

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. I.

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#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Whom nature by whatever means has taught to feel intensely cannot but receive.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.—*Theodore Parker*

Through love, not hate, all that is grand in nature or in art sprang into being.—*Ella Wheeler.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—*Wordsworth.*

Earnestness in life, even when carried to an extreme, is something very noble and great.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt.*

Next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing.—*Earl of Chesterfield.*

Nothing strikes one more in the race of life than to see how many give out in the first half of the course.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Gross natures, however decorated, seem impure shambles, but character gives splendor to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.—*R. W. Emerson*

When we meet men of worth we should think of equaling them; when we see men of a contrary character we should turn inward and examine ourselves.—*Confucius.*

There are influences which environ humanity too subtle for the dissecting knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence.—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

At present, the most valuable gift which can be bestowed on woman is something to do, which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves.—*James A. Garfield.*

To woman, gentle, faithful, but resolute in her determination to resist the enthroned powers of darkness in Church and State, which may rise to crucify her, is committed the great issue of the future.

There are natures so grand, that when the icy breath has kissed the clay and closed the temple, all earth's millions meet with muffled tread, mute in the memory of a measureless loss. Manhood is a guild of nobility.—*Stephen G. Nye.*

I think that to have known one good old man—one man who, through the chances and rules of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand like a palm branch, waving all discord into peace—helps our faith in God, in ourselves and in each other more than many sermons.—*G. W. Curtis.*

The dignity of woman has its peculiar character; it awes more than that of man. His is more physical, bearing itself up with an energy of courage which we may brave, or a strength which we may struggle against. He is his own avenger, and we may stand the brute. A woman's has nothing of this force in it; it is of a higher quality, and too delicate for mortal touch.—*Richard Henry Dana.*

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Given through the mediumship of Mrs. E. L. Watson at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday, Sept. 15th.

[Reported for the GOLDEN GATE by E. G. Anderson.]

**Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:** Here is a question which has been answered from this platform, on several occasions before, but inasmuch as from the wording of it the writer seems to be in a peculiar state of mind, it may not be out of place to answer it again.

Question.—May not one, who has no natural ties, no ties of affection, no interest in this life, and no friends, and no hope in this world—may he not, under such circumstances, be justified in going to the other life by suicide?

Answer.—There is something wrong in the life of such a person. One who has no hope in this life, no ties of affection, and no friends to bind him here, has not lived his life aright. What have you been doing all your life that you have no one to whom you are endeared, or who is enshrined in your affections? Have you lived so selfish a life, so wholly absorbed in yourself, that among all the hosts around you, there is none who can say, "I love you," or who is bound to you by the sweet ties of affections. For what were your faculties given you, but to be exercised toward your fellow-creatures; and if you fail in the use of your affection, that in all the years of your earth life you have never called forth a flame which has found a response in your own heart, then you have lived to so little purpose, that you are not wanted in the spirit life.

You have no friends? Why have you none? Because you have not deserved them. If it is true that no one looks at you, through friendship's lens, then you should ask yourself why it is so. You should go out among your fellow men, and having found one whom you can assist, do it, and see if you are longer without a friend. Watch his face and see if friendship's flame does not kindle in his eye, and find a response deep down in your heart. If you have no friends you are not ready for spirit life, and we do not want you here.

No hope in this world? No interest in this life? Then what right have you to a hope or an interest in another? Why are you without hope; why have you no interest in this life? Because you have not embraced your opportunities of doing good. Hope brought to the life of another will bring the plant in your own soul, whose fruition is hope. Are you so miserable that you can find none to whose comfort you can minister—so hopeless that you can find none to whom you can offer consolation? Do you think to escape the responsibilities of your life by coming here? Not so. If you come here leaving your responsibilities unfulfilled where you are, you will find your burden increased and your ability to shake it off decreased. Life cannot be so debased that there is no hope in this world. If we labor for love of humanity then interest in earth life will not be wanting. If you have no kindred, no father, no mother, no one to whom you are bound by the ties of consanguinity, then let your love go out to humanity, and throb in sympathy with your fellowmen; and then, even though you die with no friend to note your departure, and are buried in a pauper's grave, you will be rich in all that constitutes real wealth; for you will have done your duty, and your reward is sure. For your courage in nobly meeting and conquering the ills of life will, even from this standpoint alone, bring you a harvest of joy unspeakable.

Q. Are there spirits in the Spirit world who have never had a physical birth?

A.—I do not know of any spiritual intelligence in the spirit world which has not had a physical birth. Not necessarily upon this planet, but upon some physical planet; for you must know there are many planets besides this one which are constantly sending intelligences over here. My investigation assures me that all spiritual beings have, at some time, had a physical manifestation, some of them differing in a very great degree from those occurring on this planet; but nevertheless it was a physical expression or manifestation analogous to your birth, growth, maturity, decay and death of the physical form. It seems to be a principle in nature—universal so far as my observation goes—that all intelligence

must express itself through the various forms of matter. The lower the intelligence of the creature the grosser the forms of matter through which it manifests; and conversely, the higher the intelligence the more refined and spirit like the material substances which form its medium.

Q. Why do Spiritualists assert that people draw around them only spirits on leaving an affinity for them? The questioner knows of an instance in which a person is annoyed in that way by spirits who try to obsess him. Is there no rule on law in the spirit world in regard to this matter?

A.—The spirit world is regulated by immutable law, just the same as is this world. It is only ignorant and not malignant spirits who harass those of whom you speak. There are many Spiritualists who call the influences they seem to feel spirits; but they are not produced by spirit at all, but arise from physical or mental causes. A great deal of the so-called obsession is simply the result of the state of the system. The notion or belief that evil spirits are hovering around us and watching for an opportunity to obsess us, is simply multiplication of the old orthodox theory. You merely have the orthodox devil multiplied by ten thousand. That there are purely malignant spirits in this or any other world, not in the body, I very much doubt. That spirits may do evil through ignorance may be true, but it is for want of a higher light. At least, that is my belief, based on my observation of the operation of the psychic laws.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

#### COMPULSORY HONESTY.

To compel men to be honest is not a possible function of law, but to punish those who are dishonest, and protect the wealth of the country, is at least within the compass of legislation.—*S. F. Examiner.*

Why and for whom are the laws created? Clearly not for honest people, but for the dishonest and criminally disposed classes. Their penalties are simply threats of what they will do if disobeyed, but their object is not so much to punish crime as to prevent it. No one will deny that these penalties deter many a man from wrong-doing, who would otherwise feel no hesitation in carrying out the promptings of a bad heart and a misguided mind. Fear is a great restraint upon evil, and the old orthodox teachings of awful and endless future punishment has prevented an incalculable amount of misdeeds, for which the world has been the gainer. This is saying nothing in favor of compulsory goodness, for unless one is good and honest for pure love of the virtues, he deserves no credit; but it should be accorded to the means that keeps him so, for whatever spares the world and society from evil is a preventive of the same, and such is the influence of law and religion. It is the depravity born in man that calls for laws and churches, whose mission is to save rather than chastise; when they fail to do the first, the one punishes here, and the other threatens punishment hereafter. Both are losing their power over evil—one through tardiness and often failure to enforce its penalties, and the other through the infidel teachings of the day. It is a very bad thing for bad men to believe there is no future life; but hardly worse than to instruct them that there is a "Man of Sorrows," who will take their burdens of sin upon himself, and, instead, throw his white mantle of forgiveness over their corrupt lives, the moment they want to do better. The true religion and the true law is, that each one is his own savior, and that every wrong carries in itself its own punishment. The atonement of sin must be done individually; it is no matter of mere will or fancy, but of true and unswerving earnestness. Teach these principles to children, and as men and women they will not depart from them.

M. PULSIFER.

Rev Robert Laird Collier resembles Henry Irving so closely that, when in London, he was mistaken for the actor by intimate friends. Mr. Collier says that once a member of the Lyceum Theatre Company talked an hour with him about dramatic matters, supposing him to be his employer.

The Supreme Court of British Columbia is the only place in America where the Judges and lawyers wear the wigs and gowns of English usage.

#### THEIR "ONLY SAFETY."

[The Catholic Review gives its reasons for regarding the public schools as unsafe for Catholic children, as follows:]

The grand fact stares you in the face that the predominant influence of those schools is a Protestant influence. The teachers are Protestant, the style of thought and expression is Protestant, the traditions are Protestant. Even when a majority of children, and, it may be, some of the teachers are Catholic, the atmosphere of the school is Protestant. The Catholic children are made to feel a sense of inferiority. They know their religion is not only in favor with the authorities and superiors of the school, but it is considered low and vulgar, and beneath an intelligent, enlightened citizen. It is simply tolerated because the law requires it. But there is a subtle influence prevailing the school-room, that is calculated to make the Catholic child ashamed of his religion. And, then, the better the Protestant teacher, the worse for the child; for uneducated in the principles of his religion, and perhaps incapable of appreciating the difference between his own and that of his Protestant teachers, he insensibly reasons, that there cannot be much difference, since his teachers are so good and kind. Indeed, the whole tendency of secular education is to make the children indifferent to all religion. And this is the grand objection to our public schools. Say what you will about their moral and religious influences, a positive religious atmosphere can only be created by positive religious teaching, and, as M. Guizot says, by "religious impressions and religious observances."

Our only safety is in Catholic schools, where our children will be free from the vassalage under which they have hitherto been laboring in our public schools; where our teachers shall be free, not only to give an occasional lesson in the catechism, but to give constant, positive instruction in their religion; they will not be afraid to introduce Catholic devotions and the beautiful Catholic practices and religious observances which have such a powerful influence in molding the character; in short, when the very atmosphere of the school-room shall be redolent of the scanty, the beauty and loveliness of their religion.

#### Spiritualism Defined.

[E. Foster, Preston, England.]

Spiritualism is the only form of religion that substitutes reason, that "beam of the infinite light," for sacerdotal authority. It never attempts to enforce a dogma by threats of punishment or by promises of rewards. On the contrary, it presents its facts, exhibits its phenomena, but leaves all entirely free to draw such deductions as their reason may approve. It does not ask you to "believe," but tells you that progress is the law of life—that the divine principle moving through matter, and dwelling in man, is ever unfolding more perfect forms of beauty and nobler forms of thought. It knows no limit, because it is the child of the infinite. It prescribes no boundaries, because heaven and earth, and all the limitless regions of space, are open to its research. It knows no fear, because it rests with perfect love upon the power and wisdom of God. It knows no hate, because it knows no fear. Hate is the twin brother of fear, and when both find lodgment in the human heart, then the dominion of hell, instead of the "kingdom of heaven, is within."

Spiritualism is the only religion that opens free and direct channels of communication between the external and the invisible worlds. Its paths are not like the macadamized roads of modern theology, obstructed by gates along the way, and toll-gatherers in priestly robes waiting to tax all who travel by its thoroughfares.

It invites all, without distinction of sex or race, social, mental or moral condition, to come to its feasts and partake only of such food as they have a capacity to digest.

Spiritualism comes among the discordant sectarian conditions of this world as a wise teacher approaches a class of unruly children. He does not come with ferule and fool's-cap, with angry frown and threatening voice, commanding obedience to his will. No, for beneath their turbulence and discord he sees vital forces at play which, when properly directed and educated, will develop noble men and women.

#### SAM JONESISMS.

Rough-Hewn Epigrams from Sermons of the Rantankerous Revivalist.

A good man is like a city set upon a hill; you can't hide him.

If you want to know what your neighbors think of you, disguise yourself and go among them.

How many men in this congregation are paying the rent for women who are not their wives?

Preachers know a good deal more about their flocks than they dare tell. It might endanger their salaries.

A pretty woman has ruined more than one church.

You needn't turn up your nose at God, for he knows you.

"Whatsoever a man soweth he shall reap," is true both in the Bible and the almanac, whether God said it or not.

Some of you men have sowed enough seed to damn the world.

If you sow whisky, you reap drunkards.

Grocery stores with bar-room attachments are moral hell holes.

Your daughter may be beautiful and lovely, but first thing you know the devil may pack off a drunken son-in-law on you.

A man who gets drunk will steal if he is not too much afraid of the jail.

A man who would swear before his children is a brute.

The gambler is invariably the son of a Christian family. Why is this?

Show me the man who was a soldier in the late war who says he didn't steal, and I will show you a liar.

I have a contempt for a man who has the time to play cards.

I never knew a first-class billiard player who was worth the powder and lead it would take to kill him.

There's about forty men in this congregation who are going to hell on a blooded horse.

The most beautiful sight in this world is to see a man leading his wife and children into the gates of Heaven.

Live so your children may put their feet in your tracks and be honorable.

Most of you don't care if your neighbor goes hungry so you have enough.

If you don't like my style of preaching, you know the way out.

Christ and whisky don't stay in the same hide at the same time.

Do you know a pious politician? If so, rack me out one. I want to see him powerful bad.

The devil enjoys the way many preachers preach.

Ingersoll does no harm. The real infidels are in the churches. They believe, but don't practice.

There are women here who haven't struck a lick of work in years. They do nothing but shop, shop, shop. Hell is full of such women.

Take your city churches—the Lord don't go within a mile of them, and the devil gets in.

The man who don't laugh, needs a liver medicine. The moper and growler never gets to heaven.

The seeds of the kola tree, the highly-prized stimulant of the natives of Africa, appears to possess qualities which should give them a commercial value in civilized countries. Mr. T. Christie, an English writer on new commercial plants and drugs, asserts that chocolate made with kola paste is ten times as nutritious as that made with cocoa, and that a laborer can work all day without fatigue on a single cup taken at breakfast-time.

A writer in the *Atlantic*, speaking of the maliciousness of the mocking bird, states that if young birds are placed in cages where the parent birds can have access to them, they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days, and then, as if in despair, will poison them, giving them the berry of the black ash.

How MUCH THEY KNOW.—There are 1,800,000 voters in this country who can't read the ballots they vote, but none of them have the least difficulty in making out the figures on a two-dollar greenback or a sack of flour.—*Detroit Free Press.*



## SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

(We give below the seventh chapter of Spiritual Experiences of Thomas R. Hazard, as published in the Philadelphia North American.)

The first time I ever witnessed the process of spirit slate-writing was many years ago in the presence of Henry Slade, somewhere in the West Thirtieth streets in New York City. It was between the hours of 12 and 2 P. M. I found the medium alone in a room on the first floor, well lighted by two windows. Being somewhat skeptical, I required the medium to sit in plain sight, some twelve or fifteen inches from the table, with his feet securely locked around the front legs of the chair in which he was sitting. I examined carefully the slate and know, so far as my senses enable one to know anything, that there was no scratch or mark upon the surface of either side. Slade bit off a piece of slate pencil the size of a grain of rye.

In the early days of the phenomena this biting, instead of breaking or cutting of the pencil, seemed requisite, in order, as it was claimed, to magnetize the pencil with the necessary aura. Slade next placed the minute pencil on the slate, and then held them both under the edge of the table, his hand and wrist from the knuckles remaining plainly in my sight until I heard a noise resembling scratching under the table. He then withdrew the slate without changing hands and handed it to me. There was a plainly written sentence on the uppermost side of the slate, that had been very near the under surface of the slab of the table. Several other manifestations of like convincing import followed, among which were the following: Slade held an accordion by its stationary side just under the edge of the table, so that more than half the width of the instrument projected over my knees. Whilst in this position the instrument discoursed music for a considerable time, the bellows being made to move backward and forward before my eyes by some invisible power as if it was played upon by human hands. The medium again put the pencil on the slate and held them on top of my head, his hand projecting over my eyes so that it was plainly seen by me from the wrist to the knuckles. I soon heard rapid scratches over my head, and on inspecting the slate, found written upon it in a bold, strong hand, "God bless Denton."

I learned that a then noted Spiritualist of that name had very recently been present with Slade.

The medium now made a circle on the slate of the size of a silver sixpence, within which he put the minute piece of pencil, and then asked me to lay my pocket-knife on the slate. Upon my doing as requested Slade pushed the slate gently under the edge of the table close to where I sat, when to my surprise I saw my knife rise from the slate and describe in its flight the segment of a circle, and fall to the floor on the other side of the table, having one or more of its blades open, though they had all been closed when I laid it on the surface of the slate, the fraction of the pencil remaining in the little circle, thus proving that the slate itself had not moved during the process of the phenomenon. From the commencement to the end of the seance, Slade held his left hand flat on the table, near its center, without a moment's cessation.

It was not until one or two years after this that I was present at another of Slade's seances for slate-writing. His occult powers were then evidently more fully developed than they were at the date of my first seance. I was accompanied by a lady friend of rare spiritual endowments, and one whose harmonious temperament singularly qualified and fitted her for holding intercourse with the denizens of the unseen world through the instrumentality of the sensitive organizations of mortal mediums. We fortunately found the medium alone. We all three sat at a round table, in the center of which stood an astral lamp that cast its bright beams around. The medium sponged a large slate clean on both sides, and after wiping it dry handed it to us to inspect. He next laid a minute piece of slate pencil on the table directly before me, and asked that I should lay the slate on the table over it, which I did. I then took Slade's right hand in my left, whilst my lady friend took his left hand in her right, and completed the circle by holding my right hand in her left. We all three then sat for a short time in profound silence, my eyes never once being withdrawn from the slate, which lay directly beneath them, but a very few inches from the edge of the table that rested against my breast.

A few minutes only elapsed before we heard uniform scratching beneath the slate, and on the usual signal sign or rap being given by the spirit-control, I took up the slate and read aloud a beautiful communication, purporting to have been written by my spirit-wife, in a fine and very plain feminine hand, in lines extending lengthwise of the slate as straight and uniform as if they had been ruled. From the moment the slate had been handed to me by the medium at the commencement of the seance until the time I read aloud the writing on it, Slade had never approached or touched it in any way. This seemed to be a pretty fair test of spirit or occult power, but not so striking as I have wit-

nessed in the presence of some other mediums. For instance, some years ago I received an invitation from the late Mrs. Mary Hardy to attend an amateur slate-writing seance at her house in Boston, which I with pleasure accepted. On my arrival in the evening, I found quite a large company assembled, among whom were Robert Dale Owen, the Rev. Dr. Bartol, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, several army and naval officers, publishers, reporters, and others. We seated ourselves at a lengthy oblong table, at one end of which Mr. R. Dale Owen sat. Mrs. Mary Hardy sat on one side about midway, with myself on her right. Mr. Owen had a few hours before the seance commenced provided himself with two good-sized new slates, coupled together with a pair of hinges on their one side, and a lock on the other. After the company were all seated, and before the gas was turned down, Mr. Owen took from his pocket a key, and, unfastening the lock, passed the slates around to the company to examine, by whom, without exception, they were pronounced clean as slates could be.

Mr. Owen again took the key from his pocket, unlocked the slates and passed them to the medium, Mrs. Hardy, and then returned the key to his pocket. After placing a short piece of slate pencil of the usual size on the slates, the light being turned nearly out, Mrs. Hardy held them under the table. She almost immediately became greatly agitated, accompanied with that singular shivering and shaking so common to mediums when they are being used by their spirit-controls in making powerful physical manifestations. My sitting next, and in close proximity to the medium, enabled me to better appreciate the violence of the power with which she seemed to be controlled or assailed. Soon, upon the usual signal-rap being heard, Mrs. Hardy withdrew the slates from beneath the table and passed them to Mr. Owen. The light being now turned on in full, Mr. Owen read a few lines that were written on the outside of one of the slates as follows: "We have written on the inside," and then passed them around for the company to examine. On the slates being returned to Mr. Owen, he again, in plain sight of all present, took the key from his pocket, unlocked the slates and read aloud a plainly-written communication that was on the inside of one of the slates, and then passed them again around the company, who examined and commented on the wonderful phenomenon, all evidently being satisfied.

A still more wonderful phenomenon than this, if possible, I more than once witnessed in the presence of the well-known Mr. Powell, the finger-writing medium. After seeing him write, on several occasions, with his own finger in his peculiar fashion, I called at his then rooms, No. 8 Davis street, Boston. On that occasion he offered to do the writing with my own forefinger instead of using his. I handed him a large half sheet of letter paper, on which I had put a private mark to identify it by. Powell laid this sheet of paper flat down on a table or book (I forget which) and grasping my right hand in his as he stood in plain sight in a convenient position, the medium wrote a line the whole length of the paper in a large, capital hand. There could be no deception in the using of my finger, as everything was done in the simplest and plainest manner possible. But the strangest part of this phenomenon consisted in the fact that just below the line written was an exact duplicate of it, although in rather fainter chirography, as if the latter was a shadow or daguerreotype of the first. The writing was of the character of faint writing, executed with a lead pencil. I asked Powell to repeat this manifestation, which he cheerfully consented to do. On the last occasion, when the medium had got about half way across the paper, I felt the end of my forefinger getting a little sore, and I asked Powell to use my middle finger instead. Without a moment's hesitation he dropped my forefinger and finished the line all the same with my middle finger. The soreness of my forefinger was probably caused by the aura of some kind that the controlling spirits had concentrated into it to fit it to write with.

Some eight or ten years ago I chanced to call at the house of a well-known gentleman in Philadelphia, where I met a lady and her little son of some nine or ten years, who I was told was controlled by a spirit to draw and paint flowers, etc., with his finger. On my saying that I should like to see a specimen of his powers, the mother asked him to move his seat and sit beside me. I took from the center-table a half sheet of note paper, and tearing off the corner so as to be able to identify it I handed the sheet to the boy. This he laid upon a large-sized pamphlet or book, which he placed before him in his lap. I watched the little artist's movements very closely. He soon began to make quick, slight touches with his forefinger on the margin of the paper, with the object evidently of being able to discern by the discolorment of the paper when his power to paint came upon him. After a few minutes the coloring matter seemed to be at hand, and he drew and painted with his finger a little yellow flower on a green stalk accompanied with green leaves. I have the flower in my possession now. It is not remarkably pretty, but then it is perfect in all its parts, and would do no dis-

credit to a boy painter of the same age in a country school. Respectfully,

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

N. B.—I would say just here that of all the wonderful occult manifestations incident to Modern Spiritualism, spirit-drawing and painting, including the lack of visible ingredients and the almost lightning speed and perfection with which they are often executed, are perhaps the most astonishing and past finding out.

## PROOF OF IMMORTALITY.

(Given by Mrs. S. Seip at Albion Hall, San Francisco, Aug. 31, 1885.)

Science penetrates the Arcana of this limited world, and, standing below the dome of the unknowable, it says: "Yea, I have reached you, thou immortal evidence; I see that you are just beyond."

I admit that we come very near, but I want proof. Theology lifts her dove wings over the waters, and breaks from the tree of knowledge one peaceful branch of faith, and bears it back to the ark with her. That ark is our reason; and while science is vainly seeking for proof, theology has plucked the leaf and the blossom.

Not alone in theology is immortality expressed. It gives all that we recognize of civilization to history, to music and to art. It is the signal and seal of martyrdom.

Take these four premises only: Behold the consecutive eventfulness of history. As it always was it is, continuously. It is the expression of immortal repetition. It is the forever and forever of the I AM.

Darius fought with valor; he fled with fear and resisted unto death. Alexander pursued with zeal, conquered and was satiated, and yet not satisfied. He was not inconsistent in this. He came near enough to the limits of earthly aggrandizement to know that it was not all—not enough.

The human nature of this very man, Alexander the Great, is one of the most incontestable proofs we have ever had in the history of human nature, that the prescients of immortality can be seen and felt before we reach the limit-land of death.

Alexander reached this limit-land, not at the boundary of old age, but in the yet aspiring years of middle life. He saw that this world had nothing more to give him, and sighed for more worlds to conquer.

These memorable words give the seal of immortality to history.

Immortality is expressed in theology by common consent. All the prophets, reformers, and organizers of sects have given it a place in their standards. We may be met by the platitudes of the Athiests, reiterate the advocacy of proof. They will say: "Why do men build up systems of thought and continue to soothe themselves with a thing that may not be true?"

We would answer, "Faith puts upon it the seal of truth, while proof is like the crutch of the lame. The man wants to believe, but he cannot without proof. He wants to walk, but cannot without a crutch. Faith is the free, strong limb that can walk alone, requiring no scientific proof, requiring no imperfect and fallible human knowledge."

Who cares, in fact, to know a thing that is known. The exquisite value of a thing consists in its rarity, as well as its beauty and worth. Nothing is worth our achievement that is too common. What is the reason that faith is really a rare thing. It is really difficult of possession.

We might illustrate this by the difficulty which we often hear expressed by persons desiring faith, but finding it difficult to acquire it. The greatest theologians have found themselves confronted with this conflicting mentality. The council in religion, the so-called reformations in religion, have all taken rise in this difficulty of attaining faith.

She answered the ring at the door to find strange man on the steps.

"Any fly screens?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Any fly paper?"

"No, sir."

"Any powders for making lemonade?"

"No, sir."

"Any painting or whitewashing to do?"

"No, sir."

"Want some paris green to kill garden insects?"

"No, sir."

"Got any old clothes to sell?"

"No, sir."

"Got any coal to put in or wood to split?"

"No, sir."

"Couldn't you spare me—"

"What's that, sir?"

"Oh, never mind. My wife is bare-foot and I was going to ask for a pair of old shoes, but it would be of no use. You have such a dainty little foot that my wife couldn't get her big toe into one of your shoes."

When he left he had an old coat on his arm, 25 cents in cash in his pocket, and there was a square meal stowed away behind his vest.—*Det. Free Press.*

The Rev. John Jasper's scientific ultimatum that "the sun do move," has been more than matched by the astronomical table formulated by a Welch curate in a sermon recently delivered before an English congregation. He said: "A star is but a lidl dot in the skyee. Saw many stars mek one plannat. Saw many plannats mek a constellashon. Saw many constellashons mek one milkee wee. Six milkee wees mek one rorriberriallis."

## TELEGRAPHIC PHENOMENA.

(W. W. Connolly, of Paris, Texas, in *Harper's Light*, Sept. 5th.)

I am not a Spiritualist, nor yet a "light-seeker," generally speaking, but a somewhat dull, prosaic sort of a somebody who thinks little about the supernatural, and never strains a muscle in reaching after the unattainable. I am, however, unshielded from the natural perplexities which are incidental to all phenomena, and while I have been more amused than terrified by the experiences which I am about to relate, I would like to hear authoritatively from some one who has made the subject a study, in the hope that the knotty problem may be solved. While I am not inclined to spiritualistic doctrines, neither am I to realistic nor materialistic doctrines; both propositions have their defenders and disputers—about equally divided and, as I have no taste for polemics, I am on neutral ground, neither on the one side nor on the other, nor yet between the two, but just anywhere "to keep peace in the family." The opinion of an individual, excepting in rare intervals, is in the abstract, of very little importance to the public generally, and I would not intrude mine at this time were it not that I desire you shall fully understand what manner of a man is the narrator. Like causes affect different organisms differently, and a man warped by prejudice or purblind with superstition must needs be a very poor witness on any subject. But to my story:

Some years ago I was working in Houston, Texas, as a telegraph operator. Among the number employed was a young Ohio boy, who is a good friend of mine, but being absent I will not take the liberty of using his name. He was a robust, thick-set fellow, temperate in all things, and very intelligent. He had one weakness; he was most absurdly afraid of "ghosts," so much so that he would as soon stand up as a target for rifle practice as to be caught alone after night, no matter how brilliantly the street lamps were burning. He would sleep in the office all night sooner than go a few hundred yards to his lodgings; and, as I worked at night, this was the first thing unusual I noticed about him. Later I found that he had the power to impart to an article of furniture the most vigorous animation, or, I should say, power of locomotion, by simply placing his hands on it; not an unusual thing, perhaps, but later still I found he had the power to call up and converse with telegraph operators long since dead. He would simply propound his interrogatories orally, and in response the answers would be literally telegraphed to him in the most excellent Morse characters, by absolutely perfect dots and dashes sounded on the table, box or other article improvised.

I say the characters were perfect; by this I mean the sound only, such as is in general use in telegraphing; and these taps were so distinct that an operator standing at any part of the room could hear and "read" them with perfect ease. There were no deceptions, no auxiliaries, no instruments, batteries, or the like; there was nothing visible or material save the tappings, as with the finger-ends on the sounding-board of the table or box. Being an operator, I know how easy it would be to arrange a counterfeit, worked by a confederate, but for the same reason I know how easily such an artificial sham could be detected. I am safe and positive in asserting that there was no physical, mechanical or artificial cause for this phenomenon known, or possible to either the medium or his friends.

Restrained more by a careless indifference superinduced by preoccupation, than by skepticism, from joining in the, to us, sport, it was some time before I took the trouble to investigate. Finally, however, I joined the party standing around a table one Sunday afternoon, conversing with a spirit who said his name was Collier. This spirit was flooded with questions on all subjects, the answers to which he rattled off most volubly and intelligently. The boys were rather wild and somewhat irreverent, and extravagant inquiries were propounded by them, all of which he seemed to take with great good nature, never betraying the slightest displeasure.

I investigated to my heart's content. Seeing the others accepting the situation as a matter of course, I was thrifty in ridicule. There must be a cause for all this—a real, palpable cause which I would discover and lay my hands on and extort from them a confession of wonderful credulity. I would convict the medium (I call him that now, but at that time neither he nor ourselves knew of such a thing as a medium,) of victimizing them, and expose the whole thing as a clever hoax. Well, I did not succeed. The cause lay deeper than I could delve; the mystery was more occult than I had thought for, and eluded all my science, and I gave up the attempt.

Baffled in my endeavors to solve the mystery, I resolved to extract what information or diversion I could from it, and at once addressed myself to the task of interviewing the disembodied intelligences of those whom I had known. I learned that in the region which they occupied there was a governing power, much the same as there is on this earth. The spirits were taken in and carried higher, much the same as promotion follows the earnest efforts of a terrestrial laborer. Some had not reached the point where they could communicate with me; others had passed it.

Collier was ever present, and when we launched forth the "If there is a spirit present, let him speak," his "I. I. C." would sound as naturally as though he were in the next station up the road, answering a call over the wire. He seemed to be master of the situation, and claimed that "this is my regular wire." When any other spirit-operator wanted to communicate with us there was a "struggle for the circuit," which invariably ended in Collier coming out victorious. It was only by the nicest coaxing on our part that he would permit any one to speak to us. On one occasion when he was unusually gracious, he let a man talk to me whom I had known in life, but had forgotten. He had worked in Houston, but being in the last stages of consumption, went to Florida. He reminded me of the circumstances where I had last seen him, the sum of money I had given him to help him on his way, the date of his arrival in Florida, the date and circumstances of his death, and a dozen other things which no mortal had ever known but myself, and which I had forgotten. He was unchanged apparently, and I fancied I could detect the same slow, halting and imperfect telegraphing that was distinctively his when nearing the end of his earthly career. He was glad to see me, thanked me kindly, said he was doing well. I wanted to obtain a full report from him, and he seemed not averse to furnishing it, but he was somewhat abruptly forced to stand aside by the jolly Collier, who claimed our attention, and I never could get him again. Whenever I asked for my friend I was told, "He is here, but busy."

One more incident, which I esteem remarkable, and my tale is finished. When this spirit Collier was first discovered, and had related the circumstances of his life and death, one of our party wrote to the manager of the telegraph office in Charlotte, N. C., I think, asking if such a man had worked there at the time stated. The answer came back from the manager, saying that he had no recollection of any such man, but that as they were coming and going all the time he could not be positive. He gave it as his opinion, however, that no such man had worked there. Now, this was all well enough, but the strange part of it was that at the bottom of the letter, in delicate and perfect telegraphic characters, was recorded the following sentence: "Yes, I was there, and worked the Charleston wire.—C."

There was no mistaking this; there it was, plain and perfect—too perfect indeed to have been done with a pencil, and unlike a pencil-mark, it was indelible. Of course we had a sitting, and asked Collier about it. He said he wrote the characters while the letter was in the mails, and just before it reached Memphis. He insisted that the agent at Charlotte was mistaken.

Our mystic sport soon ended; the migratory instinct of the genus operator asserted itself, and soon our little coterie was scattered to the four winds. Death has put the possibility of a reunion beyond hope, and the years which have intervened have mellowed into seriousness what was then only an exciting pastime. I have often wondered and wonderingly asked myself: "What is it?" but no satisfactory answer comes. That we communed with some invisible intelligence there can be no doubt. In our business we do this daily. In the latter, we can account very easily for the phenomenon. We have our wires and our instruments and the subtle electric current; in the former there is no reasonable hypothesis upon which to base a calculation. If in fact, the spirits of those boys were as they represented, why did they choose the vehicle of telegraphy to convey their thoughts, while they listened to ours orally enunciated? Why would they respond only when the Ohio boy called them up, and why, after the first question from him, would they reply to any one else? Mind you, he went into no trance; he sat there very honestly with his hands on the table like the rest of us. He was no more affected than we were. He knew no more than we did, and believed no more than we did. If he had any superior power it certainly "blushed unseen" to himself; he was unconscious of it. The solution of this phenomenon may be an easy matter to those who have given the matter study; to me it will be a revelation. I trust the facts, though but indifferently related, may be interesting to all.

"That is a buckshot dose," said a druggist yesterday, as he finished a prescription. "What is a buckshot dose?" "When a doctor don't know exactly what to give a patient, he orders a half dozen things, put in his prescription, hoping that one of them may hit the right spot. We call it a buckshot prescription, because a man loads his gun to the muzzle on the same principle."

"Mrs. De Silva is so poetical!" observed Mrs. Brown to her husband. "She calls her new dresses 'dreams.'" "A very good name for them," responded Mr. Brown, "for her husband always speaks of the bills as 'nightmares.'"

When Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was crossing the Italian frontier, at San Remo, he was ordered by the douaniers to give up to them certain fruit he was carrying. Thereupon, he retired three paces into the French territory, and ate it.



## WAS IT THE DEAD.

(Samuel H. Terry in N. Y. Tribune.)

Sir: I am aware that the subject matter of this communication is one quite generally tabooed by the newspapers; but, as the "Friends" say, "the spirit moves me to bear testimony," and I hope you will print it. I have been spending the past three months in company with my daughter at the summer home of Dr. George H. Perine, of No. 74 West Fifth street, on the top of one of the mountain ridges near Summit, N. J. Hither came last month, for a week's sojourn, two ladies, a Mrs. W., somewhat known, it seems, in certain circles as a "spiritual medium," and her friend, an intelligent lady, member of one of the most honored New York families, who is well known by her nom de plume, "Kate Irving." The former of these was slightly known to the Doctor and his wife, but I had never before met either of them. This accidental opportunity of studying the characteristics of a spiritual medium in home life, being the first I ever had, was embraced by me at every opportunity—and these opportunities in a small family of only ten people were frequent. In conversation I found Mrs. W. to be a refined, dignified and ingenious lady, not specially anxious to make converts to Spiritualism, yet quick to intelligently repel attacks on the honesty and good faith of the so-called "spiritual manifestations." She is unable to explain the origin or cause of the mysterious power that dwells in her, nor can she control its manifestations in the slightest degree; these come and go at their own will like the action of independent sentient existences. All she can do to aid is to place herself in such conditions (which she terms harmonious) as are found favorable to the influences. I also learned that it is only since about ten years that this mediumship has developed in her. She was at its first appearance a member of Dr. Tyng's church—the widow of a physician. Her age is now—well, perhaps she would not thank me for saying, even if I knew. I may say she is yet on the youthful side of middle age.

After somewhat of the restraint incident to our being strangers had worn off, by daily intercourse, an intimation was made of our desire, to see some of these manifestations in the privacy of our own home, feeling as we canvassed the subject apart from her and her friend, that there could be no possible chance of deception by any cunningly devised machinery. She cheerfully consented to make a trial, promising that we must not feel disappointed if there was no satisfactory result, as the conditions were new and untried. The only paraphernalia she required, was the putting up of a pair of thick, dark curtains in the doorway of a small room, opening off from the parlor; and the windows of the small room were thoroughly darkened, to serve as a dark cabinet, out of which and through the curtains the spirit forms are expected to come, while she remained inside. This we arranged during the day to suit her, and in the evening at eight o'clock we—eight in all—took our seats in the parlor and Mrs. W., went behind the curtains. Her friend, being familiar with the proceedings, remained in the parlor with us, acting as a directress of the seance. We had been told in the previous conversations that to obtain the best results, the utmost harmony among the audience, was necessary; that the presence of even one person with strong mental resolve to regard the medium and every strange occurrence shown as fraudulent would, in a strange place, particularly, often have influence enough to prevent the appearance of the fuller forms of materialization. To induce this harmony in the small audience, some soft music was played on the piano; and almost immediately a ghostly form, arrayed in white, separated the curtain and stood in the doorway. This was followed in quick succession by others, none remaining long or making any sign, except sometimes a nod of the head or the raising of the hands. The directress remarked that sufficient power was not developed, and to aid this, the light was turned down low. In about half an hour the forms coming were able to step outside the doorway and greet us, and the light was turned up again, so they could be seen. There were perhaps a dozen in all, the most being recognized by speech or otherwise, by some of the audience as friends, whom they once knew in life. Among these forms was one plainly recognized by our host and hostess, as the spirit form of their only daughter, who died last May, leaving a young babe, then in the house in the care of its grandmother. She came out to the centre of the parlor, calling for "Papa" and "Mamma." They both went forward to meet her, when she took them by the hand and kissed them, saying: "How glad I am to come and speak to you—where is my baby?—bring him in the room next time, so I can see him." One of the forms resembled, in its lineaments and general size, my aged mother, who died last year in her eighty-sixth year. She stood in the curtain opening, and called to me; as I went forward she raised her arms, in an attitude of devotional ecstasy, exclaiming in a voice, that at least sounded like hers: "Oh! thank God! thank God!" and immediately vanished from sight; the directress remarking, "She had not strength to stay longer." A brown-faced and active little spirit form was among those who came. She fairly bounded through the curtains, out into the

parlor, dancing up and down, then went to the doctor, took him by the hands, and with him repeated the dance. Then she came forward to me, and with a graceful courtesy, spoke some words in Italian, which the directress said was the ordinary evening greeting of that people. She was said to be a familiar appearance at Mrs. W.'s seances and is known as Henrietta, the little Italian. In all she was fully three minutes in our presence in the parlor.

The next night—the last of Mrs. W.'s stay—she repeated the seance, and being assured by the fair success of the previous evening that the conditions were favorable, a larger assemblage was risked so that the parlor was quite filled with members of the family and interested neighbors. Much of the exhibition was a repetition of the previous evening, but a very remarkable feature was the reappearance of our host's daughter. She came out and kissed her mother, taking the baby from her arms, hugging it to her breast and carrying it through the curtain opening entirely from our sight; there she remained fully a minute, then bringing the babe out again and depositing it in the grandmother's arms, she said to her: "Take care of him for me." After this she passed around the circle greeting different members, saying when she came to the nurse of her babe, "Be good to my child." She then held a long conversation with her father in reference to her present happy spirit life. She was out altogether fully five minutes. A spirit form representing itself as that of a deceased daughter of mine came to the curtain-opening, calling to me "father." As I went forward she came out to meet me, saying, "I am so happy to be able to speak to you," she then called her sister by name—"Minnie," who rose and came forward to speak to her, but the form retired behind the curtain, seeming to have not power to remain. I am sure the medium did not know I had a daughter deceased.

Now I have given simply the facts. What these forms were or how they are produced I do not undertake to decide. They professed through the medium's control to be the forms that disembodied spirits of people once living take in some mysterious way from the medium by which to become visible and to speak to mortals. I cannot gainsay it. There was enough similarity in the countenances of some of the ghostly forms to the medium's face to make it probable they were in some way connected with her corporeal body; and quite enough to excite an observer who did not look closely into the matter for believing that such forms might, when their size conformed to that of the medium, be really the medium herself. But taking into consideration the fact that Mrs. W. is a woman of magnificent physique, comely and plump, weighing nearly or quite 200 pounds, and noticeable for her commanding proportions, whether she sits, stands or walks, it is utterly impossible for the most incredulous to believe she could be condensed into an apparent child of ten or twelve years, less than four feet in height, and weighing in life not over 100 pounds, as was the form representing the little Italian girl. No one indeed of all the forms appearing could from their size, had they been real mortals have weighed more than three-fourths the medium's weight, and most of them not so much, if I except two forms of men that were rather above her in height, but who had no resemblance to her in feature, nor any in form or outline of their figures.

From these experiences I am forced to say I must believe that such materialization can be honestly produced, without any trick or fraud, otherwise all evidence derived from my senses of sight, hearing and feeling under the most favorable circumstances and in repeated tests must be discredited. And I do not see how any honest, sincere investigator could have come to any other conclusion.

The question of cui bono—what good is derived from them is quite another one. But the facts being once established our scrutiny can be directed to ascertain the purpose. If it be a good one we should aid it; if an evil one we can with God's blessing thwart it. The belief that such manifestations are of super-human origin is too widespread to be any longer made light of as the mere vapors of the human brain. In conclusion I suggest one thought on that point. It is now some forty years since the developmental theory was first broached. It has brought a great growth of materialism into the world. Intelligent minds everywhere give it credence; and those withholding their belief are often regarded as simple-minded visionaries. This theory virtually relegates God, after He once created the first primary atom of organic life from which all things developed, to a state of eternal repose or Nirvana, as the best it can do for Him.

Now the advent of modern Spiritualism is about coeval with that of the development theory, and the believers in it quite as numerous, mostly from the ranks of those who were before doubters. What if God, foreseeing the condition of selfish greed into which the human race might be brought should the restraining influence of a belief in the hereafter die out, had in His divine providence of compensations opened a little way the door between this and the spirit world to allow our departed friends to come back and speak to us to prove, not by processes of reasoning, but

by evidence tangible to our senses, that there is something more of life than scientists find in corporeal things—that really "there is no death, what seems so is transition." And so that man need no longer make that sad inquiry about the future condition of his loved ones, having undoubted proof by communion with them that if a man die he does live again.

## Extract from a Letter of a Skeptic Resident in the Spirit World.

[“Father Joseph” in Light.]

There is frightful delusion prevailing here which leads millions astray who appear sound and sensible on every other point. It is that messages are received continually from men and women living in the planet earth, and that their forms even are often seen in our spirit substance, and if the silly trash they give us be truly reported, the contradictions which abound in their "evidence" is proof to me and all sensible spirits that there is no earth planet at all, or any material substance, or else they do not come from a material planet, and are simply a band of vile impostors if they really are seen at all. I will just relate some of the answers which I hear are given to the simplest questions, and you will at once see for yourself.

Q.—What size is your sun?

Some—The size of an orange, and golden colored, full of light!

Others—The size of a large plate, and very red!

Others—It is many times larger than the earth, and its body is dark!

Q.—What is the motion of your sun?

Some—It rises in the East and sets in the West daily!

Others—It never moves at all, but the earth goes round it and turns on its own axis daily!

Others—It has a progressive motion of its own in which the earth and other planets are included!

Q.—What is your earth like?

Some—It is the abode of misery and pain!

Others—It is a place of delight and pleasure!

Others—It is full of want, fraud and oppression!

Others—It is full of plenty and endless enjoyment!

Q.—Can you tell us of the interior of your earth?

Some—It is hollow, with a thin crust, and is filled with a raging fire which consumes the hardest rocks!

Others—It is quite solid!

Others—It is hollow, having a very thin crust, and the interior is a delightful region lighted by a soft and never-waning light, and a climate like perpetual spring!

Q.—How are your cities lighted when the sun goes "down"?

Some—They are lighted with oil lamps.

Others—With gas made from coal!

Others—With electricity!

Q.—What colors are known to you on earth?

Some—Seven!

Others—Twelve!

Others—Two hundred!

Q.—Whom do you worship?

Some—One God!

Others—Three Gods!

Others—A thousand Gods!

To the question, "What is your system of religion?" the replies were so endless and bewildering that it would be a long task to set them down.

Q.—What is your marriage law?

Some—We have but one, that of one woman to one man; this is God's law!

Others—We know of one custom, several women to one man; this is God's law!

Others—We know but one custom, several men to one woman; this is the Divine law!

Such are some of the replies given by these impostors. I have, therefore, come to the conclusion (and you must see I am right) that these appearances from earth in spirit substance are utter delusions, impostures, or worse, and if they were real, then there is no earth, no sun, no material planet or thing, since all these testimonies about them are mutually antagonistic and contradictory beyond hope of reconciliation. It is all a system of lies and imposture, and it were well if the laws in the planet I left were in force here, and these liars and vagabonds put in prison, or still better, burnt in the fire. The other day I heard a professor who ought to know better giving a lecture in the Temple, and telling us we ought to receive these lying messages with calmness and respect, however contradictory they might appear, in the hope that by classification and investigation we might arrive at the truth. Thus he ventured to suggest that these varying replies were all relatively true according to the perception, knowledge and position of the persons who gave them.

This just shows how the highest minds in the sphere have been attacked with this delusion, and where it may end I know not. Some complain of a similar state of things on their earth—if their earth exists at all I should advise them to stay in it, for here it is infinitely worse. These delusions are believed in by everyone, and, taken as a matter of course, except by a few, who, with me, have but recently left their planets, and have not yet cast off all their senses.

## ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO DR. SLADE.

[The following communication is from Mr. Solomon Rosevelt, of Ashley, Ohio, detailing an interview he and his wife had at one time with Mr. Slade.]

"We arrived at Dr. Slade's residence about ten o'clock in the morning, and met the doctor's partner at the door. He asked us if we wished to have a sitting with the doctor. We answered in the affirmative. The doctor then came in and asked us to walk upstairs. We did so, and entering a neat room, well furnished with chairs, sofa and table, he remarked: 'I cannot promise you anything to-day, for I have been sick for a week, and have not had a sitting, but I will try and see what I can do for you.' He requested us to be seated at the table, and each of us took a chair, and seated ourselves at the table, on three sides of it, leaving one vacant chair standing about six or eight feet away, the doctor sitting sideways at the table, so that we could see every movement that he made. Putting his hands on the top of the table, he requested us to do the same. We had no sooner placed them there, than there came a very loud rap. The doctor said: 'I think one of you is a medium.' We made no reply to that. He then asked the control if he would write for us, and there came three distinct raps,—very loud ones too. Then he picked up a small slate, that lay on the top of the table, about 7x9 inches square, and asked us to hold one end of it. He placed a small piece of slate pencil, about the size of a flaxseed on it, and then we shoved the slate under the corner of the table, each one of us holding the end close to the underside. We had no sooner placed it there then we heard the scratching of the pencil, for about one minute and a half; then came three raps on the slate. Drawing the slate from under the table, we discovered that there was a communication from a spirit, calling himself King, who said he was glad to meet us there. The doctor then asked, 'who is this King?' He said he was a spirit that came to my wife when she was at home. While we were reading this communication, the vacant chair moved, slowly, up to the table so that the back of it touched the table. The doctor then said to the spirit: 'If you wish to sit at the table, sit as a gentleman should.' Then the chair moved back about one foot from the table and remained there. Then the chair that I sat in, moved back about one foot and then shoved me back in my place again, and all this time the doctor's hands were on top of the table, with mine and my wife's. I felt something pull at my pants, and then at my vest, and I saw a hand as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life. The doctor requested me to hold the slate myself, under the corner of the table, with the small piece of pencil, which I did. The pencil began to scratch for a few minutes, and then rapped on the slate. I took the slate from under the table, and there was written thereon a communication from my first wife, who had been deceased about six years, saying that she was glad to meet me there. She was glad also to meet my second wife, and was much pleased for what she had done for her children. Signed, Elizabeth, my first wife's name. The doctor requested my wife to take the slate, and write some deceased friend's name on it, and not let him see it. She wrote that of a friend who died fourteen years ago in Honduras, Central America. Then he laid the small piece of pencil on the top of the table, and my wife laid the slate bottom side up, over the pencil. As soon as this was done we heard the pencil scratching, and directly three raps came for us to remove the slate. We did so, and to our astonishment, the whole slate was written over, telling of the girlish days of my wife, and signed, Mary Hemstead at the bottom, the same that had been written at the top. The doctor then took the slate, and a large pencil, and held them underneath the table, and requested the spirit to take it out of his hand, and place it in mine, which was done. I felt a hand put the pencil in mine, as plainly as real life, and his left hand was still on the top of the table.

"The doctor then took an old accordion, which had a hole in it, and stopped it up with a piece of paper, and held it in his right hand, and his left still on the top of the table. It played three tunes, and the last was, 'Home, Sweet Home,' as correctly as I ever heard in my life. My wife was requested to change seats with me, which she did. Then she held the accordion, and it played two tunes for her, and his hands still on the top of the table, with mine. Then there came hands and pulled her hat-strings, untied them and threw the ribbons over her shoulders, and we both saw the hands as plainly as if they were our own. The doctor threw a small tea bell under the table, and asked the spirit to hand it to my wife, and it did so, but handed it bell-end uppermost from underneath the table. He requested the spirit to hand it right end foremost, and then the bell fell back under the table. Then it came up handle-end toward her. My wife took the bell from a hand that looked as natural as life, for we both saw it, and the doctor's hands were both on the top of the table with mine and my wife's. If these operations were not conducted by spirits, who did them?"

"My son, why is it that you are always behind-hand with your studies?" "Because if I were not behind hand with them, I could not pursue them."

## CAMP MEETING IN OREGON.

[Special correspondence of GOLDEN GATE.]

NEW ERA, Oregon, Sept. 6, 1885.

Your correspondent is on the ground of the "Clackamas County Spiritual Religious Association's Camp Meeting." The society owns the grove, which is five acres of beautiful land, being a level spot on top of a slight rise on the bank of the Willamette river, twenty miles from Portland, and five miles from Oregon City, and about thirty miles from Salem, the capital of Oregon; therefore you see its access is very easy. Four passenger trains stop each day at the grove.

The association was incorporated on Nov. 15, 1873. The present officers are as follows: Wm. Phillips, President; Thomas Buckman, Secretary; John Crews, Vice President; James Athey, Treasurer. Membership numbers seventy-five people. The grove is dotted all over with tents. Many of the folks brought teams, and those who did, found ample pasturage for their horses.

Spiritual services are held three times a day. Seats are provided for about three hundred people. The speakers' stand is tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and in an arch above, is suspended the motto, "God is Love."

Vocal music is rendered by members of the association, and they seem to be excellently supplied with that talent. Your correspondent counted two hundred people on the ground, besides a large number of children. The most of the attendants come from Willamette Valley and about Salem.

I regretted there was not more copies of the GOLDEN GATE here, as what few there were, say fifty, went off like hot cakes, and all were of but one opinion, concerning your paper, and that was this: "It's the best we have seen."

Some able speaking in the cause of Spiritualism was done, of which you will receive a report from the Secretary of the Association. The meeting continues until the middle of next week, and next Sunday is expected to be the gala day.

After the evening services the people retire to their respective tents, in groups, to the uttermost capacity of their portable lodges, and circles were held in nearly all, until a late hour. Excellent order was maintained throughout the grove.

By arrangement, the association has power to issue special passes over the rail road to all who pay fare one way. The hotel accommodations at New Era are extremely limited, but the tenting privileges are unbounded.

## A Psychical Opportunity.

In the *North American Review* for September, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has a suggestive article on the marvels of modern Spiritualism, and the reluctance of scientific men to attempt a square and genuine investigation of the whole subject. And whether Spiritualism be true or false, or a mixture of truth and falsehood, it is an undoubted fact that "thousands of sensible and reliable men and women believe these things on the strength of personal experience; and, believing, accept them with such explanation of their own as they may, in default of any from silent science. It would seem as if these circumstances were of as much importance to science as the transverse lamellae in the beak of a shoveler duck, or the climate of the lowlands under the equator during the severe part of the glacial period."

This is a sarcasm which so-called scientists well deserve. Whatever affects the lives and happiness of millions of human beings now living is certainly of more consequence than the classification of the bones of prehistoric fossils. That these people believe it is enough to make its thorough investigation the duty of all who are interested in the welfare of humanity. And it is utterly useless to ignore it because of its alleged absurdities. If the absurdities of any system of religion yet invented are to place it beyond the pale of scientific investigation, then are all systems of religion alike beneath the notice of scientific men. It may be a question, however, whether all religion is not beyond the pale of scientific investigation. Faith is the foundation of all religion, and mere reason can settle nothing.

But since the Spiritualists generally insist that theirs is the only rational and philosophic system of religion in the world, and since it is evidently gaining ground every day among intelligent people because of that claim on its behalf, it would be only right to give it all the investigation it demands. If the phenomena of spiritualism can be explained on scientific principles then it is time the world should know it. But there is absolute necessity for candor in such an investigation, and there is difficulty in finding it.

Another Business Anecdote. — Merchant: "You wanted to speak to me?" Clerk: "Yes, sir." Merchant: "What about?" Clerk: "I hope you won't take offense, sir; but I'm doing exactly the same work as M. X., and getting thirty francs a month less for it." Merchant: "Ah, indeed! Thanks. I'll have M. X.'s salary cut down at once."

Be thou a cup of strength to other souls in some great agony.—George Eliot.



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1885.

## WAKE UP.

Spiritualists need to wake up and bestir themselves in behalf of their cause, and not allow it to be said that they are wanting in the spirit of liberality or pride necessary to place Spiritualism upon a solid basis of respectability, where it will command the attention of thoughtful minds.

This can not be done without the exercise of those benevolent traits for which church people are usually noted. Instance the costly church edifices of this and every other large city. Vast sums have not only been expended thereon, for the provision of which somebody has had to go down deep into the pocket, but there is a constant demand for the means wherewith to maintain a fashionable and expensive religious system. The members of Christian churches are besought and taught to give, to give liberally and continuously. Indeed, if they did not do so their systems would soon crumble into decay.

There are religious societies in this State, with costly church buildings in every large town, whose membership is far inferior in numbers to those of the believers in Spiritualism; and yet the Spiritualists do not own so much as a public hall, even in the great city of San Francisco, and if they own any in the State we are not aware of it.

Now, if Spiritualism is worth anything it is worth heralding to the world. To its believers it has brought such comfort,—such satisfying knowledge of a future life,—as no other system of faith or belief could possibly furnish. To those possessed of this world's abundance, we should think it would be a holy delight to help to build up and strengthen the cause in every possible way.

We need schools—or, at least, we need one good school on this coast for the study of psychic phenomena; we should, in every considerable town, own our halls for public meetings. We should maintain our papers in such a manner as to enable their publishers to command the best Spiritual pens, and make them a power for good.

All of this costs money; but then to what better use can money be put? How we would like to see the Spiritualists of this coast wake up to a living, inspiring sense of their high calling. Then what an example we might become to the world.

## SPIRITUALISM AND TEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is a vice very rarely seen among Spiritualists. Indeed, if they had the votes, and the power to enforce wise laws in the interest of temperance, they would make quick and sure work of the liquor traffic.

Such is our position. We would wipe the vile poison from the face of the earth, and relegate its manufacture to the realm of the lost arts. And yet we realize how futile are the efforts of temperance people to cope with the monster, Alcohol.

The out-and-out Prohibitionist is apt to be regarded, even by conservative temperance people, as a sort of crank—as one whose head is a little out of balance. No doubt some of them are, especially those who are wholly unwilling to compromise with the liquor traffic, by accepting the lesser evil, restriction, where total prohibition can not be effected.

There are thousands of intelligent people, who are habitual tipplers of wine and beer, and yet who never drink to debauchery—never become nuisances to their families or society. They recognize the evils of intemperance, and would gladly close the saloon to all drunkards, and prohibit the sale of the poisonous distillations, provided it could be done without depriving them of their own less harmful tipples. They are not yet unselfish enough, or magnanimous enough, to make a personal sacrifice, and forego their fermented beverages, to save their fellow mortals, with less command of their appetites, from perdition.

And so we stagger along under the burden of taxation that intemperance heaps upon our shoulders, filling our prisons with criminals and our hospitals and insane asylums with human wrecks.

"Of two evils choose neither," say our Prohibition friends. We say, "Choose the least," and there hold your ground until by force of votes and moral suasion you can make a grand step forward and secure the greater good in its entirety.

## TIT FOR TAT.

A short time ago, in the northern part of Wyoming, a band of murderous white miners raided a Chinese village numbering some two hundred inhabitants, killing some twenty of their number, driving the survivors from their homes to the mountains, and plundering and burning their property. And by what pretext or excuse was this high-handed outrage perpetrated? Simply, because, in the exercise of their natural right to live and labor, these inoffensive pagans were thought to come in competition with the white miners!

Suppose a colony of Americans residing in China—and there are numbers of our countrymen, merchants, missionaries, etc., living in that

country—had been assailed and murdered in this manner, what would have been the universal verdict of Americans? Our Government would not only demand the punishment of the murderers, but it would also exact heavy indemnity in money damages, and would enforce its demands at the cannon's mouth, if necessary.

China will very likely make similar demands upon our Government, demands that we can not well afford to ignore. In common justice we should pay for this reckless act, and pay roundly. Every participant therein should be sought out and brought to the bar of justice. We should blush for the Christian civilization that can treat "the heathen within our gates" in this cruel manner.

## THE MONSIGNOR IN PRINT.

We have at last got our talented expounder of things dogmatic and otherwise, Mgr. Capel, in print, on the subject of Spiritualism. In last Saturday's *Bulletin* he defines his and his church's position on this subject, and therein we are introduced to a blending of fact, fancy and mere assertion both amusing and interesting to those of us who, in a spirit of candor and an honest desire for the truth have long obeyed the scriptural injunction to "try the spirits."

He first gives us what he designates as "The Spiritism unto Life," which constitutes, he says, an "outline of our (his or their) relation with the unseen world of spirits." We give this subdivision of his article entire:

First, in God we live and move and have our very being. Secondly, it is God who excites every supernatural movement of the will; having so excited, He cooperates by His grace in doing the supernatural work; and it is by His help that it is perfected to the end. Thirdly, angels who are pure spirits have come as messengers to men; they are described in the book of Revelation as offering the prayers of men before the throne of God; they are guardians of men on earth. Fourthly, of those who are dead their disembodied and immortal souls are in heaven, in purgatory or in hell. If they have left earth in deadly sin, and therefore, at enmity with God, for ever suffering, the pains of hell, and the pain of sense, and with them we hold no relations. If, on the other hand, souls depart in perfect charity, as do baptised babes or repentant sinners like the Magdalen, they are enriched with the light of glory, and at once enter Heaven; but should there still be the stain of imperfection on the departed soul, it enters purgatory, there to be purified before being admitted to Heaven. With these departed ones we hold close intimate relations. They still form part of the great Church; though a veil parts us, their love for us is more intense than it ever could have been on earth, and the prayers they offered for us on earth at our request or otherwise, they continue in Heaven. And for the suffering souls in purgatory while they pray for us they can do much for themselves, and we on earth can help them by our prayers and good works. This is the blessed doctrine of the Communion of Saints. From death it takes the sting, it makes us live in company with the blessed in the other world; it confirms within our souls the hope of becoming associates with those where they dwell, where there are no tears nor death; it makes us pray to and for those below ones whom death has taken away. Holy Church in her private devotions and public offices daily leads her children to intimate converse with her triumphant members in Heaven and with her suffering in purgatory. Lastly, the Evil Spirit and his companions lay in wait and seek our destruction; with them we are to be in constant warfare.

He next gives us what he subheads as "The Spiritism unto Death," wherein we are served with a medley of romance, divination, necromancy, scripture and ancient history, having about as much bearing on Modern Spiritualism, as the moral essays of Pope have on the forty-seventh problem of Euclid.

The question under consideration is simply this: Is the way open between the seen and the unseen worlds, and can the spirits of the so-called dead return and communicate with the living? Mgr. Capel says they can—that "with these departed ones (that is, the souls in heaven and in purgatory) we (the Catholic Church) hold close intimate relations."

The Monsignor does not so express it in terms, but we infer his meaning to be that all of the "departed ones," above referred to, "passed on" from the bosom of the Catholic Church, and that all who died out of said Church constitute the vast number who "left earth in deadly sin," and are consequently "at enmity with God," and doomed to eternal torment in Sheol. "With this class," says the Monsignor, "we hold no relations."

And herein consists the chief difference between the Monsignor and ourselves. We reject his pre-emption claim on heaven, or all future happiness. We believe that our spirit friends are quite as respectable as his own, and as reliable. We think it is susceptible of demonstration that good people do not all die in the church. We take no stock in the idea that such saints (?) as Torquemada, the first Inquisitor General of Spain, for instance, has a higher seat in glory than Abraham Lincoln; nor that it is any more sinful to communicate with the latter than the former. This is simply a question of common sense, appealing not to ancient history, either sacred or profane, for its decision, but to the ordinary intelligence of the age.

If members of the Catholic Church may hold communion with their "departed ones" in purgatory, "whose love for us," says the Monsignor, "is more intense than it ever could have been on earth," why may we not communicate with our loved ones who have passed on—not to a state of perfect happiness, for there is no such thing as absolute perfection of the human spirit, but to a world of growth, of progress, of purgatory, if you choose to call it by that word?

It won't do, Monsignor. Your assumptions in behalf of your Church, and of the "saints" whom you claim as the only kind not of "the evil spirit and his companions," is for a past age, and not for a present enlightened humanity. Nevertheless we thank you for the affirmation of your belief in spirit communion. It encourages us to go on in the good work of disproving the rank materialism that has crept into the enlightened thought of the age. We shall not question your right to choose the spirit friends with whom you would communicate. But may we not ask you to be alike generous, and allow us the same right of choice, without incurring the displeasure of Mgr. Capel, or the anathemas of the Catholic Church?

We are informed that Italian naval officers are being taught how to collect and preserve specimens of marine animals. There is more need of some one instructing the Italian nation how to treat and maintain its domestic creatures in usefulness and comfort. Scientific collections of dead animals can only be of very doubtful benefit to a people who take more interest in live ones because of the pleasure they find in abusing them and putting them to death.

## A CHAT WITH OUR FRIENDS.

Every Spiritualist receiving a copy of the GOLDEN GATE should resolve himself—or, more especially, herself (for women usually make the most successful canvassers)—into a committee of one to aid us in extending its circulation. We are now sending out, weekly, about twelve hundred copies of the paper, which is yet several hundred copies in excess of our regular subscription. It will require at least twenty-five hundred subscribers to make the paper self-sustaining, and then only by the closest economy. Surely, among the tens of thousands of Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast, there ought to be found this number to take the only Spiritual weekly paper printed west of the Rocky Mountains.

The universal verdict of all who have seen the GOLDEN GATE is that it is a paper worthy of the cause it advocates. If our friends will now help us to place it on its feet, we have no fears as to its future. It will thenceforth take care of itself. Once relieved of all anxiety on this score, we can do much better editorial work, and make the paper nearer our ideal of what a good Spiritual journal should be.

Several earnest co-workers in, and friends of, our glorious cause have taken especial interest in obtaining subscribers for the paper. In behalf of the angel world, we gratefully thank them. May we not hope that others will do likewise?

We have no fears as to the outcome. We know the times are hard just now, and money scarce. There are thousands, no doubt, who would gladly take the paper, but they do not feel able to do so at present. But they will, by-and-by.

## ENGLISH PAUPERISM.

The problem of pauperism in India must be a perplexing one for England to grasp. The extension of the railway systems developing the resources of the country, is said to have but constituted another factor with the struggles against climate and cheap motive labor, and pauperism is rapidly on the increase, the statistics of which are said to be startling.

The total European population of India has been estimated to be between two and three hundred thousand, and fast increasing. How these people shall be made a self-supporting and profitable community, is a question that is now being settled, or rather discussed, under the auspices of the East India Association, by officials and gentlemen interested in the affairs of the British Empire in the East.

There is only one kind of pauperism that worries England, and this could be quite cured if the national, or royal pauperism were abolished, and its fabulous sums turned over to the relief of the over-taxed, robbed and working poor. This is a more serious problem than is being put off, but it is only deferred. It will be settled one of these days, and the thousands of white-handed drones of the British and other empires, will come to a fuller understanding of the word "pauperism."

## A FAILING STREAM.

It now looks as though there was very little more navigation for the Sacramento River; the smallest steamers already get swamped in the fast thickening waters. This is wholly attributed to the work of the hydraulic miners, but we think that mischief is over-estimated. Any one who has lived long enough in some of the Sierra Nevada Mountain valleys to see a flood that not unfrequently occurs there, leaving from one to three feet of "slickens" on the land, must have temperate opinions on this debris question. Mining or no mining, the rains and melting snows are each year washing the soil from the mountain sides down into the valleys, much of which finds its way into the various water courses, and is carried along down to the lower levels, Marysville and Sacramento being the most favored, or, as they think, cursed. Some of this is due to mining, but if the hydraulic system were stopped at once and forever, there is still enough soil on the mountains to fill the canyons, obliterate the Sacramento River and bury the city. This "capital on wheels" may yet resume its travels and seek a more suitable location for its final resting place.

## MEDIUMSHIP.

Until all humanity shall be redeemed from sin, and "this mortal shall put on immortality," there will be use for Spiritual mediums in the world.

It is a grand thing to live in the higher realm of one's nature—to enjoy that spiritual illumination that brings one into close communion with the spirit world. One who has reached those exalted heights has no use for other modes of communication than those he finds in his own soul. He has established a line of his own, and needs no help from others.

But the great mass of humanity, for ages to come, can hardly expect to be thus favored. Communication with their loved ones on the other side must necessarily be had through the mediumship of others; and it is only thus they can be convinced of a life to come.

Spiritualists who have reached the shining heights, and can "read their titles clear to mansions in the skies" should carefully preserve the ladder whence they have climbed to the stars, for others' use. When the angel world has no further use for mediums, then may mortals dispense with their services, and not before.

SLAUGHTER OF THE "INNOCENTS"?—Some one says it is getting to be the fashion for unhappy married women to shoot themselves, and adds that, if instead of killing themselves they would shoot their reprobate husbands, they would be doing a service to the world and promote their own happiness. The world might indeed be benefited by the removal of miserable husbands, but killing them would not add to the happiness of those who did the deed. The world is wide enough for two persons, whose united lives brings only inharmonious, to separate and live apart. We

don't understand why a woman could not have as much courage to leave her husband by one means as another, and if they have children, spare them the awful memory of suicide.

## OVERDONE.

The fruit and wine producing industries of California have received a heavy back-set, the present season, from ruinously low prices, as the result of a glutted market.

Early in the season came an immense cherry crop, for which there was but a very limited demand at prices that would hardly pay for picking. Then followed currents and other small fruits, netting, in many instances, a dead loss to the producer. Blackberries, that brought seven dollars a chest last season, went begging this season at three dollars. In Santa Clara county, the present season, we learn that tons of peaches were not gathered, as the prices received for those sent to this market, did not pay the cost of picking and boxes. Only think: fifteen cents a box for the best Highland peaches! Grapes, also; what a fearful falling off in prices from those of last year—from \$18 to \$22 a ton last year, to \$9 to \$14 this year. At these prices the vineyardist who has no facilities for manufacturing his grapes into wine, is left in the lurch. Those who have, can, doubtless, tide over an overstocked market.

The producing classes of this Coast are very apt to go to extremes in whatever they undertake. That which pays well one season everybody will go into the next, and then everybody is very apt to find himself wishing he hadn't. It is said that we learn wisdom by experience. Some of us require a vast amount of experience in order to acquire a very few grains of wisdom.

One good effect of a fruit surfeit, will be to increase vastly the purchasing capacity of the poor man's dime, when invested in that wholesome and health-inspiring food. And a better effect still will be to bring down the price of fruit lands. The owners of these lands were beginning to hold them at fabulous prices—\$300, \$500, and even as high as \$800 an acre! (This, be it understood, is their own and not the Assessor's valuation.) There is no sort of sense or reason in producers becoming suddenly rich from the necessities of consumers. Let them go slow and give somebody else a chance—a chance to live. Our sympathies are with the bottom dog,—and he is the honest, landless toiler, to whom, and whose family, fruit is generally dear at any price.

## LIGHT BEYOND.

Trouble and anxiety, and oftentimes sore trials, come to all,—times when one's plans all seem to miscarry, and the superstructure he has carefully reared in the light and skill of his best judgment, seems to totter to its foundation, boding destruction to all his hopes.

It is at such times one is apt to lose faith in the Infinite Goodness, because he has first lost faith in himself. Then the heavens seem as brass; one's way seems beset with a thousand snares, and he knows not which way to turn or move, and so he gropes in the dark, weighed down as with a mountain upon his soul.

These are the moments of black despair wherein the helpless wanderer seeks solace in oblivion, and wakes in spirit-life to the consciousness of having committed a fearful mistake—one that may take cycles of eternity to correct.

If there is anything calculated to anchor one to life and duty—that will hold him, as the magnet holds the needle, true to himself and to the purposes of nature in his creation, it is the knowledge of a future life. There, beyond the gates of the West, he knows he will find glorious recompense for every sorrow here—a balm for every wound,—if he only proves true to his trust and faithful to the end.

And so when trouble and sorrow overtake the true Spiritualist, and clouds overshadow his sky, he knows there is light and hope beyond. He knows there is a rift in the cloud somewhere, if he could only find it, and so he struggles the harder to bear up under his burden, groping for the way which he knows is only obscured for the time being, until soon the light streams into his soul again, and all is peace.

## AN APPEAL TO THE CHARITABLE.

Mrs. Pet Anderson, well known to the Spiritualistic world as the wife of the spirit artist, and who is also herself a fine medium for the invisibles, returned last week from the mountains, whither she went, a few weeks ago, for the benefit of her invalid son. She is now stopping at the Russ House, in this city, with her son, who is very ill, requiring all of her attention. She is thus unable to pursue her mediumship, and as a consequence finds herself in extremely straitened circumstances. In short, she needs help to tide her over her present troubles. We appeal to Spiritualists in her behalf, and shall be glad to acknowledge the receipt of, and pay over to her, any money that may be sent to this office for her relief. We assure our friends that this is a most pressing case, and those who can should respond.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN JAPAN.—The study of the English language is prevailing all over Japan. In Foyama Prefecture, every man of means, we are told, and even the local officials and police authorities, are studying the language. The general belief is that those who do not know the English tongue are in the rear of civilization. That is perfectly consistent with what we are told of these heathens,—that they are ahead of us in everything else by thousands of years, and now all they need is our language in which to tell what they know about our discoveries in science, art and ancient literature. There is nothing for us but to devise ways and means of inducing these Orientals and their Chinese neighbors to pursue the study of our language at home.

Our Star is the name of a new weekly prohibition paper that has just made its appearance in this city. It is well edited, and most beautifully printed.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Attention of the charitable is called to our appeal elsewhere in behalf of Mrs. Pet Anderson.

Our agent, R. B. Hall, returned last week from a two weeks' trip to Santa Barbara, whither he was summoned as a witness in a law case.

Fair Play is the name of a new semi-monthly devoted to Spiritualism that has just made its appearance in Elmira, New York. It is bright and sparkling with thought.

One of the best meetings of the series was held at the Lower Hall, Metropolitan Temple, on Wednesday evening of last week. Remarks were made by Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Hoffman, Dr. Brown and Mr. Swift, and, as our reporter has it, "every one went home well pleased."

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of this city, gave four thousand sittings between the 7th of October, 1884, and Sept. 1st, 1885. This doesn't look much as though Spiritualism was dying out. And especially not, when we consider that many other excellent mediums in this city are kept constantly busy.

The cold, raw winds of our San Francisco Summer are now about over for the present season, and the delights of soft skies, of balmy sunshine, and days, weeks and months of incomparable loveliness are at hand. There is no climate "under the sun" that can compare with that of our San Francisco Winters. It is simply perfection.

In selecting matter relating to the Spiritual phenomena, for reproduction in the columns of the GOLDEN GATE, we generally give preference to that contained in secular journals; as the publishers of said journals can not surely be accused of favoring Spiritualism. Thus we give two interesting articles in this issue—one from the Philadelphia *North American*, and the other from the New York *Tribune*.

We learn from the *Carrier Dove* that "Mrs. M. J. Hendee has but recently returned from a very pleasant and successful trip to the southern part of the State, where she has been lecturing, healing, and giving tests. She is now located at 222 1-2 O'Farrell street, San Francisco." We may add that Mrs. Hendee is one of the pioneer mediums of San Francisco—a brave advocate of the cause, and of pure and beautiful inspirations.

With the September number of the *Carrier Dove*, just out, that excellent Spiritual monthly commences its third volume. The current number contains a sketch, with a portrait, of the remarkable test medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney. It also publishes, in full, the discourses of Mrs. E. L. Watson and Mr. George P. Colby, delivered on Sunday evening, Sept. 6th—the first named at Metropolitan Temple, and the latter at Washington Hall. The *Carrier Dove* is doing good work, and is deserving of wide patronage.

GLEN HAVEN SANITARIUM.—In one of the most delightful places of all the Santa Cruz Mountains, two miles from the sea, and 750 feet above its level, Dr. T. B. Taylor, a skillful and progressive physician, has established a home for invalids, the advantages of which we doubt if they can be equalled by those of any other place on the globe. Here are mineral waters of marvelous health-restoring properties, a large and elegant new house with double veranda on three sides; a magnificent natural grove, with rustic seats, promenades, etc.; fine drives over beautiful mountain roads, or along the ocean beach; in short, here nature and art offer every possible inducement for health. The place is open Winter and Summer; in fact, there is no Winter, as is generally understood by the word, in that favored locality. The nearest railroad station is Soquel, about two miles distant, which place is also the P. O. address of the proprietor.

GEO. P. COLBY'S SECOND REPLY TO MGR. CAPEL.—Washington Hall was crowded on Monday evening to its last inch of space, to listen to Mr. Colby's second reply to Mgr. Capel. The speaker read from Catholic authorities, showing that he had not misrepresented the Monsignor, as he had been charged with doing, in his former lecture. He acquitted himself with marked credit throughout, holding the closest attention of his audience to the end. The fiasco of the distinguished priest appearing upon a Spiritualist platform has added greatly to the interest of these meetings, although with Mrs. Foye's excellent tests, in addition to Mr. Colby's able lectures, the meetings have invariably been well attended.

VACCINATION.—Vaccination is coming to be practiced as a preventive of all malignant disease, but its efficacy in many cases is doubtful. The alarming ravages of cholera in Spain, and its virulence are unprecedented. The "inoculation" lately practiced to prevent the disease spreading and its awful increase, is "beginning to recall the fear recently expressed by the Belgian Congress of Scientists, that this vaccination business may possibly be the food which stimulates the ravages of the cholera." When thirty nuns died almost at once, after being vaccinated, the medical authorities should have hesitated in their theory, but they continue, and with only fatal results.

It is complained that the barrier against Mongolian immigration is of no use; but it seems likely to be in the immediate future, if the Dominion Government enforces its instructions lately sent to the authorities at Victoria, which is the collection of the fifty-dollar head-tax on every Chinaman or woman landing there. Only one Chinese immigrant to each fifty tons of a vessel is allowed. This will not leave much chance for "getting into British Columbia and crossing over the border into the United States," after which feat they have been generally permitted to stay, certificate or no certificate.

Mrs. Gladstone is described as altogether lacking dignity and taste, and inadequate even to the task of addressing simple sentences to Sunday-school children, but as a fond mother and devoted wife she is above criticism.



## NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Robert Browning is seventy-three, but thinks of again visiting the United States.

James G. Blaine has bought a lot at Bar Harbor and will build a cottage there this winter.

The State census of Wisconsin shows the population to be 1,563,930, a gain over 1880 of 21 per cent.

San Diego proposes to celebrate the completion of the Atlantic and Pacific Road to that place about the 1st of November.

An altar costing about \$30,000 is to be erected in St. Peter's Church, Albany, in memory of Mrs. Charles L. Pruyn of that city.

An electric railway, now being laid in Philadelphia, is to be opened for travel October 1st. Its cost is at the rate of \$15,000 per mile.

A strip of property only one inch wide, situated in One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth street, near Eighth avenue, New York, has been sold for \$375.

Six thousand letters of Peter the Great have remained under suppression. The Emperor of Russia now permits the publication of a selection.

Canadians are getting sick of titles, and the Montreal Star suggests a Parliamentary address to the Queen, requesting her to put an end to the folly.

Cardinal Newman, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, has a brother, Prof. Francis W. Newman, who is a pronounced agnostic.

The newest thing in musical instruments is a "duplex string violin," by which, it is claimed, a tone is produced equal to two ordinary instruments.

All the British baronetcies are now going begging. R. N. Fowler, a retired tailor-chandler, now Mayor of London, has kindly consented to take one.

A woman only thirty inches in height, although twenty-five years old, attracted considerable attention in Canton, Ga., lately, where she was visiting friends.

At San Jacinto, San Diego, an artesian well flowing between eighty and ninety miners' inches of water a minute, has just been finished. The depth of the well is 217 feet.

Allen Thorndike Rice is said to have offered to give \$2,500 as a prize for the best design for a monument in New York to Gen. Grant, if that city will give \$5,000.

Statistics just gathered shows that the population of Ireland is under 5,000,000, and that the number of births and marriages is below the average of the previous ten years.

The crematory at Mount Olivet, N. J., with its two furnaces or retorts, will be in operation by Oct. 1. Already more than forty bodies have been stored in vaults awaiting incineration.

The English railroads are having as hard times this year as our own. Only one of the fourteen principal companies pays a higher dividend than last year, while ten have reduced their rate.

W. A. Dilks of Nelson Point, Plumas county, committed suicide on the 2d inst, by jumping into the crater of an extinct volcano, which is so deep that his remains will never be recovered.

A cotton-picker is reported at Chattanooga as the invention of G. Seers, which will, it is expected, do the work of thirty-five men, and will cost but \$500. It will revolutionize the production of cotton and greatly cheapen it.

Preston S. Brooks Jr., son of the assailant of Charles Sumner, is a dry-goods merchant in Suwanee, Tenn. He has the gold cup and the two gold-headed canes presented to his father by Southerners.

Boston possesses not only one of the swiftest of speakers—the Rev. Dr. Brooks, who utters 213 words per minute—but also one of the slowest—the Rev. Dr. Bartol, whose average is sixty words per minute.

The backbone and ribs of a gigantic lizard have been found forty feet below the surface at Rochelle, Ill. The backbone was over nine inches in diameter, and was probably that of an ichthyosaurus between sixty and ninety feet long.

What is said to be the largest gun in the world is being constructed in Jersey City. It is breech-loading, sixty feet long. The propelling power will be compressed air, which will discharge a 150-pound dynamite cartridge five feet long.

John Young, Brigham's eldest son, is the husband of two wives only and the father of ten sons and eleven daughters. He is now in Chihuahua prospecting for 10,000 of "the best Mormons," who, he predicts, will migrate from Utah to Mexico.

The Captain of the American ship "Big Bonanza," which recently arrived at Yokohama from New York, reports the remarkable fact that his vessel made the passage from Sandy Hook to Yokohama anchorage—a run of 125 days—without tacking.

The annual report of the Boston Hoosick Tunnel and Western Railroad of Massachusetts shows an excess of expenses over earnings of \$28,000. The road earns nothing to meet the interest upon its bonded or floating indebtedness of nearly \$3,000,000.

William Williams has been arrested at Grass Valley for placing obstructions on the railroad track. Williams admitted that he was guilty; that he was endeavoring to get even with the conductor who had put him off the train a few days before for creating a disturbance.

No less than 1,000 humming-birds were put to death that their fine feathers might beautify the gorgeous ball-room gown of a London belle. In the same great vanity fair 500 canary birds shed their blood the other day that another woman might outshine the other fair and fine sinners of her set. So runs the world away.

**KEEP COOL.**—Some one in the American Agriculturist undertakes to tell us how to keep cool. In the first place he tells us that a cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is as cool or cooler than the air within, which is of course correct. But cold air is not made in all places to order, and the family who undertakes to keep cool on the pent-up air of a house closed over night, will soon find themselves so cool that it will be found convenient to remove them to a yet cooler place, somewhere about six feet under ground. All can take their choice, but cool air is sometimes very dear.

**FEATHER CAKE.**—One egg, 1 cup sugar, 3-4 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1 tablespoonful butter, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder well incorporated with flour; flavor vanilla.

## SPIRITUAL BUILDING.

(Extracts from a sermon preached by Rev. John H. Clifford, in Germantown, Pa., May 24, 1895.)

\* \* \* The thought of the world and of life in all forms is chiefly expressed to-day by the word "growth." But what is growth? Is it not nature's manner of building? There is a difference between the growth of a tree and the growth of a man, between the growth of a man's body and the growth of his mind. Nature's processes in the realms below man we call unconscious. With conscious processes, we think, man's distinct life begins.

And man is a builder, both without and within. He builds things about him, and he builds himself. We add to a house, and say, "It is enlarged"; to a city, and say, "It grows." In both cases, the increase comes of building. We build up our knowledge, line on line, precept on precept. We build our life, "deed on deed," like stone on stone. In the perfect man, "all the building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple." The earth and all worlds are built up atom by atom. Our planet is growing year by year, by little bodies which fly to it from the fields of space. The atoms love companionship. What is gravitation but the social bond of the physical universe? The Infinite Architect, who "layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters," uses measureless forces to build suns and systems; and the same power employs the little coral-builders to pile tiny secretions into solid lands.

The works of man's hands decay and are forgotten, likewise the works of his mind. But the working mind and hand reproduce themselves. The promise of each fading to every dawning day is this: "Greater works than I have done thou shalt do." Waning is work-fellow with waxing. Death is a step of resurrection. The earth is a vast burial-place of extinct races. It is all hallowed ground, every acre a God's acre of God-given, God-taken life. But, above the all-scattered graves, the world of fresh life plays. New orders come, higher by the successive sacrifices which lift them up. And man's own existence is also a realm of buried thoughts and feelings, joys, sorrows, hopes and despairs, knowledge and ignorance, faith and doubt, noble thing and base. Ah! what secrets of what countless lives lie under the kindly sod of the past, which only memory thoughtfully turns for a little while, and then it lies awaiting the new planting of the new-come men and women, who will live over again the selfsame things, on the changing earth and under the changing skies! But is not this old world the home of higher intelligence, clearer conscience, more eager aspiration, wider-reaching love, and purer spiritual worship, by reason of all the humanity that has come into it and laid down its life in a thousand ways, that the world might have life more abundantly?

By the contributions of all the ages, in life, in toil, in character, have the foundations of man's existence been laid broad and deep. Life depends on no systems invented by men. Yet, of system-makers, some have builded better than they knew. So far as truth has entered into their work, it stands and will endure. Others have built less wisely than they supposed. Truth needs no walls to keep it in the world or to defend it against falsehood. And walls reared to keep out truth crumble by reason of their own falsehood. But all the experience of man has added to the ground whereon nobler temples of life have been raised. In it all, we can read the story of the ages, as the naturalist reads the history of the planet in all its structure, in its living and its extinct forms.

"How the world records itself! What mind so autobiographical as nature, as human life in the whole? We shrink from the fullest relation of a man's, a woman's life, even when the subject belongs to all men. We set the biographer's bounds, and woe to him if he pass beyond them! But we cannot cut existence short in its frank, unsparring tale of itself. For my part, I am not afraid to see the petty faults in a great character, which serve to show how human a thing virtue is! In the building of a man, we may not look for perfect work till we have the perfect builder; that is, perfect man. Meanwhile, why should we be afraid to look at the imperfections upon which, in one way, our very ideal of perfection depends? In man as in nature, if we look well, we shall see the dead burying its dead and the living leading the way to ever higher life. Life is a mound-builder. All sorts of implements and handiwork are buried under the wrecks and sediment of ages, to tell the future some story of the past. And what the past entombs the future raises up to its own good.

"Let each man take heed how he buildeth." Each man. After all, what is the significance of long natural and historical evolutions, except as it centres and bears with special meaning to every man upon himself? For him, too, the world was made. For him the dark problem of existence is as momentous as for the world at large.

The whole fact of existence has this special interest for every soul. In the dustiest soul is the image of the universe. "The shallow water may reflect the sun as perfectly as a deeper." No matter how narrow my thoughts, or yours; no matter

how small our spiritual vision, how limited our intelligent experience,—still, a single ray of divine reason shining in us reveals in some way the whole reality. It makes us one with the Soul that plans over the world and all its workers. To lose this thought of our intimate relation to the universal life is a sort of spiritual death. It is the "backsliding" of nature's church members. Every new thought of it is a fresh conversion and baptism of the spirit. As true marriage is "a continual falling in love," so true religious experience is a perpetual new-waking to the beauty and the duty of holiness. Yet not in contemplation, but in action, is the true life. The darker our way, the more eagerly should we seek it. The more our progress is opposed, the more we must gird us for endeavor. No more than the sun should we be driven out of our course by storms. We cannot expect that life will accommodate itself to our private desires; that every desert will change at our coming to a valley of fountains; that the rough way shall be smoothed for our feet; that a highway shall be cast up for us, whereon no lurking foe shall be found; that all things shall break forth into singing before us. But for the perils of the way, we were no better for the travel. If you leave your home and go abroad for profit of the world, you must expect fatigue and even danger. You must toil for your pleasures. Better be chained to your hearthstone than roam the world without the sense of difficulty, of responsibility, of self-guidance and self-protection. Life must go on bravely, hardily. No gentle side without the stern. What we are to one another depends chiefly upon how we take life, and what we make of it. So far as we can make the world different, we must use the world's conditions for doing it. Is it not heaven to find scope and use for immortal powers on earth?

In some way, we must be fitted to life's necessities. The experience, the religion which can so fit us, sooner or later we must have. For building ourselves characters, homes, societies in the world, we have all the material of our rational being and of our social existence. The foundations for every private and public edifice are here, in the nature and reality of things, broad as the universe, safe as eternity. Great care is needful of what gets into our thought, our work. The sins, too, of omission—are not they sometimes of the worst? Those who never wrong one another by willful or direct misdoing often do so indirectly, without intent of wrong. So in our whole relations to life. We must think why it gives us its gifts. Not merely for our own holding, but for right use. And right use is gift again to the world. To build for no private advantage or enjoyment, for no mere family use and honor, but for a free, wide, human benefit, this is to build well on the foundation that is laid for us all. The man who builds up a private fortune, and leaves a monument to the world of his selfish heart, but no monument of his love to others—does he build well? Their own deeds commemorate those who, while still in the world, endow their fellow-beings with all their worldly goods, not less than with their spiritual gifts—the fellow-beings to whom they are wedded by the ties of moral obligation, the indestructible bond of brotherhood. \* \* \*

The "Vast Soul," the Infinite Architect who plans over us, leaves to us much responsibility for details in the building of our life. How many houses fall through bad workmanship! Individual responsibility is neglected. We are too willing to be rid of our task, to let out that which we ourselves ought to do to contractors and sub-contractors. We are shocked at the frequent disasters, brought about by criminal neglect, or the experiment, which is itself crime when it takes the risk of violated law. Houses, shops, factories falling, because the builders, forgetting that the gods see everywhere and that retributive laws are everywhere, dare to slight their work in the parts unseen of men. Moral building suffers from the like neglect and ends in the same fatality. The noblest keystone of character will but throw down the arch it should support, if every other stone in it does not its part. Masonry is the most exacting of mechanical arts. Fit name and prefigurement of that ancient order, whose professed craft is the erection of individual character into human brotherhood. When its inviolable laws shall be observed in the whole structure of society, then, indeed, all the building, fitly framed together, will become a holy temple.

Meanwhile, what general good intention is thwarted by particular misdoing! Most men have for their standard some motive of good to mankind. How few make every act tell for that good! Right motive and right deed make the whole of life as it ought to be. "The heart contains the temple, not only of love, but of conscience; and a whisper is heard from the extremity of the one to the extremity of the other." What love whispers do, conscience must cause to be done. When conscience fails, love suffers and grieves.

The building of character, of the spiritual man, must at least keep pace with the building of material things, or we shall spiritually die. "More stately mansions," not for body, but for soul. We have our chambers of commerce, with their beams laid in the temporal; we must also have chambers of that higher commerce, which is spiritual community, with their beams

laid in the eternal. We must build ourselves into our earthly interests, and so spiritualize them not build them into ourselves and so materialize ourselves.

Year by year, some great workman of God, some wise master-builder of humanity, is called away from this earthly house to that building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Then, when they quit this world, the world begins rightly to judge of the work they have done.

Victor Hugo was a builder of humanity, by means of humanity, and for the ends of humanity. He built up himself, day by day, each task a stone well fitted to its place. And every thought he gave to the world, every deed he did, came from the hope of man, the passion of liberty, the conscience for truth, the sentiment of justice, the bounding heart of love. Voltaire, his great fellow of the last century, in his indignant protest for humanity, fought against an inherited religion that outraged man. Hugo, blessed with better days for intellectual and spiritual progress, preached the universal religion, which swallows up all religions,—the final unity and peace of the human race. The great monk, Savonarola, refused absolution to the haughty and selfish Lorenzo the Magnificent. Victor Hugo, dying, rejects, we are told, the offer of a prelate of Rome to administer the rites of the Church.

What forgiveness can the most generous heart confer upon a soul still sinning against itself? What absolution does he need, who has taught mankind how to absolve themselves from the age-long woes of the world? What could extreme unction do for him, who, all his life has annointed humanity as spiritual king on this old earth, so long priest-ridden and king-despoiled? A reverent, tender, loving farewell, from every land under the heavens, to him who was the friend and lover of his race! His own life, builded in works of greatness and of good, is his sufficient monument in the world.

One by one, civilizations and religions have been swept away. Ancient prophets and modern seers have dreamed of universal peace as the prelude of universal prosperity in the palaces and cottages of men. Without sound of axe or hammer must the temple of peace be built. Not such an edifice can all these noisy strokes be fashioning. Institutions are yet strangers to justice. Private souls lack the guidance of a public conscience. The covetousness of men and of all nations still make the spoilers come forth on every side. The Peace of Westphalia ended the Thirty Year's War, and brought Europe a temporary quiet, with a new "balance of political power." But, of that peace, the corner-stone was not justice, but policy. The ground of it was selfishness. The balance of self-interest is a false balance for nations as for individuals. Mutual jealousy must watch it, and revenge redress it. And we see to-day the futility, the rottenness, of political schemes founded on self-interest and policy, and not on humanity and justice. These wrongs have perpetuated the intolerable evils of politics and of religion. Religion itself is still used as the pretext or excuse for war. Rival faiths, that should be the peace-makers of the world, meet one another in death-dealing hate. \* \* \*

## Passed to Spirit Life.

[Carrier Dove.]

From San Luis Obispo, California, August 12, 1885, Mrs. S. F. Breed, aged 52 years, 3 months and 12 days.

The funeral services were conducted by Elder Maddox, of Modesto, in accordance with a request made by Mrs. Breed. Mr. Maddox is an old friend of the family, and acknowledged that Mrs. Breed had been the main instrument in converting him to Spiritualism. If all to whom this singularly gifted woman had brought the proofs of immortality were to acknowledge the fact, what a volume of evidence it would make. During the sixteen years of public work, as a medium, Mrs. Breed has been instrumental in bringing hope, joy and consolation to many bereaved ones, and given proof palpable to skeptics that death does not end all.

During her long illness, Mrs. Breed has been a great sufferer, although surrounded by dear ones, who tenderly ministered unto her, and by their love and sympathy, endeavored to make her last days peaceful and restful as possible. A lady, who visited her but a few weeks previous to her transition, says that Mrs. Breed looked more like an angel than a mortal. She had lost all the old positiveness of manner, which was once a prominent characteristic (and which element contributed much towards her success as a test medium before large audiences), now subdued and refined through the fire of affliction, there seemed nothing but the fine gold left, which the angels in love gathered into the treasure-house of the Father.

The bereaved companion and daughter have the loving sympathy of many warm friends, who deeply feel with them the pain of this separation.

Last winter, a woman entered a store in Connecticut, and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting some twenty or thirty minutes, she remarked thus: "I never did like them kind of stoves. They don't throw out scarcely any heat, those gas-burners don't."

**GRANT'S TACT IN DEALING WITH MEN.**—If the pledge of secrecy was removed from those who were familiar with Grant during his public life hundreds of stories could be told to illustrate his tact in dealing with men. But this much may be said in a general way, none of his officers ever quarreled or ever showed any heat of discussion in his presence. None of them ever questioned a decision or an order of his. McPherson might protest against what Sherman did or said, Logan might be impatient over what McPherson said or did, Sherman might be a little testy over what McPherson or Logan or McClelland said, but in the presence of Grant or in the face of an order issued by him all of them were submissive, unresentful and quiet. They never attempted to explain this, but those of them who are alive to-day will bear testimony to the truth of the observation.—*Inter-Ocean.*

## IN MEMORIAM.

With sudden joy the sweet soul burst its prison  
And stood up glorified with the arisen,  
Who clustered near with "welcome" on their lips.  
To her did come Death's dear Apocalypse  
In life's full noon, when all the world was fair  
With ripening fruits and blossom burdened air.  
To us, who stand this side the mystic screen  
Which hangs our lives and angel world between;  
And which now hides from us our darling one,  
How hard to pray,—*"Thy will, not mine be done!"*  
And yet, her life was precious guaranty,  
Of all we hope for in eternity!

She was our household queen, whose scepter mild  
Won glad obedience; and when she smiled  
The whole world seemed to brighten 'neath her glance,  
Which glorified each trivial circumstance,  
As though sunlight, when bursting a dark cloud through,  
Transmutes to diamonds rain-drops and dew,  
Or clothes in molten gold earth's meanest parts,—  
So wrought she miracles within our hearts!

And now, her work unfinished, will she leave  
Us desolate, uncomfortable, to grieve  
In cheerless, loveless, lonely solitude?  
Will she forget us in her Angel-hood?  
We wrong kind Heaven by our foolish fears  
And wound the Spirit by our selfish tears!  
*"We die in doubt, while she, whom we call dead,  
Now truly lives; for her all doubt hath fled—  
And happiness for her in the world above  
Means simply, still to labor on in love,  
Her dear ones hopes, and heart-aches still to share;  
And oh, how joyously will she prepare  
The Angel home for those who now await  
The silent opening of death's wonderful gate!"*  
Be patient then, and let our heart's sweet queen  
E'er find us faithful, hopeful, and serene,  
Our daily lives a tribute to Irene.  
Affectionately inscribed by  
—Elizabeth Lowe Watson.

## INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING.

Mr. Fred Evans, the popular young slate writing medium, by request, will hold a select developing class, every Tuesday and Thursday evening, at 8, on which evenings, Mr. Evans will sit to develop persons for the following phases: Slate writing, mechanical writing, rapping, and other physical manifestations. Mr. Evans will be assisted by Miss A. Hance, the wonderful young trance and test medium, who will develop persons for trance and clairvoyance. We are all more or less mediumistic, and there are many jewels which, if brought to the surface, would lighten the darkness that at present surrounds your future, and help you to look forward to a reunion with loved ones gone before. A select number of acceptable persons required to make up the class. For particulars call or address Fred Evans, 100 Sixth street.

## NEWS AGENCIES.

The GOLDEN GATE may be had of the following news dealers in San Francisco and Oakland:  
Sumner C. Blake, 303 Kearny St.  
H. F. Smith & Co., 225 Kearny St.  
J. C. Scott, 22 Third St., and cor. Market and Geary  
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market St.  
Hook Bros., 20 Sixth St.  
Macowsky Bros., 600 Market St.  
Chas. Foster, Ferry Landing.  
O. C. Cook, cor. Tenth and Broadway, Oakland.  
T. R. Burns, N. W. cor. Ninth and Broadway, Oakland,  
and S. W. cor. Seventh and Broadway, Oakland.

## BOOKS WANTED.

A copy of "Art Magic" and a copy of "Isis Unveiled." Please address this office stating price. 9-1m.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

**SPIRITUAL SERVICES** at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, September 20th; answers to questions at 11 A. M., and also in the evening. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all. The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 1230 p. m.

**IN ALBION HALL, 114 O'FARRELL STREET.** Sunday, Sept. 20th, at 2 o'clock, p. m. Mrs. Seip will open the meeting; subject given, Mediumship. Dr. Brown will answer questions from the platform; to close with mental and ballot questions answered by Mrs. Seip. All invited. Admission 10 cents.

**PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.**—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 1 p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

Mrs. Minnie Kasten will answer Monsignor Capel's lecture on "Marriage and Divorce."  
N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

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Dr. T. B. TAYLOR, A. M.,  
Soquel, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.



[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

## DREAMS AND VISIONS.

In a recent number of the GOLDEN GATE, I read an article from a "Professor" and, while I do not like to offer unfavorable criticisms upon what other people do, yet, a subject of so much importance as that of *dreams*, upon which the "Professor" essayed an essay, should certainly receive a closer and more methodical discussion than the effort showed to which I now refer.

I will be censured by some, perchance, for what seems like a little mite of egotism, in what I am about to write; but the really thoughtful student of nature's secrets will thank me for the facts hereinafter detailed.

A few years ago a publishing house East, requested me to write a serial for a literary journal about to launch its barque on the uncertain sea of a journalistic voyage. The request was crunched, as I now remember, in the following language:

"Select some subject outside of the ordinary magazine literature." For several days I cudgled my brain for an unique "subject outside of the ordinary magazine literature," and finally hit upon "Dreams and Dreaming."

I was glad of the choice of the discussion if it led me into a new and hitherto untried field of metaphysical and historic research. I learned much while trying to prepare myself to teach others on the subject of "Dreams and Dreaming." But a single article in a paper such as the GOLDEN GATE must of necessity be so brief as to contain only a mere outline of a serial. I will, therefore, say that in my researches I found dreams to be of three sorts:

1. *Head Dreams.* Such are they that constitute a sort of resume of the previous day's mental operations. For example, if a man of a given temperament has toiled all day with some soul-trying problem, it may, perchance have been of business, or some social problem, over which he has been much perplexed and troubled, in nine cases out of ten, he will repeat the day's cogitations in the dreams of the night, and awake in the morning wearied, tired, jaded, as much as if he had toiled in wakeful mood all through the night watches. Such dreams are emphatically of the head. Abercromby gives many illustrations of such dreams, and indeed, the most of writers, especially of the old school among authors, scarcely go further than this, my first proposition on the subject. But then there are

2. *Stomach Dreams.* These are they which the glutton, the "wine bibber," the late at supper, have. Hence it is a common saying and has been for ages, for all that I know, "If you eat two mince pies just before going to bed, you will be sure to see your grandmother before morning."

The two foregoing steps in the discussion of this interesting problem in human experience was about as far as such modern authors ever got, as the late George M. Beard (peace to his ashes). He was a scientific bigot—and that is a contradiction in terms. No true scientific man can be a bigot. But it is true that there are many who are called "scientific" that are as great bigots as Rome or Geneva ever produced, be it said to their shame. For the truth of what I write, we have only to call to mind the manner in which William B. Carpenter, George M. Beard, W. C. Hammond and the blind editor of the *New Science Monthly* have ignored all fair inquiry into the momentous question of what are termed "modern spirit manifestations."

The true scientist discusses fairly and impartially every subject between the farthest star in the sidereal heavens and the deepest stratum in the rock-ribbed mountains of our planet.

But prejudice and bigotry have lead our would-be scientists to ignore in toto my third proposition, to wit:

*Dreams of the Soul.*—These, in the old Bible times, were called "visions." Hence it is said, "And your young men shall dream dreams and your old men shall see visions." The word "men" is here used in the general sense, evidently, for it is well known that women are seers of visions as well as men.

These dreams of the soul, or visions of the night are best shown by facts such as the following, which I clip from the San Francisco morning *Call* of August 31st, copied from the Presbyterian *Monthly Visitor*. The closing paragraph shows the bigotry and ignorance of the subject of dreams and visions upon the part of the *Visitor*. But thousands who have noted and studied this subject can vouch for the truth of many such cases. But read the extract from the *Visitor* and judge for yourself; after which, read the case that follows for the truth of which I personally vouch:

## "MRS. SPURGEON HAS A DREAM."

"Mrs. Spurgeon, wife of the eloquent and eminent divine of London, during an illness, dreamt she would like to own a piping bulfinch and an onyx ring. She told her dream to Mr. Spurgeon, who was about to set out on a short journey, and exacted a promise from him that he would purchase neither. Before leaving London, Mr. Spurgeon had a visit to make to a sick person's house, where, to his surprise, the mother of the patient asked him if Mrs.

Spurgeon would accept the present of a piping bulfinch; that they had one, but his music was trying to the invalid. Mr. Spurgeon accepted, and then made his way to the tabernacle, where something equally marvellous occurred. Here is what happened: After reading a voluminous correspondence, he came to a letter and a parcel. The missive was from a lady unknown to him, who had received benefit from his services in the Tabernacle, and as a slight token of her appreciation of these services asked his acceptance of the inclosed onyx ring, necklet and bracelets, for which she had no further use. When he took those articles home to his wife, she reproached him for breaking his promise. But he told her what had happened, and she believed it. Mrs. Spurgeon then asked him what he thought of the strange events, when he replied: 'I think you are one of your heavenly Father's spoiled children, and he gives you whatever you ask for.'"

The romance of this story makes it readable on account of the prominent and respectable names connected with it; and yet, it will require more than an ordinary amount of credulity to believe it in detail.

A few years ago, while practicing my profession in an Eastern city, I boarded with a Mrs. Van Zant, a lady of superior intelligence and a member of good standing in the Presbyterian Church. We had many conversations upon different scientific and metaphysical subjects—for "the bent of our minds" was in the same direction. On one occasion she related to me a vision of the soul which she called a dream—the truth of which I afterwards verified, and give to your readers that most wonderful series of visions so painful and terrific in results and termination. Mrs. Van Zant's husband was absent from home, engaged in the lumbering business. One night she dreamed ("saw, evidently, in a vision, about the 18th hour of the day") that her husband, while felling a tree, which struck a neighboring tree and glanced—swung around, and as he started to run—struck him on the small of the back, felled him to the ground, and before the men could extricate him he was dead. She further saw in her vision that the dead body was put into a two-horse wagon, drawn by horses of a given color, and driven by a man whom she knew, and thus the body was brought home to her, a distance of nearly thirty miles. She further saw a hearse drawn by four white horses, draped in mourning—driven up to her residence, stop for a season and then move off with an immense procession, carrying all that was mortal of her husband away to its sepulchre.

The next morning after seeing this painful vision, or having this frightful dream (?) she spoke of it at the breakfast table as a "dream." But the next night she dreamed the same dream, or saw the same frightful vision, and the next night the same horrible nightmare (?) was repeated—and the next—till the woman was almost insane, and begged for some one to go and bring her husband from the hands of death. But instead, they sent for the doctor and the minister, two as worthless appendages to such an episode as a fifth wheel to a wagon. But for seven nights in death dealing succession, she saw this horrible vision, and on the afternoon of the seventh day the body of her husband was brought home—as she had seen—the awful details having transpired that morning about 8 o'clock, and at the end of three days the four white horses and the hearse bore from her house to the grave the form she so much loved—and the mourners went about the street."

Now, readers of the GOLDEN GATE, please don't ask me to explain the *modus operandi* of such dreams. This is beyond my ken. How a spirit can impress upon the spiritual sensorium, a panoramic view of a transaction in future is more than I can fathom. In the presence of such facts I can only stand, reverently with uncovered and bowed head, in the presence of such experiences, and say, with Shakespeare, "There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio."

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.  
Glenn Haven Sanitarium, Soquel, Cal.

THE CANDID MAN.—It is a curious fact that the wild animal known as the candid man is never able to see your good qualities; but he snaps at your bad ones like a hungry trout at a fly. He looks you all over with his critical microscope, and if there is something good in your life, does he take it gently in his hands, hold it up to the sunshine, turn it round to get a better view, and put it back in its place with the remark: "That's worth having and I'm glad you have it; try and get some more of the same kind!" Never. We say it very emphatically; never! He is not candid in that way. But let him catch a glimpse of a fib and he will chase it as a weasel does a rat, and when he has caught it he will hold it up with an air of triumph, as though he had no other business in life than to hunt for such things; and then deliver a forty-minute discourse on the ultimate destination of people who tell fibs, and end by saying with an air of deprecation, "I'm candid, and always say what I think."

Teacher.—"Define 'snoring.'" Small boy.—"Letting off sleep."

## What Conjurors Say About Psychical Phenomena.

[Light.]

Mediums, who are the instruments of an external agency, have, more than once, been confronted with conjurers who deceive by sleight of hand; and in the same manner that no man of science who has thoroughly and fairly investigated the phenomena has failed to become convinced of their reality, so no conjurer who has been confronted with the same facts has been able to explain their occurrence by prestidigitation. Houdin, Jacobs, Bellachini, Hermann, Kellar, and others have already confessed their powerlessness to produce under the same conditions what occurs without human intervention in the presence of a medium.

## TESTIMONY OF ROBERT HOUDIN.

The Marquis Endes de Mirville published during the lifetime of Houdin two letters from the latter, in his "Mémoire adressé à MM. les membres des l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, sur un grand nombre de phénomènes merveilleux intéressant également la Religion, la Science, et les hommes du Monde," in which the conjurer confesses his inability to explain the phenomena he witnessed in the presence of Alexis, the clairvoyant. A circumstantial account is given of M. de Mirville's visit to Houdin for the purpose of engaging him in this investigation of the latter's confidence in his own ability to detect the trick, and of what took place at the seance, the conditions of which were entirely under Houdin's control. This account extends over twelve pages, and its accuracy is confirmed by Houdin in the first of the documents now translated:—

"Although very far from accepting the eulogies which M. — is good enough to bestow upon me, and especially insisting that I am not at all committed to opinions, either in favor of magnetism or against it, I can, nevertheless, not refrain from declaring that the facts above reported are entirely correct (*sont de la plus complète exactitude*), and that the more I reflect upon them, the more impossible I find it to rank them among those which belong to my art and profession."

ROBERT HOUDIN.

"4th May, 1847."

A fortnight later, M. de Mirville received another letter, in which the following, referring to another seance, occurs:—

"I have, therefore, returned from this seance as astonished as it is possible to be, and persuaded that it is utterly impossible that chance or skill could ever produce effects so wonderful (*tout a fait impossible que le hasard ou l'adresse puisse jamais produire des effets aussi merveilleux*).—I am monieurs, &c.,"

(Signed), ROBERT HOUDIN.

"May 16th, 1847."

## TESTIMONY OF HARRY KELLAR.

Harry Kellar, a distinguished professor of legerdemain, investigated the slate-writing phenomena, which occurred in the presence of Mr. Eglinton, at Calcutta, in January, 1882, and on the 25th of that month he addressed a letter to the editor of the *Indian Daily News*, in which he said:

"In your issue of the 13th of January, I stated that I should be glad of an opportunity of participating in a seance with a view of giving an unbiased opinion as to whether, in my capacity of a professional prestidigitator, I could give a natural explanation of effects said to be produced by spiritual aid."

"I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Eglinton, the Spiritualistic medium now in Calcutta, and of his host, Mr. J. Meugens, for affording me the opportunity I craved. It is needless to say I went as a sceptic, but I must own that I have come away utterly unable to explain, by any natural means, the phenomena that I witnessed on Tuesday evening. I will give a brief description of what took place."

After describing several successful experiments, Mr. Kellar proceeds:

"In respect to the above manifestations, I can only say that I do not expect my account of them to gain general credence. Forty-eight hours before I should not have believed anyone who described such manifestations under similar circumstances. I still remain a sceptic as regards Spiritualism, but I repeat my inability to explain or account for what must have been an intelligent force that produced the writing on the slate, which, if my senses are to be relied on, was in no way the result of trickery or sleight of hand."

On the 30th of the same month, Mr. Kellar addressed another letter to the *Indian Daily News*, reporting some experiences of another kind with Mr. Eglinton, and regarding which he said:

"In conclusion, let me state that after a most stringent trial and strict scrutiny of these wonderful experiences I can arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form; nor was there in the room any mechanism or machinery by which could be produced the phenomena which had taken place. The ordinary mode by which Maskelyne and other conjurers imitate levitation, or the floating test could not possibly be done in the room in which we were assembled."

THE TESTIMONY OF PROFESSOR JACOBS.

Professor Jacobs, writing to the editor

of *Licht, mehr Licht*, April 10th, 1881, in reference to phenomena, which occurred in Paris, through the Brothers Davenport, said:

"Spite of the assertions, more or less trustworthy, of the French and English journalists, and spite of the foolish jealousies of ignorant conjurers, I feel it my duty to show up the bad faith of one party and the chicanery of the other. All that has been said or done adverse to these American mediums is absolutely untrustworthy. If we would rightly judge of a thing we must understand it, and neither the journalists nor the conjurers possessed the most elementary knowledge of the science that governs these phenomena. At a prestidigitator of repute, and a sincere Spiritualist, I affirm that the *medianimic facts demonstrated by the two brothers were absolutely true*, and belonged to the *Spiritualistic order of things in every respect*."

"Messrs. Robin and Robert Houdin, when attempting to imitate these said facts, never presented to the public anything beyond an infantine and almost grotesque parody of the said phenomena, and it would be only ignorant and obstinate persons, who could regard the questions seriously as set forth by these gentlemen. If (as I have every reason to hope) the psychical studies, to which I am applying myself at this time, succeed, I shall be able to establish clearly, and that by public demonstration, the immense line of demarcation, which separates mediumistic phenomena from conjuring proper, and then equivocation will be no longer possible, and persons will have to yield to evidence, or deny through predetermination to deny."

"Following the data of the learned chemist and natural philosopher, Mr. W. Crookes, of London, I am now in position to prove plainly, and by purely scientific methods, the existence of a 'psychic force' in mesmerism, and also the individuality of the spirit in 'spiritual manifestation.' I authorize you, dear sir, to insert this letter in your next number, if agreeable to you," &c., &c.

## TESTIMONY OF SAMUEL BELLACHINI.

Samuel Bellachini, Court Conjuror at Berlin, made the following declaration in December, 1877:

"I hereby declare, it to be a rash action to give decisive judgment upon the objective medial performance of the American medium, Mr. Henry Slade, after only one sitting and the observations so made. After I had, at the wish of several highly esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, and also for my own interest, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade, in a series of sittings by full daylight, as well as in the evening in his bedroom, I must, for the sake of truth, hereby certify that the phenomenal occurrences with Mr. Slade have been thoroughly examined by me with the minutest observation and investigation of his surroundings, including the table, and that I have not in the smallest degree found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations, or by mechanical apparatus; and that any explanation of the experiments which took place under the circumstances and conditions then obtaining by any reference to prestidigitation is absolutely impossible. It must rest with such men of science as Crookes and Wallace, in London; Perty, in Berne; Butlerof, in St. Petersburg, to search for the explanation of this phenomenal power, and to prove its reality. I declare, moreover, the published opinions of laymen as to the 'How' of this subject to be premature, and, according to my view and experience, false and one-sided. This, my declaration, is signed and executed before a notary and witnesses."

(Signed) SAMUEL BELLACHINI.

Berlin, December 6, 1877."

The Chicago *Tribune* tells this little story: "When Grant was in Chicago, three or four years ago," said an army official, "he lounged about Sheridan's headquarters a good deal. His son Fred was at that time on Sheridan's staff, but was absent one day; and Grant took his place at Fred's desk to look after the business. A nervous, fidgety, irritable old fellow came in to inquire for some paper that he had left with Fred. When he stated his case, Grant took up the matter in a sympathetic way, and proceeded, after the manner of an over-anxious clerk, to look the paper up. The document could not be found; and Grant, apologizing, walked with the old gentleman to the door. As I walked down the stairs with the mollified visitor, he turned and asked: 'Who is that old codger? He is the politest clerk I ever saw at military headquarters. I hope Sheridan will keep him.' I answered quietly, 'That is General Grant.' The fidgety old gentleman, after staring at me for a full minute, said, with considerable fervor, 'I will give you fifty cents if you will kick me downstairs.'"

The entire business portion of a Western town was reported as destroyed by fire; and when a charity association made inquiry, to render some assistance, it was discovered that the solitary saloon had been swept away.

"It seems to me," moaned he, as he fled toward the front gate, with the old man behind him, "that there are more than three feet in a yard."

## THE DIFFERENCE.

[The following question was recently propounded to the members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Sydney, Australia: "What is the difference between the Lyceum and other Sunday-schools." The first answer is from a boy eleven years of age; the second, evidently from a more mature member.]

In the orthodox Sunday-schools children are taught to be good from the fear that when they die (if they are wicked) they will go to a horrible place called hell, where they shall burn in everlasting flames. They are taught also to beware of Satan (commonly called the devil), a gentleman with two horns and a tail. If the children are good they are told they will not go to hell, but to a glorious place called heaven, where they shall play on harps of gold, to sing with the angels. Thus the majority of the orthodox are good from the fear they will go to hell if they are wicked. The orthodox believe in such things as this: Satan speaking to Eve in the shape of a serpent; a whale swallowing Jonah; Sampson killing a thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass, and carrying away the gates of Gaza on his shoulders. The Lyceum children are taught that there is no hell. We can make hell ourselves by doing bad actions, and when we arrive in the other world it will be a spot on our character, and we can only take that off by doing good to some one else. Thus we have to atone for our wrong-doings. Heaven itself cannot be reached at once (as the orthodox say), but we have to go on from one sphere to another, and so on, each one brighter and holier than the last. The chief principle of the Lyceum system is harmony.

CHARLES J. BRAY.

Sydney Progressive Lyceum, Shore Group,

June 13, 1885.

The principal difference is that the Lyceum method aims at making its members happy and bright, and gives them a feeling of freedom. Everything in the Lyceum tends to harmony. In ordinary Sunday-schools the children are not surrounded with banners and harmonious colors. In the Lyceum a change of position or thought is continually taking place, which is a great advantage over the old methods. In the Lyceum, the members are taught to develop their physical as well as mental nature. There are gymnastics for the mind as well as the body, and everything is shown to have a reason in it. It is held that man being the highest work of Nature has a right to study and criticize everything, Bible and all, and reject what does not appeal to his reason. In ordinary Sunday-schools the members are taught to accept religion on faith, and not to reason on what they do not understand. In conclusion, and speaking from fifteen years' experience in Sunday-school and five years' experience of the Lyceum, I may say that the great difference to me is that I always hated going to my old Sunday-school, and I always love to look forward to Sunday to take me to the Lyceum.

EXCELSIOR GROUP.

## Wit Versus Superstition.

Apropos of the revival of miracles in France about the year 1825 there are many stories told of the excessive superstition of the people whom at that time (just after the accession of Charles X.), more than ever, the Jesuits had got soul and body under clerical influence, or rather tyranny. A poor Jewish hawker, who was, in the course business traveling from place to place, happened, while traveling through Fecamp, in Normandy, to make some jocular remarks on the subject of a very ridiculous but popular legend. Immediately there was a tumult; the people crowded around and seized him determined without more ado to put an end to the blasphemer. Making use of the leather strap which surrounded his pack, they formed a noose and proceeded to drag him by the neck to a place where he might be conveniently hanged. The poor victim cried out and entreated as a last favor to be allowed to moisten his lips with the holy water of a neighboring fountain. After some hesitation the people consented, fully expecting that the holy water would choke the profane wretch. But scarcely had the Jew drunk the water when he began to make signs of lively joy, dancing about and crying out that the rheumatism from which he had suffered for ten years past was cured. The people shouted, "A miracle! a miracle!" They would have liked to hang a Jew, but now it was impossible. They could not deprive of such honor the Saint to whom the fountain was dedicated. It was so clearly a miracle that they at once released the Jew, only making this condition, that he should embrace Christianity and be baptized the next day. They were disappointed, however, for the Jew escaped during the night and was never seen again in Fecamp.

Gen. Grant did not like coarse stories. It is related that on the general's staff in one of his campaigns was a rough and ready fighter, "full of strange oaths" and stranger vulgarities. One evening in the presence of Gen. Grant and several brother officers, he opened the conversation in some such way as this. "Well, boys, I've got a mighty good thing to tell you. It would hardly do to repeat of course in the presence of ladies." "Well," Grant interrupted, in his firm but quiet way, "allow me to suggest, then, that it might be advisable to omit it in the presence of gentlemen."



WILL SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS  
LAST?

(Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

This question has often been asked us, and these words may serve as answer, so far as we can give it, to one and all of our anxious inquirers. Spirit manifestations have ever been, and ever will be so long as the world and its human life endures. Dim and faint has been the recognition of their reality, but that recognition has gained greatly in the past forty years, and is to gain in coming ages the finer development of man's spiritual faculties, and the clearer comprehension of his wide reaching inner life and infinite relations.

"Man faces two worlds at once," has been well said, and the spirit-world teems with human life yet angelic, and more vital and strong than here. History is called sacred or profane by religionists of the old school, as though all human experience outside of churches and bibles was evil continually, but the toil of pagan fathers and the tender care of pagan mothers, the spirit of love that sanctifies common life, is sacred, and to talk of profane history is to degrade and belittle man.

From Egypt and Judea, from India and China, from pagan Rome and Greece, from all lands and ages come the wondrous stories of spirit manifestations, now understood as natural and not miraculous. Myth and marvel magnify the facts, no doubt, but myth starts from facts and marvel in a haze with light behind it. The myths are dying, but the facts are growing more real; the mists roll away but the light grows more steady and clear.

Souls enshrined in mortal bodies have always caught some heavenly radiance from souls with immortal bodies in the life beyond. Communion and manifestations must be unless the being of man is changed and his inner life blotted out. They are inevitable in the nature of things, and therefore they have been, they are, and they are to be.

But the progress of man is not uniform. What rhythmic laws govern his course we know not. The ebb and flow of the great tide of life is too vast for us to see. Dark ages and epochs of light have been like the dead winter and the awakening spring, but we know that the thought and life of man gains in wealth and breadth.

With spirit manifestations there have been, and may again be, seasons of quiet and of activity, but they never wholly cease, and they grow with our growth and strengthen with our spiritual strength. Doubtless the people in the life beyond, once our friends and co-workers here, have their seasons of special efforts to reach us and to stir and uplift our souls. Such a season has been the last forty years, and it lasts still. How long it shall last depends partly on us. If we "grieve the spirits," by indifference, by "the pride of science," by flippant trifling, or by blind credulity or skepticism, they may turn away and wait for a season. If we give them earnest welcome, with rational trust and reverent gladness, they will draw near for a longer season and the world will be the better for it.

The Andes and Himalayas still stand and endure; we do not question their solid permanence. Ocean tides rise and fall and we never fear their failure. The soul of man is to outlive mountains and oceans, and spiritual laws endure forever; therefore, spirit manifestations will not fail.

## The Celestial City.

(Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

There is a beautiful Celestial City, exceeding in grandeur and magnificence the loftiest conception of poet and seer. There are a few of earth's children who have in sublime moments of ecstasy, caught a glimpse thereof, thrilling their souls with unutterable emotions of delight. To Bishop Bowman was accorded this inestimable privilege. On one memorable occasion he appeared to be dying,—standing midway between heaven and earth. He seemed to be on a magnificent ship, and he heard the Captain say, "Stop her!" and which he thought to be the voice of his Divine Master, when his eighteen-months-old child, who had passed to the spiritual realms twenty years ago, came to him and said, "I have come to meet you." She asked him, "Do you not think I have grown, papa?" She then seemed to assume a form of glory that he had never before witnessed, saying that many friends had asked for him and were awaiting his coming, and that a lady and gentleman had kissed her, saying that her papa was their boy. "All this," says Bishop Bowman, "left a deep impression upon me by the magnificence of the surroundings, and it was a season of great preciousness to me. It seems to me that I have come back from the other world."

Bishop Bowman only caught a faint glimpse of the Celestial City. No mortals of earth, while sojourning among the turbulent scenes of this state of existence, ever fully beheld the ineffable glories of the Celestial City. Not one of them has ever fully seen its magnificent streets; its grand parks; its fountains which scintillate with rainbow-tinted hues; its beautiful gardens, the flowers of which send forth a pleasing incense, and which speak a divine language. They have only caught a faint glimpse thereof. Angels are there; the great and good of generations long past and gone, are there; the Divine Master is there, but whether a Jesus, a Vishnu, a

Brama, a Confucius, or one whose soul is brilliant with the grandeur of a God, exalted by virtue of his innate goodness,—we know not. Towards that Celestial City all humanity are tending. "In my Father's house are many mansions," and it may be, for aught we know to the contrary, that the Golden Route to the Celestial City is like a graded school; it may have apartments in which each one of God's children will find a place exactly adapted to his intellectual and moral status.

## A Daily Defalcation.

[The Sunday Herald.]

The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of Tammany Hall, a man of strict integrity, an indefatigable worker, early at his office, late to leave, so burdened with business that regular meals were seldom known by him, with mind in constant tension and energies steadily trained, finally broke down.

The wonder is that he did not sooner give way. An honest man in all things else, he acted unfairly with his physical resources. He was ever drawing upon this bank without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank suspends and both are now in the hands of medical receivers.

It is not work that kills men. It is irregularity of habits and mental worry. No man in good health frets at his work. Bye and bye when the bank of vigor suspends, these men will wonder how it all happened.

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(Written for the GOLDEN GATE.)  
TO A DEPARTED KINDRED SPIRIT.

BY MINNIE M. RIZIER.

I've heard and sung thy songs in childhood's time—  
Those better, brighter days—  
Their melody is sweeter, more sublime  
Than all the olden lays;  
There is a magic in their ev'ry word  
That can my heart-choir thrill,  
Till all the powers of my being stirred,  
Burst forth beyond my will:  
Burst forth in song, that rises up to thee  
In thy bright Eden home,—  
Like bird-notes at the dawning, full and free,  
In heaven's azure dome:  
Oh! can it be that thou dost hear one strain,  
Of all the melody,  
That thrills my spirit's chords almost to pain,  
So deep its ecstasy!  
Oh! yes, I feel that thou art near me now,—  
Thy spirit-presence seems  
To shed a glory over heart and brow,  
Like angels in our dreams:  
To me thou art not dead—nor even gone—  
For oft on spirit wings,  
Thou comest to me as life's years speed on,  
To tell of deathless things.  
True as the needle to the polar star;  
My soul must turn to thine,  
Its light immortal beams on me from far  
With influence divine;  
I know that on this earth we cannot meet,  
And love as mortals love,—  
But thee in brighter, better lands I'll greet,  
With all the best above.  
San Jose, Cal., Sept. 1895.

(Written for the GOLDEN GATE.)  
MORNING.

Sweet and serene the balmy air of morn,  
The fragrant breath of the recurring day;  
Welcome the time that brings the silent dawn,  
This precious hour that drives the shade away.  
We bless the morn, far from the silent night,  
We rise with vigor from the gloomy shade;  
To see the earth adorned with glowing light;  
And feel the joy the morning sun-beam made.  
'Tis like the hour when from our childish dreams,  
We waken to the higher joys of youth;  
A bright elysium in the distance beams,  
The glittering false, alluring as the truth.  
But, sultry noon is sure to press along,  
To add its weight to our advancing years—  
Be calm, excited heart; subdue the song;  
The length'ning shadow in the west appears.  
But let it come—no soft enchanting light—  
A radiating halo paints the skies;  
And the great sun ignores the coming night;  
Bearing bright noonday, as he onward flies.  
Thus let the flying years increase the shade,  
Our flight is onward like the glowing sun;  
A brighter halo soon shall be displayed;  
At death our brighter morn is just begun.  
Paway, Cal. —E. D. French.

WHAT DOES BABY THINK?

What is the little one thinking about?  
Very wonderful things, no doubt—  
Unwritten history!  
Unfathomable mystery!  
Yet he laughs and cries and eats and drinks,  
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,  
As if his head were as full of kinks  
And curious riddles as any sphinx.  
Warped by colic and wet by tears,  
Punctured by pins and tortured by fears,  
Our little nephew will lose two years:  
And he'll never know  
Where the Summers go;  
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!  
Who can tell what a baby thinks?  
Who can follow the gossamer links  
By which the mannikin feels his way  
Out from the shore of the great unknown,  
Blind and walling and alone,  
Into the light of day?  
Out from the shore of the unknown sea  
Tossing in pitiful agony—  
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,  
Specked with the bark of little souls—  
Barks that were launched on the other side,  
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!  
What does he think of mother's eyes?  
What does he think of his mother's hair?  
What of the cradle-roof that flies  
Forward and backward through the air?  
What does he think of his mother's breast—  
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,  
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—  
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?  
What does he think when her quick embrace  
Presses his hand and buries his face  
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell  
With a tenderness she can never tell,  
Though she murmur the words  
Of all the birds—  
Words she has learned to murmur well!  
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!  
I can see the shadow creep  
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,  
Over his brow and over his lips,  
Out to his little finger-tips!  
Softly sinking, down he goes!  
Down he goes! Down he goes!  
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!  
—J. G. Holland.

TWO SINGERS.

One touched his facile lyre to please the ear  
And win the buzzing plaudits of the town.  
And sang a song that caroled loud and clear,  
And gained at once a blazing, brief renown,  
Nor he, nor all that crowd behind him, saw  
The ephemeral list of pleasant rhymes dead—  
Their voice once deemed a tide without flow  
To fame, whose phantom radiance long had fled.  
Another sang his soul out to the stars  
And the deep hearts of men. The few who passed  
Heard a low, thoughtful strain behind his bars,  
As of some captive in a prison cast.  
And when that thrilling voice no more was heard,  
Him from his cell in funeral pomp they bore;  
Then all that he had sung and written stirred  
The world's great heart with thoughts unknown before.  
—G. P. Cranch, in N. Y. Independent.

TWO TRUTHS.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant  
To hurt you;" and his eyes grew wet.  
"I would not hurt you for the world!  
Am I to blame if I forget?"  
"Forgive my selfish tears!" she cried,  
"Forgive!" I knew that it was not  
That you would mean to hurt me, love;  
I knew it was that you forgot!"  
But, all the same, deep in her heart  
Rankled this thought, and rankles yet:  
When love is at its best one loves  
So much that he can not forget.

—H. H.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

(The following is an abstract of an address by Fred H. Wines, delivered before the graduating class of the "Bettie Stuart Institute";)

We often forget that every medal has its reverse side, every blessing its peculiar peril; and we think of knowledge as an unmixed good, which is precisely what it is not. In its pursuit, many a man and many a woman have sacrificed the greatest of all blessings, that of health. No possession is so unsatisfying; for the more we know, the more we want to know. And, more than this, knowledge has no charm except for the intellect, which is but one-third of a man's being; it does not and cannot feed the heart, man's noblest part. Above all, we are given to overestimating the value of the learning which is derived from books. Men write books; but God has written two books,—nature and man,—which are better worth our study than all the books in all the libraries of the world. There is nothing in books which is not to be found outside of them, if we have eyes to see what Nature has to show us, and ears to hear her voice. Books are often the refuge of the lazy, a mere excuse for intellectual indolence, as a man might float in the water borne up by a cork, and fancy himself swimming. The first lesson which you have to learn in life, if you have not already learned it, is to put books in their proper place as helps to learning, but not substitutes for it; to learn to think, and to base your thinking, not on what you have read, but on what you have observed and felt. Reading sometimes leads the reader to imagine that he is thinking when in reality he is only looking to see what some one else thought; and so by reading, instead of the mind being strengthened, it is often impaired, especially where the habit of reading is excessive, or a wise choice is not made among books.

Common sense is better than learning; but, if anyone is over-educated (by which I mean to imply that there are, in every man, limits to the capacity of intellectual digestion), his excess of culture takes all the manhood or womanhood out of him. The man who knows too much, who is overloaded, who knows more than he can carry, is always a fool. And the first indication, the sure proof of his want of sense, is his self-conceit. "Knowledge," says the apostle, "puffeth up." Wisdom comes only by experience; it is the fruit of repeated and mortifying failures in life. This is the reason why it comes only with age. You may have that thought to comfort you in your youth, when you make mistakes, and worry over them, provided that you learn by your errors not to repeat them. I believe in culture, but not that it is an exception to the universal law of moderation, nor that it is a panacea for all the ills of life, nor that it is the highest good. The graces of the heart are better than all mental endowments, and the highest grace is that of humility.

You need have no fear of contact with the world, so long as you keep your purity of heart. That is your divine weapon, the magic wand with which you are endowed by nature, mightier far than the rod of Aaron, which was laid up in the ark, and kept in the sanctuary of God. By it, you will repel, attract, or subdue at pleasure, those whom you hate or love or fear. Purity belongs to woman, as courage does to man. With what reverence man regards it, you can have no conception. It awes him, as if it had in it an element of the supernatural; it abashes and confounds him; it intoxicates him, like the aroma of the nectar of the gods; he admires it with all the strength of his manhood; he worships it; it is to him the symbol of divinity. It is no physical attribute, but the inner life of the soul: when that dies, the woman is dead. Purity is not ignorance, much less is it an affectation: it belongs to your nature. It will change in form, as you advance in years; but no created thing can rob you of it, if you cherish it as the gift of God to woman. Nothing in woman is so enduring as her womanhood. The glory of it may be obscured, as the light of the sun is obscured by the clouds; but, like the sun, it is inextinguishable.

You will need this confidence to enable you to meet the demands which will be made upon you. Where you will be called to go, what you will be required to do, what scenes you may have to witness, in what drama of life you may have to act a part, before the next half-century draws to a close, who can say? We live in an age of miracles, when the flower of events follows close upon the seed, and the fruit upon the flower; an age of transformation, when history illustrates the rapidity of chemical resolution and recombination. Before you shall have passed off the stage, the world may have a new face, which we of to-day might not recognize, could we see it. Duties may devolve upon you which your mothers never had to perform, sacrifices be demanded of you before which you will quail. But woman is no feeble creature. Sinuous as the willow, she has the temper of the finest steel. Her power is in her wealth of affection, which is inexhaustible; and love is only another name for self-sacrifice. I believe in the nobility of woman, and that, whatever may be the demand upon you, you will meet it, not like men, but like women. I need not say to you, "Do not unsex

yourselves." You could not, if you would. But I do say: "Remember your responsibilities, and that they have been augmented by your education; for duty is commensurate with capacity and opportunity. Add to the culture of the intellect that of the heart; and so you will preserve the balance of your faculties, and be ready, when the Master calls, to go forth and meet him."

Experience of Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

(The following history of Mrs. Whitney's development as a Medium, as related by herself at the Spiritualist's camp-meeting, held in Alameda last October, is copied from the *Carrier Dove*.)

"Three years ago, the 24th of October, my only child, my son Harry, was killed on the Narrow Gauge railroad. Harry was in the habit of kissing me when he left home, but on the day this terrible accident occurred he started away without doing so, being in a hurry to catch the train. I called him back, but he said, 'Never mind, mother, I will give you two kisses when I come home.' That night Harry came to my bedside and kissed me twice. I told my husband, and he said I was mistaken, that Harry was not there. I got up and looked at the clock, and it was just ten minutes past two. At five o'clock a messenger came, saying Harry had been killed on the road. At the inquest, it was ascertained that the accident occurred at 2:10 A. M. His last words were, 'Oh, my mother!' I was not permitted to see my boy, although I was assured that he looked 'just as if he were asleep.' About five months afterwards I was sitting alone in my room one afternoon, when suddenly it became very dark, then came a bright light, and in the light stood Harry. He was wrapped in a sheet below the waist; above, he had on a dark coat and vest. His face was cut, his chin discolored, and his hand and wrist crushed. I said, 'Harry, can't you speak to your mother?' He shook his head, but did not speak. When my husband came home I asked him if he would tell me the truth about it if I told him how Harry looked, and where he was hurt, and he said, 'Who has been talking to you about Harry?' I said, 'No one; but I have seen him.' Again the room darkened, and again came the bright light, and in it stood my son, as before. I then described his wounds to my husband, and he said it was correct. I told no one except my husband and one lady friend, and they thought I was losing my reason. I was persuaded to consult a physician, who told me I had no cause to be alarmed, that he had no doubt I had seen my boy; 'for,' said he, 'if there is anything hereafter, the Spiritualists have got the truth about it.' Soon after this my son again appeared to me, at the same hour of the day, and in the same manner as before, but Oh! how changed! This time the sheet, which had wrapped his crushed limbs, was gone; the face, which was gashed and disfigured, was now animated and beautiful. The eyes sparkled, the cheeks glowed, and Harry, my son, my beautiful child, stood before me, arrayed in the glory-garments of immortality. I could weep no more, for why should I? My child still lived, and I could see and converse with him. This time my little daughter, Maudie, who passed away when but fourteen months old, came also, but was now, apparently, about six years of age. On this occasion Harry was accompanied by an elderly man of commanding appearance, who gave his name as Wm. H. Saulsbury, and said he was burned at the stake in Massachusetts in the year 1628, during the cruel persecution of innocent people for the imaginary crime of witchcraft. He informed me that he was my guide. I said I did not want a guide, but, if I must have one, I wanted one who would always speak the truth, and, if possible, bring to other bereaved mothers the comfort he had brought to me. Now I see my dear children daily, and not them alone, for other dear ones come, and I see and converse with those who have lived, and, as we say, *died*, as naturally and really as I do with those still living on the earthside of life."

A countryman traveling in a street car, pulled the bell strap vigorously, and made the bell ring at each end. "What are you ringing at both ends for?" said the conductor. "Because I wish the thing to stop at both ends."

The price of a wife in Patagonia has suddenly advanced to two \$1 goats and the brim of a plug hat, but it is only a temporary spurt, and the old figures—one goat and a plug of tobacco—will soon be restored.

Though the Hawaiian people have been partially converted to the Protestant religion, they still are superstitious, and call upon their gods and goddesses to help them in any great trouble.

If the wall about the stove has been smoked by the stove, cover the black patches with gum-shellac, and they will not strike through either paint or kalsomine.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right side; after which spots may be removed by the use of ox-gall or ammonia water.

The United States ships abroad about \$5,000,000 worth of leather annually from New York alone.

The Georgia Legislature proposes to tax bachelors in that State \$2.50 a year.

EVOLUTION.

(The following is an extract of a discourse delivered in Melbourne, Australia, in June last, by Rev. George Walters.)

\* \* \* There is one general idea which is gaining currency, and which is calculated to bring about a great change in the theological world, an idea that may be summed up in the one word,—evolution. This pervades the whole realm of science. This will change—radically change—many of our so-called religious conceptions.

The old notion of the creation of the universe out of nothing, in six days, some six thousand years ago, is doomed. It survives merely among the most conservative of the clergy, among those who prefer an old Hebrew poem to the lessons of the present time, and who accept Moses as a man of science rather than Lyell, Huxley, or Darwin.

Our ideas concerning man are also changed. Formerly, it was believed that mankind, having been framed in the image of God, fell away into sin and brutality. The savage races, in various parts of the world, were looked upon as the lowest steps to which the divine humanity had descended.

But, now we are learning a different lesson. Those savage races are the lower, though not the lowest, steps in a lofty ladder which humanity is yet ascending; and while we can look down at the stages through which man has passed, we can also turn our gaze forward to the higher glories that are attainable. The divine humanity is the goal toward which every succeeding age bends its steps. The ladder reaches,—not from heaven to earth for man to descend, but from earth to heaven for man to go onward to the realm of perfect truth and love. But, then, some may inquire, does not Darwin say that we are descended from monkeys? What a disgusting idea for modern science to hold. Well, it is a very "rough and ready" way of referring to Darwinism, and not a very correct way to represent men as descended from monkeys. But, without doubt, the idea is that man has been developed from lower forms of life. Well, and what of that? Does it detract in any way from the glory of nature or the dignity of man? Does it not show that the tendency is upward, that progress underlies all the events of life and all the cosmic revolutions of ages? Does it not prove that a mighty Power and a marvellous Intelligence are at work in the world, are active throughout the realms of space? Whatever may have been the path by which humanity has risen to its present position, the dignity and glory are the same. Surely it is better, surely it is fraught with grander possibilities, for man to have risen by many stages through inconceivably long periods of time, to his present standpoint, than to suppose that, once having been perfect and god-like, he fell away into wretchedness and sin. The old theory is dark and dismal; the new one is radiant with the glory of future progress opened out for the souls of men.

The idea of evolution will also change—will purify and exalt—our thoughts of God. Many people are afraid that the tendency of modern thought is to dispense with the belief in God. No doubt many of the old notions will pass away—many of the idolatrous shapes in which men have pictured the divine existence. We shall realize, as many are yet unwilling to realize, that the human mind cannot frame any definite conception of God. But, as the thought of God is divested of the crude ideas and superstitions that have hung around it, it will grow in power and majesty. "Definitions of God have been vanishing, idols have been tumbling, symbols have been fading away, trinities have been dissolving, personalities have been waning and losing themselves in light or in shadow; but the Being has been steadily coming forward from the background, looming up from the abyss, and occupying the vacant spaces, flowing into the dry channels, and taking possession of every inch of matter and mind. The mystery of it deepens, but the conviction of it deepens also." The leaders of scientific thought repudiate dogmatic Atheism; they seem to be waiting for the dawn of a new day, wherein the divine power that is revealed in nature will become more plainly manifested. The most eminent physiologist of the present day says, "I deem it just as absurd and illogical to affirm that there is no place for a God in nature, originating, directing, and controlling its forces by will, as it would be to assert that there is no place in man's body for his conscious mind."

We may have to relinquish the belief in God who made the universe, once and for all, in six days, and then, being tired, rested on the seventh day. We may have to relinquish the belief in an angry God, whose vengeance could only be satisfied by the slaughter of his only-begotten Son. We may have to relinquish the belief in a God who has doomed the vast majority of men to a fiery hell. But we may continue to believe in an all-pervading Intelligence, in accordance with whose laws the "dewdrops fall and the planets roll." We may continue to believe in an all-pervading Spirit of Love, which, through the course of ages, will lead humanity onward to perfect love and purity. Yes: though we may cease to believe in the vengeful deity of John Calvin, we may continue to trust and love that God whom Jesus taught us to

call by the tender and expressive name, Father.

The idea of evolution will not rob us of the hope of immortality. It will rather give to that hope a dignity that has too frequently been wanting; it will add a sublimity worthy of such a theme. No merely selfish heaven will attract our earnest, longing hearts, but the hope of growing and expanding life—the hope of endless progression in knowledge, purity, and love. "Can you conceive that when the eternal power has, as the last result of millions of years of patient evolution, fashioned a being who can echo his wonderful 'I AM,' who can be a conscious fellow-laborer with him in carrying on the sweep of evolution to still grander heights, he should be so unthrifty as to resolve this being back again into unconsciousness?" Such a question, to my mind, carries its own answer plainly written. The hope of immortality becomes something more than a hope; it borders upon, or it becomes, a certainty.

Beginning the Poultry Business.

We have often been called upon to advise with those who wanted to invest some capital in poultry keeping. Our invariable advice has been, don't invest your capital in big buildings and big lots of fowls until you have first by actual experience learned how to manage and handle in a profitable way 25 or 100.

Fanny Field in the *Prairie Farmer*, so forcibly speaks our mind that we will let her say the rest. "If you will take 1,000 fowls and bestow upon each individual fowl the same extra food and care that the keeper of a small flock gives his fowls they will 'pay at the same rate.' But I would warn you against beginning with 1,000 hens. It requires a good deal of poultry knowledge to enable one to successfully manage this number, and the knowledge cannot be bought with the fowls or put up with the houses, or caught like the measles. The poultry business must be learned just like any other business, and the very best and cheapest way to learn it is to begin at the beginning and learn one thing at a time. If you begin at the other end and attempt to master the whole thing, all at once, your tuition fees will be so high that by the time you know how to manage 1,000 hens profitably, you will not have money left to buy a single fowl.

You cannot begin with 1,000, or even 300 fowls, and make them pay, any more than you could calculate an eclipse. Begin with a small flock of fowls, and as you gain in poultry knowledge increase the size of your flock until it numbers as many as you can manage profitably. Twenty-five laying hens will be enough for those who have had no experience in poultry-keeping to begin with; those who have already had good success with a flock of 25 or 30 fowls may safely venture to try a flock of 75 or 100 laying hens. Quite a come down from the 1,000-hen business, isn't it? But remember that it will be more profitable to begin with 25, 50, or 100 fowls, and work up to 1,000, than to begin with 1,000 and work your way down to 25."—*Farm Journal*.

Household Economy.

Oil of lavender will drive away flies.  
Grained wood should be washed with cold tea.

If paper has been laid under the carpet all dust may be easily removed with it.

Mortar and paint may be removed from window glass with hot, sharp vinegar.

Copperas mixed with the whitewash put upon the cellar walls will keep vermin away.

Ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with soda water.

Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure may be cleansed with lime water or carbolic acid.

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also good for this purpose.

The warmth of floors is greatly increased by having carpet lining of layers of paper under the carpet.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

If gilt frames, when new, are covered with a coat of white varnish, all specks can then be washed off with water without harm.

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the end of each in old newspaper. This will prove a complete silencer.

Give the children oatmeal mush and milk and some ripe, but uncooked fruit for their suppers, and send them to bed early. Then their sleep will be sound and healthy.

Grapes are a wholesome fruit, and it will not hurt to eat as many of them as you want, but it would be better perhaps for persons with weak digestive powers not to swallow the seeds.

Tender feet may be hardened, it is said by rubbing common hard soap on the inside of the socks, once or twice a week. Perfect cleanliness and frequent changing of the stockings will improve the condition of the feet in every respect.

The amount of silver coin and certificates now in circulation in the United States exceeds \$125,000,000.