

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

One of the sublime things in the world is plain truth.—*Bulwer*.
To suffer through those we love is ten times worse than to suffer ourselves.
Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.—*Erasmus*.
A man's real treasures in this world are so few and small that he can carry them in his heart.
He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato*.
Does every grave awaken the same emotion in our hearts? No! Then all are not equal in the grave.
Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.—*Dawson*.
It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.—*George Eliot*.
It is foolish to try to live on past experience. It is very dangerous, if not a fatal habit, to judge ourselves to be safe because of something that we felt or did twenty years ago.—*Spurgeon*.
Eternal life is a life of eternal principles; and where man lives, not from his outward, but his inward, senses from reason, conscience and immortal affections, he has immortality. Death does not then bound his horizon, affect his plans, baffle his aspirations.—*Henry W. Bellows*.
Thou glorious spirit-land! Oh, that I could behold thee as thou art—the region of life and light and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones whose being has flowed onward, like a silver-clear stream, into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of Eternity!—*Longfellow*.
Make thy life better than thy work. Too oft, Our artists spend their skill in rounding soft, Fair curves upon their statues, while the rough And ragged edges of the unheavened stuff In their own nature startle and offend The eye of critic and the heart of friend. If the too brief day thou must neglect Thy labor of thy life, let them neglect Flaws in thy work, while their most searching gaze Can fall on nothing which they may not praise In thy well-chiseled character. The man Should not be shadowed by the artisan.
—*Ellis Wheeler Willcox*.
Before a man can say there is no God, he must be a great explorer. He must be such an explorer as to make himself divine. He must possess such powers as to bring himself up to the level of Omniscience. For if in his own breast and mind and heart and moral nature, if in his own intelligence and will, he cannot find any evidence of God, he may find it in nature.
And, when he has searched with finite power, and only that, there will be yet before him the infinite eternities of time to aid him in the search; and thus he must be an omnipotence in himself before he can stand up and say, "There is no God."

IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER LYONS

Services Conducted by Mrs. E. L. Watson, at Metropolitan Temple, Sept. 27th., 1885.

INVOCATION.

Spirit of love, one of the visible signs of Thy tenderness in this world has vanished; one of the material links in life's endless chain seems broken; here are tender souls sitting under the shadow of a great bereavement; hearts that are hearkening for a voice suddenly stilled; eyes yearning for answering glances that are seen no more. Wilt Thou, who dost rule through all changes, and minister to all conditions of life, help us to part these shadows of grief; wilt Thou help us with the light of truth to reveal this apparently missing link of love, and to quicken the inner ear of the soul that it may catch again the music of love's accents. Wilt Thou, O Spirit! who art ever ministering unto man, help us to pour balm upon these wounded hearts.
We thank Thee that they have already realized the beauty of the change which must come to all for the completion of Thy purposes toward man. We thank Thee that these dear friends have already received tender messages from the angels, who assure them that there is no death, but only change which meaneth good. We thank Thee that day by day the dawn-light of Thy truth broadens and deepens, and brightens over the world, and all are strengthened and purified thereby.
We thank Thee that the music of the spheres has broken in upon this little household, and that the soul which now standeth free from the tenement of clay, had, indeed, felt its rhythmic measures sweeping through his consciousness, so that without fear he met Thy messenger who was to summon him to a higher and nobler sphere of life.
Spirit, help us to feel Thy presence in this hour; make known unto these hearts that grieve the truth which shall heal their sorrow; the truth that this life is but a portion of the life eternal; that the day which shuts the gates of the mortal world, in one sense, against the soul, opens for it wider avenues into bright fields of a nobler life where still growth goes on with every faculty, and the affections still make up the sweetness and joy of life.
Oh, wilt Thou help us to deliver that message of consolation which shall bring into the presence of these dear ones again the spirit of the beloved husband, father, friend. Wilt Thou help them to feel the pulsations of that deathless love which still goes on working miracles in this world, and dispensing blessings to every human soul. Thus shall they feel Thy ministrings, Thy tenderness in this their night of sorrow, which, in truth, reveals the radiant stars of beauty, holiness and deathless love shining clear in the horizon of earth, and the heavens of eternal good.
Spirit, minister Thou, according to their need. We thank Thee that the door of the home will be thrown open for this angel-guest; that again sweet messages shall be spoken from his heart of love. We thank Thee that they who feel his presence will know that Thy life doth triumph over death in this world, and in all worlds forever more.

ADDRESS.

To him who hath lived aright, death is the soul's new year.
To him who has ripened here through struggle and self-denial, under clouds of adversity, and kissed by the sun of human affection, death is no disheartener, is no bringer of bad tidings, is not a solid wall of darkness, but a gateway through which the soul passeth rejoicing. To him who hath read even one page of God's truth in this world, who has striven to make his life somewhat better than he found it, and those with whom he has associated happier for his being—to him there is nothing to bear in the future. Unto a life like this, there come divine assurances, and the sweet dove of peace wings her way and broods with tenderness the yearning heart.
Our brother, to whom we pay tribute today and who has now tested the reality of those doctrines which are preached from Sunday to Sunday in this place, has realized what this wondrous change which comes to all means to the human soul, has felt this joy of being, has heard the happy voice of reciprocal love breathing thanksgiving to him for the good which he helped to grow in that little sphere of life where he was placed. And so, the days which he lived here were each of them bright links in your lives; and the words which he spoke, the virtuous deeds he performed, and the love which exhaled like a fragrance from his life—all this is preserved entire, both in your hearts and the constitution of nature.
Such a life as this is a blessing; whether the waves of its thought, or the tremors of its spiritual activities reach very far or no in God's economy, it is still a blessing, and leaves the world better than it found it.
Dear friends, in the change that has come, is there not cause for gladness? When we remember the years of his patient suffering, the days of his agony, which only now and then found voice, through gentle consideration of the watchers who sat by him faithfully from year to year, and longing for delivery and entrance upon the life which has now opened before him, is there not cause for rejoicing rather than for tears?
I do not say that death is always desirable and brings a happier state to the human spirit, but I do say that when the life has ripened, as this life had, when the sheaves are golden and full eared and the Reaper comes without our will to beckon and summon us away, gathers the grain and fruit of our earthly existence, then we should look beyond our temporary separation, and the perturbed spirit find its way, if possible, to the great uplands of eternal truth, where it faces the sunlight towards which the prophets through all the ages have turned and pointed with hope for all mankind.
We should feel glad with this soul's gladness and enter the spirit of liberty by which his bosom is now filled with song.
Friends, the outward sign will soon disappear; the garment that becomes so dear from the service it had rendered to the spirit within, and which had taken shape of the immortal soul, will be put away there in the silence of the bosom of our common mother. A thousand busy workers invisible to us will transmute the precious clay to new forms of loveliness; birds will gather the sacred dust into their songs, flowers re-crystallize those atoms from which have been built the superstructure upon which our eyes rested with so much tenderness, and the fragrant summer morning may bear upon its bosom somewhat of this life—this outward token of the eternal.
But aside from this there is no silencing of sacred ties; there is no silencing of the strong note of love's sweet song; there is no breaking away from the holy bondage of pure human affection, all this belongs to the spirit eternal, and will continue to be interwoven in your daily life.
Take the lessons of his patience to your heart. The dear companion who fought life's battle so bravely by your side will not desert you now; the transcendent beauty which has entered into his consciousness and with which his spirit is clothed to-day, will yield some of its light and fragrance to your own.
To know that he is your frequent guest; to feel certain that he has solved the problem of his mortal life with satisfaction; to know his eyes will wander sometimes from the glory of the immortal realm and rest yearningly and tenderly upon the old familiar scenes, this is sweet.
This truth has become clearer to you from day to day during the last few years of investigation into the facts and phenomena of our faith; that there is no great bereavement, except for the passing hour, since you know for him and for you death is impossible; since you know that the path which leads thither hath no adamant walls which cannot be scaled by the spirit desiring to return, and that love maketh her way wherever she would go; that though apparently measureless distances may divide you, in reality the mighty chasm of silence which lies between the mortal and immortal, the seen and unseen, is bridged by your tender thoughts, and overarched by the yearning of his fraternal, paternal and loving spirit, and that day after day some treasure of beauty and truth he will drop into the pool of your common life to make their silent sign in your consciousness—his signal that there is no death for him, that nevermore shall he look upon that change with dread. He will watch its coming for you. While the reunion here between spirit and spirit is not altogether fanciful, but in truth real and continued, yet there is a fuller reunion which shall be the anticipation of both his spirit and your own, and the day cometh when these shadows which shut out from the vision of the mortal the beauty of the eternal life, will be dispelled, and when the heart-breaks with which you are overtaken to-day will be lifted forever more.
Take consolation in the thought that life continues for him as now it does for you; that we are in the midst of the world eternal. God's sweet light of love will rest upon the grave of his mortal form and will shine into the bosom of his freed spirit; it will rest upon the stricken household, so that when changes shall come to you in the warfare that still waits you here, his strong arm, his sweet kiss of love, his bosom of

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tender, restful affection, will still be yours to trust in, to be glad in forever.

Oh! is it not a joy to think that when the time comes for you to put away this mortal garment, as he has done, preparation will have been made for that change on his part, so that just at the entrance of the new life the arms which are folded now, apparently, will in the spirit form be outstretched to receive you; the lips that now give back no answering speech, there, on the other side of the line invisible, will breathe a sacred welcome; the hand which has now ceased from labor will take yours and pass on and up the shining pathway of eternal progress in a world without end.

Oh! may the peace of this great thought abide with you from day to day. May his memory be embalmed in your own patience, virtue and love. May his angel be able to open the door and enter freely into communion with you who wait and toil on here. May the husband be still the companion dear, and strong to aid. May the father still be a guide, and you receive, through your own consciousness, the rays of his pure thoughts. For this home-circle may there indeed be no broken link, no silent voice, no vacant chair, but every hour may you feel the touch of God's truth through some sweet thought that pierces the darkness and the mystery of the grave, and finds sweet peace and answering love upon the other side.

Ingersoll on Spiritualism.

[The Liberal.]

What do you think of "Spiritualism" as it is popularly termed?

Colonel Ingersoll: I do not believe in the supernatural. One who does not believe in gods would hardly believe in ghosts. I am not a believer in any of the "wonders" and "miracles" whether ancient or modern. There may be spirits, but I do not believe there are. They may communicate with some people, but thus far they have been successful in avoiding me. Of course I know nothing for certain on the subject. I know a great many excellent people who are thoroughly convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. Christians laugh at the "miracles" to-day attested by folks they know, but believe the miracles of long ago attested by folks that they did not know. This is one of the contradictions in human nature. Most people are willing to believe that wonderful things happened long ago and will happen again in the far future; with them the present is the only time in which nature behaves herself with becoming sobriety. In old times, nature did all kinds of juggling tricks, and after a long while will do some more; but now she's attending strictly to business depending upon cause and effect.

THE TICKING OF A CLOCK.—Slight though the ticking of a clock may be, its sudden cessation has a wonderful influence upon the inmates of a room in which the timekeeper is located. A dim realization of something wrong steals over the senses—a feeling as if something of value had been lost, or a friend had gone away, perhaps never to return, or as if some of the children were sick, until suddenly some one looks up and exclaims: "Why, the clock's stopped!" And immediately the ill-defined forebodings dissipate, the little shadow of gloom melts away, and, as the winding-up process is completed, and the cheery ticking recommences, the family circle regains its wonted buoyancy of spirits, and the members wonder what it was that made them feel so gloomy a few moments before.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

THE PURCHASE OF BOSTON COMMON.—The proprietorship of the people in the land of Boston Common has come up under various phases during the present year, and there would seem to be a peculiar appropriateness, as in this year occurs the quarter-millennial of its purchase by the settlers of Shawmut. It will be just two and a half centuries next month since it was purchased from William Blackstone, who had secured a sort of pre-emption by erecting his lonely cot beneath its untouched elms and lindens. The present year happens also to be the two hundredth since a quit claim was obtained from the aborigines for the land of Shawmut.—*Boston Journal*.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

EARLY MATERIALIZATION.

Those of us who were in California in 1854 to '56, or who have, attentively, studied the history of that period, have a vivid recollection of the troublous times through which San Francisco passed. The lawless, criminal and semi-criminal classes seemed to dominate the city, rendering neither life nor property secure or enjoyable. At this time James King was the seditious of the *Bulletin*, and by his fearless exposure and denunciation of the disorderly element, incurred their hatred and was murdered. The murderer was promptly hanged, without the benefit of the laws delays or technicalities, through which so many criminals escape justice.

In 1856, very remarkable phenomena were witnessed on Telegraph Hill, at the residence of Mr. P., a lawyer of eminence, who related the following to Mrs. Harding Britten, repeating the narrative several times to ensure its accuracy.

He stated, that on a recent occasion, when the whole family were in the library, their attention was drawn towards the conservatory, at the end of the room, by the shaking of some large plants.

On looking towards the place, they all perceived the figure of Mr. King, plainly apparent, precisely as in life, and in his usual attire. The figure was dense, and presented nothing of the usual shadowy appearance of such appearances. He stood quite still, until Mr. P., addressed him; when at the request of this cool observer, he raised first one arm and then the other; moved to the side, advanced and retreated, turned his head, bowed, and in fact, for several minutes, continued to obey every motion suggested. All at once Mr. P., made a sudden dart forward, a movement for which he had been some time preparing, intending, as he expressed it, to "grab him!" but, on the instant, every article in the house seemed to be set in motion at once, as if by the shock of an earthquake. The figure "melted out" instantly.

The following account was published in the *True Californian* as an occurrence at the same house. The company had been startled by a weird and hideous apparition, when the following occurred:

"We all agreed to bend our minds and aspirations on the attempt to call around us, kind, genial, and more humane beings, and conjured some bright and happy spirits to visit us, and aid in dispelling the horrors of the apparition.

"We had not taken our places five minutes before, nervous and distrustful as we then were, we were convinced our petitions were answered. Cool, balmy breezes played around us; soft, caressing hands stroked our cheeks and heads; more than a dozen small, white human hands gleamed about the room, at first shadowy and like thin vapor, at last palpable, opaque and seemingly as firm in sight and touch as our own hands. Mr. F. had been suffering all day from toothache, and several of those soft hands were seen and felt tenderly stroking his face. In a short time he exclaimed that the pain was entirely gone, when the soft touches were withdrawn, after which we were admonished, by raps, to break up the circle."

The writer, seeming conscious that his reputation might suffer for reporting matters so incredible to many, continued:

"I have no explanation to offer of the above scene, but many vouchers to present for its veracity. First, I offer my own position in the city of San Francisco, for which, as the editor of this paper will attest, I rely solely on my honorable name, and my reputation for strict veracity, and claim common sense."

Believing that these phenomena are worth repeating, they are presented, as the majority of your readers would not find them in the early history of Spiritualism in California. JOHN ALLYN.

"I felt so nervous, mamma," said a little girl, referring to an incident of the previous day. "What do you mean by nervous, my dear?" "Why, mamma, it's just being in a hurry all over."

"To live long," says Cicero, "it is necessary to live slowly." Telegraph messenger boys keep this saying pasted in their hats.

THOUGHTFUL WORDS.

[The *Banner of Light*, in entering upon its fifty-fifth volume, has these thoughtful words to its readers:]

* * * Although the several stages of progress made by Spiritualism cannot be said, in any sense, to be measured by such achievements as coming to a new volume would imply, it nevertheless seems appropriate to the occasion to revert to some of the more recent evidences of that progress, if only to draw encouragement from the fruits of its advancement in the minds and hearts of men. No one can fail to note the extent and character of its work every year: The lifting of the heavy curtains of superstition and doubt and fear, the rolling further back of the surrounding darkness from the spirit's sight, the clearing of the skies overhead, and the gradual coming together of men and women obediently to the sympathies of a common belief—these are manifestations in our own day that in an earlier one would have been styled phenomenal, and have been silently wrought while the opposition to them has been engaged in not much more than a vain abuse. Never has the modern world had more and better reason to distrust the power of prejudice and discard the assertions of a faith that refuses to entertain the bare suggestion of investigation.

We look anywhere about us and see the old beliefs steadily yielding to the new knowledge; the formularies passing into disuse; the creeds crumbling before the light of realization; questioning spirits taking courage from what is returned in answer to their anxious inquiries; bruised hearts healed with satisfying assurances of the continued life of loved ones gone hence; a pervading consciousness of the proximity of the seen and unseen worlds, and of those who dwell in both—and the glorious vision is more reassuring than any that was ever before held up to mortal recognition. Is it any wonder that it all is regarded as a revelation sent anew to the sons of earth? What tidings can be called glad, if not such as these? At what shall we rejoice if not at this, the crown and culmination of all human belief? If we are not permitted to give thanks for this, what can come to mortals that will ever be capable of stirring the depths of their being? All this, let us gratefully remember, within the limits of a short human life, almost during the twenty-nine years which the *Banner of Light* is about to bring to an eventful close.

It is not in boasting that Spiritualists find their secret satisfaction, or any part of it; but in a recognition of the fact that the belief they acknowledge is of all others the vital one in this age; that whether it be classed as one of the leading elements in the constant evolution of the human race, it is assuredly the one which arrests the widest attention, and works with the profoundest as well as the largest effect. We have all of us seen the constant and contradictory efforts of the church to ignore it, but all in vain. We have seen it assailed with every degree and kind of hostility, but to no purpose. We have seen it alternately ridiculed and ignored, and still to no better satisfaction. The great truth of spirit-communion by the unquestioned return to us of the departed and disembodied, is the greatest of all facts to be established in any century of the world's history. It may not yet have impressed the whole measure of its lesson on us, nor can we think it has begun to do so; but as the opening of a new book in life, as the coming of a new day to mortals, as the revelation for which time has heretofore been preparing us, it constitutes an event in whose contemplation gratitude and gladness well up in the soul beyond the power of expression.

But let not Spiritualists fatally mistake the meaning of this new revelation by imagining it comes as a special one to themselves more than to all. Let them not suppose it is theirs to formulate in creed, to crystallize to temporal power, to employ as a force on against the other, to erect as a barrier of conceit and self-righteousness before them, or to set up as a platform for the vain display of themselves as its self-asserted representatives. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." "The spirit cometh not with observation." The condition of its visit to us is humility. Not more for our own personal good than for that of all others is this blessing sent down from heaven; and we are ourselves most benefited when we share our gift the most freely with those around us. Unless Spiritualism is to be a renovation, we cannot claim it to be a revelation. If the new is to supplant the old, it must be in a way entirely new, yet not necessarily unthought of by some of us. Therefore, if hard forms are to be broken up by its coming, it is not that equally hard forms may supplant them; but that the newer life, while far from being without restraints and discipline, may become more full and free than the life that is passing away.

If all shades and classes of Spiritualists were to heed this reflection as it deserves to be heeded, there would be neither cause nor room for the outbreaks which at present occur in some quarters, or for any apprehension whatsoever of the partial miscarriage of the work of the invisibles in consequence of mortal weakness and folly. Then there would be occasion only for mutual congratulations over the actual situation and the prospect. Whatever deduc-

tion has to be made on that account now, however, we are very sure will be compensated in good time and the right way. It is impossible for it to be otherwise, with the heavenly guidance and inspiration of so noble a cause. The errors of mortals are certain to be overruled by superior wisdom of the heavenly hosts. Our cause is steadily upward and onward, gathering strength as it advances, and establishing itself with more and more firmness in human hearts. To have wrought faithfully and trustfully in this vineyard as long as the number of our new volume indicates, is to have spent a large portion of one's earthly life with the profoundest satisfaction.

UNCOMPREHENDED MEDIUMSHIP.

[“R. D. H.” in *Banner of Light*.]

In an editorial in a recent number of the *Banner*, on “Helen Hunt Jackson and the Indians,” in alluding to the novel she wrote entitled “Ramona,” you say: “Only a few days before her death, she wrote her Boston publishers, Roberts Bros.—‘I did not write “Ramona”; It was written through me!’” And you add: “That she was truly inspired there can be no doubt.” And so are many writers who are slow to admit that an invisible intelligence guides their pens. But the fact is admitted more than formerly. Charles Dickens, in the latter years of his life, admitted as much. A friend asked him, on one occasion, how it was that he managed to preserve the perfect individuality of all the unique characters introduced in his stories, the peculiar characteristics of one never appearing in another? Mr. Dickens replied: “I never write out the sayings of any marked character until they are first uttered in my ear.”

Neither Helen Hunt Jackson nor Mr. Dickens, it is assumed, was as completely controlled as many modern mediums; they had literary ability of their own; yet it is believed many of their best utterances were prompted by invisible intelligences. Dickens was rarely, if ever, controlled as perfectly as was the Brattleboro (Vt.) medium, to whom Spirit Dickens dictated the conclusion of Edwin Drood.” And that work of the spirit will, in time to come, be more highly appreciated than it is at present. The honest critic admits that the completion of the story is perfect; that he cannot distinguish any difference in the style of the author in the body or out of the body.

Another instance of admitted inspiration has recently come to my knowledge. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, who resides in Brockport, near Rochester, is a voluminous and popular writer. She has already published twenty novels, and has another ready for the press. The past winter Mrs. Holmes and her husband spent in California. While in San Francisco, the author was interviewed by a representative of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and she stated what was unknown before, except by her family and most intimate friends. The *Chronicle* writer says:

“Mrs. Holmes's literary ambition began when she was a very little girl, named Mary Jane Hawes. In her early youth she was given to conversing aloud with creatures of her brain. ‘These fictitious personages were as real to me then as you are now,’ she observed. ‘Nobody but myself could see them, and because I talked to them, and imagined their replies, the folks around me gravely whispered, that girl is going to be crazy. This ideal turn of mind caused me to think of wonderful stories. I related them at first to my schoolmates, and afterward, as they came to me, wrote them as compositions. One of the first, I recollect, was in rhyme. It was horrid enough; but I did not like the girls to laugh at me on that account, and I told them that some day I would write a story which they would all read. Well, a short time ago I received a letter from one of those schoolmates, reminding me of this episode, and remarking how true that promise was.’”

Mrs. Holmes says she “imagined” the replies. She was evidently clairaudient, and heard the words spoken by the invisible intelligences, that “nobody but herself” could see; and she saw them by clairvoyant vision. Instances are quite frequent in later years of the clairvoyance and clairaudience of little children, and they play with little companions invisible to persons of only ordinary sight. The invisibles dictate a great many sentences, and volumes even, but the writers do not admit it to the world, and scarcely to themselves. But, like Helen Hunt Jackson, “their stories flow from their pens almost without conscious action.”

About the worst case of heathenism which has come to our ears of late is reported, not from Timbuctoo or the Fiji Islands, but from that highly privileged city on the banks of the Connecticut,—Springfield. A little girl happened in a neighbor's house one morning at the time of family prayers. She was asked to stay, and, accepting the invitation, remained, an interested participant in the proceedings. When they all rose from kneeling, she startled the company with the exclamation: “I like this game first-rate. What is the name of it?” All this is said to have occurred under the shadow of Hope Church. Evidently, the two pastors of that active young parish will not get out of work just yet.—*Congregationalist*.

A Brazilian physician, Dr. Ramos, states that refrigeration of the lobe of the ear will stop hiccup, whatever its cause may be. Very slight refrigeration will answer, the application of cold water or even saliva being sufficient.

Written for the *GOLDEN GATE*.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

And the spirit said unto me: “Write.” And I said, “what shall I write?” And the spirit answered and said unto me: “Write of the mystery of Life, its origin, nature, object and end.” And I said: O, my Lord! who is able to do this great thing, truthfully, in harmony with the *hidden mysteries of Life*? The burden that is thus laid upon me, the task thus imposed, feels heavier as I call to mind the saying of our brother and co-worker, Colonel R. G. Ingersoll; of course his saying a given thing, touching the realm of speculation, does not necessarily make his saying true, or mine false, should I take the opposite view; yet the sayings of strong men and women make a difference, when one goes to write, or speak in opposition. But I think Brother Ingersoll is mistaken, and as I now remember, he was pressed to the wall in argument on the continuity of life after death, and made the best escape possible, by avowing that “it was useless, time lost and labor spent in vain, to hunt for the origin of life and intelligence.” I don't think so; nor do I like the Colonel's position. It smacks of an effete theology; of a weak philosophy.

This is our world. It belongs to us, and we belong to it, emphatically. As every freeholder is said to own all that is above and below his lot of ground, so every man should feel free to explore the earth, sea and sky, and search for knowledge. A truthful saying, found in the old Book is as follows: “My people perish for the lack of knowledge.” Then let us to the task of inquiry as to the origin of life.

There was a time when life in any of the forms, that we now see it, did not exist on this planet. There are two reasons why this assumption is correct. It is not certain, by any means, as to how this, or any other planet was formed. There are two theories, either of which might account for the method of formation, though they are exactly opposite. One is the igneous-stardust, fire-mist, nebulous theory of Herschell, La Place and others, and the other is the agglomeration theory of Mitchell, Sheman and others. The one accounts for the state of things we see, and understand upon the planet, by reference to heat, as the fashioning power; the other claims that the absence of all heat is a necessity to the stability of the globe. But be the centre of the planet eternal, unyielding frost, with the solidity of iron, or be it a fluctuating mass of molten matter, a boiling, seething cauldron of melted metal, (which, it seems to me that no sane man can believe,) no matter, the heat, or cold contemplated in either of these hypothesis would incapacitate the planet at the time of formation as an abode of life, either animal or vegetable. We know that life in any form must have heat and moisture. Hence eternal ice could never produce, or sustain life. And experiment has proven that the life of the hardest seed is destroyed at a little over 400 degrees of heat, and the egg of life of the hardest insect at a much lower degree of heat. On the side of the igneous hypotheses it is held that all metals, all rocks and soils, were held in solution by a degree of heat a thousand times greater than that which is necessary to destroy, or prevent life on the planet. If, therefore, there never was a day, or hour when no form of life was found on the planet, whence originated the million forms of life we now behold on leaf and blade, in water and in air? This is the question we now propose to answer. Do not think us mad, kind reader, for voluntarily assuming to solve a problem that sages have evaded. While it is said that “a dead Hottentot knows more than a living Plato,” yet neither dead Hottentots nor living Platos have answered the question satisfactorily to the acute analytical mind, as to the origin of life.

Theology has always claimed a royal road to the answer of this mystical inquiry. But all science, all philosophy, all reason shows the folly of the miraculous origin of all things.

This is an easy, lazy sort of way to cut the Gordian knot, but, unfortunately for the theory, the explanation will not fit all the facts in the case—for it so happens that there is a moral as well as a physical problem that must be disposed of while we have hold of the question—and it won't do to give a wave of the hand and a toss of the head and quote Moses in Genesis: “In the beginning God spake and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast; he said let there be light, and there was light, let there be a firmament above the waters,” and immediately the blue curtains floated aloft in the skies. All this I once believed and taught. Then came along a class of self-conceited, opinionated philosophers, such as Professor John Tyndal. Not but what Prof. T. has much of truth on many subjects on which he has written, but witness the controversy that has been waged by him against Prof. Bastion for the last twenty-five years or more on the subject of spontaneous vegetation and generation. The absurdity of Tyndal's position on the origin of life, is that the germ of all life eternally existed, that these germs of life came to this planet from some other planet, and that they now float unseen, unobserved, in the air, and so far as the lower forms of life—such as bacteria, and so on, are concerned, his experiments have come pretty near demonstrating the truth of this theory. Yet, to my mind,

there is nothing clearer than that life originated here.

But here I am asked a question that smacks a little of impertinence—yet, instead of calling it impertinent we will drop off the *im*, and write it *pertinent*, for such it really is. Question: “If you are a spirit of wisdom—controlling or impressing the sensorium of your amanuensis or scribe to write this essay, why need you hesitate and leave uncertain the method of forming this earth, and the origin of life upon it?”

Answer—Because I was not present when the foundations of this planet were laid—nor was there any other spirit present at that important crisis, so far as I know—or have power to determine. When the freemist blazed and dashed wildly through space as a comet-like messenger, or harbinger, or prototype, or John the Baptist of what was yet to be, there was no life on this planet—for the pre-existence of human souls is a delusion and a snare—only in this sense, to wit: the materials out of which human souls are made have eternally existed most likely—just as the materials out of which worlds are made and human bodies and flowers have eternally existed; but only in an inorganized form.

So, we hold, that in the universe there are, primarily, only two elements—one is active, the other passive; one positive, the other negative; one father, the other mother. And these acting upon each other have produced all that is in the vegetable and in the animal kingdom as well.

So, looking back through an analytical lens, and by drawing upon the vital powers, or powers of ratiocination, we can see upon some lofty mountain crag thrown out from the more even surface of the globular mass, and cooling as rapidly as the neighboring heat would allow, till at last a cup form was made, and finally a small amount of rock, pulverized by the friction of the elements, and dampness mixed with the metallic, or lava-like dust forming the first poor specimen of soil, and now for the first time on the planet is seen an expression of the positive and negative elements of the universe. In this cup of damp soil is, first of all, seen the fungi—now to be seen under similar condition by the microscope only. Yes, fungi of different forms, probably covering the whole Linnean class *Cryptogamia*.

And thus, began life—that most wonderful fact in nature—upon this planet. It was entirely microscopic, no doubt, for many long, long ages, until, by a process of death and life, decay and growth, the soil became richer and more productive, when larger growths came on and higher forms of vegetable life, developing “seeds,” then shrubs and finally trees bearing fruit, until, at last, we have an almost endless variety of vegetable life. But, in our next, we will have to go back millions of ages to a point where animal life starts, and so we will find all life, animal and vegetable, originating by chemical action in water. Especially of all animal life, we say, truly, “Born of water.”

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The Courage of Women.

A just distinction between the sexes may be that man is the braver, woman the more courageous of the two. Courage is the higher quality, since it is mental and moral instead of physical, as bravery is prone to be. Bravery is indifferent to danger through apathy or through temperament; courage sees and feels all the danger, and may exaggerate it, yet conquers apprehension, preparing and pared by a sort of spiritual exaltation and by wholly determined purpose to meet the worst that may come. The former is often an accident of blood; the latter is a capacity of the soul, the evidence of latent if not of conspicuous heroism. Woman always sees so much more peril than there actually is, that, if man should see what she sees, he would rarely stand firm. If he were one-quarter as afraid as she is, his intrepidity and achievement would be far more seldom sung.

A distinguished trait of women in general is fortitude, which is the better and nobler—yea, the essential—part of courage. Man has comparatively a slender stock. He shrinks from and complains bitterly of pain that they bear without a murmur, with perfect resignation, without a thought of doing aught save their duty. He is peevish, undignified, unjust, well-nigh intolerable, during a sickness which they will bear with sweetness, even with grace. Reverse of fortune, calamity, affliction, anguish of body and of mind, the ruin of their last hope, they will sustain with equanimity, when a tithe of their suffering will drive him to loud outcry, to vicious courses, or to suicide. They will shiver and shriek when the first wave breaks over the vessel, and go down with her in a hell of water, silent, statue-like and serene. They will startle the night at the cry of fire, and perish in the flames like an Indian bound to the stake. They will scream at the prick of a needle, and walk placidly into an open grave. Not so bold as man to do wrong, they are more valiant to do right. The timid sex, in some things, they are the heroic or heroic sex in others, and these usually the greater things. In many of the gravest trials of life they are dauntless and distinguished, when man their boasted superior, is craven and abject.—*Harper's Bazar*.

LIFE'S AFTERNOON.

[From “Shadows,” by John Weatherbee.]

“The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.”

There is a religious association that comes up in the mind of this oft-repeated and oft-sung hymn to which no reference is now intended. Take it as it reads,—not its associations, or what in a pious direction it may suggest,—how differently the thought strikes the mind of a youth of twenty from what it does the adult, or mature one of sixty!

The grim messenger, as death is sometimes called, is near youth, of course; but when one is thus early called, it seems somewhat out of order,—a mistake somewhere, a payment anticipated, one made before it was due. When the noon of a man's life is past, or if it is four o'clock or five or six in the afternoon of his life, the sun nearing his western horizon,—the “Night of Death,”—then is a vivid point; it seems near or nearer then, mathematically, no matter how much of time there still may be left for him.

It is wisely provided that youth and young manhood should be hopeful, and even thoughtless, and death but lightly considered. With sixty years of probable life before a man, or only six, the future prospect differs. When one reads a thoughtful verse like this, which is so suggestive and truthful,—

“The end of life comes nearer,
Every year;
The friends left become dearer,
Every year;
And the goal of all that's mortal,
Opens wider still its portal
To the land of the immortal,
Every year.”

It will strike the mind of a man who, on the principle of life assurance or of annuities, has fifty years before him, very differently from one whose chances are but for five, or ten, on the statistical ground. It is well that it is so, for the youth has the world's affairs on his hands, the old man more naturally begins to set his house in order.

Modern Spiritualism then seems to come as a boon or a comfort to old people. It is a beautiful and inspiring thought to the young also, especially if the pale angel is beckoning to one. These “anticipated payments” are very common. There comes a time also when the end of life is falling due, in the natural order of things. “Three-score-and-ten is an indefinite point in one's life-time, though definitely expressed, but is reached by all, like a promissory note falling due. It is only a question of time.

How cheering, then, the thought that the little span of life that a man sees before him when he reaches nearer and nearer this indefinite but certain point is extended into a perpetuity—a continuous life—under new conditions. That is what modern Spiritualism teaches, and, if based on truth, what an acquisition it is!

This extension of life is not exactly an ethereal one, but one as real to the senses as this one is that we are now living. It seems to be a very human life, if not a mortal one. Our aims and tastes, and sometimes our misfortunes here, are continued there on, perhaps, a higher plane or outlook, the misfortunes here being the beginnings of what may be successes there, and possibly viewing them retrospectively may be the most lustrous ones of our human experience. To be sure there is no ticketing our baggage through the gates of death to the summer land. All our wealth is left on this side of the grave,—useful here, of no account there.

What empty bags some of our rich people—even millionaires—must be when discretely separated from their possessions! How important for such, and all, to keep a sinking-fund of enduring possessions as this life's years glide by that will be income-producing (using our vernacular) when this life's fitful fever is over! * *

The principal feature in the teachings of modern Spiritualism is that the grave is not merely a hole in the ground, or blind alley, but, figuratively speaking, is a thoroughfare opening out into eternal light. Our night of death comes, but our life is not ended. Our day may have ended and its work done, but we awake and find it the morning of a new day.

I do not know how it is with other people, but to me this extension of our life beyond the valley and the shadow of death, and free from its anxieties and troubles, and yet retaining our identities, or conscious ego,—our personality,—with a busy and progressive future, is a joyous vision, an inheritance of priceless value.

It changes the whole aspect of human life, and certainly adds sunshine to the remainder of this, which cannot now be, to this writer, but a decade or two at most. Though, as I have said, this sometimes called the “Dawning Light” is the bright gift to old age, and it is the bright gift to all who are open-eyed to it, and to all, anyway, at last, for “old age” is the possibility of all; so, in time, these suggestions will be in order for all those who have been lucky enough to have been undrafted from their life in the former, until (using a mercantile phrase) they have become due.

To be healthy and complete, we must live alternately, now with our fellows and the world, and now with ourselves and the universe.—*W. R. Alger*.

ERRORS IN JUDGMENT.

(Wm. C. Waters in Light for Thinkers.)

It has been whispered to one of our noble seers, from out the invisible air, that: "The judgment of an unbalanced spirit is subject to misimpressions—therefore, also, to erroneous conclusions from reasonings—just as a spirit (i. e. a person) in this world is liable to take on misimpressions, and to arrive at wrong conclusions, on the principle that ignorance is an omnipresent enemy to which universal human nature is constantly exposed, as much, in proportion, in manhood as in childhood—as certainly in the lower spheres and states after death, as upon any man-bearing earth in the immeasurable universe. The question of condition is an ever-recurring question; for upon "conditions" everything depends for its formation and expression. A spirit, after death, may be, (so far as interior truths and principles are concerned) in an inferior, and ordinary condition, while a spirit (or individual) on earth and yet in body, may be in a "superior condition" with reference to principles and facts, ideas and thoughts."

The man who fishes in deep water, don't know much about the size or quality of the fish that may from time to time, nibble about his hook; neither does the person communicating with the invisible denizens of spirit-life know much about the character of the party, at the other end of the telegraph line, except so far as he or she can critically judge the value of the messages received. The number of persons dealing in the future life who are but poorly informed, and but little trained in moral teaching, must be very great. If here on earth, we were to approach a body of one hundred thousand men—all strangers, and attempt to commune with the first one we came to, our chance of meeting with an intelligent man would be very small. If we desired to ask questions of much importance, and to feel assured of correct information, we might find it necessary to spend some time in looking through the crowd to find a man of sufficient intelligence to answer our questions satisfactorily. In this case we should have the advantage of observing the exterior of the party giving us information. We could judge whether he wore the sign-manuel of an honest man or a knave. Only a clairvoyant could have this advantage in communing with the departed; and even then illusion might be possible. A deceiver might assume the similitude of a saint.

While the Supreme Ruler of the Universe has made it possible for us to hold converse with our friends in the higher life, he would not have us approach the matter in a stupid or negligent manner. We are to bring to bear our best judgment. Our investigation must be close, earnest and critical, if we would come into possession of the truth. Why should we find fault with this? Men who pursue the exact sciences, do not expect to find important facts, without deep, thorough and untiring search. These are willing to work on, it may be for years, that they may view from the bosom of nature some one of her veiled secrets. I would not speak lightly of the results of their labor. Yet, I know of no discovery these noble men have made, or are likely to make, that could equal in importance, to the human family, the fact of knowing whether they shall continue to live after the present life. But do men come to the examination of this very important question with the same persistent, patient spirit of inquiry that they do to matters of less import? Some, look into the affair with a full determination to understand it, and such are generally amply compensated for their integrity of spirit in pursuing the truth. But alas! too many approach this field of inquiry with the jollification spirit of a corn-husking party by moonlight. Some of them obtain partial truths, fragments and snatches of truth; but they do not explore the subject in its profounder depths and meanings. They may delight in toying for now and then an hour with the phenomena, but decline to enter the broad field of spiritual philosophy. Like children sporting and gamboling on the green—they frolic and play in the outer vestibule, but refuse to enter the sacred temple where the grandest truths may deeply impress the soul.

The young man, having a purpose to be a clergyman, knows very well that he must spend years in study to be able to earn his living by explaining ancient traditions concerning the Jews, and the early teachings of Christians. From the Jewish Scriptures and the New Testament, some hints, gleams and flashes of light may be gathered by the divinity student touching a future life; but he finds no direct treatise, or essay on the very important subject which he proposes to spend his days in preaching about. Yet, if one of these men enters a seance room, and does not directly obtain all the evidences of a future life that he demands, and in just the particular way that he requires it to be given, he declares that he has investigated the matter, and found it out to be a fraud. And that if any man desires evidence of a future life, he can only find it in the Bible.

This is not very surprising on the part of this class of men, since they very soon learn that it is not for their financial interests that this innovating and disintegrating power, born of spirit-intercourse, should spread among the people. But those of us who know the truth of the matter, and having no policy axes to grind, can afford

to examine the subject in its varied phases, to the full extent of our ability. Vast numbers of persons, wholly unreliable in character, are daily passing on into spirit-life. Shall we stand back abashed on that account? Shall we always be content to delve among traditions for a knowledge of the future, because the morally and intellectually unripe have preceded us, and are now being educated in the schools of the world beyond? Such a course, as I view the subject, is childish, cowardly and unmanly. I would fearlessly investigate any subject God has given me mental power to grasp. But I would counsel all persons investigating the matter of spirit-intercourse to be sure of their grounds as they proceed—not to jump too readily at conclusions. The individual who esteems all that he may obtain from the spirit-world, as infallibly true, can't afford to smile at the man who reads his Bible and believes all the fish, bear and quail stories he can find in the book.

From out the spirit-world there comes both truth and falsehood. We on this side of the line are to be our own judges of the possibilities and probabilities concerning every case presented. Too much credulity greatly impairs and sometimes defeats the object of the investigation. Such persons do, now and then, get pretty severe lessons from the spirit side of life, which is intended to teach them wisdom in using their own judgment and reasoning powers, instead of abdicating these and leaving all the thinking to be done by those out of the body. A novice in spirit-intercourse needs to be placed on his guard against falling into errors and utterly misapprehending the phenomena and the principles involved. A new convert cannot be expected to know just where to look out for shoals, quicksands or hidden breakers. He may learn these from some person of experience in the body, or at a greater expense to himself, find them out from his own experience. If both phenomena and philosophy are patiently and carefully studied, there will be checks and balances enough found to hold over-zeal or fanaticism in check. The further an individual proceeds in examining the facts, the calmer grows his judgment—drinking deeply of truth sobers, while the shallow draught may intoxicate. I do not say that a mind naturally out of balance, can, while in the body, be set right through any views of religion, or the future life; but the knowledge or study of the spiritual philosophy can never unbalance a sound mind, while it opens up a field of boundless research, in which the hungering spirit may ever find new pastures and ripe fruit to gather. This enchants, beckons forward the student. Up the mountains, higher, flags are waving—inviting voices are calling to higher attainments in all that exalts and beatifies the immortal spirit.

Afraid of Lawyers.

(San Jose Daily News.)

A curious document has been filed in the offices of the Recorders of San Joaquin, Santa Clara and Monterey counties, in the shape of an agreement between the Sargent brothers (Bradley V. Sargent of Monterey county, James P. Sargent of Santa Clara county, and Ross C. Sargent and Jacob L. Sargent of San Joaquin county), that their affairs in common are so mixed up that it is impossible to straighten them out, and that their heirs shall never ask for an accounting. It recites that the brothers have been partners since 1850; that each has acquired property in his own name for the benefit of the firm; that they intend (although they do not bind themselves) to keep the partnership up until one dies; that each had drawn money from the firm as he saw fit; that no proper books have been kept; that an accounting has never been had or desired; and that an accounting would be impossible, especially after the death of one of the members. The document binds the heirs never to ask for an accounting, as it is the wish of the brothers to keep the property from falling into the hands of the lawyers.

City and Town Schools.

A report on the city school systems of the United States has been prepared for the Washington Bureau of Education by Dr. J. D. Philbrick. The latest accounts which are available are those of 1882, and up to that year the total expenditure on 259 cities and towns was \$27,894,427. The school property was supposed to be worth \$94,294,153. There are two plans proposed for promoting industrial education. One is by annexing the workshop to the school for general education, whether elementary or higher. This mode is sometimes called the putting the workshop into the school. The second is by establishing technical schools for apprentices, consisting primarily of the requisite shops, with appliances for giving the theoretical instruction applicable to the trade taught. This mode has been denominated the putting of the school into the workshop. Dr. Philbrick advocates universal evening drawing schools, evening technical instruction similar to the English science and art classes, evening technical schools after the French model, the establishment of one or more apprenticeship schools in each city, simple manual training schools for the smaller towns, and more highly organized ones in the greater cities.

DEATH AND AFTERWARDS.

(Toronto Globe.)

Edwin Arnold has in the August number of the *Fortnightly* an interesting and thoughtful article with the above title. It is very readable, and supplies a good deal of what Jeremy Taylor calls "food for our meditation." It starts with the assertion that "man is not by any means convinced as yet of his immortality." "Only a few," it further adds, "feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist." At the same time it shows at considerable length that it is a great mistake to refuse belief in the continuity of individual life because of its incomprehensibility. What is incomprehensible? Precious little of anything. When a man refuses to believe in what he does not comprehend, he leaves himself a very meagre creed.

Then it is shown that the other aspirations of infancy, youth, and manhood turn out more or less to be prophecies. Why not this! "There is a significance, like the breath of a perpetual whisper from nature, in the way in which the theme of his own immortality teases and haunts a man." "Perhaps, nature, so full of unexplained ironies, reserves as blithesome a surprise for her offspring, when their time arrives, to discover the simplicity, agreeableness and absence of any serious change in the process called 'dying.'"

Such speculations are interesting. Such probabilities may be full, to some minds, of comfort and encouragements. But after all, is there not something more indispensable to full assurance and settled confidence? Nature may say that the likelihoods are that we shall consciously survive the strange event which men call "death," but is not something more required? Mr. Arnold says very beautifully:

"What does nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here, than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover, and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be lost by a quinsy or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them ground work and stuff for splendid further living, by process of death; which even when it seems accidental or premature is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom it may well be the new born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrators awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guarding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to 'a light that never was on sea or land,' and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch, and taste, and smell, had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of the earthly nursery!"

Very true, perhaps, but is there not a craving for something more? And has that something more not been given?

Materialization at an Early Day.

Epes Sargent in Planchette, The Despair of Science.

At the rooms of J. Koon, Athens county, Ohio, in February, 1854, musical instruments were played on with astonishing force. Five witnesses, whose names are published, testify to seeing spirit-hands on these occasions. They say, "They (the spirits) beat a march on the drum, and carried the tambourine all around over our heads, playing on it the while. They then dropped it on the table, took the triangle from the wall, and carried it all around, as they did the other instruments, for some time. We could only hear the dull sound of the steel; then would peal forth the full ring of the instrument. They let this fall on the table also. After this, they spoke through the trumpet to all, stating that they were glad to see them. Then they went to a gentleman who was playing on the violin, and took it out of his hand up into the air, all around, thrumming the strings, and playing as well as mortals can do. They played on the trumpet, then took the harp, and played on both instruments; and, at the same time, sang with four voices, sounding like female voices, which made the room swell with melody."

"After this, they made their hands visible again, took paper, brought it out on the other table, and commenced writing slowly, when one of the visitors asked them if they could not write faster; the hand then moved so fast that we could hardly see it go; but all could hear the pencil move over the paper for some five minutes or so. When done, the spirit took up the trumpet and spoke, saying the communication was for friend Pierce; and, at the same time, the hand came up to him, and gave the paper into his hand. Now, said the spirit, if friend Pierce would put his hand on the table, they would shake hands with him for a testimony to the world, as he could do much good with such a fact while on his spiritual mission. He then put his hand on the table by their request; the hand came up to him, took his fingers and shook them. Then it went away, but soon came back, patted his hands some minutes, then left again. Now it came back the third time; and, taking his whole hand for some five minutes, he examined it

all over, and found it as natural as a human hand, even to the nails on the fingers. He traced the hand up as far as the wrist, and found nothing any further than that point."

The Biggest Nugget.

(Union Democrat.)

The report of the Superintendent of the Mint states that the largest nugget ever found in California was worth a little more than \$21,000. Mr. Louis Blanding, than whom no man has had a more varied experience in mining, says this is a mistake. He says J. J. Finney, "Old Virginia," found a piece of pure gold about six miles from Downieville, Sierra county, on the 21st of August, 1857, that weighed 5,009 ounces. The gold of that vicinity was worth \$18 an ounce, which would make the Finney nugget the largest piece of pure gold ever discovered, so far as accounts go. Heretofore the great Australian nugget found in the Ballarat gold fields has been considered the largest. It was valued at something like \$60,000. J. J. Finney, or "Old Virginia," as he was commonly called, afterwards went to Washoe when the great silver discoveries were first made there, and from him the town of Virginia City took its name. It is worth remembering that the man who discovered the largest nugget in California and gave his name to the richest mining camp in the world died in extreme poverty.

PURIFY THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS.—The *Sanitary News* urges the sanitary examination of school buildings during vacation. To give force to its own opinion, it quotes the words of Mr. William Paul Gerhard, an eminent sanitary engineer. In a recent article on school and college sanitation, he says: "The annual vacation term would seem to be a particularly fit time to undertake a sanitary inspection of the school buildings, of their interior construction, sanitary arrangements, and of their immediate surroundings." He calls attention to the absolute necessity of such a periodical inspection, by qualified persons, and the correction of such structural and sanitary defects as may be discovered. While the water supply, drainage and ventilation should be examined into, it is necessary to demonstrate the entire absence of dampness, and to examine the methods of lighting the classrooms, of heating the buildings, the means of egress in case of fire, the arrangement of seats and desks, and finally the plumbing appliances.

SUNNY ROOMS—SUNNY LIVES.—Let us have the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed—and there let us have a bay-window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter. This window shall be the poem of the house. It shall give freedom and scope to the sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and sunshine, glimmer and gloom; all these we can enjoy as we sit in our sheltered room, as the changing years roll on. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor; but in light is good cheer. Even with a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy brown, you have but to take down the dingy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower pots on the brackets, and ivy in the pots, and let the warm air stream freely in.

FAITH AND MIND CURES.—Do not scoff at them; do not accept them. It is very possible that there is a force in nature that is not yet understood. It may be as powerful as electricity. It may be as much finer than that force as electricity is finer than steam. Much as we know in our day, it would be preposterous to say we know everything. This force, not yet known or understood, may be at the bottom of faith and mind cures, and of spiritual manifestations of all grades. That there is such a force some of the most learned and scientific men of the time are inclined to admit. Those who seem to work wonders are those who begin to understand how to use it.—*Oakland Times*.

MENTAL POWER.—Dr. Charles Heitzman says that intellectual force depends on the amount of gray matter and the number of ganglia in the brain. A ganglion is a little reddish-gray knob or swelling in the brain matter. The more of these knobs, or ganglia, the more brain force the person will have. A funny writer says that, according to some, the brain is a sort of gland that secretes thought as a cow produces milk. In this the funny man may be nearer right than he thinks.

The attempts to introduce the American brook trout into English waters have not been attended with success. During the last ten or twelve years thousands of fry have at various times been turned into different waters, but in no instance has the fish really been established. Occasionally a specimen is taken here and there, but as years go by there is no perceptible increase, while in some waters, which were liberally stocked, they have disappeared altogether.

FAITH HEALING.

(Chicago Times.)

Faith-healing is attracting great attention in various cities and towns in this country. There are several faith-doctors in this city, and the persons who testify to their ability to "cure all manner of diseases" are numerous. Faith-healing has created so much excitement in Boston, that a foreign journal has sent a representative from over the sea to investigate the matter. He represents that the believers in the faith-cure are numerous, and that they embrace persons in every walk in life. An international faith-healing conference was held in London. Delegates were present from the United States, Canada, and most of the countries from Europe. Even far away Australia was represented. The persons attending the conference were so numerous that it was found necessary to hold the sittings in Agricultural Hall, one of the largest assembly rooms in the city. London papers devoted much space to the proceedings of these meetings. The testimony given at this conference in proof of the cure of diseases that had long baffled the skill of the most celebrated masters of the healing art, would fill volumes. Some of it was given by persons occupying good social positions and possessed of a reputation for honesty and integrity. The papers generally admit that the persons who gave testimony were sincere. There was apparently no motive for them to state what they believed to be otherwise than true.

This is the age of inductive philosophy and science. A limit has been placed by these on the things that one who accepts the dogmas of philosophy and science can believe. But it is an age which generally accepts as literally true the events recorded in the New Testament. Christ was the great apostle of faith. He who was styled the "Great Physician" was styled a faith-healer. He not only practiced faith-healing himself, but he commanded his disciples to do so. He taught that the sick were healed by faith, and that the wicked were saved by it. The New Testament is the gospel of faith. Christianity is the religion of faith. The New Testament is a record of faith-healing and faith-saving. The modern preachers of the gospel of faith-healing have no trouble in finding texts in the New Testament. It is full of them.

Doctors, lawyers and scientists generally reject the testimony given in behalf of faith-healing. They first state that there is no certain proof that the persons who declare that they were cured were sick. The second declare that the evidence offered will not bear the test of scrutiny. They, like the doctors, affirm that only experts are competent to pass on the testimony offered. They desire to have the subjects for faith-healing examined in order to ascertain if they are really diseased, or simply imagine they are ill. Some wish to make the wounds that are to be cured by faith. Others desire to have the attempts at faith-healing made in a public hospital and in the presence of the regular staff of physicians, and propose to apply scientific tests to the power of faith as a curative agent. They wish to examine its operations and effects as they would do if a new drug was to be tested.

These persons are unreasonable in their demands. The power of faith cannot be measured by any instrument found in the best laboratory in the world. It cannot be tested by chemical reagents. Faith has nothing to do with science and philosophy. It is a world unto itself. The laws that govern it are entirely unknown to the men who talk learnedly about atoms, molecules, attraction and repulsion, and other subjects discussed in scientific books. Faith commences before reason, science and observation begin, or where they all end. Faith to scientific men is likely to be simply a superstition. To the man not learned in books it may be a reality.

The men who ridicule faith-healing are as likely to exercise faith in other matters as the faith-doctors or the faith patients. Human trust and confidence are inspired by faith, and generally by faith alone. A man takes a woman for a wife, not because it can be demonstrated that she is the superior of any of her sex whom he knows, but because he has faith in her. Most sick persons have faith in the doctors they employ, and the cures they effect may often be added to the list of faith cures. Doctors should be among the last persons to make light of faith-healing. The faith of a patient in his physician has often more to do with his recovery than all the drugs he swallows. Faith inspires almost every great enterprise, invention and discovery. Science apparently demonstrated that a vessel could not be propelled by steam across the Atlantic ocean. But faith tried the experiment and succeeded. Our currency is secured by national bonds, but faith is the only apparent security for the national bonds.

Little Jennie was capsized in a boat one day and would probably have been drowned, had she not had presence of mind enough to keep her hands and feet moving, and thus kept herself afloat until help came. When she was retiring that night, her mother told her that she must thank God for having rescued her from a watery grave, which she did in the following way: "Dod, I am oblidthed to oo for helping to thave me fwom drowning—and, then, I had a little thenth mythelf."

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1885.

LET US BE UNDERSTOOD.

From a recent editorial in the *GOLDEN GATE*, opposing "leagues against labor," as we were disposed to designate all combinations of laborers that operated against the free employment of capital, a correspondent infers that we are opposed to the organized efforts of the laboring classes to better their condition. It is difficult to understand how any such inference could have been deduced from said article; although, perhaps, we failed to make ourselves clearly understood. We will now try to be more explicit.

It is unreasonable to suppose that we would oppose any wise or proper efforts of the laborer to better his state in life. We oppose only those misguided efforts that result disastrously, bringing, oftentimes, dire hardships upon himself and family. In this category we may place nearly all labor strikes, together with such labor unions as persist in demanding prices for labor that operate as a bar to the employment of capital.

Take for illustration the operation of the rigid rules of the Miners' Union of Virginia City. This Union, in the flush times of the big bonanzas, contained about eight thousand members. The wages demanded then were four dollars per day, of eight hours, with such changes of shifts within the eight hours as the Union might determine. The same wages are still insisted upon, although the bonanzas have become exhausted. Not one-third of the number of miners are employed now in the mines of the famous Comstock lode that were employed then. In most of the mines all work is suspended, and millions of dollars worth of machinery is lying idle. The more thrifty class of miners have left for other parts, where they are glad to work for less wages, while many of those who remain are troubled to know where to look for the next square meal.

Now, it is well known that there are scores of miners on the Comstock that possess low grade ores, that would pay their owners to work with wages at \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day, but which will not pay at \$4. The question simply resolves itself into this: Would it not be better for the miner and the country for the farmer to accept \$3.00, when he cannot earn any more than that for his employer, rather than refuse to work and suffer the privations consequent upon idleness.

A few years ago millions of dollars were seeking investment in San Francisco. Many large projects for the investment of capital were on the tapis, and in some instances, contracts were let looking to the expenditure of large sums for labor and material. Just then a howling blatherskite, in the supposed interest of labor, by appealing to the baser passions of the ignorant, succeeded in inflaming the minds of thousands against the capitalists of the country. The Sand Lot became a mighty terror. Property and life were threatened with the torch and axe, and universal gloom and stagnation hovered like a dread portent over the land. All contracts involving large expenditures of money, were declared off; capital, like the coward it always is, slunk away into its holes, and laboring men by thousands wandered idly and hungry about our streets. Is there a laboring man in the land who can now look back to that dark day in the history of our State, and tell wherein he was benefitted by those movements in the supposed interests of labor.

The point we made in our former article, and which we now repeat, was, that it was better for a laboring man to work for small wages than not to work at all; that with everybody employed abundant production would naturally follow; and with large production would necessarily come low prices, thereby reducing the expenses of living. In other words, the purchasing quality of money would be greatly increased. Hence, small wages with everybody employed, would result in greater good to a greater number, in the fact of greater production and reduced prices of the necessities of life, than would high wages with one-half of the laborers of the country idle.

This proposition we are prepared to stand by. But in all matters wherein intelligent effort can be applied to improve the condition of the laboring classes, or lift the burdens from the shoulders of the poor, the *GOLDEN GATE* will never be found wanting.

"SHADOWS."

We have received, through the kindness of an esteemed friend, a copy of John Wetherbee's late work, entitled "Shadows," being a Familiar Presentation of Thoughts and Experiences in Spiritual Matters, with Illustrative Narrations.

Few pens have done more for Spiritualism than has that of the author of this work, and few whose utterances have been more acceptable to the many readers of our Spiritual literature. For twenty years or more his name has been prominently before the public in the columns of our leading Spiritual journals. And through all of these years his efforts in behalf of our holy cause has been a "labor of love"—the free contributions of a thoughtful mind for the enlighten-

ment of others. In his "Shadows," which is deserving of the widest patronage, we trust he may reap some portion of that pecuniary reward to which he is justly entitled.

The book is actually full of good things, a small sample of which appears in this issue of the *GOLDEN GATE*; and if not enjoined by the author with a double-barrelled shot gun we intend to appropriate other samples in the future. In the meantime we would advise all of our readers to secure a copy of the book.

DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW.

"One world at a time," says the materialist, when confronted with any of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. He affects to take no interest in any other life than this, and doesn't care to know of any other.

Such disinterestedness in a question of as grave importance as that of the continuity of life beyond the border line of death is not creditable to the intelligent mind. It is as if the astronomer should say, "I take no interest in any other planet than this. The vast universe of suns and systems interest me not. One planet at a time."

Who would proscribe the boundaries of human knowledge? Shall we say, Thus far and no farther? Is it consistent with the progressive nature of man that he should be willing to close his mind to the influx of light or knowledge? No true Spiritualist would underestimate the importance of this life, nor its needs. Human duty is the paramount duty of man in this life. Yet, shall we stop there and take no interest in esthetic or spiritual culture? When the veil is rent, and the gates left ajar, shall we turn our eyes away and refuse to look within?

That is just what "one world at a time" means. It is not complimentary to our dead to have no wish or care to know whence they have gone. We would advise no one to neglect the study of all that pertains to man's welfare in this life; at the same time why should we not seek to know something of that other life whither we are going?

In visiting a foreign land it is always well to learn something in advance of the country and people. One should learn the language of the country, the habits and life of the people. He should also seek to know something of the currency in use, the kind of luggage he may need, and, in fact, everything calculated to be of service to him when he shall become a resident of the country. Is not this a proper thing to do?

We are all nearing the time when we must pass on to the other life. It would seem to us the part of wisdom to profit by the glorious opportunities offered and learn all we can concerning the nature of that life.

TRUE SPIRITUALISM NOT VANDALISM.

These golden words from the lips of that grand champion of Spiritualism, Rev. Samuel Watson, should be written on the hearts of all Spiritualists:

"The time has passed for tearing down and building up nothing, as has been the course pursued by some public speakers. It has been that policy which has caused much of the antagonism that we find among the churches to Spiritualism. It should be conservative, firm, but charitable; more constructive and less iconoclastic. It is not the destroyers, but the builders that lead mankind onward and upward to higher ideas. I cannot see how any intelligent Spiritualist can be anything but liberals in the true sense of the word. They should claim nothing for themselves that they do not concede to all others, the right to think and speak their sentiments freely.

We cannot see what satisfaction any Spiritualist can derive from attacking the churches, or belittling or sneering at the grounds of religious faith of other people. It is not the way to advance his own cause; on the other hand, it repels many religious people from investigating our facts and philosophy.

The church has been the nursing mother of millions of honest souls. In its bosom they were born and nurtured, and all their hopes of a future life are centered in its teachings. It is a cruel wrong to unnecessarily wound the feelings of any one.

We have but little patience with those bullwhackers of reform, who think the correct thing to do, in order to advance their cause, is to cut and slash, and tear around, just as though there was not a particle of sense or feeling in the universe, except what was encased within their own tough hides.

Spiritualists need to cultivate those graces of spirit, that gentle charity for others' beliefs, and even weaknesses, that never fail to win their good opinions. We should remember that in the eyes of many fairly intelligent people we are a set of deluded cranks—that the things we think we know are the very things we do not know—that we are the victims of fraud and humbuggery of the worst kind. This fact should teach us moderation in our judgment of others.

RAW RECRUITS.—Rev. Sam Jones seems to be in direct communication with His Satanic Majesty's dominions. This latest message therefrom is to the effect that, "Hell is filled with women who go shopping." What could be more delightful to the average woman, who does not see the inside of a terrestrial dry-goods store from one year to another? If he finds nothing more disagreeable there for men, he is exhorting sinners to no purpose. He should make greater distinction between those orthodox destinations of souls, unless he is actually drumming up raw recruits for Sheol.

Mrs. Julia S. Park, teacher of voice culture and the art of singing, residence corner of Bancroft Way and Atherton street, Berkeley—we are pleased, upon the strongest recommendation of good judges, to commend to all who would become proficient in vocal music. She is a thorough professional teacher, of many years successful experience in New York and Brooklyn, and also in this State. She is a pupil of Bassini, and her method is practically that of the master under whom she studied.

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

A gay, young bank officer, of this city, a type of that class of fast young men who fare sumptuously and live reckless of all moral obligations to society, while his wife is sojourning in the East, forms meretricious relations with a young woman, to whom (she claims), he represented himself as a single man, and won her affections as such. He tries of her in course of time and seeks to cast her off. This she resents by throwing vitriol into his face, disfiguring him for life, if not actually causing his death, as at this writing the fiery caustic is supposed to be eating its way to the jugular vein, and also to the brain.

This is but another illustration of the old adage—"sowing to the wind and reaping the whirlwind." The man who trifles with a woman's love, has no one but himself to blame when he suffers even such terrible consequences as have been meted out to this young man. He trod upon the serpent of a jealous woman's heart, and it turned and stung him.

All women are not May Jacksons. Most women, thus outraged in their love nature, would have borne the bitter wrong alone. Crushed in soul and blighted in reputation, they would have sought surcease of sorrow and misery in the grave, or else have entered upon a life of dissipation—that broad way to ruin that leads down to the gates of perdition.

Of all the terrible crimes in the black catalogue, there is none that exceeds in its terrible consequences that of the unprincipled rascal who entices a young woman to her destruction. It speaks well for the forgiving and enduring nature of woman that more of their destroyers are not struck by lightning.

If the faces of all the men in this great city who habitually degrade and dishonor women, were suddenly disfigured, it would puzzle many people to recognize their acquaintances on the streets, even as they themselves might fail to be recognized.

JUST SO.

It is really amusing to observe how carefully some "imminent minds" are admitting the old truths of new philosophy. Dr. James R. Nichols of the *Popular Science News*, in commenting upon the growing interest in psychical research, says that, among men of learning, and protracted observations, the belief prevails that "there is, beyond the possibility of a doubt, a source of intelligence quite outside of human origination or 'interference.' But, also, the investigator 'is striving to obtain light upon phenomena which 'are obedient to no known natural laws, which 'are inconsistent, independent, capricious, un-mindful of precedents, willfully, and sometimes 'vicious,' and more of the same sort, concluding with the startling assertion that 'at present they 'have no means of establishing their theories.'"

It is very wise in the Dr. to admit the "positive belief," that is going a long way on his own account. It is not so long ago that all believers, and even investigators, were called fools and lunatics. If the Dr. would look about him and abroad over the world with an observing mind he would discover just about as much "inconsistency," "independence, capriciousness, willfulness, lack of precedents and viciousness," in the masses of embodied humanity, as he says characterizes these psychical phenomena.

It does not occur to him that persons go into the other life with all their personal traits and qualities of mind unchanged; that all growth and improvement there are dependent upon the same conditions as here. Every pair of eyes sees things from a different standpoint, and get different impressions from what they see; thus spirit statements regarding their life and surroundings differ. Wicked people who depart this life in their iniquity, remain so until they can see themselves as others see them, and if in the meantime they find a way to come back, they are apt to manifest "viciousness." It is all consistent enough.

DOING GOOD.

The Forestry Department of our country is indeed doing good work. Forestry Associations have been formed in Missouri, Canada, Manitoba, Colorado and New York, while horticultural and agricultural societies have been led to give a prominent place in their discussions to the subject of forestry. Forestry Commissioners, either to inquire into the needs of, or to manage the forest domain of their States, have been appointed in Vermont, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Colorado and California. Arbor-days have been instituted in fifteen States of the Union, and in the Canadas. Under the incentive of Nebraska, where this observance originated, more than five million trees were planted in the past year. Congress has under serious consideration most important legislation with reference to the forests of our national domain. The Forestry Bureau is a branch of the Agricultural Department at Washington, and has collected valuable material in the furtherance of the knowledge of the forest condition, in addition to Prof. C. A. Sargent's invaluable work of the census of 1880. This is a great problem of natural economy that is of equal interest to all, and all should rejoice that there is spirit as well as name in the business.

NOT ELASTIC ENOUGH.—Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps says in a recent contribution to the *North American Review*—when speaking of spiritual phenomena and the true method to be pursued for investigation: "To assume that a large mass 'of our respectable fellow citizens are either fools 'or knaves, no longer quite covers the case. The 'jugglery hypothesis, too often a sound and necessary one, is not elastic enough to stretch over 'the circuit,' and she relates an anecdote to illustrate and prove her assertion, in which 'the leading prestidigitator of the day' gives his professional opinion in terms not to be mistaken. The *Hartford Times* reminds its readers that Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Stratford, Conn., the grandfather of

Miss Phelps, was fairly driven with his family, in the autumn of 1849, and the winter of 1850, from the house in which he lived—such a house the prestidigitator said he would not stay in twenty-four hours.

A SCIENTIFIC (?) SETTLER.

A gentleman of this city, having witnessed an illuminated spirit at a materializing seance, wrote to the editors of the *Scientific American* to inquire if the science of chemistry could not explain the apparent phenomenon. The questioner received a postal card in reply containing the following scientific (?) settler.

Mr. —: The supposed spirits exhibited by clairvoyants and mediums are in most instances optical delusions, or else the effects are produced by slight of hand—chemistry has nothing to do with it.

Yours respectfully,
N. Y. Sept. 19, 1885. MUNN & CO.
That settles the question. The "supposed spirits" are, in most instances, optical delusions, or are "produced by slight of hand!" "In most instances!" Well, what are they in the other instances? If genuine in one single instance in ten thousand, that one instance settles the question of spirit return.

We should like to see the slight of hand that can write a message between two states, locked and sealed in such a manner as to render jugglery impossible. We would also like to witness the slight of hand that can control a child's hand, automatically, to write messages in French, German, and even Chinese, while the child possessed an indifferent knowledge of only the English language.

How easy it is for our so-called scientists to dismiss, with a toss of the head, the great mass of evidence of psychic phenomena, that are familiar to every intelligent Spiritualist.

PIANO RECITAL.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney, wife of the well-known poet, gave another of her charming class piano recitals, at her parlors, 595 Ellis street, on Monday evening, September 28th. Her spacious rooms were filled to overflowing with friends of pupils and teacher. The programme was most excellently carried out, and reflects great credit on the fair young performers, showing the marvelous skill of their instruction; especially so, when we consider the fact that the young ladies had reached such proficiency in the short space of two years. This fact alone speaks volumes for Mrs. Cheney as a teacher. She adopts the Stuttgart method, being herself a graduate of that institution, and a most accomplished lady and musician. The selections were all of the highest classical order; each number receiving its meed of praise. We would mention Misses Sears and Griffin as especially distinguishing themselves in the rendition of their solos. The others who participated were Misses Moulton, Lake, Chapman, Holbrook and Watson.

WEDDING BELLS.—On Monday evening last in this city, at the residence of Mrs. S. Smith, 518 Jones street, by Rev. Dr. Jewell, in the presence of a happy assemblage, Mr. Fred. Evans, the medium for independent slate-writing, and Miss Hance, the trance and test medium, were united in marriage. After the services the party sat down to an elegant supper, which was followed by music, singing and dancing until a late hour. On the following morning the bridal pair left for a few days' trip to Santa Clara, where they are the guests of Mr. Henry Harris. They are expected home on Saturday, and may hereafter be found at their residence, No. 100 Sixth street. The *GOLDEN GATE* wishes the happy pair a world of good luck. May the angels crown them with un fading laurels.

LOCUST EATING.—We are told that locust eating is becoming quite common in West Chester, Pa. Well, why not? We eat creatures far more repulsive to thought and sight—crabs, lobsters, eels, frogs and other forms of life that are put upon the list of delicacies. Now, the locust and all his relations are eminently clean. They live on the best vegetation of the land, and are ever found in the sunlight and fresh air. One who can eat the small sea-game would not hesitate long over a nice dish of fried locusts or common grasshoppers. They are the chief store of the Indians' winter food, and if the "pale faces" once learn their goodness, we fear for poor Lo.

SIGNS OF MINISTERIAL GROWTH.—Speaking of a late church scandal, a secular paper in Boston advises that church disputes should be settled without noise, and if a minister offends, "he should be removed without giving unnecessary publicity to the cause." This would perhaps be good counsel in all matters of disagreement, but not particularly so in church cases. Ministers are generally "removed" on charges of heresy, and as all such accusations plainly indicate mental growth, the public and the world generally have an interest in knowing the facts, since they would keep up with the sectarian drift of advanced thought.

POOR FELLOW!—A Mormon prisoner in the Utah penitentiary wrote to a friend: "I am serving out a term of six months' sentence for loving, cherishing and caring for my dear families, 'consisting of three of the best, noblest and loveliest wives in the Union, and twenty-three just 'as good and pretty children as ever came from 'heaven to sojourn for a season on this mundane 'sphere.' The story of the wives and families would be still more pathetic. It is one of many sad tales that will constitute the legendary history of Utah and other Mormonistic communities some hundreds of years hence, when polygamy has become a mythical creed.

That brave and noble champion of Spiritualism, the *Banner of Light*, that for twenty-eight years has heralded the new gospel to the world, has just entered upon its fifty-eighth volume. It has grown with the holy cause it advocates, until in influence and importance its name and fame are world-wide.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Among the decapitated at the San Francisco Mint, whose heads fell into the basket the other day, is Miss Sarah Brown, daughter of old John Brown, of Harpers Ferry fame.

How many of the young men, or young women, graduates of our public schools are able to tell what a monkey-wrench is, or can define the uses of a throttle-valve, or a canhook, or a steam-chest?

We call attention to the excellent article entitled "Whither?" on our fifth page. It is from a scholarly pen, and from the standpoint of one not yet fully convinced of the great truths of Spiritualism.

A copy of Hon. M. M. Estee's able address before the State Agricultural Society should be in the hands of every farmer and producer in the State. It contains a vast array of facts important for all to know.

It is within the range of reasonable probabilities that a hall for Spiritual meetings, with library and reading room attached, and perhaps a home for the *GOLDEN GATE*, will be erected in this city within the next few years.

The Spiritual Temple, recently constructed in Boston, by a wealthy Spiritualist and medium, at a cost of \$250,000, was dedicated last week to the invisibles. We are promised the full particulars by a Boston correspondent.

Spiritualism in England, endorsed as it is by those eminent English scientists, Profs. Brooks and Wallace, has a standing that it has not reached in this country. But it is gaining ground here in a marvelous manner.

All three months' subscriptions for the *GOLDEN GATE*, commencing with the first number, will expire with our next issue, No. 13. Subscribers are respectfully invited to renew at once, as we greatly dislike to erase any name.

No reader of the *GOLDEN GATE* should fail to read the beautiful tribute to a departed brother—Alexander Lyons—which appears on our first page. It is a complete embodiment of the truth and philosophy of Spiritualism concerning death and the after life.

A GOOD POINT.—The *New Northwest* makes a good point in the following: "If a felon dis-'charged from prison is to have the privilege of a 'vote, and the majority of them do under the 'existing order of penitentiary discipline, isn't 'it rather hard on a woman, for the stealing of 'whose property the felon may have been sent to 'jail, to be denied the same privilege?' Yes, it is a truth, sex is a greater barrier against suffrage than crime. Those opposed to women voting pretend that they have their interest at heart and will not look at it in this light, but it is correct for all that. It would be a hard thing to convince a man that he should be content for another man to make the laws that govern him. Centuries have failed to so convince the women of to-day.

AN IDEAL GOODNESS.—Mr. Moody says: "The trouble with people is, they are trying to make themselves out better than they are." We do not agree with the reverend gentleman. Every man and woman, however lacking in goodness and grace, has an ideal of what they would like to be, which is nothing more nor less than a true reflection of what it is possible for them to become by self-striving. If they sometimes mistake this ideal for the real, it is only proof that they are drawing nearer to it, and no indication whatever of an attempt to deceive themselves or others. Man is not always as he thinks, but he may become so, and therefore he cannot think himself too good.

UNIFORM MEASURE OF TIME.—The old country would do well to follow the initiative taken by this country in adopting a uniform measure of time, divided into zones. Between the countries bordering on the lake of Constance there are five different systems of computation, and between Swiss and Austrian time there is a difference of twenty-eight minutes. Now, we should think the Austrians, Bavarians, Wurtembergers, Badenese and the Swiss would call an international congress, and agree upon a common meridian, thus doing themselves and the moving world a favor, whose benefits would be equally appreciated.

NATIONAL DISGRACE.—The cry—"It is a disgrace to America,"—that the Wyoming outrage on the Chinese sent ringing through the land is not soon to die away. The culmination of hostilities at Seattle, W. T., and vicinity, are just as disgraceful and heartless, if less barbarous, than the doings of Wyoming. The burning of the discharged Chinamen's baggage at Black Diamond, after they had been driven into the woods, was a deed simply fiendish. A set of men who have so little regard for the laws and honor of their country deserve to be excluded therefrom quite as much as the Chinese.

SIXTY-FIVE AND SIXTEEN.—"Sudden deaths" are very common, but "sudden marriages" less so. We read of one that occurred between a couple, the gentleman sixty-five and the lady sixteen, after an hour's acquaintance. They very wisely set out for Niagara Falls, where, if they discover any mistake in their rashness, they can plunge into vast and vapory depths of the "Horse Shoe." If marriage is a lottery in its results, perhaps it is just as well to trust first attraction, as old acquaintance, whose familiarity often discovers humors, blemishes, and "breeds contempt."

FROM BEYOND THE SEA.—Wm. Eglinton, the eminent English psychic, who, we sincerely hope, may be induced to visit this country, thus sends kind greeting to the *GOLDEN GATE*:

EDITOR OF *GOLDEN GATE*.—Dear Sir: Permit me to congratulate you upon the successful issue of the first numbers of the *GOLDEN GATE*. Typographically and editorially it leaves nothing to be desired, and without reflecting in the slightest degree upon the excellent journals on this side of the water, one wishes that a *GOLDEN GATE* were opened unto us in the metropolis. I trust it may long continue to champion the cause of Truth and Immortality.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

It will cost a circus \$1,000 a day for taxes to show in Los Angeles.

Five daily papers in New York have suspended publication since the 1st of last January.

The United States Government maintains thirty-eight lighthouses along the Hudson River.

The Haywards Journal tells of a cherry orchard of five acres at that place which this year netted its owner \$4,000.

A ten-stamp mill on the Young America mine, at Sierra City, has just cleaned up \$16,000 for a sixteen days' run.

A pumpkin raised on the ranch of B. Bradley, near San Jacinto, weighed one hundred and ninety-five and one-half pounds.

Notices have been posted about the streets of Seattle warning the firemen not to interfere should fires break out in Chinatown.

A Ventura paper says there are orders in that county for 30,000 pounds of dried peaches, to be shipped to Philadelphia direct.

The inventor of the Waterbury watch has built an engine so small that, with boiler, governor and pumps, it would stand on a gold dollar.

Iowa has five new public libraries organized within a year, showing the interest in libraries which is growing among all Western States.

At a meeting of Napa county fruit growers last Saturday it was stated that a single firm have made \$160,000 in shipping fruit East this year.

Russia has a population of about 100,000,000; has a public debt of about \$3,500,000,000; she spends about \$10,000,000 a year above her revenue.

The Colusa Sun is making a vigorous fight for the high license system but is antagonized by the prohibition people who will have a clean sweep or nothing.

D. O. Mills takes a sanguine view of the business outlook, and says that if he were a young man it is just the time he would choose to go into business.

It will be some future generation which will build a fitting monument to Grant. The present generation talks too much about doing it.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Idaho from Alaska has arrived at Victoria, B. C., with \$70,000 in gold from 100 days' crushing at the Treadwell mine; also \$1,200 from the placer diggings.

A Southern negro won't eat a black sheep under any circumstances, and the Southern wool-grower is taking advantage of this superstition to raise none other.

It is officially announced that Spain will accept the mediation of the Pope in her dispute with Germany over the Carolines question should an arbitrator be needed.

One firm of raisin-growers at Orange, Los Angeles county, has 225 men and twenty-five teams at work, and have now twelve acres of land in one place covered with drying grapes.

The plate at Windsor castle is worth £2,000,000. It is crown property, and "if a single spoon were lost," says Mr. Labouchere, "it would have to be replaced by the queen."

An English railway conductor recently refused promotion on the ground that he could not afford to vacate his humble position, which yielded him \$500 a year in "tips," besides his wages.

A clerk who levanted to Canada from Sedalia, Mo., with his employer's funds, has returned and restored \$9,000, saying that he would sooner go to the penitentiary than live in the Dominion.

A large amount of canned salmon from British Columbia is being received at Duluth over the Northern Pacific. It comes packed in cases made of Alaska fir, and is bound for Canada East.

The Indian Medical Gazette gives the number of persons killed in Bengal alone by animals, for five years, at from 1,264 to 1,302 in each year. The snakes destroy from 9,153 to 10,064 annually.

The people of San Jacinto, San Diego county, have resolved that if any man starts a saloon in that place, they will ignore the presence of him and his family in every way, and will have nothing to do with them.

There is a natural bridge near the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico, twenty miles north of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, which, it is claimed, surpasses in every way the famous one in Virginia.

It is astonishing what interest the colored population are taking in schools, says the Hinesville (Ga.) Gazette. There are some little fellows who pass through Hinesville every day who walk six miles to school and six miles back.

The grading of the California Southern has all been completed, and by the last of this week the track will all be laid except over a few bridges now being built. By October 15th trains will run through from San Diego to the East.

A New York physician, "who is taken by everybody to be ten or fifteen years younger" than he is, attributes this favorable condition to the use of lemonade taken regularly four times a day. He has used 3,000 lemons a year for ten years.

In a recent case tried at Reno, where there was a flagrant miscarriage of justice, the Judge told the jury that they had violated their oaths and had disregarded the testimony, and that a jury composed of Indians would have done better than they.

"The German race," said Mr. Talmage, the preacher, telling of the travels from which he has returned, "have attained a wonderful state of development, both mental and physical. You can talk with a cab-driver on a scientific subject and get intelligent answers."

Beet sugar has overtaken and passed its only rival, cane sugar. The estimated supply for the coming crop year is 2,505,000 tons, while of cane the yield is estimated at 2,100,000 tons. Of the total amount, 4,605,000 tons, the United States will probably consume about one-fourth.

A Chinaman was fined \$50 in a Napa county court recently for some offense, and as soon as he was told of the amount he turned to the Judge and told him that he would like him to settle a delinquent wash bill of \$20, and of an officer of the court standing by he made a similar demand. The money was at once forthcoming and the fine was paid.

A new telegraph pole has been invented, which, if adopted, will make more business for the iron men and less for the lumber men. It is constructed of tubular malleable iron, galvanized, two and a half inches at the top, weighs fifty pounds, and will stand a greater strain than the ordinary pole. The bottom sets in a clam plate, six inches square, which grips the ground. Satisfactory tests have been made.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

WHITHER?

BY CHAUNCEY PARK.

The perpetuation of being has always ranked as an absorbing theme of human inquiry. From its foundation in religious thought it has risen to the climax of human interrogatories. To the question whither, as it relates to the existence of mankind beyond visible life, both theory and dogma, have ever been busy with answers. Between the confusion and entanglement of speculation, and the narrow grooves of unbending creeds, the problem of the future has had a hard time of it. Mountains of superstition and error have stood athwart the natural paths of human inquiry, and deflected it into the devices of ignorance and bigotry. But this question whither, put in the light here presented, still maintains prominence as the converging point of all earthly research. The procedure of human nature from the very germ to the cultured and refined being, demands that at death we should ask whither? The extension of consciousness beyond the borders of the mortal does not require an isolated historical fact of resurrection for proof, such as institutional religion relies upon. Its entrance upon a higher phase of career is as natural as the transit of a butterfly from a chrysalis. To the question whither, in regard to the Ego of being, after it has done with earth, no rational or scientific answer has been attempted except by Spiritualism. Theology has proved itself inadequate to the task. Its answer is rejected by those who do their own thinking, because it culminates reason, and substitutes a pure blind faith on which to construct its hypothesis of an immortality. The erudition of science, in the aggregate, has, with strange inconsistency, turned a cold shoulder to the question as one beneath its consideration. Materialism makes ignorance its shield, and denies the right even to ask the question. It says that human consciousness goes down into dust, along with bone and muscle and blood and tissue, of which it is only a part, and to which it belongs. Materialism does violence to human intelligence by asking it to look with satisfaction into the open grave as the place of its extinction and annihilation. To the mind constituted to think broadly and thoroughly it will never be admitted that death ends all. To such a mind the belief of life beyond death is not left to a peradventure. It is only whither? that is asked. Into what conditions and elements and experiences and forces and powers does the human enter after bodily death?

Although not having yet reached the position of a novice even in Spiritualism, the author of this article is already convinced that the proof and theory of the same answer the question whither more commensurate with its requirements than has ever been done before. It is to be observed that Spiritualism is not presented as a scheme of doctrine, concocted by religious zealotry, and stereotyped by traditionalism. It is not advanced on the uncertainties of speculative philosophy. It is looming up in modern civilization on a mighty revelation, backed by the authority of phenomena that cannot be controverted. Phenomena that prove as has never been proven before the continued existence of human beings after physical life has ceased. It clears up the mystery in a marvellous way, which has hitherto surrounded the question whither, for if its phenomenal facts are of any value, they establish the reality of a spiritual existence into which we pass from this life. It reveals its facts by astounding tests, and then its theory follows as a just and natural sequence. It proves first and theorizes afterward. How strictly in accord is this with the highest rationalistic sense. No method of scientific lore could be more commendable. Ecclesiasticism postulates concerning the life beyond, on meagre data, nearly two thousand years old, and transmitted through the unacceptable media of pious frauds, fanatical bigotry and despotic propagandism. The evidence of Spiritualism is fresh, direct and abundant every day and hour. And moreover, open to the free and full examination of all who may desire to test its credibility. What a contrast between this and institutionalism, with its environments and embargoes, its intrenchments and strictures.

A strong attraction of Spiritualism is the thorough investigation that it courts. And to the judicial mind this must constitute an important point in favor of the genuineness of its claims. The inquiry whither is met by Spiritualism with open arms of welcome. Indeed, its chief delight is to respond whenever and wherever it can find opportunity. It leads the question, not to its traditions, or its elders, its organizations, its human authority, or its history, but to its vivid, realistic phenomena, its hard facts. It says, come and see, and then believe. Candor compels the admission that the philosophy of Spiritualism is a reasonable deduction from its facts. The question, what becomes of consciousness after the death of the body? is answered by proof of its existence, in radically different and more illimitable conditions of being, in comparison with which this earthly life of ours is emphatically a wretched bondage. Assuming that Spiritualism, in the length and breadth, the height and depth of its truths, is a final

answer to our query of the future, then we say, utterance is dumb in the presence of this majestic revelation. The intellectual enthusiast, earnestly searching for truth and light, stands on the threshold of this golden gate to another life, entranced and speechless with the vision that opens to his mental gaze. He has been asking whither? all his life, of dumb oracles. Fed with the husks of popular, religious and materialistic philosophies, he has well nigh famished. Living in the midst of frivolous and absorbing sensualities, he has experienced a spiritual desolation, that made existence at times intolerable. With no adequate response in the past or present to his deep yearnings, he has despaired of the future. Finally, a voice, a message, or the familiar form of some one long dead, pierces the gloom that fills his life. He is transfixed with wonder by this mysterious evidence. Investigation follows. He is assured of its reality. The conviction of an exalted and refined existence, after the present, enthralls his entire nature. He feels that he has been brought face to face with the grandest of realities at last. While the new life revealed to him is transcendent in its superiority over "the life that now is," yet he finds it is consistent and harmonious with his most intelligent judgment. He cannot escape the conclusion that he is contemplating for the first time in life a veritable, spiritual world of order, power, purity and beauty, such as it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive. A world, not excluded or remote from the vast economy of nature, but incorporated in nature, although of an origin infinitely more subtle and occult than even the visible, sensuous world. Not doubtfully or with suspicion, but in rapture does he exclaim: "Oh, if this be true, what a consummation of human hope, what an assuagement of human sorrow, what an incentive for struggle through untoward and calamitous conditions, what a balm for separation, what a comfort for bereavement."

Whither? whither? cries the human, from his enslavement and besetments. Not here, answers Spiritualism, but in a beyond of ineffable career, of deathless life. And the answer is given freighted with evidence that forces incredulity into belief. Evidence that remains immovable under the crossfires of scientific, philosophic and theologic attack.

Life and Visions in the Two Worlds.

[Prof. Alexander Wilder in the Journal of the American Akademie.]

Many pertinent questions seem to have been proposed at the session of the Akademie in March. The answer, however, was suggested beforehand in the initial paper of the season by President Jones. Man is dual or plural in nature and consciousness. He is actual and apparent in the sensible world by means of a material corporeality, and in the intelligible or spiritual world by means of his psychic body. He has analogous faculties therefore for each. It is well for him to develop and employ them as he may be able.

It does not appear so very certain that each condition has its limits, which may not be overpassed. We may justly question whether the quantity of matter in the globe or anywhere else is precisely determined; the dimensions certainly are not. It may also be asked whether matter truly never became or ceased to be matter, and whether the elements as they are usually denominated, do not undergo transmutation. The analogies of nature do not sanction the notion of perpetual sameness in its various departments. We have not the warrant for asserting that gold is or has been always gold, silver always silver, iron always iron. The affinities of chemical atoms, and their variableness, indicate the elements to be compounds of simpler material; and if this is the case, there can be few primal substances—barely enough for the evolving of polarity. Life, it may safely be affirmed, is the principle behind that makes them become what they seem to us. We witness this in nature. The air-plant creates potassium, for it is not found in the air or rain; the snail, the oyster and the coral produce lime by their vital functions; the diatom makes flint, and so on. The notion of transmutation popularly attributed to the alchemists is thus realized.

We have no valid excuse for the endeavor to dodge around the Supreme Being by the hypothesis of force in matter. If there was not life behind, there would be neither force nor matter, neither created thing nor energy. Every atom must have a life peculiar to it; and that is the polarizing principle which we denominate magnetism. The universe is alive all the way through; even the earth; stones and corpses. Every thing really dying would cease to be in that very instant.

Matter in its last analysis, the scientists Boskovich and Faraday assure us, must be resolved into force. We can form no notion of an atom or nucleus apart from its energy. As all plants and animals are constituted corporeally of solidified air, so by analogy of reasoning, all matter is the product of solidified forces, as in the account of Genesis, Eve was produced from the Adam. If we can conceive of spirit as positive energy, and that it may in some arcane way become negative, we may form the concept of the source and originating of matter. One solitary atom is nucleus sufficient for the production of a universe,

"All things"—the universe—Paul declares "are out of [ek] God."

The Brahman, unlike his son, was able to see the mighty banyan-tree in the seed which potentially contained it. Everything contains the eidolon of its future. The unborn child has eyes, ears and nostrils, as well as brain and lungs. The psychic or unspiritual man has his spiritual organism, but knows it not. (Corinthians I. ii. 14). The disciple of the higher wisdom is the one addressed: "But blessed are your eyes for they see; and your ears, for they hear." To see and hear the real truth is the function of the spiritual or noetic principle; to reason it out from observation and comparison is the province of the diaphanetic or scientific faculties, and yet these cannot do it successfully except by illumination from the higher region. Thus the perception of the Brahman in the Upanishad was not circumscribed as was that of his son, by Time or limited to the phenomena of actual physical growth but reached beyond.

The veil which seems to be interposed between the temporal existence and the life which we are living in the eternal world, is more in the seeming than in fact. The clouds that hide the sun from our sight, are not placed in the sky for that purpose, but are produced from the earth. If we did not ourselves drink the Lethean draught, if we did not ourselves project the sensuous obscuring into the sky above our heads, we might even now behold clearly the real, which is both the ideal and the everlasting.

The Boston School War.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The struggle in Boston between Catholic and Protestant women to obtain possession of the School Board—for that is what it means, notwithstanding both sides disavow such a purpose—will attract more than local interest between now and the election, both on account of its denominational bearings as well as for its presentation of one of the curious phases of woman suffrage. From the latter point of view it is novel, as both the Catholic Church and the clergy are radically opposed to woman suffrage, and yet the registration of women in that church was publicly urged from its pulpits a week ago, and both laymen and priests are pushing it forward. This movement is applauded and seconded by the leaders of the suffrage party, who are glad to welcome new recruits to the ranks, whether they are Catholics, Protestants, Jews or Hottentots. The suffragists are jubilant over the prospects of generous reinforcements as the outcome of denominational bitterness.

The suffrage itself is restricted. Under the act of 1878 women were allowed to vote for school boards, the tax for registration being placed at \$2. The next Legislature lowered the tax to 50 cents, where it now remains. Under this law any woman over 21 years of age can become a voter for school committees by paying 50 cents and registering herself, but must attend to the matter personally and not expect "some other fellow" to do it for her. Hitherto the women of Boston have not availed themselves of their privileges to any considerable extent. In 1879 the number registered was 989; in 1880, 972; and in 1881 it fell to 640. In that year a formal organization of the woman's party was made, but somehow the movement languished and but 498 registered in 1882. The next year the liquor question became involved with the school question and the registration increased to 701. Last year some of the Protestant churches, among them that of Edward Everett Hale, co-operated with the party and its vote was further increased to 1,100.

It is owing to the participation of these churches in the movement that the present contest began. The Catholics freely charge that the women suffragists last year left off the names of well-known Catholics, who had served acceptably on the School Board because they were Catholics, and since that time there has been a concerted movement on the part of certain Protestant ministers, laymen and women to obtain a registration of women sufficiently large to defeat the nominees of the Democratic party for the Board at the coming city election. To offset this movement, as they claim, the Catholic women have been urged to register. On the other hand, not only the Protestants but the leaders of the woman suffrage party themselves deny that any such purpose has been entertained, and the evidence they offer bears out their assertions. The action of the Catholic laymen looks suspiciously like an attempt to gain control of the Board, although no schools in this country are so free from denominational influences as those of Boston, and they are largely patronized by Catholic laymen in preference to the parochial schools. If the Catholics get control of the Board there will be a danger that they will dominate the management of the schools. Against such a possibility all good citizens and citizenesses should take a firm stand and resolve to keep the schools undenominational. If they do not, and the Protestant women allow their Catholic sisters to outregister them, they will have no reason to complain in the future.

Chicago girls never visit friends outside of their own city in winter—they don't like people of other places to see their tracks in the snow in the sidewalks.

IN MEMORIAM.

Dear Mother! thou whose holy, happy kiss First woke my being to life's conscious bliss— Thy last farewell on earth, so lately said, Hath made it seem that all true love is dead! I gaze far through the silvery mists of time And see thee in thy lovely, rose-wreathed prime, Dispensing blessings to th' clamorous brood, Sheltered by downy wings of motherhood, A world of sweetness in thy fond caress, Ah, little knew we then love's preciousness! For 'tis by slow grinding of th' awful years, And steady dropping of grief's scalding tears That pearls of mother-love grow spotless white And altogether priceless in our sight!

O, womanliest of women! thy life Doth show no flaw—as daughter, help-meet wife And gentle ministrant! above all art; Strong, self-poised, with sweet humbleness of heart; Bearing life's bitter crosses with a smile And always "hoping for the best"—meanwhile Leaning trustfully upon the great unknown Whose love through thy own life-work sweetly shone, And tending th' little sheep-fold carefully Through all the wild storms of adversity— Desire and duty ever one with thee, Thus life's discords resolved to harmony.

And when thy weary feet trod th' sunset slope That lead to the fruition of life's hopes, The golden seeds that thou with tears had sown Sprang forth in affection's flowers, full-blown, And made thy path to th' golden gate's great arch Seem almost like a queen's triumphal march! And as thy dear face grew more dim to me Amid the shadows of death's mystery, From out the vast Eternity, methought there came The sound of voices sweet calling thy name, Like a welcome home to some one most dear; And now I must feel Eternity near, For still thy love holds me—sweetest of ties; Still shall I question and wait for replies. O, will the shadowy curtain of death Be lifted a little by love's sweet breath? Will there come as of yore thy love's pure light Into the darkness of sorrow's wild night? Hush, selfish heart! let that haven of rest Be exempt from th' storms that roll o'er thy breast; Since to thee, my mother, sweet peace is given I'll turn ever a smiling face toward Heaven!

—Elizabeth Love Watson.

Sunny Brae, Cal., Sept., 23d 1885.

HELP FOR THE CAUSE.

To those Spiritualists who, when through with their earthly possessions, would like to advance the cause of Spiritualism, we would suggest—as the GOLDEN GATE establishment is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name—that they incorporate the following clause in their wills:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto James J. Owen, and Mattie P. Owen, his wife, of San Francisco, California, publishers of the GOLDEN GATE [here insert the description of the property to be willed], strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the elevation of humanity in this life, and a search for the evidences of life beyond."

Any funds placed in our hands for this worthy purpose will be most faithfully devoted to the object named.

NEWS AGENCIES.

The GOLDEN GATE may be had of the following news dealers in San Francisco and Oakland:
H. F. Smith & Co., 225 Kearny St.;
J. C. Scott, 28 Third St., and cor. Market and Geary;
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market St.;
Chas. Foster, Ferry Landing;
O. C. Cook, cor. Tenth and Broadway, Oakland;
T. R. Burns, N. W. cor. Ninth and Broadway, and S. W. cor. Seventh and Broadway, Oakland.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, September 27th; answers to questions at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7:45; subject: "The Doctrine of Future Rewards and Punishment, in the Light of Spiritualism." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

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.

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.

SPIRITUALISM.—IN ALBION HALL, 114 O'Farrell St., Sunday, Oct. 4th, at 2 P. M., will be held a meeting for tests and expression of Spiritual thought. The eloquent speaker, Dr. Brown, will answer questions pertaining to the phenomena of Spiritualism in all phases, followed by other speakers; to close with a test psychometrical ballad by Mrs. Sophie Seip. All invited, particularly skeptics. Admission 10 cents.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

HOW TO INVESTIGATE.

[The following are the main portions of a letter addressed to H. H. Furness, the chairman of the Seybert Investigating Commission, several months ago. Whether the suggestions are heeded by said Commission or not, they are valuable for other investigators in Spiritual phenomena.]

Dear Sir: The request with which you honored me, at our recent interview, that I would furnish you with some suggestions in regard to the manner in which the important investigation upon which you have entered should be conducted, has since weighed much upon my mind, and I embrace the earliest opportunity to put in writing some thoughts which seem to me worthy of consideration.

Your personal efforts thus far (of which you gave me some details) to find satisfactory evidence of spirit-interposition in this world, or evidence worthy of being submitted to the Commission as a whole, must have already convinced you that the undertaking is one of no ordinary difficulty. When I look back over my own experience in this line of investigation, covering a period of nearly thirty-five years, and remember the obstacles at first encountered, the rebuffs and failures at times met with, the slow and step-by-step acquirements of a knowledge of the conditions requisite to success, the gradual advancement from point to point of conviction, until, only at a recent period, I was able to obtain conclusive demonstration of what is regarded as the crowning form of spirit-manifestation—that of re-embodiments, or “materializations”—when I reflect upon all this, I confess I cannot be sanguine of the ready and pronounced exhibition of these last-mentioned phenomena in the presence of your distinguished Commission—at least in the way I understand you propose to look for them. I fear you and your honorable associates have had little appreciation of the magnitude and difficulty of the task you have accepted.

A COMMON HINDRANCE.

In my own case, as I stated to you, I was compelled, after many futile attempts, to recognize the fact that predominant intellectual activity on my own part (which implies a subordinate degree of affectional or emotional intensity in my make-up) operated as a serious obstacle to the production in my presence of “materializations,” and this even though I had long been convinced of the reality of spirit-interposition in other modes. How or why this was, I will endeavor to make plain further on. It is hardly reasonable, then, to expect that a body of men, all presumably (from their professional occupations) distinguished for intellectual activity and force, should at once or even after repeated trials succeed in having evoked before them, sitting as an august tribunal, these most recondite and delicate phenomena of the higher class.

I am not sure but these gentlemen, if they are in earnest to know the truth on this matter rather than to make up an easy verdict (as I assume they are), will find it necessary to begin, as I and thousands of others have done, at the alphabet of the subject, and advance step by step toward the profounder mysteries—giving attention meanwhile to a department of culture often overlooked by intellectual men, namely, that of the affections and a childlike spirit. And they may find it necessary to pursue the investigation, not in an imposing body, with concentrated mental force, but as individual truth-seekers; and that, too, as in my own case, in the quietness and confidence of their own family or friendly circles, with reverent and teachable appeals to the Spirit of Truth. * * *

It ought to be obvious to any intelligent person, in the least acquainted with the phenomena claiming a spirit-origin, that, if such a claim is well-founded, the effects must be produced through the agency of a force or forces still more subtle than is ordinary electricity, and thus subject to more delicate “conditions”—which conditions or laws cannot be ignored with any hope of success in evoking the phenomena. And it may be reasonably supposed that those who have made these subtle forces and their laws a matter of study and experiment for years may know something more about them than do ignorant and prejudiced skeptics, or even than honest and intelligent scientists whose pursuits have been chiefly in other directions. If on the other hand these alleged “manifestations” are mere tricks of legerdemain, as some insist, then of course no other conditions than those required by ordinary prestidigitators need be allowed.

Further, it is reasonable to suppose that the intermediate agency or force referred to (assuming its existence), though doubtless allied and somewhat analogous to electricity and magnetism, is yet so much finer or subtler than these as to be sensitive to and affected by mental action, whether of minds in or out of the body. Else, how could the latter employ it? This being conceded, the mental attitude and action of all persons present where the phenomena are sought are liable to (intentionally or unintentionally) affect the results. This is to be expected by virtue of the same general laws under which the motions of the magnetic needle are influenced by the presence of metals in the pockets of bystanders, and the operations of the electric telegraph are interfered with by the presence of storms or the proximity of other conductors on the line. In other words, each mind or brain present is a battery for

the production of a subtle force, more or less powerful, which may help or hinder the results sought. Hence the instruments employed (mediums) must, for success, in some way be practically insulated from the disturbing action of surrounding minds. To ignore these “conditions” is to ignore the very first principles of truly scientific investigation, and to stultify common sense.

LIABILITY TO INTERPOLATION.

Every experienced investigator has met with numerous illustrations of these laws, and hence of the necessity of “conditions.” All such know that in every method of alleged communication from disembodied minds—whether by telegraphic signals, commonly called “raps,” or by movements, writing, impression or entranced control—there is liability to the interpolation of words and phrases from positive minds present in the body; as also, under certain circumstances, from invisible persons. Wherever communication is taking place, it is rational to suppose that numbers of spirits are crowding forward, anxious to make their presence known—their thoughts often unintentionally affecting the sensitive instrument, and causing confusion in the message. Sometimes, no doubt, these interpolations may come from mischievous or malevolent ones, who seek to annoy and to throw discredit upon the effort to communicate.

It is surely no unheard-of thing for designing persons in this world to make connection with material telegraph wires, and surreptitiously send or receive messages over them. Such interference must be still more feasible in mental or spirit-telegraphy, at least until the means of insulation and identification shall have been fully mastered.

The evident interference of embodied minds, in some instances, and the confusion, ignorance or discrepancies sometimes shown in messages appearing to come from the disembodied, have often been thought to argue a merely mundane origin for the whole; while in fact these things merely prove the sensitiveness of the instrument to positive mental action from any source.

EXTREME SENSITIVENESS OF PSYCHICS.

One illustration of this sensitiveness permit me to mention. A prominent psychic, or medium for “materializations,” so termed, of whose truthfulness in the matter I have no doubt, once stated to me that in his earlier experience he was not only fully conscious during the production of forms in his presence, but was rendered so keenly sensitive that he could read or feel the thoughts of the people present in the séance-room. Usually some among these regarded him as a trickster and impostor, and consequently had thoughts of sharp condemnation and abhorrence toward him. These thoughts, he said, penetrated him like knives or javelins hurled at him, causing intense pain, and so disturbing his mind as to render it difficult or impossible for the spirit-operators present to draw from his physical form the elements necessary to clothe themselves in visible bodies. Hence, in order to do this, they were obliged to first entrance him, rendering him entirely oblivious to all that occurred, and then, of course, he could take no responsibility for what might happen while in that state.

This probably is the case, and for the same reason, with most of those psychics who are used in public as mediums for this class of phenomena. (Of course I have no reference to impostors, if any such there are.) And in this condition of susceptibility to mental action, it is not only possible—it is quite probable—that these sensitives may at times be impelled by the psychic power of positive minds, full of ideas of trickery and deception, to do things which have the appearance of intentional fraud—and this either unconsciously or under an impulse which they have no power to resist, just as the subjects of a Mesmerist are often irresistibly impelled to do the most ridiculous and absurd things before public audiences. It is therefore manifestly unjust to adjudge such susceptible persons to be designing impostors, when they may be only passive and unconscious instruments of others. To make just discriminations here is a matter of no small importance.

HOSTILE INTERFERENCE.

And when is added the consideration that there have occurred, under my own observation, startling evidences of the occasional interference of hostile or mischievous invisibles, who (in sympathy with a large class of misguided people on earth) seek to bring all spirit manifestations and their instruments into discredit, and seize upon favorable circumstances to compromise mediums by causing appearances of proposed fraud, the argument becomes very strong, against hasty adverse judgments founded on *seemings* and a limited knowledge. The doubtful results of many séances, or even clear proofs of attempted deception in some cases, weigh nothing on the general question against positive and unmistakable demonstrations occurring in other instances.

One condition favorable to the interference of tricky or evil-disposed invisibles undoubtedly in the presence of professed investigators whose minds are charged with tricky imaginings or evil surmisings, thus naturally attracting congenial spirit-attendants. Another is the presence of those who are boastfully confident of their own

astuteness and superior ability to detect imposture. The mental attitude of this class is itself a challenge to unseen jugglers to play tricks on them. The deepest sincerity, with a reverent desire for truth, on the part of all present, is the only safeguard against invisible tricksters and foes of truth.

LIABILITIES OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Even the faculty of clairvoyance, which often furnishes very conclusive testimony to the presence of departed friends, when exercised by intelligent and trustworthy persons, is liable, in its higher grades at least—for there are many grades or phases of it—to be obstructed or wholly blinded by the unconscious emanations of certain persons, whether believers or unbelievers in Spiritualism; while those of others help to clarify and increase its power. A very sensitive clairvoyant has often described to me her sensations in the presence of certain individuals (sometimes confirmed Spiritualists) as being like those experienced in trying to face a storm of wind charged with particles of frozen vapor, or in attempting to look upward in the midst of the falling torrent beneath Niagara Falls. A forceful emanation proceeding (unwittingly) from these persons, striking upon the sensitive organ of this keener vision, causes them involuntarily to close, as do the external eyes under the above-mentioned circumstances; and then nothing can be seen, or perhaps only furtive and uncertain glimpses can be obtained. This affords an intelligible reason why persons of certain temperaments of mental habits can never obtain any satisfactory personal evidence of the reality of clairvoyance, while others obtain conclusive proofs. The ill-success of the former is surely no disproof to the latter. * * *

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, allow me to say that, in the light of what is already known of the laws of spirit-manifestation, and more particularly of the culminating process of re-embodiment, it is as little to be expected that the genuine demonstrations will be satisfactorily produced before your honorable Commission, while sitting in a body—composed as it is of gentlemen of predominant intellectuality and great mental positiveness (characteristics almost inseparable from their positions as public teachers)—some of them, if not all, strongly suspicious of fraud or jugglery in the whole business—as little to be expected, I say, as that your accomplished Professor of Chemistry could succeed in satisfactorily exhibiting the most delicate phenomena of electricity, magnetism or chemical affinity, in the presence of an incredulous body of students, each continuously discharging at him a *Gatling battery loaded with javelins*! For these material missiles bear a similar relation to physical things, to that which the *missiles of thought* bear to the finer elements of spirit.

I must, then, respectfully repeat the suggestion, that the members of the Commission will be far more likely to get at the real truth of the matter in hand, by seeking it *individually*, and if possible in the privacy of their own families, or, at least, in the presence of mediums in whose integrity they have full confidence, where their minds may be wholly free from suspicion of trick or jugglery, and where, too, the feminine or affectional element is well represented. If the mind is obliged to be constantly on the alert to detect imposture, it cannot be in a teachable mood for the reception of spiritual truth. The proper mental attitude for this investigation is a reverent desire to know the truth—to learn, if possible, what is the reality respecting the hitherto much-questioned mystery of the Resurrection—the *anastasis*, or standing again and living on of the conscious human being. For, be assured, nothing less than this is the grand significance of these demonstrations from behind the veil.

Miss Willard on Vocation for Women.

[Boston Traveler.]

Journalism is difficult and uncertain. Literature without the highest order of talent is hopeless. Lyceum lecturing has passed its prime, and the most gifted and famous alone can win in that arduous field. Public readings as an avocation for women is as much overcrowded as the legal profession is for men. In music, vocal and instrumental, there is an absolute glut of the market, save for the highly endowed.

Moreover, in all these lines, the standard is rising so steadily and to such a height that mediocrity, once endurable, is now hopelessly condemned. To be a fourth or even a third-rate musician is to have failed outright. To paint daubs and call them pictures, is a positive sin. To murder the modern languages by false accent and atrocious grammar, hath not forgiveness in this world.

The inventory I have outlined includes most of the higher occupations open to women, save one, and that is the broad, nay, the well-nigh, boundless field of practical philanthropy. Here, at last, the world is called before you, where to choose. No class of workers here outrank women in opportunity, dignity, or the rewards that a sincere heart prizes most. To be sure, wealth cannot be won here, but a moderate income sufficient for current needs, is certain to all faithful and efficient workers.

CIVIL SERVICE ON THE FARM.

[D. D. T. Moore, in American Agriculturalist.]

In these days, when so much attention is given to “civil service reform,” and the merit system, in filling various offices and clerkships in Governmental departments—National, State, Municipal, etc.—it may be well to inquire whether the rules adopted in these are not applicable, at least to some extent, to the engagement of employees in industrial pursuits, and notably to that of the leading occupation of the country, agriculture. It would be a great benefit and blessing, certainly, if a system could be introduced whereby such rural citizens as require more or less help could readily secure sober, civil, industrious and trustworthy assistants. Could some feasible plan be adopted to assure employers in regard to the industrious and steady habits, competency and moral deportment of those they engage for the season, or a longer period, many would be saved much of the disappointment, vexation and damage occasioned by the necessitated employment of men who prove idle, wasteful, intemperate, or otherwise incapable.

This is not a local question, but one of national importance. In many sections of the country there is abundant occasion for the inauguration of a system which will enable farmers, horticulturists, and stockmen, to obtain better help without the trouble and expense to which they are now frequently subjected. No progressive husbandman of reputable standing will knowingly or willingly employ a man of idle and dissolute habits—one who is not only careless and neglectful in the discharge of his duties, but whose example, in the use of vulgar and profane language, and disgraceful deportment, must prove injurious to his associates, and especially demoralizing to young people. Farmers whose families include children and youth, cannot be too careful in the selection of those they employ, both male and female, as their influence, for either good or evil, is very likely to prove both powerful and permanent.

But how can your suggestions about civil service reform on the farm be carried out, (asks the reader) especially in isolated rural neighborhoods, where farmers are often obliged to employ strangers? This is an objection, we admit, but not one which is insurmountable. If farmers, everywhere, will resolve to employ only industrious, skillful and trustworthy men, or the best that can possibly be obtained, and require strangers who apply for work to present strong recommendations as to character and competency, the difficulty may be measurably overcome. But in order to render this plan practicable, and of benefit to those specially interested, farmers must scrupulously regard each other's interest. For example, no one who desires to do as he would be done by, should recommend, either verbally or in writing, a person that he would not himself employ—a thing which is often done by prominent people of various occupations, either from kindness or to get rid of applicants.

This is a matter about which farmers should be extremely careful, lest they do injury to other employers, by influencing them to engage men who prove incompetent or otherwise objectionable. Whenever feasible, it would be well for farmers to organize, or have an understanding about the employment of farm hands for mutual protection against the impositions of pretended skilled laborers, who are really incapable, if not idle and vicious.

In conclusion, let us say that, whether he needs one or several men, the farmer who has a family cannot be too particular as to the character and qualifications of those he employs. The better way is, whenever practicable, to ascertain fully as to the character and antecedents of applicants before making engagements. Some farmers never engage an assistant until entirely satisfied as to his habits, as well as his competency, except in an emergency—such as being short-handed in harvest—and those who are thus cautious, usually secure and retain help that is satisfactory year after year. Such a course is wise, and should be pursued by all who would secure the services of men who will prove both efficient and trustworthy. Though a rigid examination may not be as necessary as under the civil service rules, the inquiry should be sufficiently careful to elicit the truth about the applicant, and thus prevent a deception which might prove both unpleasant and unprofitable.

A. Hirsute Philosopher.

[The following from an article on “What and Where is God?” in a paper called *Problems of Nature*, is fairly entitled to the merit of originality.]

A black hair is only a tube burned to coal by a current of electricity coursing through it. A white hair is the tube unburned. . . . There is not and there never was on the earth a person whose hair was burned as black as a piece of charcoal when wet who could make a philosopher, scientist, or constructor of any affair requiring great intelligence. Such a producer was never seen, and one never will be seen. No person whose hair was even brown was ever known to be anything eminent in the way of originality or constructing what embraced a great principle of law. No person whose hair was of the color of sand ever made a discovery of a work of nature or fact of any character, the

disclosure of which required an operation of the mind; and such a person is always as competent at one avocation as another. No person whose hair is red is anything else than a philosopher in his natural acquirements. And, in all such people, only a worry of the mind of sufficient length of time is needed to convert them into teachers of the facts and laws of a universe.

Japanese Women and Babies.

[Boston Herald.]

Pretty as she is on a pictured fan, a Japanese woman is far more satisfying to the æsthetic soul as she patters along, alive, on her wooden clogs or straw sandals. The poorest woman, in her single, cheap, cotton gown or kimono, is as much a picture as her richer sister in silk and crape. With their heads elaborately dressed, and folds of gay crape or a glittering hairpin thrust in the smooth loops of blue-black hair, they seem always in gala array, and rain or shine, never cover those elaborate coiffures with anything more than a paper umbrella. Below that the loose dress, opening in a point nearly to the waist, has lining and folds of gayer crape and silks laid aside, and the glory of the toilet culminates with the broad obi or sash. The obi of striped and figured crapes, brocades and silks are lined with stiffly starched cloth, wound round and round the waist, and fastened in a big cushion-like bow at the back. The long loose sleeves give grace and ease to the scant, smooth gown, and each slender figure is a pretty study by herself. The sweet soft voices, the gentle manners and the elaborate courtesy displayed by every one of them add the last and most gracious touches to these picturesque and irresistibly charming women.

As for the children, they are most characteristically Japanese of anything in Japan, and it would take columns to tell of the thousand and one cunning youngsters and their thousand and one cunning ways. The babies, from the limber-necked ones that count their ages by weeks, go about pick-back, tied on their mother's and little sister's backs, sleep with their heads rolling around at every angle, watch all that goes on with their little beads of eyes, but never cry. The shaven crowns and the gay little kimonos and obis that the children wear capture the eye all the while. When she is hardly five years old a little Japanese girl has her doll strapped on her back until she learns to carry it steadily and carefully. After that the baby boy or sister succeeds the doll, and these comical little Japanese children with the babies on their backs are to me the most fascinating thing to be seen on the street. One sees them wandering about with their parents as long as grown people are awake, and when I pointed one night to a poor little bald head bobbing around on a small sister's back, and said that that baby ought to have been in bed five hours ago, I was quickly asked: “Which of the babies?” as one child answered to the distinction in size about as well as the other.

The New “Osophy” of Buddhism.

Alanta Constitution.

Many intellectual people in this country who have always professed to hold Spiritualism in utter indifference are now very much interested in what they call “Psychical research.” They are also investigating a very extraordinary phase of Spiritualism called “theosophy.” This queer mystery comes to us from oriental lands, and is a mixture of Asiatic gnosticism, medieval magic and modern science. Mr. A. P. Sinnett is the founder, or rather introducer of this new school. In his “Occult World” and “Esoteric Buddhism” he has outlined its main features very attractively.

Such a hold has the new “osophy” already obtained that numbers of wealthy men have left their homes to dwell as hermits in the wilds of Thibet, where they may learn the unknowable from Buddhist professors. It is difficult to see what useful thing is taught in this weird school. It is claimed that the prosecution of certain studies will enable the student to walk in the air, to play with the clouds, to control the winds, to steer the stars, to multiply himself and appear in two places at the same time, and project himself astrally any distance. He also comes to a full understanding of the nature of God and learns how to re-incarnate himself in a body when old and worn out. Now these things are more wonderful than anything in ordinary Spiritualism, and yet there are learned men and women in Europe and America who profess to believe.

A Hungarian statistician has been studying the effect of comfort on longevity. His tables show that the richest people have an average life of fifty-two years, the middle forty-six, and the poor only forty-one and a half. A well-to-do man is as liable to infectious disease as a pauper, while diphtheria, croup, whooping-cough and scarlet fever are more prevalent among the rich. Consumption and pneumonia claim the poor, who are comparatively free from brain-fever. Cellar-dwellers are far more subject to disease than those who live above ground, except in diphtheria and scarlet-fever; nor do these diseases seem greatly advanced by over-crowding in tenements.—*London News*.

SYDNEY SMITH ON HAPPINESS.

I have a contempt for persons who destroy themselves. Live on and look evil in the face. Walk up to it and you will find it less than you imagined, and often you will not find it at all, for it will recede at your advance. Any fool may be a suicide. When you are in a melancholy fit, first suspect the body, appeal to rhubarb and calomel and send for the apothecary; a little bit of gristle sticking in the wrong place, an untimely consumption of custard, excessive gooseberries, often cover the mind with clouds, and bring on the most distressing views of human life. I start up at 2 o'clock in the morning, after my first sleep, in an agony of terror, and feel all the weight of life upon my soul. It is impossible that I can bring up such a family of children; my sons and daughters will be beggars; I shall live to see those whom I love exposed to the scorn and contumely of the world! But stop, thou child of sorrow and humble imitator of Job, and tell me on what you have dined. Was there not a soup or salmon, and then a plate of beef, and then duck, blanc mange, cream cheese dilute with beer, claret, champagne, hock, tea, coffee and noyeau? And after all this, you talk of the mind and the evils of life? These kinds of cases do not need meditation, but magnesia. Take short views of life. What am I to do in these times with such a family of children? So I argued and lived dejected and with little hope; but the difficulty vanished as life went on. An uncle died and left me some money; an aunt died and left me more; my daughter married well; I had two or three appointments, and before life was half over became a prosperous man. Every one has uncles and aunts who are mortal; friends start up out of the earth; time brings a thousand chances in your favor; legacies fall from the clouds. Nothing so absurd as to sit down and wring your hands because all the good which may happen to you in twenty years has not taken place at this precise moment.

Nothing contributes more certainly to the animal spirits than benevolence. Servants and common people are always about you; make moderate attempts to please everybody, and the effort will insensibly lead you to a more happy state of mind. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you will feel it. The pleasure you give by kindness of manner returns to you, and often with compound interest. The receipt for cheerfulness is not to have one motive only in the day for living, but a number of little motives. A man who from the time he rises till bedtime conducts himself like a gentleman, who throws some little condescension in his manner to inferiors, and who is always contriving to soften the distance between himself and the poor and ignorant, is always improving his animal spirits and adding to his happiness. I recommend light as a great improver of animal spirits. How is it possible to be happy with two mold candles ill snuffed? You may be virtuous and wise and good, but two candles will not do for animal spirits. Every night the room in which I sit is lighted up like a town after a great naval victory, and in this cereous galaxy, and with a blazing fire, it is scarcely possible to be low-spirited; a thousand pleasing images spring up in the mind, and I can see the little blue demons scampering off like parish boys pursued by the beadle.

Simply a Question of Right.

(New Northwest.)

Woman is now fairly established in the labor market as the competitor of man. "Whether this is the normal order of things, is a point doubted by some political economists," says a recent writer on the labor problem; "but whether it be so or not, it is likely to remain the order of things practically for generations to come." This being so, it must be accepted, and every fair-minded person must wish her to have an equal chance in the competition. A woman supporting her mother and little brothers and sisters is a very common spectacle; and the fact that Professor Somebody regards her as abnormal does not make their bread and butter any cheaper. She is entitled to at least as much sympathy as a man who supports a wife and children. For his charge, it must be always remembered, is voluntary; he took it on himself. Hers was involuntary. She could not help responsibilities; he assumed his of his own accord. It is, therefore, quite just that she should have an equal chance.

Despite all the considerations of "woman's sphere," her fitness for the various kinds of employment in which she is now competing with men, the so-called danger of "unsexing" herself, and the various other objections which have been urged against her appearance in every new avenue of labor, the question is simply one of right and justice—the right of every person to engage in any honorable calling for which he or she may feel qualified, or which circumstances may throw in their way, and the justice of giving such persons perfect freedom of competition with all others engaged in the same occupations. The questions of fitness, expediency, etc., for women, will ultimately adjust themselves, just as they have always done for men who engaged in any kind of labor;

"nd he who would deny to the so-called a weaker sex" the most perfect freedom in all matters pertaining to the honorable support of themselves and those dependent upon them, is selfish and tyrannical—unworthy the name of man. Industry and excellence must always be the tests of the world's workers, and it is more than unjust to hamper in any manner any person or class of persons who are seeking to benefit their condition.

Catholics Aroused.

(New Northwest.)

A report comes from Boston that eminent Roman Catholic ministers and laymen of that city are making an effort to secure a general assessment and registration of women of that denomination as voters for school committees in some of the cities of Massachusetts. This sudden exhibition of political interest among a class which has heretofore been opposed to the idea of women having anything whatever to do with politics, may be regarded as a healthy indication that the Church of Rome may yet awaken to the importance of encouraging its women in this country to enter into a practical understanding of all public questions. It matters not that this action of the Boston Catholics is due to the fact that they wish the women of their denomination to combine for the purpose of opposing and counteracting the influence which the Protestant women of Massachusetts are now exerting over the public school policy of the State. The motive will not change the fact that the effect of this action, by awakening women to the importance and necessity of interesting themselves in public affairs, cannot be otherwise than beneficial. Catholics, as a sect, have always been opposed to woman's equality, though we know of many broad-minded, intelligent members of the church—both men and women—who are so far in advance of the great mass of its adherents that they believe in absolute freedom of opinion and perfect equality for both sexes; and we believe that their number cannot be otherwise than increased by this new move, especially if it becomes at all general. Hence we are glad to chronicle even this slight indication that the Catholic Church is imbibing some of the nineteenth century's appreciation of woman's practical utility in the political affairs of this country. It is a straw showing the gradual unfolding and development of the doctrine of political equality, and as such we are thankful for it, without stopping to question or care what may be the incentive for the change.

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[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE.

There is a foe that watches
Your comforts to destroy,
Assuming shapes of evil
To interrupt your joy;
To keep him at a distance
Should be your purpose true,
So "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you."

Each day he may remind you
Of sorrows that's in store;
Each day with hints and shadows
Perplex you more and more;
But go not forth to meet him,
As many people do,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you."

'Tis time enough to worry
When misery appears;
'Tis time enough for weeping
When there's excuse for tears;
So ever at the fountain
Of prayer your faith renew,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you."

For those who borrow trouble
Are never out of debt;
O'er every fancied evil
They worry, fume and fret;
And if you would be happy,
Another course pursue,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you."

Anticipating pleasure
May give relief from pain;
Anticipating sorrow
Is never any gain;
And if you would be cheerful
In mind and body too,
Then "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

—A. P. S.

ONLY IN DREAMS.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from a common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride and passion and the vain,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount the summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

INVOCATION.

Oh spirits bright and fair,
Come from your shadowy homes with sweet conviction
And lay your loving hands on brow and hair
In benediction.

From purer atmospheres
Bring holy lessons of diviner teaching—
Those radiant truths that shame the skeptic's fears,
And blind impeaching.

Come with the spell that brings
Surcease from pain—neither for our weeping;
Come like the angels poised on viewless wings
Through space down-sweeping

Whisper of faith and hope:
Of love's fulfillment, and the crowned perfection
Of earnest lives that yearn for broader scope
'Neath thy direction.

Touch with a sacred fire
Our world-worn spirits, carnal bonds assuming;
Give earthly passions to the cleansing pyre,
Their dross consuming.

Guide our unwary feet,
That blindly stumble through life's thorny places;
Order our lives in harmony, replete
With tender graces.

So, when this brittle shell
We fling aside at death's dark, narrow portal,
We may with spirit-bands enraptured dwell
In bliss immortal!

—Jessie Wanhall Lee.

HEROES.

Our world has battle-fields where truth and right
Find heroes nobler, greater in God's sight,
Than they who fall foremost in guy fight.

Great hours bring forth great souls, but bugle call
Summons a host poor, impotent, and small,
To that God sends forth in his cause to fall.

Beyond the smoke of battle lies the prize,
The mead of strife and toil and sacrifice;
Few gain it here, but many in the skies.

The man who braves the world's neglect and scorn,
To lift the lowly, succor the forlorn,
Who conquers self,—he is a hero born.

His name may die, forgotten by his peers,
But yet the seed he sowed in care and tears
Shall bear rich harvests through immortal years.

—Francis A. Shaw.

"THIS, TOO, SHALL PASS AWAY."

Art thou in misery, brother? This, I say,

Be comforted! thy grief shall pass away!

Art thou elated? Ah! be not too gay

'Temper thy joy! this, too, shall pass away.

Art thou in danger? Still let reason sway

And cling to hope! This, too, shall pass away!

Tempted art thou? In all time anguish lay

One truth to heart—this, too, shall pass away.

Do rays of laureled glory round thee play?

King-like art thou? This, too, shall pass away.

What e'er thou art, where'er thy footsteps stray,

Head Wisdom's voice! all things must pass away.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne

CONVINCING SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS.

[Henry Kiddle in Banner of Light.]

The union of physical, sensuous demonstrations with manifested intelligence, has been the most effective means employed by the spirits to obtain a recognition. It is this that has made so many converts, because, in the presence of the facts, the alleged spiritual source of the phenomena cannot be explained away upon any principles or any hypothesis known to ordinary observers.

Those who have never been confronted with manifestations of this character, but have simply learned of them by the statements of others, can scarcely realize the force of the evidence, and are prone to satisfy themselves with some untenable theory; and ignorant people who, in the fullness of their conceit, think themselves too sagacious to believe in spirits or "ghosts," will, even at this time, allege vaguely that all such phenomena are due to electricity, albeit they know no more of what that strange agent is, or of its modes of action, than a cow does of mathematics.

Philosophers, overshadowed by their own materialistic concepts and theories, which they cannot bring themselves to renounce, either wildly deny the genuineness of the phenomena, or exhaust the resources of their intellectual subtlety in explaining them away, usually upon some apparently learned hypothesis (generally set forth as a fact), which only the glamour of a scientific reputation and the fraternal applause of the congenial disciples of unreason, save from instant ridicule and reprobation, owing to its inherent and obvious absurdity, in face of the actual facts. Such, in my opinion, is the "unconscious secondary self" hypothesis, set up recently by the London Psychical Research Society, and the middle-brain theory of the acute Dr. Von Hartmann, lately proposed in his pamphlet on "Spiritism"—a work that, in many respects, puts the bigoted scientists to shame by its honest and logical admission of the facts of Spiritualism, but which, in other particulars, calls for keen and critical as well as unsparing analysis from the intelligent advocates of the truth of spirit-manifestations.

With these remarks, I wish to refer, as an illustration—one of thousands daily afforded by the spirit-workers in the cause of spiritual truth—to a few of the incidents of a seance, entirely private, held at the residence of the Rev. C. P. McCarthy, in this city, at which I was present by special invitation. The circle chiefly consisted of investigators, nearly all unknown to the medium, Mrs. E. A. Wells, of this city, who had kindly consented to give a demonstration of her powers, or rather the powers of the spirits working through her organism.

Mrs. Wells's mediumship is peculiarly convincing to inquirers, because it unites so satisfactorily the physical and the mental, and drives the puzzled skeptic from the Scylla of mind-reading or thought-transference by the presentation of facts wholly unknown to the medium, and unthought of by the sitter, on to the Charybdis of conscious or unconscious fraudulent manipulations, which would require the medium to be like the fabled Briareus, having a hundred hands; for the palpable touchings, slappings, pattings, pushings and pullings, by what were, most obviously to the feeling, human hands or fingers, on the heads, faces, breasts, backs or limbs of the sitters, and simultaneously on several of them at widely different parts of the circle, would have compelled even the rev. editor of the *New York Herald* to admit that there is something in Spiritualism and mediumship besides "delusion and fraud."

The names of relatives—names very unusual or peculiar, such as Mehitabel and Ezekiel—descriptions of personal appearance and character, delineations of death conditions, felt by the medium, and statements of facts which the individuals whom they concerned were obliged to ponder upon before admitting their truth—all formed a combination that would strain the theories of Carpenter and Hartmann far beyond the breaking point.

Such are the "signs" that for nearly forty years have been presented to this "wicked and adulterous generation"; and yet, "seeing, they do not perceive, and hearing, they do not understand." How true it is that there are persons whose mental (perhaps I should say also moral) integuments are so pachydermatous, that no logical rifle has yet been constructed that is able to penetrate them. I doubt not, however, that in the course of time the spirits will find in their armory an instrument by means of which this feat will be accomplished. Let us hope so.

"Spiritualism will make religion infinitely more real, and translate it from the domain of belief to that of life. It has been to me such a lifting of the mental horizon and such a letting in of the heavens—such a transformation of faith into facts, that I can only compare life without it to sailing on board ship with hatches battened down, and being kept a prisoner cribbed, cabined and confined, living by the light of a candle—dark to the glory overhead and blind to a thousand possibilities of being, and then being suddenly allowed to go on deck for the first time, to see that vast vision on some splendid starry night glittering in the eyes bewilderingly beautiful, and to drink in new life with

every breath of that wondrous liberty, which makes you dilate almost large enough in soul to fill the immensity that you see around you."—Gerald Massey.

Spiritualism Abroad.

[The Banner of Light translates from its foreign spiritual exchange as follows:]

La Revue Spirite prints the following extract from the discourse of M. August Dide:

"Although Victor Hugo was not very constant in attending our seances, he was as interested as any of us. You know that since his return from exile, he was in the habit of traveling over Paris on the top of an omnibus; it was there he talked most freely—while in his own parlor he was often taciturn. Those who have visited him either at rue de Clichy or at avenue d'Eylau have observed him often silent, absorbed in his meditations. The way to make him talk was to speak of death; then his eye took on a singular brightness. It was the eye of an old man, but it was full of light. He would speak of death, of the infinite, of the resurrection, and with enthusiasm, of immortality. Those ideas would move him in such a manner as to make him almost tragic, in an episode of such intense earnestness. This fact has not been published, and I will give it to you. At the moment, or near approach of death, he raised himself in his bed; there was present by his side Mme. Lockroy and his granddaughter; he clothed himself in his shroud and said to the young woman and the child: 'It is a corpse who speaks to you. I return from the grave to announce to you good news,' and then fell back again exhausted upon his bed."

The *Moniteur*, noticing the reception of the first number of *La Vie Posthume*, a magazine started in Marseilles, very favorably says: "We observe accidentally in it a truth that all Spiritualists ought to meditate upon: 'that Spiritualism is not a school, nor is it a church; it is a truth that enlightens and settles many moral and social questions remaining hitherto unsettled.'"

The *Moniteur* pays its respects to Materialism thus: "What practical advantage, of what utility to man is a doctrine that closes the door to all expectation, or experience, and that refuses him with cruel coldness every consolation? In the bitterest sufferings of life, in the most critical moments of a sorrowful existence, how does Materialism fill its mission? what evil does it remedy? what affliction does it soften? what pain does it reach? what grief does it calm? A Materialist can have compassion, but where is the consolation? In the presence of death, what consolation can it bring to cheer a vanishing soul, or the sorrowing friends to soften the bitter grief? And hope, the precious sustainer of human life—where is that?"

Le *Messageur* has an article on "Spiritualism and the Press," a criticism on *Le Petit Parisien*, which had three columns on the subject, containing many false statements and absurdities that have been a thousand times victoriously refuted. In the article it gives briefly the facts of the beginning of Spiritualism in the Fox family at Hydesville in 1848. *Le Messageur* says the circumstances of that beginning are correctly stated, but it takes exception to its explanation of the facts—which was that the little Fox child was a ventriloquist, and also that the spiritual claim was at first doubted by the family and the neighbors, and in fact by all America.

Ventriloquism, says *Le Messageur*, is a very simple explanation, but that is not it, nor has all America doubted it; since that time there are millions of believers there and many thousand mediums. It has passed the ocean and spread itself all over Europe; in France, in Germany, in England, in Russia, in Austria, Spain and Italy. *Le Petit Parisien* makes that statement which is correct; and all naturally ought to be ventriloquists, if the editor is logical; certainly ventriloquism has made rapid and immense progress!

Le *Messageur* goes on and states that there are over forty papers and periodicals in America, Europe and Australia, advocating the subject; it mentions also some of the distinguished scholarly names identified with the belief, and among others speaks of Prof. Crookes as being vanquished by the evidence of the facts (spiritual manifestations), quoting the following words from that eminent scientist: "Nothing is more certain than the reality of these facts," and then added: "I do not say that they are possible, but I say that they are."

We think the reading public in Europe must be a decade or two behind the knowledge of current matter to warrant such an ignorant dissertation as that printed in *Le Petit Parisien* which has called out *Le Messageur's* crushing reply.

A RICH PLACER COUNTY MINE.—The Mayflower drift mine, near Forest Hill, is reported to have yielded over \$300,000 since pay gravel was struck, a few months ago. The effect of this has been to give a great stimulus to mining in that section, and the gravel channel, which is about twenty miles in length, and extending toward the Sierra, has been located, a large part of the distance, and operations commenced at different points. It is the opinion of the old residents in that region that Eastern Placer is going to experience a mining boom equal to any ever known in the county.—*Grass Valley Union*.

A Good Lesson.

We can never cease admiring President Lincoln's good, hard sense. Here is a letter that almost any young-man would do well to read carefully. If more of our young men would go to work tooth and nail, instead of being afraid to work, or above real honest, hard work, how much better it would be for them:

TO HIS BROTHER.

DEAR JOHNSON: Your request for \$85 I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I helped you a little, you have said to me: "We can get along very well now," but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What the defect is I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether since I last saw you you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty, and it is vastly important to you, and still more to your children, that you should break this habit. It is more important to them because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in, easier than they can get out after they are in.

You are now in need of some ready money, and what I propose is that you go to work "tooth and nail" for somebody who will give you money for it. Let Father and your boys have charge of things at home—prepare for a crop and make a crop—and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get. And to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between now and the 1st of next May, get for your labor, either in money or on your own indebtedness, I will give you one other dollar. Ay this, if you hire yourself at \$10 a month, from me you will get \$10 more making \$20 a month for your work. In this I do not mean that you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home—in Coles county.

Now if you will do this you will soon be out of debt, and what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting into debt again. But if I should now clear you out, next year you will be just as deep in as ever. You say you would give your place in heaven for \$70 or \$80. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make you, get the \$70 or \$80 with four or five months' work. You say if I furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you cannot now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eight times eighty dollars to you. Affectionately, your brother,

A. LINCOLN.

SHIPPING GRAPES EAST.—R. D. Jackson has been in this vicinity, for several weeks, gathering and packing grapes for shipment to Earl & Co., at Chicago and Denver. He has shipped from here 1,400 forty-pound crates, or thirty tons, of these grapes, destined to be served on the tables of the wealthy nabobs of the East. He informs us that grapes for shipment are carefully packed in five-pound baskets, eight baskets to the crate, and then by a systematic placing in the fruit cars they reach the Chicago market in excellent condition. The varieties he has sent on are Tokay, Muscat and Malvoisies, and choice grapes of these varieties will bring for shipping purposes about \$40 per ton here. It seems to us that this is but the beginning of a large trade in this direction, in which Napa county will cut a conspicuous figure.—*St. Helena Star*.

Reverend Henry Ward Beecher says: "I am decidedly in favor of high license, because absolute prohibition is an absolute impossibility. High license is possible, feasible and equitable. The moral sense of the community will sustain the demand. The result will be a greater protection of society from the evil of liquor selling than any other method that can be enforced."

The Colorado Republicans have nominated Samuel H. Elbert of Denver for Judge of the Supreme Court.

"TWIXT TWO WORLDS."

A Narrative of the Life and Work of William Eglinton. By John S. Farmer. (Author of "A New Basis of Relief in Mortality," &c., &c.) This work, a dainty quarto, will be printed on antique hand-made paper, and will be, in every respect an *Edition de luxe*. It will be profusely illustrated with upwards of forty wood and other engravings, and in addition will contain a Portrait Etching of Mr. Eglinton, by the eminent French artist, M. Tissot; also a series of eight Chromo-lithographic Drawings, by Mr. J. G. Keulemans. The book will be illustrated with facts, and will be a compendious statement of the latest developments of Spiritualism, as instanced in the career of one of the most remarkable psychics of the day. It will recite the various stages of the development of his marvellous psychical power, extending over a period of more than ten years, and will be a faithful record of his labours in all parts of the world, including India, Africa, America, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Sweden and Holland. The book, therefore, can hardly fail to arouse thought and invite inquiry on the part of all who pursue the undeniable evidence of the many unimpeachable witnesses who have from time to time testified to the marvels that occur in his presence. It will, in every respect, form an unique contribution to the literature of Spiritualism. The volume will be published in the autumn, and copies may be ordered at the published price of Ten Shillings and Sixpence, which will by no means represent even the bare cost of production.



TIME SCHEDULE.

Passenger trains will leave and arrive at Passenger Depot (Townsend St., bet. Third and Fourth), San Francisco:

LEAVE S. F.	Commencing May 11, 1885.	ARRIVE S. F.
8.30 a. m.		6.40 a. m.
10.40 a. m.		8.10 a. m.
1.30 p. m.		9.03 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	San Mateo, Redwood and...	10.02 a. m.
4.25 p. m.	Menlo Park...	10.30 p. m.
5.15 p. m.		4.50 p. m.
6.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
11.45 p. m.		7.50 p. m.
		8.15 p. m.
8.30 a. m.		9.03 a. m.
10.40 a. m.	Santa Clara, San Jose and...	10.02 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	Principal Way Stations...	3.35 p. m.
4.25 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
		8.15 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville...	10.02 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	Salinas and Monterey...	6.00 p. m.
		8.15 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Watsonville, Camp Goodall...	10.02 a. m.
3.30 p. m.	Aptos, New Brighton, Seaside...	3.35 p. m.
	(Camp Capitola) and...	6.00 p. m.
	Santa Cruz...	8.15 p. m.
7.50 a. m.	Monterey and Santa Cruz...	8.55 p. m.
	(Sunday Excursion)...	
10.40 a. m.	Hollister and Tres Pinos...	10.02 a. m.
3.30 p. m.		6.00 p. m.
10.40 a. m.	Soledad and Way Stations...	6.00 p. m.

* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only. ‡ Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Trains are run on Pacific Standard Time furnished by Randolph & Co.

Stage connections are made with the 10.40 a. m. train, except Pescadero stages via San Mateo and Redwood and Pacific Congress Spring Stages via Santa Clara, which connect with 8.30 a. m. train.

EXCURSIONS TICKETS.

For Sundays only, { Sold Sunday morning, good for Return same day.	
For Saturday, Sunday and Monday, { Sold Saturday and Sunday only; good for Return until following Monday, inclusive, at the following rates:	
Round Trip from San Francisco to	San Francisco to
San Bruno...	San Bruno...
Millbrae...	Millbrae...
Oak Grove...	Oak Grove...
San Mateo...	San Mateo...
Belmont...	Belmont...
Redwood...	Redwood...
Pair Oaks...	Pair Oaks...
Menlo Park...	Menlo Park...
Mayfield...	Mayfield...

TICKET OFFICES.—Passenger Depot, Townsend St., Valencia Street Station and No. 613 Market street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.



Time Schedule, April 6, 1885.

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
8.00 a. m.	Byron...	10.10 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Calistoga and Napa...	10.10 a. m.
4.00 p. m.	"	6.10 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	Colfax...	5.40 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	Delta, Redding and Portland...	6.40 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	Galt, via Martinez...	10.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	Gene, via Livermore...	1.35 p. m.
4.00 p. m.	Knights Landing...	10.10 a. m.
5.00 p. m.	Livermore and Pleasanton...	8.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	Martinez...	10.10 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Milton...	7.10 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	Mojave, Denning, Express...	9.40 a. m.
7.00 p. m.	(El Paso and East) Emigrant...	6.10 a. m.
0.00 a. m.	Niles and Hayward...	3.40 p. m.
3.00 p. m.	Ogden and Express...	11.10 a. m.
7.00 p. m.	East...	9.40 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	Red Bluff via Marysville...	5.40 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Sacramento, via Livermore...	5.40 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	" via Benicia...	6.40 p. m.
3.00 p. m.	" via Benicia...	11.10 a. m.
4.00 p. m.	" via Benicia...	10.10 a. m.
4.00 p. m.	Sacramento River Steamers...	6.00 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	San Jose...	3.40 p. m.
10.00 a. m.	"	3.40 p. m.
3.00 p. m.	"	9.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	Stockton, via Livermore...	5.40 p. m.
9.30 a. m.	" via Martinez...	7.10 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	" via Martinez...	10.40 a. m.
9.30 a. m.	Tulare and Fresno...	7.10 p. m.

*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS, (Via Oakland Pier.)

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.

To FRUIT VALE—6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30. To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—6.30 a. m., 6.30, 11.00, 12.00 p. m.

To ALAMEDA—6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.

To BERKELEY—6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.

To WEST BERKELEY—6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—6.23, 6.53, 7.23, 7.53, 8.23, 8.53, 9.23, 10.21, 11.23, 12.23, 1.23, 2.23, 3.23, 4.23, 5.23, 6.23, 7.23, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, 11.23, 12.23.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 1