, who presume to sit in judgment on this, the grandest revelation of the ages. ASTRAEA.

—)o(—

LETTER FROM MRS. RUSH.

MRS. E. P. THORNDYKE,

Dear Friend:—A few days ago I received a paper, one page of which you edit. I hope you and Mrs. Shepard will succeed in doing all, yes, much more good than you have hoped to do. We mothers of earth need all the aid we can obtain from mothers who have passed to the spirit side, to help us rear our children so they will make useful members of society. May you prosper beyond all expectation.

Enclosed please find price of subscription.

My husband joins me in best wishes to yourself and Mrs. Shepard. Very sincerely,

EMMA F. RUSH.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

—)o(—

March 10th.—Our first feast this season of Green Peas; they came from high up on our beautiful hills, and were the generous gift of our Docoto Postmistress, Mrs. King

MRS. EUNICE SLEEPER

Passed to the Summer Land on March 2nd, 1901, at the advanced age of 87.

Sleeper Hall, in San Jose, will stand as a monument to her efforts to perpetuate the Cause of Spiritualism in her adopted State. The writer met her for the last time on the platform at the dedication of that building, Oct. 26, 1899.

Owing to mismanagement of the funds so generously donated, Mrs. Sleeper did not realize the object that she hoped would crown her effort,—viz., a fund set aside for establishing a paper, where both the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism would receive support and recognition. Instead, when called to make her last adieu to earth scenes, but meager results of her fond expectations had been realized.

I recall her work in the past, and her generous hospitality and defence of our mediums. That record will stand deeply engraved on the tablets of the memory of those who witnessed her unflinching devotion to

"The cause that lacked assistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that she could do."

ASTRAEA.

—)o(—

"Sunny Heart's" letter came so freighted with love and good will from her mountain fastness among the snow banks which pile round her Colorado home, that I feel as if I were gathering Trailing Arbutus in the March woods of the East! I don't know how snow can help melting in the vicinity of her loving heart! She writes: "The dear little paper, rich in quality, came like a sweet messenger of light to me." . . . "I knew Emma Crawford personally. She was truly an angel on earth—one of the loveliest characters I ever met." . . . "Do you know, Dear, I never care to hear any one touch a piano after hearing Mrs. Crawford play. No words can describe her rendering of the music of the old Masters! How they must love her! What a reception she will have when she enters spirit life!"

"Sunny Heart" sends long list of names for specimen copies. Thanks.

—)o(—

THE GOOD NEWS comes from Sacramento that the State Legislature has passed bills, and that they have been signed by Gov. Gage, making the selling of human beings in California a penal offense. The auctioneering to "the highest bidder," of women in S. F. to a life of shame, has bro't back the realities of childhood experiences with fugitive slaves, with a terrible vividness, hard to bear.

INVIGORATING.

Editor SPIRIT MOTHERS:—I have just seen notice that you, in connection with Mrs. Thorndyke, are publishing a paper at Decoto, California. The last time that I heard from you, till this sunny morning, was through our mutual friend, J. Jay Watson, in '93 or 4.

I read you with interest twenty years ago. How well I remember your article "Break The Chains," in "Mind and Matter," in 1883 or '84. I sent out that No. to thirty persons. I thought it might help to clear the ecclesiastical fog from their eyes and brains.

Some years ago I had some correspondence with Mrs. Thorndyke, and have her letters yet, among many others from poets, artists, reformers &c. James G. Clark, Milo Townsend, Hon. A. B. Bradford, Rob't Ingersoll, Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle, A. J. Davis, &c., &c. O memories! what charming influences they roll over me this morning, as the mocking birds are singing their lives away in the orange trees, laden with fruit and blossoms at same time I pick and eat each day, and wonder which I love most, apples or oranges. "Comfort me with apples," Solomon, and my dear Phebe Carey sang. Now I sing "Comfort me with apples and oranges."

Before me lies a book of poems, "Astraea Or Goddess of Justice," by Mrs. Thorndyke, 1881. I never met her, but her poems are magnificent. Her pen was always dipped with Progress, Justice, Humanity. It is wrong to lose sight of such minds like yours, who are ever alive to great and burning topics that lift the race from greed, superstition and tyranny.

I have been here two years; am very vigorous, active, tho' rapidly approaching that Beautiful Valley mis-called Death.

I spent four months last summer in New England, New York, Penn., Ohio; a month in Maine woods and cities, with intense pleasure, and, I think, instruction. I was born in Penn. Mrs. Thorndyke, I think, is from Maine, a state that develops great, warm, noble hearts and brains.

I had a delightful afternoon with Harriet Prescott Spofford, the poetess of much fame, in her home on Deer Island, near Newburyport, Mass., also several days in Whittier's old home, at Amesbury, last August. What a charm there is, to me, to meet and come in close touch with minds and places not gilded and mildewed with the glamor of gold and snobbery and cant.

But excuse this lengthy letter. I just HAD to run on like a boy skating on my native Towanda Creek. Regards to Mrs. Thorndyke.

Yours for Love and Progress,
JAY CHAAPEL.

Palmetto, Florida.

[Yes, shoulder to shoulder let us veterans stand, and keep the fires of pure Spiritualism brightly burning on the altar of Progress. How Mr. Chaapel's letter recalls the stormy and inspiring experiences, when "Mind and Matter," and its brave editor, Jonathan M. Roberts, stood in the breach to save Materialization to the world! Astraea and I stood with him; we are still in the same firm position, and only a few of the old guard are left with us. Such words of appreciation are more valued than gold, "yea, than fine gold." Ed.]

AN ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

BY EMMA CRAWFORD.

Written by her mother,

JEANNETTE W. CRAWFORD.

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