



Spirit Lily.

The Carrier Dove.

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

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Literary Dept.

TWO LIVES AND THEIR WORK.

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CHAPTER III.

CONCERNED ITSELF WITH MRS PILKINS' CHANDLERS SHOP, ALSO WITH THE SON OF MRS. PILKINS, AND THEREBY MAKES THE READER ACQUAINTED WITH A CERTAIN SORT OF LIFE IN LONDON.

A broad, but somewhat winding thoroughfare, filled with a motley crowd. The pavement and the roadway covered with a layer of that dreadful abomination known as London mud, the like of which surely no other city in the whole world can exhibit. A terrible, sticky, soapy, greasy mess, compounded of anything, it would be thought, save honest sand, marl, gravel, clay, or alluvial attritus. A mud far too sociable in its affections for boot uppers, and trouser ends. A mud that crept unawares on to the backs of the pedestrians' coats, slyly insinuated itself into his ears, and left unexpected dabs and spots upon his shirt front, his collar, and his face. A mud that resented being wiped off, by just smearing itself over and into the flesh or clothes, dying deeply into the texture of both, and refusing to give up its hold until fairly scrubbed off with almost the skin itself. It was London mud, itself its own equal, for other rival it had never one. It covered the wheels and sides of vehicles; it spattered horses from fetlock to barrel, the poor brutes slipped over it, and pedestrians indulged in promiscuous and unexpected slides upon it. It stayed there until the rain washed it away, or the frost petrified it for a day or so, only to release it as bad, black, and persistent in seeking company as ever. It was a poorish neighborhood, and the authorities forgot it, so contractors profited from authoratorial indifference.

On one side of this roadway there stood a railway station, where trains sped away to towns, and villages, and sea-side places in Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and other counties of what is known as East Anglia to students of old history. Facing this railway station

was a big theatre, hard by it being another temple of the drama, and on the further, or northern side, were two cheap houses of amusements, with many a public-house, or saloon, each exhibiting flaring lights, and much plate glass as to windows, doors, and lamps, plenty of polished brass as to door and window plates, and with teeming crowds of men and women filling the interiors, snatching coarse comfort, and rough fellowship from the fare and company, there obtainable. Poverty's Clubs, wherein the poor find their society, obtain their creature comforts, and strive to forget the dirt, squalor, and misery of their lives. The pavement's edge on both sides of this road were fringed with a long line of costermonger's barrows, displaying their cheap wares for sale to the passers by. Various kinds of food, several varieties of fish, such as whelks and mussels, being exposed in little round white saucers in which the delicacies floated in a miniature ocean of strong vinegar, being the predominating articles at these peripatetic restaurants, though oysters, baked potatoes, and pies, "hall 'ot" claimed considerable attention. There were stalls, also, where books, tools, cutlery, hardware, haberdashery, clothes, boots, umbrellas, pills, medicines, toys, culinary implements, and many other odd and curious things were offered for public sale, and each of these *marchands de pave* was surrounded by a little group, the individual members of which did a large amount of handling and looking, but a very small amount of purchasing. The various shops were afame with gas turned on to its fullest, the windows were decked in the most striking fashion possible, and the prevailing element was a garish, glaring, blustering, showy obtrusiveness that seemed all out of place, and quite theatrical, when compared with the pale faces of the women and children, their rags, precocity, and poverty, or with the men, the most of whom were of the poorer working classes. It was Saturday night. The thoroughfare was Shoreditch, and the quarter was the outpost of East London, the place where the prosperity of trade and commerce was merged into the struggle between shopkeeping, labor, industry, thrift, idleness and poverty. This main way of Shoreditch was a sort of river of active life and trade, surging through a colony of poverty, whose turbid tides listlessly rose and fell behind the long rows of shops on either side. The strangers, seeing it on Sunday, say, when shutters were up, bar-

rows gone, and troops of decently-dressed folks were proceeding to the places of worship thereabouts, would scarce suspect that behind the shops and houses on either side, out of sight, there was as much poverty, suffering, ignorance, dirt, vice, and crime, as would be a fair stock in trade for a human pandemonium. Yet once, where are now close streets, overflowing tenements, low resorts, and such poverty as no pen can truly describe, there were fair fields wherein grass grew, trees blossomed, flowers bloomed, birds sang, and a pretty little stream wandered sweetly past. Thus it was, however, some two hundred years ago.

Let us travel along this highway until we reach New Inn Yard. The Inn has long since departed, as also has the Holy Well that gave the name to a street hard by. Then, turning out of the glare and noise of the main street, let us go down the yard a little way—it really is a street—and after a moment's walk we turn out of this thoroughfare into an obscure and ill-favored looking *cul de sac*, bearing the euphonious name of Waterman's Court, though why so called no one living in the place could ever tell you. Waterman's Court had once been a reputable place to live in, judged by the tall, old-fashioned houses, but its glory had long since departed. Each one of these grim, architectural relicts was now the swarming home of a multitudinous family that felt it had attained to opulence when it could rent a ground floor, or first floor front, for in the most of cases each room gave a home to a separate family. About the doors played children, as they did all about in the paved courtyard. Rough men lounged about front doors, smoking dirty clay pipes, miserable women stood in little knots, slatternly and untidy, and talked in rough, coarse voices, of whom one was, as we entered, giving it as her "opinyun" that "that 'ere Mrs. Pilkins, was as 'ard 'arted as a flint," because that thus described worthy had refused the enunciator of the above quoted sentiment any further credit at the Pilkins' establishment, which, considering that this feminine critic had a bad repute for never paying if she could possibly avoid so doing would lead us to charitably suppose that perhaps Mrs. Pilkins was not so very "'ard 'arted" after all!

Mrs. Pilkins, the reader must be informed, kept what is popularly known as a chandler's shop, and was installed as a representative of general commerce in the ground-floor

parlors of No. 1 Waterman's Court, the first house upon the left. Considering the nature of the place, her shop was well stocked—tea, coffee, sugar, bacon, ham, lard, butter, treacle, firewood, lucifers, pens, ink, paper, soap, starch, candles, oils—for heads and lamps—pins, needles, tapes, cottons, sweets, marbles, tops, raisins, currants, and the innumerable odds and ends of the miscellaneous stock of a general dealer in articles of domestic consumption were all contained therein, the odors and flavors of which, blending in an utterly indescribable compound imparted a perfume to the atmosphere of the shop which its proprietress said was healthy, but which would have driven a sanitary inspector into a fit of apoplexy. Mrs. Pilkins was a short, thick-set, red, and somewhat grubby-faced woman, of between forty and fifty years of age, and a widow. Her scanty crop of wispy hair was rolled up into a little ball at the back of her head, and an aged, rusty, and much the worse for wear, black cap seemed to be plastered rather than placed upon her head. She was always dressed in the same black dress, wore a white, but grease-soiled apron around her ample girth, spoke in short husky sentences, in winter was pinch-nosed and irritable, and in summer warm, moist, and undeniably greasy. Her husband had been a small, a very small, master builder, he had saved a little money, and then conveniently fell from the roof of a building he was engaged upon, damaging himself severely, and dying, a week later, in the accident ward of the hospital. His relict, Hannah, then set herself up as a general dealer, for after all Pilkins' debts were settled up the amount of his savings was seriously diminished, affording his widow no better opportunity than the one she was now following. On the whole Mrs. Pilkins did a fair trade; that she was illiterate, coarse, and had a sharp eye to the main chance, were not such matters as excited remark among her class of customers, unless, for some good reason to her, she would "trust" some patron no longer. Yet, underneath the Pilkins nature there blazed up the flame of ambition! Not for herself, oh, no, but for her son. He must be a great man, make his mark, and become a gentleman. She had been fortunate enough to get him into the parish charity school, thereby assuring him something of an education, and a suit of clothes every year, the full skirted coat, knee shorts, worsted stockings, buckle shoes, round cap—with its yellow tuft, and the metal badge upon his chest, all giving to him a sort of premature agedness, as also they served to mark him out as a recipient or charity. At the time we first meet Mrs. Pilkins, her hopeful son is close upon his fifteenth year, and so well has he profited by his mother's injunctions that he is now a monitor in his school. As he is of considerable future

importance to our various characters, let us more minutely inspect his appearance, and inquire into his disposition.

He is of medium height and build, a face of the sanguine order of temperament, a small and somewhat weak looking chin, rather pointed at its extremity, long red lips that have the habit of rolling in a sinuous curling fashion over one another in a sort of unctuous salaciousness, a bold, dome shaped forehead, towering up out of all proportion to the remainder of the head, so dwarfing the face below it that a character reader would say this brain was swelled through its softening rather than through its normal growth. Yet the head was well developed in the regions where phrenologists locate secretiveness, caution, self-esteem and approbateness, while the basilar portions of the brain were unequally and inadequately developed, thereby stunting and drying up the healthful flow of human functions, or diverting them into side streams and pools, besides depriving him of certain elements of personal stability so necessary to those of a sanguine temperament. A light sandy colored hair, with just a suspicion of the hated red, adorned his head, while the eyebrows and eyelashes were similarly colored, but the impression of the face was decidedly unpleasant, for there was a furtive cunning, a latent, and not too close concealed duplicity, a suggestion of treacherousness and foxiness about it, that argued an astuteness that would leave no stone unturned, spare no friend or enemy to gain an end, and keep it when gained, against all odds. Yet, too, there was an aggressive and defiant manner rising to the surface which promised, one day, to serve its owner well, indeed to help him as it helps others of his class, to make a way in the world, when men of better parts are beaten aside. He was spare as to flesh, his various joints delighting in a superabundantly bony prominence, thus imparting to his shoulders, elbows, wrists, fingers and nether limbs an ungraceful, ungainly awkwardness, which his lean beefy hands intensified. In manner he was apparently diffident, lacking spontaneity and had so carefully schooled himself to act out a ready, but respectful demeanor, that he was pronounced a particularly exemplary youth. The vicar had noticed him, the curate had praised him, the schoolmaster had promoted him, and a prosperous parishioner had promised to take him as an apprentice to the soap-boiling profession; yes, taking this young gentleman all in all, he was as fair a sample of pretense, cunning, small ambition, fawning servility and subdued craft, as one need wish to meet in one of his years. As many of his schoolmates said: A born sneak, ever throwing dust into people's eyes, serving himself only, and hesitating at no falsehood when such was necessary to his purposes. No doubt Henry Pilkins, son of Hannah

Pilkins, keeper of the chandlers shop in Waterman's Court, in the parish of Shoreditch, in the ancient City of London, could be matched in more aristocratic portions of that great city, and sadly true is it, that many like him in nature, have, by using the talents they possess in common with him, risen to wealth, ease and place. On the particular Saturday evening this chapter is concerned with, Master Pilkins was seated in the parlor, back of the shop, eating his supper, when he startled his amiable parent by remarking:

"I say, mother, I won't be a 'biler!"

"A what, 'Enery?"

"A 'biler, a soap 'biler, see, eh?"

"Why not, my boy?"

"Cos I've found something better!" but whether the "something better" was a crusty slice he then cut from a new loaf, or the milk he poured into his tea, was not quite discernable. His mother, waiting for him to speak, saw him continue his meal in silence for a few moments, until leaning back in his chair, Master Pilkins gravely announced:

"I'm going to be a subjec'!" whereat his mother, not having the faintest idea of what he meant, merely ejaculated: "Oh, lor, 'Enery, what is it?"

"Don't you remember me going to the mesmerisms the other night? Well, the professor got me up on the stage, and puts his hands on me and says, 'ladies and g'l'e-men's, this youth are a fine subjec', and as he talked, bless me, if I didn't feel as if cockroaches was a-crawling over me. Well, the perfessor told me to do lots of things, dance, sing and talk, and I'm blessed if I didn't! Well, after it wos all over he said as he'd engage me as a subjec' to travel with him, giving me a pound a week and my food and traveling x's, so I'm a-going."

"But, 'Enery, you won't throw away your chances at the school, will you?" said his mother anxiously.

"Well, what's my 'chances' there? To be a 'biler'!—me as is monitor—me as is top of all the classes—me as they all show off as the best boy—all my chances are to be a 'biler'! no, I don't think. I've put up with it all, mother; seen 'em take credit to themselves out of me. I've been a good boy, humored 'em all, been a reglar slave to 'em; and all I gets fur it is, I am to be made a 'biler. If I don't like it that's my fault, and its all they can do, and if it don't suit I'm a ungrateful boy. Well, mother, it don't suit, and I won't be a 'biler, so there! and on Monday I'm going to begin being a subjec'."

All this was said in a half whining, half defiant tone, the tone of a disgusted and disappointed schemer, plainly indicative of the utter selfishness of the little brute, and as Mrs. Pilkins had some dim idea that her hopeful might become a troublesome guest hereafter, she selfishly congratulated herself upon his prospects, and secretly deter-

mined that once he was "out" in the world she would make him provide for himself, if possible. And if her ambitious hopes were ever realized, she would see to it that he made her a proper return for the care he had been to her so far in his career. Maternal pride and practical consideration thus jostled each other in the maternal breast of Mrs. Pilkings, as they do in the breasts of her like the wide world over.

Now it happens that the mesmerist that Dr. Eversleigh saw at the Countess de Golmar's was the "perfesser" that young Pilkings had become associated with, and as the boy was really an excellent subject the professor had secured him to travel with him as a part of his entertainment of "mesmeric magic, mystery and marvel," under the conditions the youth has stated. Furthermore the astute professor had worked up the young man's indignation over the "'biler" question by ridiculing it as a disagreeable, greasy profession, all unsuited to a youth of his intelligence, especially as for the first two years he would only earn a few paltry shilling per week, whereas he, the professor, would pay him a pound a week at first, and more as he became proficient. In the end Mrs. Pilkings gave her consent, and in due season her hopeful child presented himself at the professor's apartments, the first floor of a street in Soho, near by to Oxford street, where the professor, his wife and daughter, had their local habitation.

It was a long time before Waterman's Court saw Henry Pilkings again, or ere his mother learned tidings of him. Fate, as she serves us all, urged him upon the appointed way, to the end that as yet was all undreamed of by those to be most concerned. Poverty still struggled; want and misery held still their court; the busy tides of life and travel rolled through in ceaseless streams down in that crowded hive, where Mrs. Pilkings kept shop, and traded with the want-pinch and pocket-empty spectres of hungerdom, there, as elsewhere, life went its leaden round as usual, and after being a nine days' wonder the going of Mrs. Pilkings' son ceased to be remembered, was in fact forgotten as will your going or my going be forgotten, when a greater world than this opens to our sight and takes us into its engulphing surges.

(To be continued.)

He who stabs you in the dark with a pen, would do the same with a pen-knife, were he equally safe from detection and the law.

You cannot read history, unless you read it upside down, without admitting that woman, cramped, fettered, excluded, degraded, as she has been, has yet sometimes, with one ray of her instinctive genius, done more to settle great questions than all the cumbrous intellect of the other sex has achieved.—Wendell Phillips.

The Platform.

What Has Spiritualism Done for Woman?

An Address delivered by Mrs. J. Schlesinger, at the close of the State Camp-meeting in Oakland, Monday evening, July 4, 1857.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We meet this evening for a double purpose—that of concluding the services customary upon the occasion of our national anniversary, and also for the final service of our spiritual Camp-meeting; therefore, it seems appropriate at this time to combine the elements of each in our exercises. You have all witnessed the usual exhibition of a 4th of July celebration. Your brains have been racked with its tumult, your lives imperiled with its fireworks in the hands of injudicious boys. You have seen the display of uniformed men marching through your streets headed by bands of music, and listened to the eloquent addresses of various orators. You have heard them discourse grandly upon the great, glorious union, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," and recount the perils through which the nation has passed, the victories that have been achieved, the battles for human rights and liberty that have been fought and won. You have had the horrors of the battles depicted with their seas of blood and immense sacrifice of human life; your brave boys in blue who went forth as martyrs in the holy cause of freedom, have all been remembered gratefully, reverently. You have been reminded of the wealth and prosperity on every hand; your miles of railroads, your immense manufactories, grand institutions of learning, magnificent churches and munificent charities. You have also been reminded of your honorable dealing with the colored man, whom you liberated and endowed with all the privileges and honors of equality and citizenship. The beautiful side of all has been presented, and you have made yourselves hoarse with applause and cheers. But while it is not our intention now to present the other side of the subject we will mention a few facts your orators omitted. The revolutionary fathers were accorded due meed of praise for their heroism in throwing off the oppressive yoke of British tyranny, and for the noble spirit in which they endured hardships and privations during the long struggle for freedom; but we heard no mention of the brave mothers who did not *fight*, but who with more than Spartan heroism, toiled and suffered at home with little ones in their arms, and empty cupboards and barren fields, save as they went forth to cultivate the little patch that would keep them from starvation. All honor to our revolutionary mothers and

fathers combined! In our late civil war, when thousands of brave men went forth to fight, they were accompanied by bands of noble, self-sacrificing women who were ready to brave all the horrors of war that they might bind up the bleeding wounds of their brothers and hold to their parched and dying lips the cup of cold water, and bear the last tender message of love to wives, mothers and sisters far away from the horrors of the battle field. In the hospitals, among the sick and suffering they moved like angels of mercy with words of cheer, and tender, loving ministrations. Let us gratefully remember them also, and as a last testimonial of your appreciation and gratitude for these generous, noble deeds of service, confer upon them at least the same political honors you have given the colored man and alien.

We shall now consider this subject from another standpoint and endeavor to ascertain what Spiritualism has done for woman. The veterans in the cause of Spiritualism, especially the venerable mothers, could, no doubt, best answer this question. They who have journeyed over a long, rough, toilsome road, beset on every hand with danger from seen and unseen foes, and at last emerge into green fields and pleasant groves, where cooling springs and murmuring brooks, refreshing shade and fragrant flowers, form a vivid and delightful contrast to the dreary darkness of the forest, or the burning sands of the desert through which they have travelled, can better picture the difference between the two than one whose journey commenced amid the pleasant scenes of the latter, and whose knowledge of the former is gained from the experience of others.

The mothers in the spiritual fold can well remember the status of woman less than half a century ago, and can also trace the elevating and refining influences which have been gradually leading her, step by step, up and out of the condition of servitude and dependence she then occupied to the more honorable, self-sustaining, self-respecting one she occupies to-day. Her unspoken prayers for deliverance, her smothered and hidden feelings of wronged and outraged womanhood and motherhood were not unheard or unseen by the "cloud of witnesses" encompassing all humanity; and responsive chords were touched in the bosoms of angels who had long been struggling, through various channels, to overcome obstacles and give to woman larger liberty, thereby greatly extending her sphere of usefulness, and increasing in untold measure, her happiness. At last the opportune moment arrived, and woman was sent forth upon her mission of angel ministry. Three young girls were the first chosen evangelists through whose instrumentality the glad tidings of angel communion and the higher law of universal justice, free-

dom and equality irrespective of race, color or sex, were proclaimed to the world as the law which obtained in the world of spirit and was eventually to become the same here. No longer should she be commanded to "keep silent," but everywhere and every time that the oppressed and down-trodden needed a voice to plead their cause, the soft sweet tones of woman should be heard. Whenever the truth should be assailed her voice should be used in its defense. In the pulpits of orthodox churches, which had so long endeavored to enchain her; upon the broad, free platform of Spiritualism; in courts of justice, the peer of her legal brothers; at the head of institutions of learning; beside the couch of the sick and dying, soothing with her magical touch the last great agony, or breathing words of hope and trust, comfort and encouragement to those whose barques were silently drifting away to the other shore; in each and all of these positions she stands calm, brave, heroic, self-made, self-crowned and royal, the perfect equal of the best of men. Like the beautiful winged thing that has just escaped from its living tomb in the chrysalis, and flies joyfully forth into the free air and glorious sunshine, so does the long crushed but lofty aspirations of woman lead her out and beyond the narrow and restricted confines man has mapped out for her, and in the busy world of work and achievement, wherever man has ventured to go she has dared to follow, and through patient, determined endeavor carved her name upon the imperishable tablets of fame and honor beside her brother's. That Spiritualism has been an underlying motor power, through the agency of which higher conditions have been established for woman, and therefore for the whole race, is apparent to all who have traced its manifold workings for the advancement and elevation of the masses since its promulgation to the world thirty-nine years ago. It did not come to the learned and scientific men of the day, but to the unlearned; unsophisticated daughters of humble parents were given the great truths which should challenge the scientific investigation of the greatest minds of the age. It was indeed a fulfillment of the prophecy that "the weak things of earth shall confound the wise."

Modest, retiring women who had previously lived in the quiet seclusion of home were made the instruments through whom the angels could deliver their messages of love and wisdom to the children of earth. Many times the timid, shrinking sensitives have been led, fearing and trembling, before large audiences, and there controlled by their invisible benefactors to speak words of burning eloquence and unanswerable logic that carried conviction to the hearts of their most skeptical and obdurate hearers. The great work of enfranchising woman from the disabilities, social, religious and political,

which the ignorance of past ages has entailed upon her, is not confined entirely to the apostles of Spiritualism, but has been and still is engaged in by great humanitarian souls, devoted to the cause of universal liberty, who have outgrown all creeds except the creed of doing good to humanity. Of this number stands pre-eminent the names of John Stuart Mill, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Frances D. Gage, Parker Pillsbury, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and Theodore Parker. Among this number were some of the immortal anti-slavery apostles, who have battled for human rights and liberty during the last half century. However, it has remained for our spiritual mediums and inspired speakers to break down barriers which had heretofore been considered almost insurmountable, and obtain a place and hearing upon the rostrum, and in the pulpit, where woman's voice had seldom been heard, and her influence for good been underrated or held in light esteem. The great truth of immortality, which it is their mission to promulgate and demonstrate, has caught the anxious public ear, and with avidity have these demonstrations been accepted, until, to-day, many millions worship at the truth-crowned altar where minister these high priestesses of the new dispensation. Much yet remains to be done. We are so slow to outgrow old errors and fall into line and keep step in the great march of progress. Many still linger in the shadows of the past, not yet "out of the woods," as it were, and hesitate to come out bravely and boldly for right and justice. Of this number many are women, who are so tethered to the superstitions of the past that nothing but the slow, certain process of evolution will ever develop in them a proper estimation of the duties and responsibilities wrapped and enfolded in the very being of woman as the maker and moulder of the race.

There are also many bright, intellectual women, abundantly endowed, with capabilities equalling those of their husbands and brothers, yet suffering from inherited ideas of inferiority, solicitous lest they seem too self-asserting and masculine. If they could be induced to imagine themselves as free as men are, and rise above all untoward environments, making of themselves all that is possible in view of limitations and restrictions, they would soon find their natures growing and expanding, blossoming into beautiful thoughts, and beautiful, useful lives, as the pale, sickly plant, which has long been shut out from sunshine in the darkness and dampness of a cellar, will put forth new shoots, new blossoms and deeper hue, when exposed to the warm, revivifying rays of the sun.

But there is another class of women of whom we can hope and expect but little. It is "they who toil not, neither do they

spin;" the butterflies of fashion who have been reared in affluence and taught to despise the dignity of labor. They have but one ambition: fashion and show, an elegant establishment and a rich husband, for the getting of which many sell themselves in marriage as actually as was ever slave, upon the auction block, sold to the highest bidder. But society congratulates the young lady upon having "done so well for herself," no matter how vile the private life of the man, no matter how many innocent lives he has blighted and ruined, his money, like a mantle, covers his sins, and some mother's daughter is anxious to secure such a prize, though the price be a life of legalized prostitution under the name of holy wedlock. Such minds are as shallow as the little summer brook; and the great questions of reform which are attracting the attention of the thoughtful, earnest men and women of the day, find no place in their consideration; the end and aim of existence, to them being to make a grand display, following foolish and absurd fashions designed to render women helpless while obeying their dictates, and entailing upon them a long train of physical ailments, resulting in the enfeebled constitutions of their children, and consequent certain undermining of the health of the race. Here a broad, expansive field of labor opens before the progressive, intelligent woman in the shape of dress reform, for the more complete emancipation of her sex from the physical disabilities custom has so long imposed. As the highest moral and spiritual conditions are only evolved from the highest and purest physical conditions, the world's workers have still plenty to do before the millennial day shall have dawned for humanity. Mothers see their sons allured to physical destruction through the instrumentality of the numberless dramshops and tobacco-shops on every hand, where two most powerful poisons are dealt out to young and old, and on the other hand they see their daughters victimized by the tyrant *fashion*; their health, comfort and happiness in great degree sacrificed upon its altar. They see and permit the round, plump, natural forms of these same daughters to be compressed and deformed by a tortuous process of tight-lacing, their strength and vitality wasted carrying the unnecessary burden of long, heavy skirts, locomotion interfered with through the compression of the feet into tight, high-heeled boots which also renders the perfect equipoise of the body impossible, and as a consequence of the strained and unnatural position into which it is thus thrown serious displacements of internal organs occur which render the lives of many women one constant agony and motherhood an impossibility.

Seeing, knowing and suffering all this, as women do, is it not time to inaugurate a reform in this direction? Is not the health and physical well-being of the race a question of vital importance? True

and permanent reform must be far-reaching—embracing all the conditions and requirements pertaining to human life. Every good housekeeper knows that “all the ends must be kept up,” to have a well-ordered home. It is not sufficient to sweep a room, it must also be properly dusted; it is not enough to wash clothes—but they must also be starched and ironed. So with this subject before us—it is not sufficient to say that because Spiritualism has broadened and extended woman’s sphere in some directions that its mission with her is complete. It can never be complete until men and women alike shall have become thoroughly imbued with the beauty and divinity of the teachings of these angel ambassadors, and shall have actualized them in their daily lives by putting away all impure and unholy things, and exemplifying the beautiful precept of the golden rule in their daily relations with each other.

“To do, and not to dream,
To be, and not to seem,”

is the ambition of every truly aspiring soul, yet how few attain their desire.

The barriers which custom and society have placed in the way of individual freedom and progress loom up before us like vast stone walls which cannot be scaled, and apparently an almost eternity of time would be required in which to batter them down, yet, undaunted and fearless, a few grand souls are bravely at work leveling them. Some have only a chisel or pick with which they are making slight indentations, while, here and there, are the more daring ones who are rapidly demolishing the solid pile with heavy blasts of giant powder, which make the very ground tremble beneath the shock. Spiritualists have a great responsibility resting upon them in this direction of liberating, liberalizing and reforming—first, themselves individually, and then by precept and example assisting others to attain the same harmonious condition. The spiritual rostrum should be devoted to the education and elevation of the people, and every subject pertaining to the highest good of the race physically and spiritually should be earnestly and conscientiously studied, and freely and fully discussed by those whose clear, spiritual intuitions and personal experience and observation has best fitted them for the work. No process of nature is indelicate or obscene, except when viewed through the smoked glass of a foul and perverted imagination; and until pure-minded men and women begin their investigations at the very foundation of physical being, and study into the causes of the evils which afflict mankind, the effects will remain as now. Until fathers and mothers are educated concerning the important responsibilities of parentage, children will continue to be ushered into existence under the same unfortunate conditions, to suffer themselves and inflict suffering on others, until prema-

ture death shall have set them free from their prisons of clay. This is especially woman’s work to see to it that as the architects and builders of their temporary temples, wherein should dwell “holy spirits,” that the work be properly done. This they can never successfully accomplish until they have risen to the dignity of *self-ownership*. Oh, that we could say some words that would reach the hearts of the thoughtless and indifferent, and infuse into them some of the fire and zeal needful to unfold their latent energies, and give them glimpses may be of the grand possibilities accruing from earnest endeavor.

It is only by presenting these duties, over and over again urging their importance, that at last a feeling of interest and enthusiasm is aroused and good accomplished. Let us note some of the practical, beneficial results of the agitation of the woman question during the last forty years. It has opened to her the doors of nearly three hundred occupations which were closed twenty-five years ago. It has raised the value of her work and given her an opportunity to earn an honest living without being confined to the wash-tub or the needle, or marrying for the sake of being *supported*. It has broadened her sphere of usefulness, and helped her in every walk of life. It has given her a place in literature, science and art. It has secured for her profitable fields of business wherein she can compete with man, and become self-supporting and independent. Her political equality has not yet been recognized, but is steadily gaining ground, and only waits the growth and development of the principle of justice in the minds of men. Many points of vantage have been obtained in this direction. Some States have already conferred the right of limited suffrage upon women. Kansas takes the lead in this, having granted women municipal suffrage. The experiment has met with great success, and will doubtless accelerate the movement elsewhere. Syracuse, a town near the Colorado line, on the 4th of last April, elected a City Council of women, and an enterprising reporter of the *Memphis Appeal* visited the place, interviewed the women thus elected, and after describing them, giving their names, etc., closes quite a lengthy communication as follows:

My short acquaintance with these women convinced me that sitting in council-chairs and wrestling with questions of city polity have had no effect to unsex them—whatever that may be—for these were as womanly women as I have ever seen. I looked in vain for masculine tendencies. There was not a hint of it in dress or manner. Meeting them on the street or in the cars, you would never guess that they were city officials. From conversation with them I learned that they were exceedingly anxious to make their administration a just one—one that would advance the best interests of the city; and when they spoke of advancing the interests of their city, they betrayed the fact that they had in mind the city’s moral, as well as temporal, prosperity. It is said of them that they are doing better work than the body of men who composed the previous council. Their townspeople

say they were elected because “somebody proposed it, and everybody was pleased with the idea;” because “it was believed they would make excellent officers;” because “the temperance people thought women wouldn’t be afraid to enforce the prohibitory law;” because, “we wanted to advertise our town”—this last from a member of a real estate firm; “because women would take time to do the work well and thoughtfully.” Altogether, I was pleased with my first sight of a woman council. This is the only one in the United States.

Another city in the same State has elected a woman for mayor, whose father had previously filled that position.

In the three territories where women vote on all questions, the result has been highly gratifying to the advocates of this reform.

One important lesson women have yet to learn and put into execution is the necessity of thorough organization for mutual benefit and education. They should follow the example of their brothers in this respect—remembering “in union there is strength;” and when once a band of earnest, united women determined upon a certain work, it would be accomplished. In their private councils all subjects could be freely and fully discussed which related to the well-being of the family or state. Motherhood especially should receive their most thoughtful consideration, and ways and means devised whereby, without family jars, or, as in many instances is now the case, the disruption of the home, woman could maintain the rightful prerogative of self-ownership, thus avoiding undesired maternity, with all its direful consequences. When woman understands the *divinity* of motherhood, she will rise above the animal plane where man has placed her, and also lift man from the mire of sensualism where he has grovelled for centuries, and make him the grand, god-like father of incarnated angels, instead of continuing his slave, bringing forth inharmonious, ill-begotten, unwelcome children, to fill jails and asylums with criminals and insane, idiots and monstrosities for ages to come. May angels of beneficence, wisdom and love help each woman to choose the right, to stand by, to live it, and if need be die for it; that in the years to come her children and her children’s children may arise up and call her blessed.

Answers to Questions.

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England, at
Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Morning,
Aug. 28, 1887.

[Reported for the CARRIER DOVE by G. H. Hawes.]

Q. In praying to the Infinite Spirit do we attract to our side spirit friends and the good spirits from above, and in our soul’s need do they help us as it lies in their power?

A. Most certainly you do attract to you wise and beneficent spirits when your aspirations roll outward in a flood of heartfelt aspiration. Most certainly in your soul’s need the great and noble of the unseen world

enfold you in their loving embrace and pour upon your lives that power which enables you to overcome the difficulties. Where there is an aspiration of the soul, a trembling of the hidden fire within the breast, a quickening of the spiritual activities within your nature, a kindling into life and beauty the gems of your eternal being, by thus praying earnestly and aspiring for the best, you attract to yourself the wisest and the purest of the spirit life, and so attracting, gain help from them as a consequence.

Q. Is there any proof of man having descended from the lower animals?

A. The proof is scarcely susceptible of absolute demonstration from the present condition of human reason, but if the questioner was standing upon the spirit plane of life and saw the processes on this plane of existence with the entire sequence, and everything that is involved in the evolution of the ascent of man rather than the descent from the lower or animal kingdom, he would there observe the inherent quality of divinity working up through all the orders and types of being, and he would realize that the great object of our existence is the evolution and individualization of the immortal conscious soul of man. When you stand on the spirit side of life all these processes will be made perfectly plain to your understanding. In your present unfoldment, this question is hardly susceptible of demonstration, but the inference is sufficient to warrant you in accepting it.

Q. Why is it that our spirit friends cannot assist us when we wish most sincerely to accomplish some good for others?

A. There are severals reasons why there is an apparent lack of assistance. We are not always sure that you spirit friends fail to help you, even though you think so. For instance, you may desire to accomplish a good for some particular person, but your sympathy, short-sightedness, lack of development or observation, may all incline you to do that which might be very injurious to the person you desire to benefit. Then, spirit friends seeing farther than you do and being wiser than you are, will divert your efforts and apparently frustrate your plans, and for some reason—you don't know why—you will do something the very opposite of your intention, and that opposite result will ultimately prove a greater benefit than that which you had formerly planned, but failed to accomplish.

Spirit friends do help far more than you are either willing or able to admit. But from their plane of life they see things so different from what you do that what you see as that which is best, they may perceive would be an injury. But they are helping you all the time, and in ways that you know nothing of.

Q. Please state the relative merits of veneration for the noble, the good and the true, and the sympathetic impulses for the

good of others as effecting soul growth. Is soul growth and spiritual growth identical? If not, what is the distinction?

A. You can venerate an idea, an individual, a philosophy, or a proposition in the sense that you feel it to be something greater than yourself, something nobler than yourself. Your veneration in that sense will become a cause of inspiration: it will infill you with a noble desire to be like the thing you venerate, or to express it in your life. Then your veneration will be of infinite service to you. It will stimulate your intellectual faculties, help in the cultivation of your spiritual faculties, and it will assist in the growth of your soul.

But if you let your veneration descend to worship, then you are in great peril and great danger. You do not want to worship anything, because that means the entire abnegation of yourself, the prostration of yourself before an object or a thing supposed to be intrinsically greater than yourself. Now there is no proposition in the universe that the soul of man cannot grasp sooner or later; there is no person in the history of human life, no matter how great, but what you all contain the capacity to equal some time and somewhere. Therefore, all humanity contains within itself the ultimate possibilities of all goodness and all knowledge, and you are under no necessity to bow down and worship priest, king, ruler, teacher or what not. But you may venerate them for the honor of their lives, the nobility of their being, the purity of their thoughts, and the grandeur of their conceptions.

What is the difference between spiritual culture and soul culture? The spiritual man has certain organs and faculties and attributes just as the material man has, and by the cultivation of these inner faculties you are unfolding your spiritual natures, and bringing into exercise and operation the counterparts of external avenues that belong to your outer nature.

Soul culture means this: as you gain knowledge you can assimilate the very soul or knowledge, truth and goodness; and it is this essence that enters into the possession of your own soul. Every truth, every principle and every reality of being that you can extract the soul from and incorporate in your own nature is so much added to your own soul's growth. Soul growth, then, is the measure of the growth of the essential man, and reflects the amount of the wisdom of God that individual has assimilated and incorporated.

Spiritual growth is the development of your spiritual faculties, just the same as material growth is the unfoldment of your material faculties.

We would commend to you most earnestly the need of soul growth, for the more of good you can assimilate in your own nature, the more Godlike you will become in your daily life.

Q. If the person who, under the influence of an ungovernable passion, takes the life of another is a murderer, is not the one who is authorized by law to execute the poor victim, equally so?

Have we outgrown the age of barbarism? If so, what is the necessity for the state's prison and gallows?

A. One of the prettiest pictures of civilization, one of the crowning glories of intellectual development; one of the sublimest presentations of human progress, one of the greatest triumphs of the influence of Christianity, was presented in this State only a few weeks ago when a poor, hunted, and frightened-to-death Chinamen was strung up like a dog from the top of a railroad turntable. You ask us whether you have outgrown the age of barbarism. Let the execution of Hong Di answer the question. If this was not the running riot in a certain place and certain community of some of the basest and vilest passions of the race, then we know not how to interpret it.

The execution of the murderer shows the progress of society in its attempts to deal with the problem of criminality. A life for a life, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth—this is good, wholesome doctrine, no doubt, until it happens to be your life, or your eye, or your tooth, then you begin to think the boot is beginning to pinch very severely. Shall the murderer be hanged, who, in a fit of ungovernable passion, slays a fellow-being? That individual has an ungovernable passion, has he? How did he get it? Why is it that he has it? Because his parents and his teachers have not done their duty to him; because he has not been properly trained to subdue his passions, correct his morals, and make progress in all the good and useful things of life. So long as parents, teachers and pastors neglect the individual duty of training children in morality instead of smartness, so long will these ungovernable tempers be developed in the community. So long as the community as a body tolerates the one great cause of criminality in the consumption of intoxicating liquors, so long will these ungovernable passions be inflamed up to a murderous pitch. So long as the community neglects its duties in looking after the moral needs, so long will murders and all the horrid list of crimes strew their dreadful records upon the pages of civilization. Of what use to lock the door of the stable after the horse has been stolen? What is the use of hanging a man after he has done the deed? It is said, to protect others. Does it do it? Murders go on just about the same; people are slaughtered, and hanging does not seem to have the remotest effect in preventing the shedding of blood. Very civilized, indeed! The world has progressed very much, indeed! It does not cut up the victims into little pieces; it does not boil them in oil, roast

them in ovens; it does not torture them to death as some of the barbarous peoples were in the habit of doing, but it kills them, just the same. The question is not as to how they are killed, but is it right to kill the murderer?

So long as the cause of murder lies in the hatreds and passions of humanity, and so long as those hatreds and passions are neglected by those whose proper duty it is to supervise them and train their possessors how to dominate and control them, so long as those passions can be fired by intoxicating drinks and licentious indulgences, so long will these ungovernable tempers leap to blood-red fury, and club or batter out the brains and life of some unfortunate individual. The root of the evil is in the criminal indifference of the public at large.

How are we to meet the case? Hang the man? About the worst use you could put him to. You did not make his life; you have no right to take it. But you must not let him go out into the community again. A man who has once drawn life-blood is like the beast of the jungle; he never loses the taste for it, at least, in very few cases. Therefore, that individual should be secluded from the haunts of men; he should be held in restraint as one of the sick members of society. He needs the most careful training and the most watchful care, and every helpful surrounding to stimulate and develop all the better parts of his nature. He must be impressed with the heinousness of his crime; he must be taught that he has forfeited his right to the common conditions of society, but in forfeiting these things and in committing this offense he has not forfeited his right to be considered a man. Punishment that degrades the individual, that crushes out the rights of man, is injurious in every case. The whole machinery of criminal punishment to-day is not so much for the chastising of the offender, as for his degradation; a stain is imprinted upon him, a character is imparted to him, and "jail bird" is the mildest term that is applied to him when he is allowed to go forth into the community again a free man. You can never elevate people by degrading them; you can never appeal to their better nature and finer senses so long as they feel they are objects of degradation and contempt.

The murderer, then, must be taught the character of his offense; that he has a latent manhood in him that can be cultivated, and that as he cultivates it he will win in return the right and respect that belongs to him. But keep him to himself; let him work, enjoy life, but watch and train him as you would the insane that may likely become insane again.

There should be no gallows. A pretty spectacle, is it not, that one individual is empowered by the law and sanctioned by religion to choke the breath out of another!

Now, is society barbaric? Have you

outgrown the age of barbarism? We scarcely think you have; the age of barbarism still casts its influence over you, still permeates your social structure, and the frequent outbursts of the worst passions show there is a great deal of barbarism left in the community after all. To-day you find the great continental powers maintain their huge armies and navies, manned by men who are trained and taught no other trade than murder. This is an illustration of how much barbarism still remains in civilization.

Yet in spite of all these things the voice of reform is heard in the land from time to time, and from the days of Howard down to the present time, penology has been a subject of earnest consideration by reformers and by schools of thought, and the great problem of what shall we do with the criminal is being seriously discussed in a hundred directions to-day. Our contribution to the discussion would be this: You will never succeed in reforming the criminal until you can reach down and stimulate to action the humanity that belongs to him just as much as it belongs to every other being.

Original Contributions.

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

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

G. F. PERKINS.

What a world of meaning has this simple sentence, "And a little child shall lead them!" There was a time, and not far back either, when the church said, "Hell was paved with infant skulls." The unchrist-like and absurd doctrine became so distasteful to the average Christian that much thought was brought to bear upon the question of the education of children into the Christian faith, through the means of Sabbath schools. The work was pushed on, until every church denomination recognized the wonderful power of the Sabbath school, and to-day, the churches owe their present existence to this one movement, viz: The spiritual education of the children.

All moral and spiritual movements, including temperance work, owe whatever success they have to the stimulating influence of youthful minds, and their refreshing innocence.

The Spiritualists must have this same experience. Andrew Jackson Davis recognized this years ago, and formulated a plan, which, had it been faithfully carried out, would have increased the power and influence of the Spiritualists a hundred fold.

Shall we advocate child mediumship? Yes, if properly educated, the people can encourage the development of children as mediums.

There are many points to be considered, *pro* and *con*, but after all are weighed in the balance, we think the wise conclusion will be in its favor.

When we have to acknowledge that a large percentage of spirit communications and demonstrations (?) are fraudulent, or at least appear so, we think it high time that we should have instruments for the spirits to control, that have not been developed to such a decidedly physical condition.

The best and most useful mediums in our ranks to-day are those who have had their spirit demonstrations since childhood.

Time and time again have we heard mediums relate their experiences which dated as far back as they could remember.

Scarce a week passes by that does not bring to our personal notice cases of wonderful manifestations through little children.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," can be used from a Spiritualist's standpoint as well as from the orthodox.

There is a little danger of our getting *too* profound and philosophical, so much so, that we forget that there are children in existence. Whenever the question is brought up it is temporarily ruled out, in order that the *great questions* of the day (?) which involve dollars and cents should be considered.

Eternity is quite a long time, consequently it seems to us that some of our time might be profitably spent in making preparation for this eternity before us; and when we know that our condition in the future depends upon our moral and spiritual condition here, and at the time of dissolution, rather than the financial state of our affairs, does it not seem most important that we should wake up from our selfish indolence and assist each other to make the best possible use of our opportunities now? If it is the moral condition that determines our happiness in the future, does it not follow that this preparation should commence with the children? Let an example be set by the older ones that will instil into their impressible natures the principles of love, truth and justice, and there will soon be no need of all this hue and cry about "Equal Rights," "Labor and Capital" and kindred questions.

The writer has had some experience with children as mediums, and some of the most convincing proofs of the immortality of the soul have come through these innocent instruments used by the spirit world.

Let us have children's lyceums, children's meetings and developing circles, and there will come proofs of spirit communion that will astonish the most sceptical. When every family has its own mediums, the demand for public mediums will greatly decrease and the incentives now offered the unscrupulous to fraudulently represent themselves as such for gain, will cease.

Good Words from Our Readers.

Dear Editress: The last Dove was a fine copy; we enjoyed the illustrations, with accompanying sketch very much, also the commencement of the story from the able pen of J. J. Morse. The Dove is growing brighter and more interesting as the weeks and months roll along; indeed, the world contains no other progressive magazine with so much artistic beauty; and the general make-up of its reading matter is always, as C. B. McDonald says, first-class. The Doctor is just the man to keep things moving in the financial department, while its able and charming editress is fully up to the requirements in her own special domain, so we see nothing to prevent this delightful characteristic magazine from moving right along with the age.

ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Dear Mrs. SCHLESINGER:—I presume you are bothered with more letters than you know what to do with, but I do so want to thank you for the "Children's Department" in the CARRIER DOVE. It is *such* a need, yet one so little thought of, or at least little acted upon, by Spiritualists. We want reading for our children that is not orthodox Sunday school, and that does not wind up with an exhortation to them to give their hearts to Jesus. Your "Illustrated story" will, I believe fill a much-needed place. I only wish I were capable of writing such stories as I feel sure our children need; but there are many who are capable, and if you wish help they should gladly give it. While writing I wish to express my appreciation of G. F. Perkins' "I Wonder." He expresses my sentiments better than I can do it. I hope those who are capable will agitate the subject until our children have justice done them and they learn to honor and love our beautiful religion.

MRS. STARKS.

Dear CARRIER Dove: The Dove weekly is a grand success and idea, for now these angel's visits come so often that they are looked for with greater anxiety. Do you know that so much of this kind monthly makes a larger feast than the average mortal could comprehend? Now, the illustration, one is quite enough, can be studied and the face fixed in the mind, and so of the articles. Yes, I am glad, very glad to have it as now, and for one, hope it may prove a grand success, as no doubt it will. Fraternally yours,

H. H. KENYON.

Extract from a Private Letter.

"I am very glad that I decided to have you send me the DOVE as I am much interested in reading it. I regret not remaining longer on the Pacific Coast and attending the meetings and enjoying the fine discourses of Mr. Morse, but shall have to be

satisfied with reading them. I am trying to get some new subscribers for you, as all liberal thinkers like it. I attended the Methodist church here yesterday, and it seemed to take me back forty years; the sermon was of the old type—not a new idea—though the congregation seemed to enjoy it; but I thought of the advantages I had missed in California, the ideas taught were so very different, but in country towns they are so bigoted and prejudiced that they would not appreciate any progressive thoughts.

Respectfully,
MRS. L. P. W.

who have found the clear, strong light of Truth as revealed to them by spirit messengers, thoughtfully permit their little ones to come under the same influence of church creed and dogma, and to breathe in the same erroneous doctrines of human life and its destiny, of eternity and its conditions, that hampered and confined their souls in the past, and for years prevented them from understanding the truths that life had to reveal; and therefore we are constrained to conclude that they have grown careless and apathetic upon the subject. In the light of the great spiritual privileges that are now theirs, they have forgotten the dangers and snares that lie before the inexperienced feet of their children, and so neglect to warn or to guide them how to avoid the evils that a wrong conception of life and immortality will entail upon them.

This is all wrong. The children of pronounced Spiritualists should be reared as Spiritualists. They should be educated with a clear idea of the fundamental principles and rules of Spiritualism, an understanding of its philosophy, and with a practical knowledge of its phenomenal facts. Our young people should be familiarized in early life with the laws of mediumship, and with the thought that there are no dead, but that through the processes of natural law, human beings slip off their mortal forms to take upon themselves more refined bodies, and to undergo higher discipline and richer experience in a more celestial world.

In addition to the above knowledge of life, its duties, responsibilities and its destiny being imparted to our youth, it is also time that the parents of our country, Spiritualists and all others, pay more attention to the habits their children are forming, the ideas they are cherishing and the characters they are building up. The first twenty years of a man's life will leave their impress upon all his future experience, and it is important that our boys and girls are started right upon the highway of existence. Not only the lessons our youth learn at school, the example and precept they derive from home influences, the observations they take of life from day to day, have very much to do with completing their education, but other factors also come in and fill an important part in the scheme of instruction. Among these may be mentioned the nature and tendency of the literary matter they peruse. Books and papers do more to determine the mental abilities and tastes, as well as to form the character and disposition of their readers, than perhaps any other cause outside the direct sphere of personal home influence. Therefore, it is important that young minds be directed and advised what amount and quality of mental pabulum will best nourish their intellects and strengthen their minds. This requires a wise and judicious oversight on the part of thoughtful parents and friends; it is a duty not to be

Selected Articles.

The Duty of Spiritualists Toward Their Children.

BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

It is truly surprising what little attention Spiritualists pay to the best interests of their children. In many instances the spiritual instruction and welfare of their young people is woefully neglected. In place of gathering them around the table in a social manner these long winter evenings, and conversing with them about the life after the death of the body—the Spirit World, its conditions and surroundings, the power of disembodied beings to come into intelligent communication with mortals, and also of the necessity of so living on earth, so practicing the rules of right and justice, of obeying the laws of nature and shunning the vices of folly, as to become prepared to understand, appreciate and advance in the Higher Life when they are called to meet it—our Spiritualists are too prone to ignore these subjects altogether in their households, and to allow their boys and girls to wander out here and there to fritter away their time amid the exciting scenes of a mere material life.

In place of sending the little ones growing up around them to a spiritual Progressive Lyceum, where they will at least be free from the depressing influence of dogma and creed-bound doctrines of the future, where the truths of immortality are taught, and the false errors and assumptions of old theology are ignored—instead of lending their support to these progressive schools that have been established under the guidance and direction of wise and exalted spiritual intelligences, Spiritualists, as a rule, allow their children either to remain home on Sundays or else permit them to attend some orthodox Sabbath school in company with their young associates whose parents are members of the church.

We cannot believe that sensible men and women who have had such trouble in freeing themselves from the fetters that ecclesiasticism fastened upon them in early life, and

neglected, but one that should be religiously attended to.

The reading of weak, sensational literature never did and never will prepare a girl to become a loving, helpful, tender-hearted and at the same time self-reliant woman. The perusal of blood-and-thunder stories filled with tales of strife and horror, not to speak of the evil reports of gross wrongdoing on the part of their heroes is not calculated to awaken deep thought concerning the duties of life, a wise consideration of the future, a desire to be all that is noble and grand in character, and to build up a self-made practical existence that will be self-poised and well-balanced under all circumstances, in the mind of the growing boy. Thus it is imperative that if we wish to rear a race of noble men and clear-sighted women, we must attend to the education of our young people; and it is important that we counsel them concerning the formation of their mental tastes and habits. We must not only advise but give them the practical benefit of our example on these points; and in selecting readable matter for our homes, let it be such as will be clear and high in its moral tone, pure in teaching, refined in sentiment, while at the same time it will be interesting to youthful minds.

A reform in the selection of literature for the young is needed in our homes, and we call upon Spiritualists to begin that reform by attending to the intellectual and spiritual needs of their children.—*The True Messenger.*

Some Wise Women.

A poor clergyman died and left a widow and two daughters. One of the daughters was an invalid and the other became the mainstay of the little family. Like too many girls, she had received a general but superficial education, which did not qualify her to teach anything. She had no taste or skill as a milliner or dressmaker. What could she do? Accidentally, she heard a number of housekeepers regretting the impossibility of having hot, fresh cakes for Sunday's breakfast. She had a recipe for making English muffins, which, if baked on Saturday, can be heated the next morning.

She called on her friends and took orders for these muffins. The cakes were delicious and promptly served. The customers increased. She has now a large establishment and a comfortable income.

Another woman, in the same position, "took stock of herself" to discover what she could do.

"I know," she said, "that it is the thing which we can do better than any one else, however trivial it may be, which commands success. I had but one little craft; I could dress hair and understand its management. I set out upon a tour through the inland towns and villages of the middle

states, advertised that Mrs. P—— would teach ladies to dress their hair becomingly, and to care for it on scientific principles.

"In these small towns coiffures are unknown. I was the first to enter a new field, and I reaped a rich harvest. Since then I have visited and found business in a great many of the larger towns of the United States."

Another woman, a half-starved dressmaker in a great city where there were hundreds of dressmakers, overheard a gentleman in a street-car say that there was no place in the city where a man could have his socks or underwear mended. She took a room near a college and opened a mending shop. She, too, was the one person in possession of a new business, and therefore succeeded.—*The Youth's Companion.*

A Singular Experience.

Dr. Leland, who recently died in Georgia, was a great sufferer from asthma, and, to all appearances, died several times before the final dissolution took place. On more than one occasion, his family made preparations for his funeral, and a day or two before his actual death he told a remarkable story of how he witnessed the arrangements: "Unable to lie down I passed all my time in an easy chair. My body died several times. I, that is my spirit, would go away from it, and, standing in an opposite corner of the room, would look back at the flesh and blood in the chair and wonder how I was ever induced to pass so many years in its company. Poor old body," I thought, "your troubles are nearly over. They will soon put you away under the ground, where you will be at rest forever. I saw my family gather about my old frame as it leaned back, dead, in the chair, and it gave me pain to see them weep. Then I would feel something pulling me towards my body again; I could not resist it; I was powerless, and in a moment I had taken possession of it. Then there was an instant of pain, and I opened my eyes and breathed. Each time this was repeated I was more reluctant to return to my body."—*New York Tribune.*

Spirit Rapping in John Wesley's Family.

All the principal sounds produced by spiritual agency in our time were heard in the house of Rev. John Wesley, at Lincolnshire, England, in the early part of the last century. Those illustrations of the presence and power of spirits first occurred in 1716, one hundred and sixty-two years ago. A partial enumeration of the different phases of the phenomena embraces the following: Mysterious knocking at the doors and elsewhere in the different apartments;

the moving of ponderable bodies; opening and closing of doors; sounds of footsteps in the hall, and the rustling of flowing garments; heavy footfalls on the stairs—as if persons were ascending and descending—accompanied by a tremulous motion of the whole house. Thundering sounds whenever Mr. Wesley prayed for the king; sounds such as are produced by shifting the sails of a windmill; the apparent falling of metallic balls among the glassware or fine porcelain, and of huge pieces of coal, which appeared to be broken into many fragments and scattered over the floor; rocking the cradle, and lifting the bed with Nancy Wesley on it; and the rattling of silver coin, which appeared to be poured over Mrs. Wesley, and to fall at her feet.

Marrying Drinking Men.

A woman signing herself Carol Fritz addresses the following communication to the editor of the Pendleton *East Oregonian*. It is worthy of the space accorded it, and of careful consideration:

In a recent editorial you say that "a number of women will continue to take the risk" of marrying drinking men, "rather than of staying single and becoming lean, hungry, cross and sour." Don't you think their chances for becoming "lean, hungry, cross and sour" equally good in marrying drinking men as in remaining single? A good many patient, gentle wives could at least testify that drinking husbands had caused them to become "lean and hungry," so I think that woman a wise one who prefers to risk the "cross and sour" part rather than take upon herself the certainty of being "lean and hungry," to say nothing of the humiliation which must, of necessity, go with a drinking husband.

Drinking men, like a great many other evils, may be tolerated in the abstract, but when it comes to choosing home-builders, husbands and fathers, sensible women let them severely alone. In such capacities they are most sad failures. These are facts that are becoming better understood each year—and, with the splendid opportunities now open to women to win their way in the world, the number who prefer marrying drinking men rather than run the risk of being old maids is becoming gratifyingly insignificant. The day is not a thousand years hence when a woman will be just as likely to choose a drinking man for a husband, as a man now is to choose a drinking woman for a wife. One is just as sensible as the other, when you consider the matter candidly, only the world, always a little slow to accept the light of a new gospel, has not yet arrived at this point of view, so we must be patient, deeply thankful for the growing intelligence and independence of women in this wonderful country of growth and reform.

A Ghost Story.**THE MOST TERRIBLE STORM THAT EVER SWEEPED OVER MINNESOTA.**

The great storm of 1873 was the most violent known in the Northwest for fifty years, as the records kept at Fort Snelling showed.

It struck Minnesota on the 7th of January, 1873, and raged for three days, the wind blowing a gale, the temperature being about 18 deg. below zero, and on the prairies the air was filled with snow as fine as flour. Through every crevice, keyhole and nailhole the snow penetrated, puffing into houses like steam. The number of human lives lost in Minnesota was about seventy.

Mr. Weston had been to Graham lakes and was returning with a load of wood when the storm caught him. He drove across his own farm and missed the house; turned and went in a circle, making the same circle twice, as shown by the tracks of the sled. He then turned north to the vicinity of the place now owned by H. D. Winters, in Graham lakes township. He abandoned his team, and the oxen, after wandering awhile, turned the yoke and choked to death. Mr. Weston from this point, evidently concluded to walk with the storm, and made a bee-line for Hersey. He walked about twelve miles and fell forward on his face, clutching the grass as he fell and the blood gushing from his nose. His body was found the following spring, with the hands full of grass and the blood on his face.

A GHOST STORY.

The story of John Weston's ghost was first published in the *Advance* and widely copied, so that it became known throughout the country. Weston appeared to Mr. Cosper, who is still a resident of Seward township, and was an intimate friend to Weston. A few days ago we caught Mr. Cosper in town and had the story from his own lips. He is a practical, unimaginative man, and gives the story in a circumstantial way.

The day after the storm Mr. Cosper had been out with some neighbors searching for Weston's body. He had returned to his home and was at his stable feeding his stock just before sundown. He came out of the stable, and passing around to the east end, saw John Weston coming up the path from the creek. Weston had on his blue soldier overcoat, which he usually wore. His hands were tucked up under his cape, and he approached Cosper with his usual smile and usual salutation, saying, "How goes it?" Cosper said, "Why, Weston, I thought you were frozen to death!" Weston replied: "I am, and you will find my body a mile and a half northwest of Hersey!" Saying this he vanished. Mr. Cosper says that even after Weston was gone, it took him some time to

realize that he had seen a ghost and to "feel queer."

CONFIRMATORY EVIDENCE.

Before this Weston had evidently announced his death to his wife. Mrs. Weston related the incident, and it was confirmed by her son. The second night of the storm she was awakened by a knock at the door. She dozed off again, and was aroused by a second rap, when she asked: "What is wanted?" A voice answered: "Did you know that John was frozen to death?" The voice sounded like that of her brother, Mr. Linderman, who lived in the vicinity. The boy heard the voice, and, rising up in bed, said: "Mother, did uncle say pa was frozen to death?" Mrs. Weston went to the door but there was no one there, and no tracks could be found in the snow. Mr. Linderman had not been there, and it seems that Weston, wishing to announce his death, and at the same time not to frighten his wife too much, assumed the voice of his brother-in-law.

Now for the confirmation of Cosper's story. He told it at once, and it was published throughout the country before the winter was over. Search was made for Weston's body, but in vain. When spring came, however, and the snow began to melt off, Weston's body was found near a slough where the snow had been deep, a mile and a half northwest of Hersey. We believe Mr. Erickson, who now lives in Worthington, was the first to discover the body.

So much for the great blizzard. There will probably not be another such in our day. It was a rough greeting for the early settlers of Noble county, but they can all testify that Boreas has been comparatively mild ever since, except in putting the screws on the mercury and bringing it down tight occasionally.—*Worthington Advance*.

Moral Aspect of the Chaingang.

The chaingang is a relic of barbarism, and ought not to be tolerated in a community of Christian civilization. It belongs to the obsolete category of the whipping-post, the pillory, the stocks, and the ducking-stool. Its tendency is to degrade and brutalize humanity, to make reckless and vindictive criminals of petty offenders. It is offensive to the moral sense of human spectators who, in passing along the street or looking from the doors of their places of business, are moved with compassion for the unfortunate persons who, in a condition of degrading or involuntary servitude, are thus exposed to the contempt and derision of the rabble at large. It is painful and revolting to the view of refined ladies, whose sympathetic nature is disturbed and distressed by the shameful spectacle of old men and beardless boys in the condition of galley slaves. It familiarizes young children with scenes of

human degrading and punishment of which they ought to be kept in ignorance; and, worse than all, it is a violation of the constitutional rights of American citizens. An amendment of the Constitution of the United States expressly declares that "No citizen shall be subjected to involuntary servitude except on conviction of *crime*."—*Oakland Advertiser*.

Gratitude.

Of all the sentiments of the human heart there is none so pleasing to God and so beautiful in man as gratitude. The heart of the grateful man is forever watching for his time to come to pay back in some small way his debt of gratitude. And who that has soothed the despairing moments of some poor, broken heart, either with his purse or kind words, can ever forget the glistening eye and quivering lips of gratitude. Obligations are acknowledged with cheerfulness, the benefactor is looked on with love and esteem, and if to return the favor be not in one's power, the memory of it is nourished in the breast forever. And who that has ever sat in the humble home of the widow, and heard her tell her simple tale of gratitude for some favor long ago received, can never forget how the little ones, with open mouth and staring eyes, watched her as she spoke, and, when the tale is told, would say, "Who was it, mamma?" With sadness in the voice, a tear in the eye, she would whisper the name of her benefactor. And at night, when that little group kneel down to lisp their orisons to heaven, the memory of their benefactor is not forgotten, and though not able in this world to cancel the debt of gratitude they speak with love and respect forever of his name.

M. F. F.

A Child Born Intoxicated.

Hall's Journal of Health relates a most singular instance of pre-natal influence. The child of well-to-do citizens of Westfield, N. J., exhibits all the phenomena of an intoxicated person.

Shortly after marriage the husband and father began to drink. One evening he went from home ostensibly to watch with a sick member of a Lodge. Soon after, the wife, by accident, found him at the village hotel intoxicated, singing songs, and having a "good time."

The shock to the young wife was terrible, and a few months later the child was born. It cannot walk without staggering, nor lisp its baby words without a strong hiccup. Medical skill is powerless to help it. It is strong and healthy, and may outlive the wretched father to whom it owes its wrecked and blasted life.

"He is drunk, naturally drunk," pronounce the doctors, and there is no remedy in this world.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editress

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PUBLISHERS.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual Workers of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, and Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Also, Lectures, Essays, Poems, Spirit Messages, Editorial and Miscellaneous Items. All articles not credited to other sources are written especially for the CARRIER DOVE.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPT. 17, 1887.

A Spiritual Church.

Some Spiritualists appear to be greatly worried over the fact that spiritual organizations are not more rapidly increasing, spiritual papers better sustained, and Spiritualism itself becoming more respected and influential. A few of these anxious people are desirous of building up a Spiritual Church—a religious institution to supersede the established churches. They say that unless we do this the churches already established will eventually (as the Catholic already does) claim to be the only true Spiritualistic Church, and Anti-Church Spiritualism will become even more disreputable than it is to-day.

There is no cause for wortiment over the condition of Spiritualism; it is doing its appointed work, and is doing it well and rapidly. The number of avowed Spiritualists is not, perhaps, greatly increasing, but that fact (if it be a fact) is no proof that the influence of Spiritualism is not spreading. The best indication of the growth of Spiritualism is the increasing demand for spiritual mediums. This class is steadily growing in

numbers and in variety of gifts, but so great is the public interest that even "frauds" are in demand to satisfy the public hunger. There would be no room for "frauds" if all who are developed as mediums would consent to serve the public; but comparatively few become known to the public. Their influence is confined mainly to relatives and personal friends. Thus there are constantly being added little centers of spiritual light, circumscribed in their operations, but of great importance taken as a whole.

Spiritualism has had, and must continue to have, a modifying influence on religious beliefs, but it is not itself a religion. It opens up a new avenue of communication with nature; it proves the fact of continuous life; it encourages to effort in the line of right living; it has in its results all the essential effects of what is claimed for religion, though aspiration would be a more appropriate name for such religion. Spiritualism cannot be confined to the limits usually assigned to religion, because it embraces things secular as well as religious—things common as well as things sacred. In fact, common things are sacred in the sight of the true Spiritualist, to whom every act of life, however apparently trivial, has its part in the formation of the character of each one of us. The true Spiritualist will not prey upon his neighbor six days in the week, and on the seventh pray to be forgiven, that he may start with a clean balance sheet in the same line of business Monday morning. He does not believe in that sort of religion, nor can he be made to believe in it, nor in anything akin to it.

The Spiritualist repudiates the leading elements of what are claimed as constituting the Christian religion, namely, a personal God and forgiveness of sin. His leading belief is in eternal progress, which necessarily involves utter dis-belief in the idea of an eternity of misery for any human soul. The Spiritualist perceives that "evil" is undeveloped good; that suffering is a natural and necessary accompaniment of that struggle between the higher and the lower nature by which the soul is purified and happiness attained; that nothing is final, but that the limitations of our being become less, and the possibilities of growth and happiness greater as we advance.

This is a belief too grand for even the conception, (to say nothing of the accept-

ance) of the majority of mankind; therefore it is no wonder that small minds, incapable of comprehending the true nature and scope of Spiritualism, talk of bringing it within the confines of a church creed. It has recently been proposed to call a National Spiritual Convention "for the purpose of formulating a creed to which all true Spiritualists can assent." There can be no objection to a convention for organization on a business basis, for the promotion of the material interests of Spiritualism, but the spiritual interests of Spiritualists and of the world are already taken care of, and promoted as rapidly as the nature of humanity will permit; consequently, there is no "call" for a convention of creed constructors.

One of the advocates for a convention—a correspondent of the *R. P. Journal*—proposes as a "universal platform upon which men of all countries can stand and work together," a single plank which shall require "belief only in the one God." Just think of the absurdity! What or where is the "one God?" Such a platform as that would be rejected at sight by one-half of the Spiritualists of America; and on reflection it would be repudiated by nine-tenths of the other half, because they could not agree in their ideas of the "one God;" neither is it essential that they should agree upon such a mere abstraction. It would be far better for us if we could believe in one *humanity*. There is something practical in that.

Spasmodic Spiritualism.

There is a freedom, often amounting to irresponsibility, about Spiritualists and their methods of work that is alike instructive and suggestive. Instructive as showing what can be done by individual pioneer work in the face of great obstacles. Suggestive of how that individual effort could be extended and continued upon a co-operative and united basis.

In all new and unpopular causes it falls upon the comparative few to take up the cross, and do the rough work. Enthusiasm fires earnestness, and the resultant zeal sometimes outruns discretion. The pioneer worker occasionally thinks the field all his own, and when he can no longer administer to its enlarged requirements is apt to retire in high dudgeon when united and organic work is suggested. All honor to those brave

pioneers of the early days who lectured, gave sittings, and traveled to spread the glad tidings of angel communion. In many cases they actually defrayed the entire expenses themselves, and had but their labor for their pains. As the cause increased the peripatetic and professional element developed, and mediums and speakers now make long sustained tours of the various quarters of the globe. All this helps to spread our facts.

There can be no rational objection against mediums and speakers of character, probity and earnestness visiting the varied parts of common field of labor. But in their so doing they encounter the possibilities of either having to make all their own arrangements unaided, be taken up by some party who for a percentage will undertake to "run" them as a speculation, or happily encounter a stable and proper organization to receive and sustain them. In the first two instances spasmodic Spiritualism is the natural result. When our cause—for its effective work—depends upon either the visits of traveling workers, or the efforts of interested manipulators, then will it always be that when there is nothing to attract the one, or repay the other public work will come to a standstill. Whenever such parties are the only ones that our work depends upon for its furtherance then no real progress ever results.

Organized effort persistently and consistently maintained, self-sacrificingly supported and administered, is now understood as the only real means whereby our cause can be upheld and carried forward. Steady effort not spasmodic flash-in-the-pan attempts benefit our work, and show the public that we are people of sobriety, earnestness and dignity. Spiritualistic comets like their kind in the sidereal skies are no doubt of use and service, but their orbits are erratic and their influence disturbing. All nature teaches organization and unity. Spiritualists, your duty is to sustain a steady organized and united cause—which means increase of numbers, power, means and usefulness. Intermittent and spasmodic Spiritualism conducted by the speculative and irresponsible has had its day.

Col. Hatch of Petaluma, called upon us last week. He is one of the "pillars" in the spiritual cause.

Spiritual Meetings.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The services in Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last were of the usual interesting nature. The morning being devoted to the answering of questions by the control of Mr. Morse. The queries submitted were varied in character, embracing biblical, political, physiological and other subjects, the replies to which were able, searching and instructive. The usual numerous audience assembled. In the evening another very large audience congregated, mustering as large in numbers as the previous Sunday evening. The exercises were conducted jointly by Mrs. E. L. Watson and Mr. Morse, presided over by Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, in his usual genial and able manner. Mrs. Watson gave the opening invocation, in her pathetic and spiritual manner, which was listened to with the breathless attention. At its conclusion she then made a brief address the purport of which was an appeal for friends in aid of the Jessie Street Kindergarten, which the Temple Society adopted a year ago, to prevent its disbanding. Mrs. Watson paid a generous tribute to the devotion and energy of Mrs. R. A. Robinson, Vice-President of the Temple Society, who had been indefatigable in her efforts to obtain contributions for the school, in clothes, money and other accessories. The support was unsectarian, and the good done was for humanity. A liberal contribution of nearly \$50 was then contributed by the audience whose sympathies had been profoundly touched.

The control of Mr. Morse then delivered the regular address of the evening, the subject of which was "Modern Spiritualism a Religious Revolution and a Scientific Necessity," a verbatim report of which has been secured for the DOVE, wherein it will appear in our next issue.

Mrs. Howell rendered two exquisite vocal numbers, one "Slumber Song," by Wood, having been specially composed for her. The other an "Ave Maria," in Latin, by an able composer, Signor Arrilliga accompanying her upon the grand piano in his inimitable manner. Mrs. Watson closed the meeting with a benediction, after which the friends bade her farewell and God speed, as it is not expected that she will be with us again for some months to come.

To pray for angel guidance is good. To live so as to deserve it, is better.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The meetings held at Washington Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 P. M. under the auspices of this society have taken a "new departure" which is very commendable. They have opened their doors free to the public. A large audience assembled last Sunday to listen to a discourse by Dr. W. W. McKaig upon the "Growth of Liberal Thought." Mr. McKaig is an eloquent speaker and his lectures abound with beautiful thoughts, apt illustrations and historic items, all woven together in such an interesting, pleasing manner as to charm his listeners with the varied mental picture, and at the same time elevate and instruct them. This society would do well to secure the services of this talented speaker as frequently as possible. Mr. Mills made a few appropriate and timely remarks. Mrs. Rutter sang "Heaven is my Home;" little Miss Johnson also sang a sweet song about Home; Prof. G. F. Perkins sang by request "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

These musical exercises give a delightful variety to the exercises which are much appreciated by the audience. The chairman, Hon. John A. Collins, is determined to make the meetings so interesting that the society will soon find it is having a spiritual "boom."

Mrs. Eggert Aitken gave platform tests which were very satisfactory, and Dr. Schlesinger also gave sittings to skeptics, which were positive and convincing tests of spirit power, and were so acknowledged by the investigators. All are invited to attend and aid Mr. Collins in his efforts to instruct and please the people.

The Union Spiritual Society meets at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, every Wednesday evening. Last week Judge Swift made the opening address, which was replete with wit, wisdom and sarcasm when dealing with the shams and pretenses of orthodoxy. A number of mediums were in attendance and the hall was filled with anxious inquirers. The entertainment given on Friday evening of last week, we understand, was a success, socially and financially.

The three organized spiritual associations of San Francisco are all holding *free meetings*. This is a grand movement forward. Spiritualists are beginning to learn that the only way to success is through united action.

Chips.

Envy and spite are the unconscious tributes paid by little souls to great lives.

The seance held by Dr. Schlesinger last Tuesday evening was such a success that he has decided to continue them every week.

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 Oakland correspondent has failed to send us reports of the meetings across the bay this week, consequently we are unable to say what they are doing over there.

"Let Europe keep her paupers and criminals at home." Yes, she should; we don't believe in this competition with home manufacture.—*Foundation Principles*.

Mrs. Carter, the spirit photographer, has returned and informs us she will soon open a gallery for the purpose of taking spirit pictures. Her health is quite poor and she will rest and recuperate a short time before commencing work.

The Thursday evening class meeting at this office is most ably ministered to by the control of Mr. Morse. It is truly what it is called "an advanced class of Spiritual Science," and our full parlors are the best testimony of appreciation and success.

The subject of the lecture at the Metropolitan Temple on Sunday evening, by the control of Mr. Morse will be "Upon Which Shall We Build, the Revelations of God or the Nature of Man?" Service at 7:45 P. M. Questions and answers at 11 A. M. Free admission.

Organized effort is the need of Spiritualism to-day. The many united can accomplish much. Let us unite on the firm ground of principle and right. It will be better to fail in our ends thus, than gain them by tricks that are dark and ways that are vain.

If mediumship induces moral irresponsibility, the cause thereof must be ascertained. May not the cause be in the weakness of

the medium rather than the wickedness of the spirits? If so, mediums must tune their life's chords into harmony with right deeds and virtuous living.

Our critics may not understand the motives which prompt the conduct of our journal, and we have no apology to make which will involve the introduction of personalities in our columns, but a sense of right and justice and a desire for the highest advancement of the cause for which we labor, are the foundation stones upon which our work rests.

The July number of THE CARRIER DOVE comes to hand richly laden with choice contributions from the spirit and mortal worlds. We cannot speak too highly of this beautifully illustrated and superbly-printed publication; it is an honor to Spiritualism and mediumship. The June number contains a fine likeness of Emma Hardinge-Britten, and the July number an equally pleasing one of J. J. Morse, the eloquent English speaker. A beautiful spirit picture by Mrs. A. Livingstone, the spirit artist, adorns the July number also. There is so much valuable matter in each number it is impossible for us to do justice in a brief space. We hope Spiritualists will always appreciate and support THE CARRIER DOVE in its noble mission. Mrs. Schlesinger is one of the beacons of the age, and deserves all the success her pen and unfaltering zeal so constantly work to accomplish.—*Light on the Way*.

Special Notices.

Premium Notice.

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

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.

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Is an especial feature not to be found in any other chart descriptive of bodily character and development, while

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Offers a large amount of useful advice concerning health, diet, sleep, rest, exercise, bathing, etc., so as to make this department of very great value to

A MARRIAGE TABLE

Is also included, and the advice it presents will prove invaluable to many in the selection of their conjugal companions; the rearing and management of families, and other domestic matters of importance to happiness and morality.

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Mr. Morse is quite remarkable as an Inspirational Examiner; often given very wonderful readings to those consulting him.

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Examinations by appointment, which must be made in advance, either by letter or personally, as below or at either of Mr. Morse's classes on the evenings of Monday, or Friday, in each week, at Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar Building, O'Farrell street, S. F., or at the office of the CARRIER DOVE. Fees for classes of twelve lessons \$5, single lessons admission 50 cents. Office 331 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 27, t.f.

J. J. Morse's Meetings.

J. J. Morse's Sunday services under his engagement with the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of this city are held in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. Morning for answering questions at 11 o'clock. Evening an inspirational lecture at 8 o'clock.

Organist, Sig. S. Arrillaga; 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, and at 32 Ellis street, (CARRIER DOVE office,) Thursdays at 8 p. m. Single admissions Mondays and Fridays, fifty cents, Thursdays, \$1.00.

Membership for classes can be secured of

Mr. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday, or at the class room on the evenings of meeting, or at this office.

J. J. Morse's Classes.

The second class is now meeting in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, on Mondays and Fridays at 8 p. m. Tickets for this course of twelve lectures, price \$5. Single admissions, fifty cents.

The Advance Course of six lessons, fee \$5; single admissions, \$1. Assembles at this office on Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

Course tickets or single admissions, can be obtained at the class room any Monday, Thursday or Friday evening; or of Mr. M. B. Dodge, Manager of the Temple meetings, every Sunday, or at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE at any time. The first course has been extraordinarily successful.

Communications concerning the classes can also be made direct to Mr. Morse, at 331 Turk Street, San Francisco. July 39, t. f.

Children's Dept.

Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

CHAPTER I.

Lily Benton was born away in the East, in the great city of New York. Her papa was a rich merchant and Lily lived in a beautiful home, and had everything nice to make her happy. Her mamma was a very religious woman and took little Lily to Sunday school every Sunday in a large, fashionable church, where many elegantly-dressed children and their parents attended. Here Lily was taught many things she could not then understand, and when she would ask questions, was told that it was sinful to doubt the teachings of the Bible as explained by her pastor and teacher in the Sunday school. They said the *devil* put doubts into the minds of the young in order to prevent their believing in Jesus and being saved from hell. When Lily would ask "Why did God let the devil do such naughty things?" she was told it was permitted in wisdom to try men's souls and see who were worthy of salvation. This seemed all very strange to Lily, who was a bright, intelligent child, and one who was always asking *why* were things so; but of course everybody believed these things, therefore they must be true. Many times when Lily was alone in her bed at night, pictures of hell and the great, ugly devil would come before her in imagin-

ation, and she would cry out in terror and pray, "Dear God, save me from that awful place." Many times the remembrance of some little thoughtless act would cause her to cry herself to sleep for fear she would go to hell for having done such a wicked thing. One day Lily complained of having a sore throat and headache, and her mamma sent for the doctor, who was a kind gentleman and gave her some medicine, saying he would call again in the evening. He did so, and found Lily quite ill. Then began the struggle for life. The doctor soon summoned other counsel and together they discussed what was the best mode of treatment. Lily was the only daughter, and her parents were almost wild with grief at the bare thought of losing her. No pains or expense was spared to save their darling, but diphtheria in a malignant form was abroad in the land and many fair young buds were nipped from the parent tree, and among that number was Lily Benton. It was near evening when the doctor said there was no more hope—Lily must die. The mother was kneeling by the couch of her loved child praying that God would spare her a little longer. The father stood silent and stern, vainly trying to school himself to meet the trial calmly and resignedly. He was a materialist, and this, to him, ended all of life for his precious child. He had not the sublime faith of the mother, which told her that sometime, somewhere, she would meet her child again. Outwardly, for appearance sake, he had attended church and contributed liberally to its support, although making no professions of faith; yet inwardly he despised all the vain, soulless ceremonies, and looked forward to death as a "dreamless sleep" which ended all. No wonder then, when the death angel invaded their home, both Mr. and Mrs. Benton were quite unprepared to yield their darling up. They could not see the band of shining spirits gathered around the form lying so white and still before them. They could not hear the sweet music which greeted the new born child into the spirit world. They did not know how tenderly and lovingly the beautiful ones would bear away their darling.

CHAPTER II.

When all was over and Mrs. Benton realized that her darling Lily was indeed gone, she was quite prostrated with grief. Friends conveyed her tenderly to her own room, where the physician, who was present during the death scene, administered a soothing potion, under the influence of which she was soon asleep and her great loss for the time forgotten.

This made conditions much more favorable for the complete release of spirit Lily from her body and its surroundings. The excessive grief of friends around the dying causes the spirit, through sympathy, to retain its connection with the physical form

longer than it otherwise would, thus protracting the process of spirit birth.

The room in which this beautiful, wonderful change takes place, should always be free as possible from any violent demonstrations of sorrow. The calm, sacred quiet of "that peace which passeth understanding" should pervade the souls of those who assist at this heavenly birth. The thoughts should be directed to the glorious future dawning upon the new-born spirit, and angelic aid invoked in its deliverance from the material environments of earth.

To the eye of the clairvoyant this is a most wonderful scene. The first appearance of the spirit is likened to a delicate, shining cloud of mist or steam rising above the body directly from the head. This beautiful substance gradually assumes the well-defined outlines of a human form resembling the person beneath it, only so much more perfect.

All traces of sickness and unfortunate disfigurements of the physical body disappear, and a perfect symmetrical spiritual body is revealed to the vision of the seer. Had Lily's mother been possessed of this clairvoyance (which means *clear seeing*) she would have beheld her child arising from the body, radiant, beautiful; her eyes sparkling, cheeks glowing with perfect health, and an ineffable grace pervading every motion. She would have beheld the shining angels who were gathered around her darling, and among them recognized her own dear mother who had passed on but two years previous, and was now waiting with outstretched arms to receive her beloved grandchild, and care for her as tenderly as the mortal mother could.

Lily's first look of consciousness was into the face she had loved so dearly from her babyhood, and her first exclamation—"Oh, grandma,"—was one of joyful surprise and recognition. Tenderly and lovingly was she clasped in a long embrace, and the beautiful spirits sang softly and sweetly as they floated out of the room away to the lovely home already prepared in the summer land.

[To be continued.]

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.

Letter from Mrs. F. A. Logan

UTAH, Aug. 31st, 1887.

Dear Editress CARRIER Dove.—Since leaving San Francisco in January last I have visited Sacramento and a few other towns on the C. P. R. R. to Ogden, endeavoring to do good to souls and bodies by the dissemination of truth which is the healing power in either case.

I came to Salt Lake a month ago and found the Spiritual cause languishing to all outward appearance. The vexed question of polygamy is the one thing to be decided by our government and the Mormon church.

Before I came here I almost thought it cruelty to take fathers from their children, and husbands from their wives, and imprison them, many of whom had entered the polygamous state by a blind adherence to the principles laid down by their bishops and leaders. But on hearing from some of the leaders the recital of woes and heartaches; of man's inhumanity to woman, also seeing on the streets many forlorn and woe-begone looking middle-aged women whose countenances and broken down constitutions betoken hardships unutterable, I must acknowledge that my sympathies have taken the form of justice, and I would like to see every man shut up for awhile, if need be, in a penitentiary, who would deprive woman of her natural rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Hurry up, Uncle Sam, until the opposed of our sex shall have equal rights before the laws, until every woman throughout Salt Lake and throughout the world, shall dare to say she has a soul of her own that must not be trampled upon.

Salt Lake is a beautiful city, the abundance of shade trees and rippling rivulets on either side of the streets, renders the extreme heat in summer bearable. The low, thatched cottages of concrete and adobe, plastered and whitewashed, gives a cleanly appearance. Some of the houses seem to have been built expressly for polygamous families. There are mansions standing in the heart of the city, whose owners are in hiding, lest they be arrested for having a plurality of wives. If they had the manliness to agree to live with only one wife from henceforth, they would be unmolested.

I am speaking in a commodious hall to good audiences every Sunday evening composed of children, youth, middle-aged, and the grey-haired sire, all listening with profound attention to the gospel of healing and Spiritualism. Last Sunday evening a circle of fifty persons was formed in the hall, and never in all my experience have I had a more quiet and orderly circle. I may continue the meetings for some time as healing for the present will detain me here. One lady who had for a long time been breathless with dropsy is being rapidly restored, and others are truly grateful. "So, dear sister, I am never allowed to be idle wherever my lot is cast, and I often think of the dear editress of the CARRIER DOVE, and pray that she may have strength equal to her day to keep the Dove on the wing, bearing messages of hope and love to thousands of sorrowing hearts.

Lovingly thine.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

A Trip to Maine.

Editress CARRIER Dove: For several years we had contemplated a visit to Maine during the camping season in order to see the people and the country. Our journey from Philadelphia to Northport (Temple Heights camp) was very tedious, owing to the length of time in transit, the delays attendant, and the crowded condition of both boat and cars. We left Philadelphia on Sunday, August 14th, and landed at Northport, Maine, at noon, Tuesday, August 16th. At the wharf we were met by the genial and enterprising editor of the *Eastern Star*, Charles M. Brown, of Glenburn, Maine; and the grasps of our hands cemented more firmly our friendship of long ago. We were astonished at the whole-souled, united welcome that greeted us from old and young as soon as it became known that Uncle Emanuel, editor of the "Children's Leisure Hour," of the *Eastern Star*, had arrived on the grounds after a journey of 650 miles. Everybody seemed to vie with each other to impress it on our mind that we were heartily welcome amongst them. Not as long as we have an existence shall we forget our visit to Maine, nor the honest, courteous, kind-hearted, whole-souled people residing within its domains. We were surprised at the enthusiasm manifested in sustaining the cause we love so well, that characterized the Spiritualists in every camp we visited. Old and young manifested the utmost interest in the grand old cause. We met here G. H. Rich, Pres., H. C. Berry, V. P., and F. A. Dickey, Sec. of the Association, also the lecturers, Dr. H. B. Storer, Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Juliette Yearns, Mrs. A. P. Brown, Mrs. Abbie Morse, Mrs. Wentworth, also Dr. J. V. Mansfield, besides a host of mediums and silent, earnest workers.

After a few days' sojourn at "Temple Heights" we bid our friends "good-bye," and got aboard the Mary Morgan, bound for Verona Park, 30 miles above. After a delightful sail up the historic Penobscot bay and river, passing villages, towns, and forts, we landed at Verona Park, amid the greetings of our newly found friends and comrades in the cause. The scenery along the bay and river is magnificent, and a sunset on the Penobscot can never be forgotten by the beholder. At Verona Park we met Dr. C. T. Ware, President of the Society, to whose untiring efforts and unselfish use of his own money the Park owes its present prosperity. Great honor is due this man, who has a heart big enough for all the world. We also met Mrs. Adeline M. Gladding of Philadelphia, whose ministrations has brought comfort and instruction to many a benighted soul, her husband was with her, Dr. H. T. Merrill, of Montague, Mass., the best test medium that we ever heard, Capt. H. H. Brown, Miss H. Maud Merrill of Glenburn, Wis., the young and gifted poet-

ess, Miss Dearborn, the organist, whose rich sweet voice enchanted her hearers. She is the sweetest singer that we ever heard. So now, kind friends, we will close for this time, and if acceptable we will write again.

Cordially and earnestly,

EMANUEL M. JONES,
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. S., West End, Alameda.

We feel no good would be served by using the article you offer. Our readers are quite competent to decide for themselves.

Our Exchanges.

Spiritualism.

The Better Way, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The man who knows he is constantly surrounded and attended by the spirits of departed friends, who note all his thoughts and acts, cannot think impurely nor do gross wrong unless he is utterly lost to the promptings of his better nature; and, therefore, he who is a Spiritualist in heart and understanding is of necessity a good man, pure, kind and thoughtful. This at least is the logic of the doctrine, and it is also to a large extent its result.

The Basis of Industrial Equality.

Phrenological Journal, New York.

Seventy-five thousand women in New York city earn their livings by decent occupations apart from domestic service. This is a striking fact, and a close student of the situation has come to the conclusion that "woman can be kept innocent by making her independent of the necessity in every case of getting her living by the aid of the other sex." But what of the means of securing women this necessary freedom? An independent class must be a free and equal class.

Women are not free, nor are they recognized as equals. They will never be above the "necessity of having the aid of the other sex" until they are the equals of men in political rights. A disfranchised class cannot be otherwise than dependent upon the class in power.

Stock Exchanges.

Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

No more unjust, tyrannically unjust proceeding could be had than is to be seen in the deliberate combination of a certain class of men to buy up food stock for the purpose of forcing a "corner" on them, by which is meant making consumers pay any prices which their greed may choose to affix to such commodities. They are the ones who presume to tell the mass of the people how much or how little of the necessities of life their hard-earned wages shall buy for themselves and their families; how much coal, how much flour, how much meat, milk, butter, and other needed commodities shall suffice for their consumption. To thus speculate in the necessities of life is the equivalent of robbery, no matter how legitimate it may be deemed in the circles of the market. Has honest labor no right to raise its energetic protest against such wrong and robbery? If the stock exchanges of the country exist but for such a purpose they were better abolished altogether. This gambling in the products of labor is one of the stupendous vices of the age. National wealth never can have its true meaning when thus employed.

Catholic Denunciation of Public Schools.

R. P. Journal, Chicago, Ill.

Denunciations of the public schools are now common among priests and bishops of the Catholic

Church, where thirty or forty years ago they were very rare. The evidence is abundant and clear in their published utterances that in this period the opinions and feelings of the prelates and priesthood of that church have undergone a very deep and bitter change almost universally. This change found organic expression in the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, which determined to establish all over the country a systematic opposition to the public school by the organization of parochial schools, which are absolutely under priestly domination. These schools are wholly ecclesiastical in their management, in the drift of their teaching and the end they seek. Their clerical abettors and managers have never shown any independent desire for the education of the people. In those portions of the world where they have control of civil affairs they have never done anything in this line; and their entire tone and spirit, and sometimes their explicit assertions have been opposed to it. They have hesitated to affirm, as seen in the organ of the Jesuits in Italy, the *Civitta Cattolica*, that the people do not need even to be able to read, because they can be orally taught the necessary elements of religion. It is quite plain they would carry this out here if they could. If they could destroy the public schools they would soon neglect their own and disband them. They value their schools only as a sluice through which to carry off their children from the better and broader education of the public schools. For this demoralizing service they hope ultimately to secure the aid of the State, as they have done already in spots where the greatest corruption has prevailed, notably, under Tweed and his gang in New York.

"Infant Damnation."

Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Every now and then some Evangelical clergyman or layman who has perceived the richer light of the nineteenth century, and instinctively shrinks back from the creed of his church while still holding to its communion, will valiantly rise up and declare that no such doctrine as the truly abominable tenet of the damnation of infants ever was a part of the orthodox scheme of salvation—that it was in its day a totally extraneous matter, etc., etc. But such denials are vain. However much the creedists of the present day may wish to deny the existence of records which they have measurably ceased to fellowship under the benign influence of the Modern Spiritual Revelation, the fact remains the same.

It is not so very long ago that the *Christian Register* (Unitarian), of Boston, dealt out a stunning summary of proof on this point, to one of these deniers. The *Register*, on the occasion noted, was replying to a statement then put forth by Prof. Hopkins that Presbyterian ministers have neither held nor preached the doctrine of "infant damnation" for a hundred years. It seems that another religious paper, the *Christian Leader* (Universalist), has issued certain extracts from "A Short Catechism for Young Children," which is still published and distributed by the United Presbyterian Board of Publication at Pittsburgh, Penn. Among them occurred the following questions and answers:

"Q.—What kind of a heart have you by nature?

A.—A heart filled with all unrighteousness.

Q.—Does your wicked heart make all your thoughts, words and actions sinful?

A.—Yes; I do nothing but sin.

Q.—What will become of you if you die in your sins?

A.—I must go to hell with the wicked.

Q.—What kind of a place is hell?

A.—A place of endless torment; being a lake that burns with fire and brimstone.

Q.—What is original sin?

A.—It is that sin in which I was conceived and born.

Q.—Doth original sin wholly defile you, and is it sufficient to send you to hell, though you had no other sin?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What are the wages of sin?

A.—Death and hell.

Q.—What are you, then, by nature?

A.—I am an enemy to God, a child of Satan, and an heir of hell."

These extracts from the catechism which the Presbyterians are still distributing ought to be a sufficient refutation of the assertion that they no longer believe or preach infant damnation. The bare fact that the ministers of a denomination that continues to publish such a catechism as is sampled above feel it to be necessary to deny their belief in the dogmas it contains and their preaching of them besides, is enough to show conclusively that this new age of ours shames them into the decencies of common intelligence and a sovereign humanity.

Our subscription list enlarges every week. Well, so it ought, friends, for we try all we can to deserve it!

The beautiful illustration on our first page was drawn by Mrs. Allie Livingstone, and is the first of a series of illustrations by this medium for our children's story, "Lily Benton."

At the Typographical Union convention held in Buffalo June 10, the committee on Female Cheap Labor recommended the organization of women and equal pay for equal work, which was adopted.

Tailoresses receive ten cents a piece for making vests, and shirt makers receive four cents a piece, in the Capital of the Nation. Brothers how is that for honest toil? And you advise us to be honest, virtuous and pious, good, true women. There is nothing like advice on an empty stomach.—*The Working Woman*.

Set woman at all the large and generous tasks which develop that which is noblest in you, if you would have her your companion, equal and object of reverence in all things. Stunting her intellect and hiding her person cannot make her most worthy of reverence. Asia has tried that time out of memory and ignominiously failed.—*Rev. Judy*.

In the administration of a state, neither a woman as a woman, nor a man as a man, has any special function, but the gifts are equally diffused in both sexes, and the same education and opportunity for self-development, which makes man a good guardian (or ruler), will also make woman a good guardian; for their original nature is the same.—*Socrates*.

The story is told of one of Iowa's ex-Governors that when visiting the penitentiary at Ft. Madison, and was invited to address the convicts, that he expressed to them his pleasure at finding so many present. This is only equalled by the State *Register* in its issue of June 1st, when it said: "We are gratified to be able to announce to the State that the new wing for females at the Iowa Hospital for the Insane at Mt. Pleasant is nearly completed, and already half filled." —*The Woman's Standard*.