

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.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Bishop Taylor.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

Our true knowledge is to know our own ignorance. Our true strength is to know our own weakness.—Charles Kingsley.

Whenever you find a man endeavoring to lessen and destroy the reputation of another, be certain his own character is desperate.

Social education, properly carried out, can always draw out of a soul, no matter its nature, the utility which it contains.—Victor Hugo.

There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone. You can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in me shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air we breathe.—George Eliot.

Tune your ear to all the wordless music of the stars, and to the voice of nature, and your heart shall turn to truth and goodness, as the planet turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights, and all the forces of the firmament shall fortify your strength.—Ella Wheeler.

But very late in life, and that after experiencing many trials, a man learns to sympathize with a fallen, feeble brother, to help him without inwardly enjoying his own goodness and strength, to humbly understand and appreciate the naturalness, nay, the unavoidableness, of committing a wrong sometimes.—Turgenev.

The goblet of life holds no elixir more potent than love. It transmutes the selfish propensities into noble aspirations and deeds; its god-like power will eventually lift all souls above the prison-house of sorrow and despair. Among love's protean forms, none is more beautiful than the conjugal. It gilds the sorrows and toils of earth-life, and is the glory of all higher spheres.

A great deal of happiness, of a very beautiful and lasting kind, may be got in the effort to mentally and spiritually grow, and in the effort to distinguish between life and its accidents, the man and his circumstances. And that is a source of happiness open to every one; for the very poorest man, with the very homeliest of occupations, may, out of his poor material, be weaving the lovely pattern of a truly human life. As the outward man decays, the inward man may be growing to the measure of the stature of perfect manhood. The winds that buffet and chill may blow the voyage into the desired haven; so may the adversities of life speed the pilgrim to his ideal and his home.—John Poge Hopps.

A WAR EPISODE.

["J. L." in Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

The occurrence I am about to relate took place during the siege of Yorktown, in the early part of May, 1862. To make the subject matter clearer, a portion of history becomes necessary. After the escape of the rebels from Manassas, they retired upon Yorktown, Virginia, situated between the York and James Rivers, and with the extensive fortifications erected thereon, and in the enemy's opinion, it was impregnable, thus guarding the approaches across the whole Peninsula at that place; and the extensive preparation made by Gen. McClellan in laying siege thereto with the Army of the Potomac at that period, indicated the seeming impossibility of evacuation.

The cavalry regiment in which I had enlisted was then encamped in dense pine woods, and on the right flank of the main army, thus protecting us during occasional cannonading from the enemy. Our position was hidden from them. The writer of this was detailed as officer of the guard, a lieutenant at that time. My duties being the guardianship of the camp, especial vigilance had been enjoined upon me by the Colonel on account of brisk firing from our gunboats on the river mentioned, in shelling the enemy's fortification. There had been returning replies from them during the day. This much by way of preface.

After making a tour of the camp to see that sentries were properly posted, vigilant, and on the alert (it being after "taps," 9 P. M., had sounded, all lights were extinguished except in officers' quarters), I wended my way towards one of the tents. I heard voices inside raised in debate, and there saw several officers of different ranks seated around the mess table (chest). The place was lighted by the dim, flickering glare of a candle stuck in the projection of a tree—a partial support for the tent on approaching, and on my entrance I was hailed by having my attention called to the subject of table tipping and Spiritualism, and the—to them—improbability of the return of the dead, and their power to manifest intelligently. I had previously argued with a number of the gentlemen present on the subject. It seems that they had been debating upon the theory. I was at once, and as I thought, unfairly appealed to for proofs. "Aye, proofs," said Lt. Fitzgerald in a tragic manner (he having been an actor of some note previous to the war), quoting copiously from Shakespeare. I was inwardly stirred up, the junior officer present, and suddenly felt what the ministers of the gospel often apparently feel, "a power from on high descending upon me"—a sort of inspiration. I replied, "Gentlemen, if you will keep silence and obey my instructions, I think I can show you things little dreamt of in all of your heathen philosophy." They assented, and silence reigned for some five or six minutes. After I had arranged the circle, including two negroes, (officers' servants) who were present, around the mess chest, I directed each one to place his hand thereon, and taking a position myself, and the dim flickering, ghostly light shed its rays upon the solemn and soldierly faces.

In a few minutes the large chest began to sway to and fro, and raised itself half way to our knees, slowly returning to the ground floor with its carpet of grass. It then began to tip from one of its corners to the others, shake itself and then settle. Taps were heard growing louder and louder around the sides and on top; there followed a blow underneath resembling a musket report. Nearly all involuntarily jumped to their feet, exclaiming, "Why! it is alive! What, the devil!" Commanding silence (fearing the conditions necessary would be broken) and saying earnestly, though jokingly, "You'll never get out of here alive if you disobey me. You are in the charmed circle." The manifestations thus far were extraordinary to them (but not to me, as stated in a former article). Directly the taps were resumed, sounding inside and outside of the mess-chest. Its contents of tin plates, knives, forks, bottles of table sauce, ham, etc., began a medley and chorus of noises.

The expressions and glances of those present, presented a study for a painter, and a scene not easily forgotten after the long lapse of years. My pen cannot do

justice to the occurrence. Again the noises ceased, and then the raps began in a steady business like way, and I commenced to question the intelligence alphabetically. Its reply was to this effect: "About midnight your camp will be shelled by the enemy. [The enemy had not, as yet, got range of us, not knowing our whereabouts.] The general alarm will sound, and the whole army be under arms. Your regiment will take the advance on Yorktown and find it evacuated." More was given, but it would, perhaps seem like romance, so I desist. This was inexplicable; the very idea of the rebel's famous stronghold being evacuated seemed nonsense. "There are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamt of by man in all his philosophy," said Fitzgerald, at this juncture of the affair, seconded by a loud musket-like rap, nearly overturning the chest. This concluded the seance, as I could not longer control their comments.

In conclusion, I will add that just about midnight, as we were leaving the tent to retire to our different quarters, the rebel shells began pouring into our camp, bursting with considerable destruction among men and horses. The bugles began their calls. "To Arms! to Arms!" The general alarm among the infantry, cavalry and artillery of the whole Grand Army of the Potomac followed, but all was darkness amid the rain of shell in our camp. In the morning before daylight our regiment did take the advance of the army. Some casualties followed, but this I desist from alluding to. We did find Yorktown evacuated, and the enemy gone.

But few of the witnesses to this incident are now living: the others have joined the army of the disembodied and no doubt now believe in the truth of an existence after earth-life. Philosophizing on these manifestations, I could say: Can such possibly be accounted for on any other hypothesis than the work or manifestations of intelligent beings?

Inquiry Spreading.

We are pleased to note that secular papers are generally turning attention to matters of an occult nature, and generally seem disposed to give them a fair hearing. This argues one of two things: either that there is 'something in the air' or that the inward communings common to all men who have desires reaching beyond a mere animal life, have been stimulated into expression by the bold stand science has taken in these matters, and the pertinacity and success with which she holds the fort in the face of the bulldozing and pummeling she always receives when she advances her lines into the territory of ignorance and superstition. Notwithstanding the shafts hurled at her by incredulity on the one hand, and credulity and insincerity on the other, Science is quietly and irresistibly moving to the front in these matters, and is showing a tangible record of progress made. Old inspiration has largely gone down before her advance, and for one we desire new inspirations should be tested by her methods before being promulgated as facts, and set up to bar the way of scientific progress.

UNHAPPY MRS. SARTORIS.—The papers have been dumb about the Sartoris matter. The truth is that the only reason why the separation has not been complete between Nellie Grant and her husband has been because of her inability to obtain possession of her three children. Sartoris has been brutal in his treatment of her, and she does not want to live with him. If the children ever get to this side of the water they will never be allowed to go back again. If Mrs. Sartoris gets possession of them she will probably, after the mourning in the Grant family ends, bring suit for divorce from the brutal, unappreciative creature she married. This marriage was the regret of Grant's life. This is not gossip, but a plain statement of fact.—Denver, Col. Opinion

The knowledge drawn from experience is of quite another kind from that which flows from speculation or discourse.—South.

The purse of the patient frequently protracts his cure.—Zimmerman.

DEMONSTRATED PROOF.

[We copied last week from the *Banner of Light*, John Wetherbee's account of a remarkable seance with Mrs. Fairchild. Here is an addenda to the story, by the same writer, copied from the *Spiritual Offering*.]

A few days ago I attended Mrs. Fairchild's seance, and told my story strongly both in the *Banner* and in the *Offering*. I am now adding an "æolian attachment" to the statement. At a second seance where I found among about twenty persons, some well-known people; there was our Nestor, Thomas R. Hazard, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, also Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, of "Facts." We had a fine seance; the sister of Henry Ward Beecher recognized her nephew perfectly; it was the fourth time that he had appeared and she got a test also; and Mr. Hazard's family of spirits were so many and so lively, and so affectionate, that it made my lips water; but I am not going into details, and will only say the seance was in the highest degree satisfactory. And at its close Mrs. Fairchild continuing entranced, said, that the week before, a worthy friend had said, "if the manifestations had been in the corner of the room instead of in the cabinet, which was between the folding doors, they would have been perfect." (This critic probably had not the privilege I had had of a thorough internal and external examination of it; so I considered them perfect any way). The medium continuing, said she was willing to do what she could to meet the wishes of the critic. I will qualify the word "critic," as the friend was satisfied, and had only made the remark as something wholly beyond question. The medium then said anybody could leave that wished, and those who wished to, could remain, and she would arrange a curtain in the corner of the room, and do what she could; all remained. The little sofa on which Mr. Hazard and I had been sitting during the seance was taken out of the corner, the white folding door was closed, leaving the cabinet in the other room; a curtain arranged and the triangular space was thus made by the two plastered and papered sides of the north and east walls, and the dark curtain being its hypotenuse. The curtain did not reach to either door, they were white and added to the lightness of the room. The walls were whole, any one could see that, and the carpet tacked down on a substantial floor. The room was lighter than ever I have seen a seance room during materialization; I could easily see what time it was with my watch, and recognize the faces of the friends in the room. She asked if they were not satisfied to say so. The "critic" advised one person, who was inclined to be skeptical on spiritual matters, to go and see for herself; she went, trod rather hard upon the carpet, in fact, the situation as to honesty, was peculiarly self-evident. I must confess, the circumstance was so unusual, that I, with all my experience and faith, did not expect to see a form appear. The medium retired behind the curtain, into the empty angle (for everybody in the room knew it was empty and no possibility of its being otherwise) and then came immediately out, and while standing thus outside, out came a female form into the room and remained some seconds, then retired behind the curtain.

It was the most astonishing sight I ever witnessed, for that substantial looking form, manifesting life and intelligence, was materialized out of nothing, at least nothing visible, and must have been a draft on the circumambient surroundings. Next came out together two forms, a male and a female, when they retired two females came out; at this extemporized and supplementary seance, there came out in this way about ten forms. Please remember the medium was outside, in sight all the time; the dark curtain did not reach to either door, they were wholly in sight and white, and thus plainly visible. There was absolutely no connection with the enclosed angular space. There were present one or two skeptics, several of the Spiritualists also were of the Dailey stamp, who did not believe in the phase, but there was not one in that room, after that experience, however much they may question the identities of the spirits, who questioned the fact of their being actual spirit materializations, for there was no possibility of their being anything else. I am writing this rather hurriedly, still with deliberation

and I want to be believed as not only thinking I am stating a truth, but knowing that I am, with just as much certainty as I know now that I am writing with a pen.

Think of it for a moment—an empty, intact corner of a handsome parlor, in which nothing is protected by the curtain for the time, the medium standing outside of it, in sight, and then ten materialized forms of men and women coming out of that nothingness, as solid looking as any of the persons in the room—that is what I call the occult demonstrated proof of a spirit materialization.

LONDON VICE.

Cardinal Manning, in the October number of the *North American Review*, sustains the charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, about the infamous crimes of London. Speaking of the existing law of England, the Cardinal thus shows how they encourage inhuman crimes:

"By our present legal code a girl cannot give her consent to marriage before the age of twenty-one, but she is regarded as capable of consenting to her own ruin at the age of thirteen years. The man who marries her before twenty-one is punishable by law. The man who ruins a child of thirteen escapes with impunity. She may ruin herself at thirteen, but cannot marry, for defect of consent, till twenty-one. If anyone should know that his dog or cat were detained in any house, the police, with all expedition could search for his property. But if he knew that his child were detained in the house, neither he nor the police could enter it. His only remedy would be by writ of *habeas corpus*, which could not be obtained for many hours, and perhaps for days; but the ruin of his child may be at any moment. Once more I say, children of thirteen, and girls above that age, are supposed to be free agents, and capable of consenting to their own ruin; thus, he who ruins them for life escapes with impunity, on '*Volenti non fit injuria*.' It has been solemnly argued, by men who have great legal reputation, that the abominable and inhuman trade of the procurer and procuress cannot be punishable by law, because the end to which their hideous traffic is directed is not illegal. Here we have another legal dictum; the accomplices are not punishable because the principals are within the rights of their liberty."

After stating how every effort to amend these infamous laws was persistently defeated "for five long years," the Cardinal then refers to Mr. Stead's assault:

"This heartless delay, full of fatal consequences of demoralization and wreck and ruin to the innocent, the helpless of our people, justly aroused the indignation of those to whom justice and mercy are more dear than the redistribution of seats or the disfranchisement for medical relief. Prompted—I might say stung—by an indignant impatience, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other like minded men, defying all antagonists, entered upon their warfare against the dominion of cruelty and lust. I have said elsewhere that many of those who profoundly sympathize in the motives which induced the *Pall Mall Gazette* to take up the question might have desired its modes and expressions to have been revised and chastened; but that in matter of moral life and death, and above all, when the obloquy and calumny of the bad and hasty and short-sighted censures of some good men, were heaped upon those who entered the furnace to save souls I should hold it to be not only ungenerous, but cowardly and cruel, not to stand between the handful of men, who, for the moral life of England, dared this courageous action, and the whole world of their censors. The substance of this action is intrinsically just and merciful. The incidental evils that may arrive are of a lower order, and depend upon the use or the abuse which individuals may make of these terrible revelations."

Philosophy is a modest profession; it is all reality and plain dealing. I hate solemnity and pretence, with nothing but pride at the bottom.—Pliny.

That was excellently observed, says I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine.—Swift.

DEATH AND AFTERWARDS.

[Edwin Arnold in Fortnightly Review.]

I stood last year in the centre aisle of the Health Exhibition at South Kensington and observed a graceful English girl lost in momentary interest over the showcase containing the precise ingredients of her fair and perfect frame. There—nearly measured out, labeled, and deposited in trays or bottles—were exposed the water, the lime, the phosphorus, the silica, the iron and other various elements, perversely styled "clay," which go to the building up of our houses of flesh and bone. As I watched her half-amused, half-pensive countenance the verse came to my mind, "Why should it seem to you a wonderful thing though one rose from the dead?" Minerals and gases have, so science opines an atomic and ethereal life in their particles, and, if we could only imagine them conversing elementally, how skeptical they would be that any power could put together the coarse ingredients of that glass case, to form by delicate chemistry of nature the peerless beauty, the joyous health, the exquisite capacities, and the lovely human life of the bright maiden who contemplated with unconvinced smiles those materials to her being!

INDESCRIBABLE BEGINNINGS OF MOTHERHOOD.

But if, passing behind such an everyday analysis of the laboratory, science had dared to speak to her of the deeper secrets in Nature which she herself embodied and enshrined, without the slightest consciousness or comprehension on her part, how far more wonderful the mystery of the chemistry of her life would have appeared! Some very grave and venerable F. R. S. might, perchance, reverently have ventured to whisper, "Beautiful human sister, built of the water, the flint, and the lime; you are more marvelous than all that! Your sacred simplicity does not and must not yet understand your divine complexity! Otherwise you should be aware that, hidden within the gracious house made of those common materials—softly and silently developed there by forces which you know not, and yet govern, unwittingly exercising a perpetual magic—are tiny golden beginnings of your sons and daughters to be. You have heard of and marvelled at Iliads written on films of fairy thinness and enclosed within nutshells! Diviner poems, in infinitely fairer characters, upon far subtler surfaces, are inscribed upon each of those occult jewels of your destined maternity! The history of all the vanished lives of those to whom, by many lines and stems, you are the charming heiress—from their utmost heights of mental reach, their smallest tricks of habit and feature; from passions and propensities to moles and birth-marks—are occultly recorded in the invisible epigraph of those enchanted germs, to be more or less developed when the flame on that new altar of latter life, of which you are the sacred priestess, brings to reproduction such miraculous epitomes." She would not, and could not, understand, of course; yet all this is matter of common observation, the well-established fact of heredity by pangenes, certain though incomprehensible. What, therefore, is there to be pronounced impossible, because of our blindness in regard to endless continuity and succession in individuality, when out of the holy ignorance of such maidenly simplicity there can be thus subtly and steadfastly prepared the indescribable beginnings of motherhood? If one result of each human life should be to produce, more or less completely, a substantial, though at present invisible, environment for the next higher stage—while handing on, by collateral lives, the lamp of humanity to new hands—that would not be much more strange than the condensation of the oak tree to the acorn, or the natural sorcery of the contact of the malt and the spawn. "Miracles" are cheap enough!

EQUAL RIGHTS OF CONTINUOUS EXISTENCE.

The bottom of the sea, as the dredging of the Challenger proves, is paved with relics of countless elaborate lives, seemingly wasted. The great pyramid is a mountain of bygone mummified. The statesman's marble statue is compacted from the shells and casts of tiny creatures which had as good a right to immortality from their own point of view as he. Moreover, it may be urged, the suicide, who only seeks peace and escape from trouble, confronts death with just as clear a decisiveness as the brave sailor or dutiful soldier. Most suicides, however, in their last written words, seem to expect a change for the better rather than extinction; and it is a curious proof of the propriety and self-respect of the very desperate, that forlorn women, jumping from Waterloo bridge, almost always fold their shawls quite neatly, lay them on the parapet, and place their bonnets carefully atop, as if the fatal balustrade were but a boudoir for the disrobing soul. In regard to the argument of equal rights of continuous existence for all things which live, it must be admitted. If the bathybia—nay, even if the trees and the mosses—are not, as to that which makes them individual, undying, man will never be. If life be not as inextinguishable in every egg of the herring, and in every bird and beast, as in the poet and the sage, it

is extinguishable in angels and archangels. What then is that varying existence which can survive and take new shapes, when the small dying sea-creature drops its flake of pearl to the ooze, when the dog-fish swallows a thousand trivial herring-fry, and when the poet and the sage lie silent and cold?

PHYSIOLOGICAL EQUATION.

The reason why nobody has ever answered is, that each stage of existence can only be apprehended and defined by the powers appertaining to it. Herein lurks the fallacy which has bred such contempt for transcendental speculations, because people try to talk of what abides beyond in terms of their present experience. It is true that they must do this or else remain silent; but the inherent disability of terrestrial speech and thought ought to be kept more constantly in view. How absurd it is, for example, to hear astronomers arguing against existence in the moon or in the sun because there seems to be no atmosphere in one, and the other is enveloped in blazing hydrogen! Beings are at least conceivable as well as fitted to inhale incandescent gas, or not to breathe any gases at all, as to live upon the diluted oxygen of our own air. Embodied life is, in all cases, the physiological equation of its environing conditions. Water and gills, lungs and atmosphere, coexist by correlation; and stars, suns, and planets may very well be peopled with proper inhabitants as natural as nut bushes, though entirely beyond the wit of man to imagine. Even here, in our own low degrees of life, how could the oyster comprehend the fishing cruises of the sword-fish, or he conceive the flight and nestling of a bird? Yet these are neighbors and fellow-lodgers upon the same globe. Of that globe we build our bodies; we speak by agitating its air; we know no light save those few lines of its unexplored solar spectrum to which our optic nerve responds. We have to think in terms of earth experience, as we have to live by breathing the earth envelope.

INDEPENDENCE OF OUR FACULTIES.

We ought to be reassured, therefore rather than disconcerted, by the fact that nobody can pretend to understand and depict the future life, for it would prove sorely inadequate if it were at present intelligible. To know that we cannot now know is an immense promise of coming enlightenment. We only meditate safely when we realize that space, time, and the phenomena of sense are the provisional forms of thought. Mathematicians have made us familiar with at least the idea of space of four or more dimensions. As for time, it is an appearance due to the motion of heavenly bodies; and by going close to the North Pole, and walking eastward, a man might, astronomically, wind back again the lost days of his life upon a reversed calendar. Such simple considerations rebuke materialists who think they have found enough in finding a "law," which is really but a temporary memorandum of observed order, leaving quite unknown the origin of it and the originator. Even to speak, therefore, of future life in the terms of the present is irrational, and this inadequacy of our faculties should guard us from illusions of disbelief as well as of belief. Nature, like many a tender mother, deceives and puts off her children habitually. We learned from Galileo, not from her, that the earth went round the sun; from Harvey, not from her, how the heart worked; from Simpson, not from her, how the measureless flood of human anguish could be largely controlled by the ridiculously simple chemical compound of chloroform. Men must be prepared, therefore, to find themselves misled as to the plainest facts about life, death and individual development. We shall inherit the depressing world-feuds of the past long after they have sufficiently taught their lessons of human effort and brotherhood; and we shall live in the gloom of ancestral fears and ignorances when the use of them in making man cling to the life which he alone knows has for ages passed away.

SIMPLICITY OF DYING.

But, all the time it is quite likely that in many mysteries of life and death we resemble the good knight, Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Maritornes cut the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches. 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." Pliny, from much observation, declared his opinion that the moment of death was the most exquisite instant of life. Dr. Solander was so delighted with the sensation of perishing by extreme cold in the snow that he always afterwards resented his rescue. Dr. Hunter, in his latest moments, grieved that he "could not write how easy and delightful it is to die." The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked, "It is really nothing much, after all!" The expression of composed calm which comes over the faces of the newly dead is not merely due to muscular relaxation. It is, possibly, a last message of content and acquiescence sent us from those who at last know—a message of good cheer and of pleasant promise, not by any means to be disregarded. With accent as

authoritative as that heard at Bethany it murmurs, "Thy brother shall live again!"

FOOLISH VISIONS OF "HEAVEN."

The fallacy of thinking and speaking of a future life in terms of our present limited sense-knowledge, has given rise to foolish visions of "Heaven," and made many gentle and religious minds thereby incredulous. As matter of observation, no artist can paint even a form in outline outside his experience. Orcagna, in the Campo Santa at Pisa, tried to represent some quite original angels, and the result is a sort of canary bird, with sleeved pinions and a female visage. Man never so much as imagined the kangaroo and ornithorhynchus till Capt. Cook discovered their haunts; how, then, should he conceive the aspect of angels and new-embodied spirits; and why should he be skeptical about them because his present eyes are constructed for no such lovely and subtle sights?

If death ends the man, and the cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of a universe possibly emptied of every form of being, which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions. Sounder, beyond question, was the simple wisdom of Shakespeare's old hermit of Prague, who "never saw pen and ink, and very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is.'"

A Fatal Warning.

[Chicago Morning News.]

In his treatise on "Spirits," John Beaumont relates a very singular account of an apparition seen by the daughter of Sir Charles Lee, and related to the bishop of Gloucester by the lady's father. It is considered one of the best authenticated stories on record. Sir Charles had a daughter by his first wife, who died in childbirth. At her own desire, Lady Everard, sister of the deceased lady, had the child with her to raise and educate, and kept the little girl till she was of marriageable age. Ultimately, Miss Lee was engaged to Sir William Perkins, and the marriage was agreed upon, when it was prevented in a singular manner. "Upon a Thursday," to quote the bishop's own words, "Miss Lee, thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her, and she asked her why she had left a candle burning in her room? The maid said she had left none, and that there was no light in the room but what she had brought with her at that time. Then she said it was the fire, but that the maid told her, was quite out, and said she believed it was only a dream. Whereupon she said it might be so, and composed herself to sleep again. But about two she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and pillow, who told her she was her mother; that she was happy, and that by twelve o'clock that day she would be with her. Whereupon she knocked for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet and came not out again until nine, and then brought out with her a letter sealed and addressed to her father. She gave it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, told her what had happened, and desired that when she was dead it should be sent to him. But the lady thought she had suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately, but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of the body. Notwithstanding, the lady would have her bed, which was done accordingly. And when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers, and when the prayers were ended, she took her guitar and hymn-book and played and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was there, admired it. And near the stroke of twelve she arose and sat down in a large easy-chair, and presently, fetching a strong breath or two, she expired, and was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham, in Essex, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles at his house in Warwickshire, but he was so afflicted at her death that he came not till she was buried. But when he came, he caused her body to be taken up and to be buried by her mother in Edmonton, as she had desired in her letter. This event occurred in 1662, and there is no record of any further manifestations in the house."

In one of the Chicago parks is a large picture of Gen. Grant made of foliage plants. So good is the likeness that no one who had ever seen the man or his picture would fail to recognize it instantly. The picture is about five by six feet, and stands upon an easel of draped timbers decorated with palm branches, which produce the effect of plumes. The frame is made of heavy planking, and the plants are growing and thriving on the two inches of soil contained in the back of the frame. The effect at twenty-five feet is surprisingly good, and is that of a well-executed mosaic.

There are twenty-two causes for headache. This must be a very great consolation.

THE REALISM OF RELIGION.

[S. D. in Indian Messenger.]

This is pre-eminently an age of construction, and religion, like everything else, is being reconstructed on a firm and immovable basis, such as the ignorant and the thoughtless alone may ignore and disregard. Those who understand the ultimate problems of religion see clearly that the question between Theism and Skepticism is already, and will henceforth be more clearly, nothing more or less than a question between an intelligent and comprehensive Realism on the one hand, and a blind, absolute Nihilism on the other, between the doctrine that there is an Ultimate Reality in Nature in relation to and through whom (and not which) all things exist, and the doctrine that Nature is but a passing show with nothing real or permanent in it or in relation to it. Religion could expect nothing better if this were once for all, clearly and universally understood—if people could be made to see that to lose faith in God is nothing short of losing faith in all reality, that to deny or doubt that God is, is to say that nothing is, that to be a religious skeptic is to be an absolute nihilist. Let us see how this is gradually becoming clearer day by day.

Science presupposes and rests on the belief in a Force omnipresent and immanent in Nature. Science is mainly concerned with the sensuous, the material, yet science cannot dispense with this belief in something supersensuous, something which does not come within the direct cognizance of any of our senses, but which is yet implied in our belief in every sensuous thing. This indispensable belief in something supersensuous links science to religion and prevents thorough-going atheism and materialism from being its creed, in spite of the arduous efforts of many of its votaries to set up such a creed. Mr Herbert Spencer takes hold of this modicum of faith left to science, and making the best of it, formulates it into a creed—the creed of modern agnosticism. Mr Herbert Spencer's religion is a grand and noble thing so far as it goes. Whatever he affirms of God is most true, and most truly religious. To Mr. Spencer, as well as to those more truly and decidedly theistic in their belief, the world exists through God. The One, Infinite Energy works through and sustains all. That I live and move, that I am writing, that the pen in my hand, the paper and table on which I write, and the chair on which I sit, exist, that the things I see around me, are and will continue to be—all these are owing to the presence and action of the Infinite Power immanent in Nature, both in its statical and dynamic aspect, is constantly sustained by the omnipresent Reality acting through it. No two atoms can hold together except through the action of the Ultimate Reality acting in various ways and under various names. Nature in all his aspects, is a manifestation of the One Infinite Energy which religion calls God.

Now, unspeculative minds are always dualistic; they are always apt to fancy a duality of substances in Nature,—matter and mind, or matter and force. But the fact is that Dualism no longer holds sway in the higher circles of thought. A century and a half back, Berkeley tried persistently to show that matter, by its very conception, means something which exists and can exist only in or in relation to mind, that the very idea of a material world existing independently of mind is self-contradictory. Europe did not hear him then, but now, after a lapse of a century and more, his theory of matter has found acceptance, under different shades, in all the higher circles of philosophical speculation. "The vulgar notion of matter," as Mr. Spencer would call the non-Berkeleyan notion of it, prevailing only among the unspeculative and the shallow. But to Spencer, as well as to the Kantian and Berkeleyan Idealists who are otherwise opposed to him, it is clear that matter is phenomenal, and can exist only in and through an ultimate Reality transcending sense. When it is said that there is an Infinite Energy acting in Nature through which all things exist, people are still apt to understand that Nature or Matter is held to be something independent of the Infinite Energy, on which, as an inert substance, the Infinite Energy acts. But this is a mistake. To the more thoughtful scientists, as well as to transcendental philosophers, it is equally clear that *matter is only a manifestation, a phenomenon, of Force*—that there are not two substances in Nature, but only One,—that a duality of Matter and Force is not a duality of substances, but a duality of relation, a seeming duality disappearing in a higher, deeper unity. The One Infinite Energy then, acting in Nature, is also the ultimate Reality of Nature; there is no Nature except in and through him. To believe in Nature, therefore, is to believe in him. To believe in the things we see, hear, touch, eat and drink, is to believe in an omnipresent Reality that continually presents and constantly supports these things. We live, move and have our being not only through—but also in implicit faith in—A Reality that persists through all changes in phenomena. Nature is in a continual flux, every sensible thing changes, and changes moment by moment; the Ultimate Super-sensuous Reality alone persists. This is the Reality which science assumes and rests on, and which religion

worships. Here science and religion, Theism and Agnosticism, meet.

But that this Ultimate Reality is not an unknown, unknowable or non-conscious Reality, as science seems tacitly to assume, since it is not its province to inquire into its nature, and as Agnosticism affirms, but a conscious, spiritual Reality, an all-powerful, all-knowing, all-holy Mind, that a "non-conscious Power" is, a contradiction in terms, that we derive all the conception of power that we possess, from our own power, which is really conscious, that there can be no conception of an agent except under the form of consciousness, all these we have showed so often in these columns and have so often and so ably been shown by higher and abler minds that we shall spare the reader a repetition of these in this place. A few more years of deeper thought and finer philosophical analysis and then the irrationality of Agnosticism will be completely found out. The Ultimate Reality through which Nature exists, is then, an eternal Spirit in whom and through whom all things exist. To believe in the world is to believe in an eternal Mind in and through which it exists. Whether we know it or not, we live in implicit trust in an ever-present, ever active Mind, who literally "besets us behind and before, and lays his hand upon us."

Where, then, is room for Atheism or Scepticism? Where can it rest? It can rest only on absolute Nihilism, on the doctrine that nothing permanently exists. It cannot take refuge in vulgar materialism (material substantialism) for there is absolutely no proof, either in Reason or in Experience, that such a thing as a super-sensuous unconscious substance exists. It cannot rest on individualistic Idealism or Egotism, for how can it account for the birth, growth and death of these individual egos except by postulating an eternal Ego. The only resting place for it is a blind irrational sensationalism, or phenomenalism, the doctrine namely that the universe, with all that it contains, is a continual flow of appearances which perish as they appear, and represent no reality subjective or objective, behind them, and it is remarkable that the deepest and most consistent systems of scepticism, such as those of Hume and Comte and their modern followers, are at the same time, systems of absolute Nihilism. Nihilism alone can afford a resting place to Scepticism, while all Realism must found implicitly or explicitly on an eternal infinite Mind as the Ultimate Reality of all, the Reality which religion affirms, worships, loves and serves as God.

Seven Blind Wonders.

For several days past, there has been a remarkable family of negroes in Atlanta, Ga. Their name is Williamson, and they came from Wilson county, S. C. There are three brothers and four sisters, all of whom have been totally blind from their birth. They are the children of black parents who were slaves, and ordinary field hands. Unto them were born fourteen children, seven of whom had sight, while seven were blind. The blind children were not only harder and healthier, but their mental endowments are superior to those of their brothers and sisters who could see. They went to Raleigh to the State Blind Asylum, and were there well educated.

On leaving the asylum, they organized themselves into a concert company and began to travel through the South. The oldest brother married a smart negro woman, who acts as guide and business manager of the party. They have been all over the South giving entertainments which have paid them handsomely. They sing and play on various instruments with remarkable skill. All of them have good voices, which have been well trained.

The most remarkable performances are the exhibitions of their power of mimicry. They imitate a brass band so perfectly that a person outside the hall in which they are humming would almost invariably be deceived. Their imitation of the organ is equally perfect. Each of the singers makes a peculiar noise, and carries his or her own part of the performance, and the combined result is a deep music, very like the pealing of a grand organ. These are two of their many tricks. They are constantly adding to their repertoire and perfecting themselves more and more in their curious arts. They have educated the sense of touch to a very remarkable degree. By feeling of a person's face and head, they can give an accurate description of his or her appearance, and one of the sisters claims that she can tell the color of the hair by touching it.

The seven will stand with joined hands and any object can be placed in the hands of the oldest brother at the end of the line; while he holds it he claims that the magnetic current which passes through the entire line will enable any one of his brothers and sisters to tell what he has in his hand. At any rate, some remarkable guesses of this kind are made.

The Boston Transcript is on deck with this assertion:

"Seekers of the Calopogon pulchellus, Pogonio ophioglossoides and Cypripedium spectabile do not need to go to Lake Memphremagog for them."

True enough! These specimens of zoology have been seen in Kentucky by many prominent colonels and judges.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

(Second paper.)

It is an interesting and important fact, in this inquiry, to note, at this stage of the inquiry, that researches into the starting point of life, both vegetable and animal, reveal the startling phenomenon of absolute unity in germ-cells—that is, the cell from which a microscopic plant of fungi starts, is the same as that from which the "mighty oaks of Bashan," the redwood trees of California, the eucalyptus of Australia, and all other trees, start.

But researches, if the microscope can be believed, prove another fact still more startling, to wit: The germ-cell from which a man—the greatest man—starts is precisely of the same nature as that from which the fungi, or moss, starts. These facts, which science discloses, prove our very close relationship, not only to the "animal kingdom below man," but it proves still more, and that is, our relationship to the vegetable kingdom—aye more! our relationship to the rocks, minerals and soils which compose the earth—our mother. Hence, after all, isn't it a truism—that we are made, so far as the bodily, physical organization is concerned, "of the dust of the ground?"

But with this little prelude, let us away—away—on the wings of thought—back—to that time so remote in the history of our planet that the brain grows dizzy in its whirl as the vehicle of thought, as it spins along that mystic way, millions of ages before man stood forth erect and "called himself the perfection of God's handiwork." We must extend the sentiment of that beautiful, tender little prayer,

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight!
And make me a child again just for to-night!"

Yes, roll back and carry us to the point when animal life commenced and show us the secrets of nature's wonderful operations. When we come to know this we will be less prodigal, perhaps, of all forms of life. We will know better, at least, how to control the life-producing elements so as to prevent improper forms of life from expressing themselves; for are there not ten thousand forms of life that would better not be. "No, there is no form of life that a wise and beneficent God has not, for good and noble purposes, created by the fiat of his will," says my theological brother and my pseudo philosophical friend.

Then how dare you crush the mosquito that bit the end of your nose? or the wasp that stung you in the eye? or the yellow jacket that so surreptitiously crawled up the wrong side of your pants leg? or the tarantula that watched for an opportunity to fasten its poisonous fangs upon the lips of your sleeping babe? and so on to the end of this dark and dreadful chapter. The heart turns sick while the mind contemplates the alleged, but as I believe, erroneous assumption that God is, directly, or indirectly, the author of the thousand and one snares, pitfalls, death-dealing reptiles, lurking miasms, and poisonous shrubs, plants and upas trees that curse the children of the earth. This is the moral phase of the question to which we referred in our last letter.

To me it is ten thousand times more rational to refer the existence of all these terrible things to the chemical conditions where they are found—and assume the eternity of matter and progress of the planet by the evolution of matter toward a higher and more congenial condition. But of this more anon.

Now let us go back to that far away mountain crag—where, two hundred million years ago, we found the first expression of life in the moss that grew from the poor soil, made, as we described. Then, as time and conditions have favored, along the edges of the cup on the mountain peak or crag where water has accumulated, we find, first of all, a few specimens of animalcules. These are so infinitely small that it requires a glass of great power to discover them at all. But they are there in ever increasing numbers. And as the first crop dies and their bodies decay they add so much to the productiveness of the elements out of which they have originated.

Now we are challenged here to prove, to demonstrate the correctness of the foregoing assumption. Some years ago we were caring for and looking after an invalid brother at a very celebrated watering-place, where water, the most pure, abundant and sparkling that ever gushed from beneath a granite rock on the mountain-side, poured forth its crystal fountain. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, and having with me a microscope of very considerable power, I put a drop of this pure, bright, sparkling water under the lens and examined it with great care; but the most perfect scrutiny revealed not the slightest indication of life. It was a single drop of that negative, virgin element that had never been impregnated with the positive, masculine element necessary to stir the mother nature and evolve life where there was only the silent, majestic inertia of matter, in its separated, negative condition, from the active, energizing force of the father element, which I, at a later hour, brought to bear, or, in other words, solemnized the bridal nuptials between Miss Negative and Mr. Positive, and lo! a "numerous family" was almost an immediate result. Now, reader, that you may "know of truth" that what I say is not a canard, but a truth

and a fact in nature the truth of which you can prove for yourself, I will explain how this marriage and its results were brought about:

I took about half a pint of this pure water in its negative state and put it into one of Dr. Babbitt's amber-colored lenses and having hermetically sealed it, hung it in the sun, where, for a few hours, the electric rays from the sun passed through the amber-colored glass and came in contact with the water. Result: Ten thousand animalcules swarmed in groups, pairs, companies, communities and families; made love each to his respective affinity—sported, courted, sickened and died. And all this transpired in about seven days, at the end of which time the silence of death reigned as supremely as in any country church-yard where our dead are lain.

On examination I found a very decided sediment at the bottom of the lens, composed, unquestionably, of the dead and decayed bodies of the thousands of living creatures that sported a few hours before like so many mermaids in the limpid waters. Carefully pouring off the water down to the dregs, I cleansed the lens and replaced the water, sealed it up and hung it again in the sun. Second result: Another generation, fewer in number, but much larger in size. Inference: The reason why the second generation was superior in size and general development to the first, was referable to the fact that the negative, or mother element, had been enriched by the death of her own children. And this same law is certainly found in every well-tested example of evolution. It is the superior coming out of the inferior; the higher out of the lower, etc.

Some one asks, "What would have been the result if a third experiment had been made with the same elements?" Answer: Such an experiment was made. Result: Nothing. Inference: That set of conditions had exhausted itself, and if another lens had been employed quite another form of life—higher, more complex, would have resulted, most likely.

These experiments, simple as they were, opened a wide range of thought, a vast field of inquiry, and reasoning by analogy throw a flood of light upon the great question as to the origin of life. But I must make these letters short and by your indulgence for one more communication. In the meantime let us think, ponder, "inquire and find out the reason" of the matter in hand.

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.

Glen Haven Sanitarium, Soquel, Cal.

Faith Cures.

A remarkable faith cure is reported as occurring in Boyle county, Ky. For the last year or more Miss Sallie McDonald, residing there, had been afflicted with a spinal complaint, and has been quite bedridden during the whole time. Last Sunday she was visited by Rev. Mr. Burchfield, of Cincinnati, who prayed with her, and received from her assurances that she had faith that God could and would restore her to health. At the conclusion of the religious exercises Mr. Burchfield placed his hands on her head, when she arose perfectly restored. Up to this time she has suffered no relapse, and says that she has no apprehension that she will.

Another cure, equally as remarkable, is said to have occurred at Nevada, Ohio, in the case of a young lady, Miss Ella Betts. Three months ago she began to feel and show symptoms of pulmonary consumption, which is hereditary in the family, and a fortnight since she went to bed, as it was supposed to die. She refused all religious administration, although, apparently but a few days from death, until Sunday, the 13th inst., when she told her mother she would like to see a minister. The pastor of the Presbyterian church thereupon made two or three visits, when Miss Betts asked to be taken into the church. Her spiritual frame seeming to him to be suitable, he promised to comply with her request, which was done last Sunday afternoon. This weakened her greatly, and when her spiritual advisers left it seemed impossible for her to survive the night. For three hours she lay with eyes closed, breathing a constant prayer, oblivious to surroundings. About midnight she called her mother and said that she was saved; that Christ had saved her father and her also. She asked for a chair, arose, walked a few steps and sat down, stating that she was cured. Shortly after she dressed herself, went into the parlor, seated herself at the organ and commenced playing softly. At this time she appeared to grow stronger, and at four o'clock in the morning she called her father up to breakfast. At seven o'clock the minister called, when she told him she was feeling as well as ever, only a little tired, and that she should be in church next Sunday to hear him preach. To all who call she tells the same story, and apparently is perfectly cured.

"Who rang the bell so early this morning, Maria?"

"It was the milk-man, ma'am. He brings fresh milk every morning."

"Well, I don't wish to be disturbed by this noise. Tell him to bring enough Monday for the whole week."

The Prairie Dog is the name of a new paper at Grand Island, Neb. Each issue will probably be full of biting paragraphs.

FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY.

An Appeal to the Friends of Progress Everywhere.

We desire to call your attention most earnestly to a few facts concerning the Free Spiritual Library of San Francisco, hoping that they may be of sufficient interest to you to gain not only your approbation and indorsement, but to secure your co-operation and active aid in some way most convenient to yourself.

The idea of establishing a Free Spiritual Library, was first suggested to the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, by Miss D. L. Philbrick, in the summer of 1883. Later on Mr. F. D. Woodard, also of San Francisco, stated in a conversation with the President of the Society, that he had been brought to a knowledge of our beautiful philosophy through the reading of Spiritual literature, and that many others in his circle of acquaintance had received their first glimpse of light through the same channel. The inspiring influence of a noble purpose seemed to surround and uplift us, and it was decided then and there that an immediate effort should be made to found a free library. Accordingly a call was made in the month of December for books, and in answer about one hundred volumes were brought forward. A small case was provided for their reception, and on the second Sunday of January, 1884, the library was opened to the public. The Board of Trustees had previously elected Mr. F. D. Woodard, Librarian; Miss D. L. Philbrick, Mrs. S. B. Beatty, Dr. T. C. Kelley and James B. Chase Library Committee.

Mr. Woodard remained in the position, an active, faithful officer, until business engagements compelled his resignation, when he was succeeded by Dr. T. C. Kelley, a very efficient officer, who still retains the responsible trust.

A few members of the Society were a little doubtful at first as to the advisability of assuming the care and expense of such an undertaking, fearing that, owing to a want of appreciation on the part of the public, the little good to be derived from it would not compensate the Society for the considerable labor required. These fears were soon dispelled, for it was clearly seen by the end of the first quarter that a *Free Spiritual Library* was no longer an experimental institution, but a desirable reality, and, with proper management, was destined to become one of the strongest pillars of the Society structure, and competent to do a grand work in educating and liberalizing the masses. So great was the interest taken by the general public from the first, not only in the contribution of books, but in the perusal, that the *legal* protection of the Library became in a short time one of the strongest arguments for the incorporation of the Society. This was done on March 27, 1884. Now it is entitled to the same rights and protection as possessed by the most favored institution of the State. Its officers are likewise made amenable, and bequests, donations or contributions are made inviolable.

The Library Committee have thought best not to exercise any narrow-minded censorship, but have pursued what may be called a liberal policy, admitting the writings of all authors having a Spiritual, Liberal or Progressive tendency. The reader is thus left entirely free to choose those works best suited to his growth, and to decide for himself as to the merits of each production.

We have but few scientific works, but would be pleased to have their number increased a hundred fold. Through the gateway of science, we see the knowledge that is so necessary to a better comprehension of the truths studding the broad domain of the Spiritual philosophy. Works on Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Natural History, Heredity, Treatment of Disease, etc., will be most thankfully received.

There are also a few works of fiction on the shelves, mostly of a progressive nature. These furnish variety, and their number might be profitably augmented. Those are particularly desirable that have incorporated in their pages rare gems of Spiritual truth, grand lessons in social science and human development in all its phases. These works are especially good in awakening an interest in the minds of the young to the wonders and beauties of Spiritualism, and gently yet surely lead the way to the perusal of those works that are devoted wholly to the consideration of our sublime philosophy. Our friends (and the friends of human advancement generally) cannot send us too many of these sweet, heaven-inspired teachers.

The great majority of our books are standard works on Spiritualism; but so broad is the field and so numerous are the laborers (authors of Spiritual literature), that we have not been able thus far to procure a tenth part of their productions. That we may add to our collection, and thus be able to broaden our field of usefulness, is the occasion of this appeal.

We take this opportunity to return our thanks to all the dear friends who have so kindly seconded our efforts in the past. Feeling that honor should be given to whom honor is due, we suggest to the Library Committee that they cause to be engrossed the names of all donors or contributors to the Library, from its inauguration until the holidays of the present year. Let this be handsomely done in some grand, noble book, selected for the pur-

pose, to stand as a testimonial of our appreciation and a witness of their kindness.

[Here follows a tabular statement, showing the condition of the Library, for each month of the twenty months of its existence to Aug. 31st, 1885. Beginning with 47 volumes in January 1884, it now contains 418 volumes, 285 of which have been donated, and the rest purchased. The number loaned for the month of August last was 279. It speaks volumes for the management of the Library that out of 2642 loans since the Library was started but one volume remains outstanding.—Ed. G. G.]

We now find ourselves in need of a more commodious book-case, one better suited to the requirements of the work. It is also absolutely necessary that some two or three hundred fresh new books and rare old works be purchased at once to supply the numerous calls that are being made every Sunday, which we are now unable to fill. Shall these cries for Spiritual food, made by the masses, go unanswered, or will the more favored ones on earth come to their relief and devote a small sum of money to this work, or set apart a small portion of their surplus, already perused literature, for the benefit of the many? Can we not one and all find true happiness and experience real pleasure in contributing something to this fruitful missionary enterprise? Surely there are but few *progressive* people who cannot contribute at least a few books, and "those who are blest with enough and to spare," can send such money subscriptions as their hearts may dictate, for the purchase of the new works that we need so much.

All who can and will subscribe, may forward drafts on San Francisco or Oakland banks, money orders, postal notes, or registered greenbacks, to Mr. S. B. Clark, Treasurer, 526 Post street, San Francisco, who will at once acknowledge the receipt of the same.

All packages of books should be directed to Dr. T. C. Kelley, Librarian, 946 Mission street, San Francisco. Dr. Kelley will send a messenger to any part of San Francisco, Oakland or Alameda for packages, on being notified verbally or by postal card.

We hope that our frank, earnest appeal may not be in vain, but may have the effect of opening the way to your better nature, and of stimulating you to co-operate with us in the building up of a free public institution—one of which is exerting a strong influence for good to be felt through all coming time.

In conclusion, we desire to invite all our liberal friends and the skeptical public generally to visit the Spiritual Library, now located in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy St., some Sunday afternoon and avail themselves of its advantages. We hope that all of our old readers, who have seen the benefit, will be *particularly* active. Do not delay the work. Constitute yourselves committees to solicit funds and books. Invite your friends, both believers and skeptics, to become readers, remembering that it is a sure gateway that leadeth to a better understanding.

Yours for the dissemination of the truth,
H. C. WILSON,
President Society of Progressive Spiritualists, 120 McAlister Street, San Francisco.

Coming to California.

[Correspondence of the Banner of Light.]

Permit me through your columns to speak a favorable word for the materialization of Mrs. Fairchild, No. 314 Shawmut avenue. I do not see how the most skeptical can complain of these seances, since the medium uniformly remains outside the cabinet, and is constantly walking about the room, and conversing with the audience.

There seems to be no opportunity for transfiguration or personations of any kind, and yet, the most satisfactory evidence of the identity of spirit-friends is often given, and four or five figures appear at once, and with great rapidity—while the illuminated figures are a marvel, to say the least.

Mrs. Fairchild invites ladies on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at fifty cents each, and I do not see how the study of this most interesting phase of mediumship can be better pursued than by attending these afternoon seances regularly; which I propose to do. They will continue till the early part of October, when Mrs. F. goes to California for six weeks, expecting to return and resume them for the winter.

Respectfully yours,
ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER.
Adams House, Boston, Sept. 15, 1885.

A receipt for tomato pie is contributed by a Southern reader: Peel and slice enough green tomatoes to fill one pie; to this allow four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of butter, and three and a half of sugar. Flavor with nutmeg; bake with two crusts, very slowly. If you choose the tomatoes may be stewed first, and then there is no danger of the pie being too juicy.

A St. Louis "drummer" swam the Mississippi River at Dubuque to win a wager. We cannot understand it at all. One would naturally have supposed that the brassy nature of his cheek would have sunk him before he had gone a foot.

DR. THOMAS AT THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

In a late sermon at the People's Church, Chicago, Dr. Thomas took the following text from Phil. iv. 8. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

"There are two things," he said, "which must ever impress thoughtful minds with increasing wonder and delight. These two things are the vastness of nature and the unfathomable depths of man. Man and nature are closely related. Yet, in consciousness, man is so far different from things that he gives himself individuality and personality and yet establishes a correspondence with everything that is. Man is an epitome of the universe; he comprises all things, and, rising up, dwells with reason, truth, justice, love, and God. Paul, recognizing this, attempted to grasp the whole complex subject at once, and, looking down in a religious sense, emphasized the things of most importance. Eighteen hundred years have passed, and mankind coincides with Paul's view as expressive of the text. A religion based upon such principles as these ought to receive a place in the judgment of man—by the thoughtful it must be accepted. Paul's vast generalization makes religion stand for whatsoever is true, no matter what the truth may be. It is opposed to the dogmatic way which gives truth a one-sided definition and makes that religion. Persistence in this method rather than taking the inclusive plan of generalization has done harm, not only to religion, but to individual minds and hearts. The result of this dogmatic system has been that one century has denied the dictum of the preceding century and the next century has taken it as true. A religion of principles not only stands upon the high plane of truth, but moves over to the moral realm and strengthens the heart of man by affecting his moral qualities. Religion in its vast inclusiveness affirms the whole text and says: 'These are mine; I stand for all.' If these methods of broad generalization had been pursued, the Church would have avoided many enemies—would even have made them friends. The definition of these principles is a matter of education, of moral development. The principles are unchangeable; the interpretation of them varies. It has to be a growth with the world. The man who stands on this ground is always ready to accept a higher interpretation. The difference between a broad principle and a definition of that principle may be illustrated by temperance and prohibition. By attempting a legal prohibition you weaken the influence of those principles upon which men stand, and accept the great quality of temperance, and you drive men from the ranks who don't accept prohibition as the definition of temperance. The day will come when a religion of broad, inclusive principles will prevail. Then men will say it is not religion we were opposing, but what we thought was religion."

In conclusion, the speaker drew an eloquent picture of a religion based upon the qualities enunciated in the text, and said that when that religion was understood it would be accepted by every one. Men could not refuse to believe its broad doctrines or try to live in harmony with them.

A Strange Story.

[Philadelphia Evening Item.]

Dr. G. C. McGregor, a prominent capitalist of Waco, Texas, visited a spiritual medium some time since. After the seance commenced the presence of a spirit who wished to communicate with him was announced. The man from the spirit-land, whose name was given, was an old friend of long standing, who has been dead several years. He and the Doctor had been class mates at college. The medium was an unlettered person and the Doctor demanded a test. At once the shadow-land man met the reasonable demand by writing three letters at a time on the slate, one in Greek, one in Latin, and one in English. They were all three written at the same time, and in a vein in which the Doctor and his old-time friend had been in the habit of writing to each other during life. Of course this test staggered the good Doctor considerably, and who can blame him if he feels a good deal of confidence in things spiritual. To say the least of it, it was a very strange circumstance.

Dr. McGregor is a truthful man, and his word would be taken by any court upon a graver subject without hesitation. It is proper to say that the seance was in the Doctor's parlor at midday, and the room was as light as a brilliant light could make it. The medium sat in the middle of the room on one of the chairs belonging to the apartment, and not the slightest deception could possibly have been practiced, either by her or a confederate.

Out of mere curiosity we should like to know on what theory racing is prohibited at the Driving Park Sundays, and Hippodromes and Wild West Shows are allowed to disport themselves to their hearts' content.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

It is a grand thing to be blessed with wealth and a good heart at the same time. The two so seldom go together that when we find the pair fairly and beautifully united, we can compare them to nothing else than a marriage of heaven and earth.

California contains many rich men and women; but of those who live for humanity's sake—to bless the world with the means that a generous Providence has placed in their hands—the number could be told on the fingers of a single hand.

We refer not now to those possessors of great wealth who in some popular cause or general appeal for charity, have too much pride to see their names blazoned to the world with a meagre sum standing opposite thereof; but rather to those whose hearts pulsate with a generous sympathy for humanity—with a purpose of noble charity in quiet and unobtrusive ways—and who are ever ready to aid in lifting the burdens of misfortune from other lives, and in fostering those charities which endear them to the hearts of the people.

Sacramento is honored with the residence of one of this class—a grand-souled woman, gentle and warm-hearted—whose life is an ever-answered prayer—a flood of perpetual sunshine. She lives to bless the world by scattering deeds of kindness all around. No worthy, struggling cause appeals to her in vain. The largess of her noble soul goes out with her well-filled purse—not to be seen and known of men, but from an innate goodness that is akin to angelhood. Many a prayer for her happiness is breathed daily from hearts throbbing with gratitude for blessings bestowed.

San Francisco is the home of another—a man among men—honored with the highest position in the gift of the State—and yet gentle in manners and with a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness. With great wealth coupled with great wisdom, and constantly involved in great business cares, he nevertheless finds time to do good in unnumbered ways, and is now planning such noble benefactions for his beloved California as will place his name in the front rank of the great philanthropists of the world.

What a contrast these lives present to that of the millionaire who lives for his own selfish ends—who piles up wealth but to defile the channels of law and legislation, to gratify an unholy ambition, to debase womanhood, and set an example to the world of noisome and Satanic manhood; or even of that one innocent of the grosser vices, but who neglects his opportunities for doing good—who wraps himself in a mantle of selfishness, and turns a deaf ear to the widow's plaint, the orphan's wail, and the thousand pleading voices of charity that may be heard on every side.

But it is not necessary that one should be the possessor of great wealth in order to accomplish great good in the world. With the will to do ways unnumbered will ever present themselves to the willing heart and ready hand, whereby other lives may be made better and happier.

THE IDEAL MANHOOD.

Whatever errors may have grown out of our interpretations of Christianity, the fact of the exalted and beautiful manhood, set up in the person of Jesus, as an example for the world of humanity to follow, in all after ages—is one worthy of all commendation.

Man needs an ideal to look up to—a type of manhood far beyond and above himself. Whether this ideal be in the person of Jesus, or in some real character of modern times, or in some creation of the imagination, the effect upon the mind is always beneficial.

Spiritualism, while it ignores the supernaturalism that centuries of ignorance and superstition have engrained upon the name and religion of Jesus—while it rejects the vicarious atonement and the fable of Christ's unnatural advent into the world—nevertheless is glad to point to him as a noble type of humanity, and one worthy of all emulation.

We are told that "he went about doing good;" that his mission was one of love; that he emphasized in all his life and acts the Golden Rule, which is the essence of all Christianity; that he rebuked the proud and haughty, and brought comfort to the lowly in their sorrows and afflictions; that although reviled and scoffed at by the conceited skeptics of his day, he was ever gentle and kind, always returning good for evil. In fact, his was a type of manhood that cannot but inspire higher and purer aspirations and hopes in the heart of all humanity. It is true that the enlightened world is not wanting in other types of character and goodness worthy of imitation, but around the name of Jesus the devout imagination of the ages have woven a beautiful charm—a halo of divine manhood—like that which surrounds Confucius or Mohammed in the imaginations of the pagan world.

Eternal progression—the teaching of Modern Spiritualism—must necessarily lead to an infinitely exalted manhood. Hence, whether the Spiritual-

ist takes Jesus for his ideal or not, he must necessarily picture before him an ideal quite as grand and beautiful as any that a rational Christianity has painted its founder to be. From the darkness and moral night of ignorance—from the lowly conditions of the present race, the Spiritualist beholds the germs of a humanity that shall blossom into divine loveliness in the ages to come.

FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY.

We call attention to the appeal of the President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, of this city, which we publish elsewhere, in behalf of the Free Spiritual library belonging to said society.

As will be seen, this library, which was started less than two years ago on the small basis of forty-seven books donated for the purpose, now numbers nearly five hundred volumes, embracing most of the standard works of Spiritual literature.

As this library is free to the public—only such restrictions being imposed as will insure the return of the books in good order—it is with a good grace that the society, through its President, can appeal to the public for contributions of books, not only of a Spiritual or scientific character, but also books of general literature.

While the central idea of the management is to furnish to investigators the best thought of the best writers on all subjects relating to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, they are also especially desirous of furnishing intellectual food for all souls hungering for light and knowledge in every direction of enlightened thought.

Although yet in its mere infancy, this Free Spiritual Library gives promise of great usefulness in this community. We hope to see the time when its shelves shall contain thousands of volumes, and when access can be had to it every day in the week, instead of a few hours on Sunday, as is now the case. And this time will surely come in the not distant future.

LELAND STANFORD.

If the GOLDEN GATE was a political journal—which we shall never cease to be thankful that it is not—it would be its delight to second the *Argonaut's* endorsement of Leland Stanford for President of the United States. What a rich and varied experience of men and measures—what a purity of purpose and honest conviction of duty—what a wealth of wisdom, linked to a heart rich in generous feeling—would Governor Stanford not bring to the Executive office! How the Pacific Coast would rally to his support, and what an honor would his nomination be to the State of California. It is hardly probable that the East would consent to take the Presidential candidate from this far-away West, and yet there is no good reason why it should not, if only for once in a century. Here are vast and growing interests—a cordon of States and Territories rapidly filling up with an industrious people. It is right that the Presidential honors should be passed around, and not be eternally bestowed upon the States East of the Mississippi River. If the Republican delegates from the Pacific Coast, to the next National Convention, could go as a unit, as they no doubt would in behalf of such a standard bearer as Governor Stanford, there is no knowing what they might not accomplish.

ANNEXATION.—The question of Canadian independence, or of annexation to the United States, is now discussed with all the earnestness of a near crisis by the leading Dominion journals. The *Toronto Mail* says: "Those who do not relish revolutionary theories must choose sides, either going with the young men on a high road to the United States, or falling in behind the Conservative party, which will save the country to the empire if it can." If the Government hangs Riel trouble will ensue, since his followers are many and determined. The movement now is so positive that it is no longer ridiculed, nor its leaders sneered at. It now looks very clear that there must be a division or annexation of the whole to Uncle Sam's territory.

MEMORIAL TREES.—There is something very beautiful in the contemplation of a long-lived tree, particularly so when it is planted in the name of a great and good man. Nothing more forcibly illustrates life and its vicissitudes than does a great, noble tree that has withstood the storms and calamities of ages. The noble old elm of Boston Common is gone, but the two recently planted and dedicated respectively to Dr. O. W. Holmes and John G. Whittier, by the pupils of the Sandwich (Mass.) High School, are destined to become as famous and well beloved in the coming years when these two noble men live only in their works and the hearts of the people.

BRIDGE BUILDING IN PALESTINE.—Bridge building in the Holy Land is attended with primitive inconveniences hardly to be realized in our country to-day. The bridge to span the Jordan that was commenced last summer at Jericho is reported by the U. S. Consul at Merrill as progressing slowly. The lumber furnished is brought from Europe and carried on the backs of camels from the port of Jaffa to the river. As it is complained that the Austrian and Turkish lumber is of poor quality, it seems as though there might be a market opened in Palestine for American lumber. But that land is poor, and has little use for lumber at present.

JOHN IN THE EAST.—Eastern cities are in a fair way to realize all the good and utility there is aggregated in John Chinaman and his brother, and it is to be hoped they may sufficiently profit thereby to see and know him in his true light, which is never concealed "under a bushel," but in places quite as dark. Washington is now perfumed with about sixty Chinese laundries, while other cities are favored in the same proportion. Some of them are already pitching their melancholy refrain over "John" to another key, that is decidedly sharp and shrill.

GERALD MASSEY.

This distinguished Spiritualist, poet, author, scholar and lecturer, arrived in this city last week, from Australia, on his way home to England. During his stay in this city, which will be about a fortnight, he will be the honored guest of his gifted countrywoman, Mrs. Lena Clark Cook, No. 320 Mason street. Gerald Massey is a name that has been familiar to all thoughtful minds for many years. As a lecturer he ranks among the first, his repertoire embracing the following among other topics: "Old England's Sea-Kings, how they lived, fought, and died;" "The man Shakespeare;" "The Story of the English Pre-Raphaelites. A Plea for Reality;" "Charles Lamb, the most Unique of English Humorists;" "Robert Burns;" "Life, Character, and Genius of Thomas Hood;" "The Historic Jesus and Mythical Christ;" "The Fall of Man as an Astronomical Allegory and a Physiological Fable;" "The Devil of Darkness in the Light of Evolution." (A reply to Man Friday's question, "Why does God not Kill the Devil?"); "Man in Search of His Soul during 50,000 years;" "Personal Reasons for being a 'Spiritualist'"; "The Coming Religion," etc. Among Mr. Massey's poetic writings his "Tale of Eternity" is probably his best. He is a thorough Spiritualist, having been convinced of the grand fundamental truths of Spiritualism by personal experiences of phenomena occurring in his own home. During his absence in the colonies he lectured to large and enthusiastic audiences in all the principal cities.

Some thirty years ago Mr. Massey lectured in London on the abnormal phenomena now known as Spiritualistic—his first wife having been a very extraordinary medium. One of his most important and interesting lectures is on this subject, and under the title of "A Leaf from the Book of My Life." Mr. Massey will relate his personal experience, and give his testimony to the truth of Spiritualism on Sunday afternoon, October 18, at two o'clock, in the Metropolitan Temple on Fifth street, when a large audience may be expected.

A SUBLIME INFLICTION.

If any greater infliction can befall a long suffering community than that of the existence in its midst of a journal that can give utterance to such a coarse and besotted sentiment concerning a pure-hearted and gifted minister of religion, as that contained in the following from the *Monitor*, the organ of Roman Catholicism, published in this city, we have failed to discover it:

October is generally considered the month for earthquakes on this coast. These peculiarities of nature, however, can be in great measure averted by prayer, but there is an infliction about to fall on the people of this coast that is worse than cholera and more disagreeable than earthquakes even, as we read the other day in a New York paper that Parson Newman was coming out to California to settle down for good! Well, may the Lord avert the calamity! The paper that alluded to the prince of political persons said that there was little he wouldn't do for money, notoriety and his stomach, hence we have yet some hope left that the parson will soon fall a victim to his paunch!

If this is the moral and esthetic outcome of all the religious teachings of the long line of Catholic priesthood that, first and last, from Father Junipero Serrero to Mgr. Capel, have dominated the Catholic thought of the Pacific Coast, then we had better pull down our churches, consign our crucifixes and rosaries to the flames, and reinstate the better civilization of the Aboriginal Digger Indian.

We do not propose to question the *Monitor's* method of dealing with earthquakes; but the average Christian scientist who soon think of pinning a sticking plaster over the nozzle of an active volcano, as of throttling an earthquake by prayer. If prayer could faze a lively earthquake, especially the kind of prayer that must naturally come from a heart filled with ignorance, bigotry and all uncharitableness, like that of the mouthpiece of the Catholic Church of San Francisco—then all we have to say is, this universe is run on an almighty contemptible plan.

BE PUNCTUAL.

What a disturber is the person who never keeps his appointments! They are promises broken that affect not only the one to whom they are made, but others who are always depending on the fulfillment of them.

The man who neither keeps his word, nor sends immediate explanation is not to be trusted, unless the failure of both was due to a stroke of lightning. We think those who cannot keep their promises and engagements must hate themselves, or would if they could once picture the true condition of things they create on the retina of their fickle brains.

We often wonder with what degree of grace these same careless persons sustain disappointment from others. It is quite possible that they forget the promises long before the time of fulfillment, otherwise they would sometime be cured of their laziness of mind and manners that cause others so much inconvenience, and often distress.

A VERY BLUE LAW.—The Viennese have a very blue law relating to Sunday that rather discounts Kentucky. That day is made to extend over until six o'clock Monday morning. This precludes the Monday's paper and causes all business to lag until Tuesday. Such a state of things could exist in this day only under an imperialistic government. It is a too broad invasion of the people's natural rights and necessities to live much longer, even in proud and stern Austria. "The cheerfulness and willingness" of the Viennese is but a mask.

MEDDLESOME INTERFERENCE.—The following appears among the items of news in the daily papers: "New York printers will support Hill, Democrat, for Governor, unless the *Tribune* is made a union office." Well, if we were the *Tribune* publisher, we should invite the "New York printers" to—to go to—to attend to their own business! The employe has no more right to dictate to

the employer whom he shall employ, or how he shall manage his business, than the employer has to dictate to the laborer what food he shall eat or clothes he shall wear. The condition of the employer who is subject to the control of his employe, as many of them are, through the operation of the Labor Leagues, is but little better than that of a slave. Talk of the tyranny of capital—what can be more tyrannous than the labor league that can make such a threat as the above to the publisher of the *Tribune*?

OUR KINDERGARTENS.

Although not included in our prescribed system of public education, or their expenses paid out of the public purse, no educational methods are more interesting or profitable than those of our Kindergarten system. In San Francisco these schools have attained a high degree of perfection. They are maintained wholly by private subscription, some of the schools being named for, and sustained entirely by, large-hearted and wealthy individuals. Of these various schools, that of the Silver Street Kindergarten Society is worthy of especial mention, as having come directly under the notice of our reporter. Here are gathered some two hundred little tots under school age, who, under excellent teachers, are instructed in all manner of Kindergarten work. They are divided into what is known as the Crocker Class, the Eaton Class, the Peabody Class, the California Kindergarten Training School Class of '86, and the Little Housekeeper's Class. A reception given by the teachers of this school on Saturday last was heartily enjoyed by many visitors. The work of the different classes was admirably illustrated under the direction of their respective teachers, the pupils acquiring themselves with marked credit to themselves and to their instructors. In the Little Housekeeper's Class was amusingly illustrated such household duties as sweeping and dusting, washing, table-setting, etc. Here, no doubt, will be implanted lessons in thrifty housewifery that will never be forgotten. Most of these little kindergarteners, but for the thoughtful charities bestowed in their behalf, would be taking their first lessons in worthlessness upon our streets. Surely, it is a noble work and one worthy of all encouragement.

RESPONSIBLE WORK.

One of the largest advertisers in New York hit upon an odd means of ascertaining the extent of the area over which his advertisements were read, which was to publish a half-column "ad" wherein there were purposely misstated a half dozen historical facts. The result was that in the course of a week between three and four hundred letters of correction came in from all parts of the country, continuing for several weeks, the letters were from schoolboys, girls, professors, clergymen, school teachers and eminent men. This was not only the value of advertising demonstrated, but the censorship of the people over the press.

From this it may readily be seen what the influence of a good paper must be, and how it may increase from year to year as it becomes better known and its readers multiply.

The man or woman who undertakes the publication of a paper, assumes a responsibility no less grave than does he who has given his life to the saving of souls, and we believe the editor will be held quite as responsible as the minister at the final reckoning.

IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.—There are a great many persons who believe in the immortality of the more domestic animals, and indeed, returning spirits have declared the presence of animals in their sphere of life that they say first lived in ours. "Margery Deane," one of our sweetest American writers, thus expresses herself regarding her dead pet dog that died while she was sojourning at Newport and sending a series of letters to the Boston *Transcript*: "I reckon myself happy if I may believe so many people have kind words and even tears for me as had this little fellow, whom everybody here knew and loved, when my life goes out. Few men or women have been more truly faithful and loving for so long a period, and such qualities are not so common in the world that we should be ashamed to mourn for them, even in a dog. He began his life in Belgium, and his breed was rare in America; but it was the truthful, beautiful nature that made him precious, and somewhere, I believe, it still exists, and will forever."

JUST A WORD IN OUR OWN BEHALF.—The failure of several former attempts to establish a weekly Spiritual paper on this Coast, has led many Spiritualists to conclude that the GOLDEN GATE will eventually go the way of all the rest; and that subscribers who pay for their papers in advance, will be liable to a loss of at least a portion, if not all of their subscriptions. For this reason many are holding back, and that, too, at the time of all others when the paper needs their help—to place it on an independent basis. If all such could only know the nature of the influences behind the GOLDEN GATE—the strong, supporting friends who would never consent to its failure—if they could realize the persistent grip-and-never-let-go character of its publisher and his assistant, they would at once dismiss from their minds any apprehension as to the stability of the paper, and send along their subscriptions.

CHANCE FOR BRADLAUGH.—One would suppose that the revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette* would have a quieting effect on Mr. Bradlaugh, and that he would be content to stay outside of Parliament where he could choose his company. But he is apparently more convinced than ever that a *woman* is needed in that illustrious British institution that has so often denied him a seat because of his religious beliefs. Since that body has been shown to be in the service of the devil, Mr. Bradlaugh perhaps thinks they will remove the former stress laid upon God.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Dr. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan's new work "Manuel of Psychometry: The Dawn of a New Civilization,"—the last and best of the works of the eminent author—may be had at this office. Price \$2.

Wm. Emmette Coleman has the first installment of a very interesting and able paper on the Druids in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for October 1885. It will be completed in the next number of the *Religio*.

Mrs. M. C. Kasten, the eloquent reform lecturer, having been solicited by many ladies who wish to hear the whole of her lecture on "Marriage and Divorce," has consented to deliver said lecture at Alcazar Hall on Tuesday, October 20th—at what hour we are not advised.

As will be seen elsewhere, Isabella Beecher Hooker fully endorses Mrs. Fairchild as a materializing medium. If the accounts of her seances, as given by John Wetherbee and Mrs. Hooker, are true, she is indeed a wonder. As Mrs. Fairchild is about to visit this coast many of our readers will, no doubt, have an opportunity to judge of her powers for themselves.

Death preferable to dishonor: A Prohibitionist in Alabama, refusing to imbibe whisky, died from a bite of a rattlesnake.—*Exchange*.

Thus the Foolkiller was relieved of an unpleasant task. Wherein is there any greater "dishonor" in taking whisky into the stomach as an antidote for the deadly virus of a rattlesnake bite, than there would be in applying a solution of camphor gum and alcohol to a sore toe?

The GOLDEN GATE, with the present number, enters upon the last half of its first volume. During its three months' existence it has won many friends and has already become a most welcome visitor in hundreds of intellectual households. If one out of every ten of the believers in our beautiful philosophy on this coast will give us their subscriptions, the paper will never languish for lack of patronage.

POLICY.—Mr. Huxley claims that no one has reached the lowest depths of immorality until they pretend to believe what they have no reason to believe, simply because it is to their advantage to so pretend. Thus, alas! how crowded are the deists! But, it is worse than to deny one's honest convictions? Many persons believe and know Spiritualism to be the one great truth, yet deny it from so-called policy. We fear this policy business is working sad havoc with the peace of minds and souls for future time.

AN IMPROVEMENT.—A good brother, writing from Colfax, W. T., and sending two subscriptions to the GOLDEN GATE, says: "I like the 'appearance of the paper very much; it contains 'good general reading, and is well supplied with 'the best of Spiritual literature, which I am very 'much interested in. I hope you will pardon me, 'but if your noble paper had each page dated, it 'would just be perfect.' The suggestion is a good one. Our friend will see by this week's issue that the paper has reached 'perfection'!"

COME ALONG, GEORGE.—The law's doings in Utah does not seem to interfere with the work of proselyting in the "old country." Three hundred converts from England, Germany and Scandinavian countries, accompanied by fourteen Mormon elders, arrived in New York last week on their way to Salt Lake. If George Francis Train really intends to come West and defend these deluded people, he should come at once, for these now ignorant accessions to their numbers means only fresh trouble for all concerned.

Probably the hardest worked medium in San Francisco is Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of 1122 Market street. She seldom gives less than ten private seances in a day, and from that number up to a score or more. On Monday last she gave no less than twenty-seven seances. And the singular feature of it, is the more she is used as a medium for spirit control the brighter and fresher she appears. She says it does not weary her in the least. Her splendid health probably has something to do with it. Many a skeptic goes from her presence with a heart full of joyful tears.

AN INHUMAN PRACTICE.—It seems strange, indeed, that there is not enough discipline and moral force in the colleges of our country to crush out that villainous and inhuman practice called hazing. Persons often die from its effects and the perpetrators go unpunished. A young man of Hazelton, Pa., died a few days ago of injuries sustained at the hands of his school-mates. Such "fun" is never carried on in young girls' schools, and why young men are less amenable to right and humanity is yet unexplained by college professors.

NEED WATCHING.—W. F. Andross, of Hartford, Conn., believes that potato-bugs do a service in pruning the vines, if they are not allowed to go too far. We were not aware that potato vines ever needed pruning; but if they did the potato-bug would not be trusted by any one who had a crop of potatoes at heart, which we do not believe Mr. Andross ever had. Had he demonstrated their usefulness by personal experience he might extend the experiment to the grasshoppers that are famous for pruning vineyards but need watching.

WALT WHITMAN.—Walt Whitman's English admirers will have now to retract their oft-repeated statement that the "good gray poet" has few friends in this country, and not one among the literary men of Boston. A few days ago, just after Mr. Whitman received a gift of money from his trans-Atlantic friends, he was presented with a handsome horse and phaeton that had been jointly paid for by nearly twenty American gentlemen, including several authors—John G. Whittier, John Boyle O'Reilly, R. W. Gilder and others equally noted, most of them Bostonians.

A Boston scientist predicts that within twenty years chemistry will show how sea water can be made suitable for drinking and for culinary purposes more cheaply for seaboard cities than fresh water can be brought for any considerable distance.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

The public debt of Paris is said to be larger than that of any other city in the world.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor has decided to meet next in Richmond, Va.

Men look in the glass as often as do women. But the glasses are not the same.

Very popular novel (among the office-hunters just at present): "Put Yourself in His Place."

The mortality of chloroform is 1 to 5,860; that of ether, 1 to 16,542; that of nitrous oxide, 1 to 100,000.

There are 100,000 practicing physicians in the United States, 75 per cent. of whom carry and dispense, in whole or in part, their own remedies.

Jumbo, the great elephant, recently deceased, had three objects of fear—a mouse, a cat and a rat. He would howl at the sight of a cat, and shiver at a rat.

Merchants and druggists of Santa Cruz refuse to pay the liquor license of \$100 a year. Five were fined \$10 apiece Saturday. They will contest the legality of the ordinance.

Georgia has voted \$500 for a portrait of her revolutionary Governor, John Milledge, who helped to capture the powder in Savannah that was used in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Mrs. Mackay has been giving in London a series of rose dinners. The whole table is made into a bed of roses, leaving just room enough around the edge for the plates.

The stirring hymn, "Hold the Fort" has been pronounced revolutionary in Turkey, and has been expurgated from all Sankey hymn-books, received by the American missionaries.

Mlle Carlotta Patti has met with a serious accident. She fell down a flight of stairs in Paris and dislocated her thigh. In consequence of this her tour with Mr. Strakosch has been abandoned.

The first engine ever used on a mine at Calico has just been put up. Over \$2,000,000 in bullion has been produced there, and no hoisting apparatus other than a common windlass has been used.

Such items as ginger ale, lemonade, newspapers etc., under the head of "necessary expenses" in the expense account of the Civil Service Commission will not be allowed by First Auditor Chenoweth.

The deaths in Europe from small-pox are said to be 60,000 annually. The mortality is almost wholly confined to civilians, as owing to constant vaccination and revaccination the armies are almost wholly free from the disease.

According to the *Lancet*, the recent visit to America of Dr. Keith, who came to perform a surgical operation, is the first instance since the Declaration of Independence, of an American having summoned medical aid from the old country.

While some workmen were engaged in laying the foundation of a new bridge over the Tiber they came upon a magnificent statue in bronze, five feet five inches in height, representing a slave in the attitude of striking.

C. V. R. Pond, Commissioner of Labor, has calculated the amount of wages lost by the workmen in the Soginaw Valley during the strike in July and August. He figures the total loss to have been \$326,331.80.

Mrs. Aletha Decker, who died at Springfield, L. I., last year, aged 83, and was supposed to be poor, left about \$20,000, which she had accumulated by raising chickens and radishes. She knew the cackle of every fowl she owned.

Controller Dunn refuses to pay the salary of a Chinaman on the roll of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Asylum at Berkeley. The refusal was based on section 3 of Article XIX of the Constitution, which prohibits the employment of Chinese.

The Central Pacific statement for July, covering 1,650 miles, shows that the gross earnings were \$1,370,208; operating expenses, \$494,320; net earnings \$875,882; an increase in net earnings of \$159,294, compared with the same month of last year.

A sensational story is published in New York of the matrimonial experience of Mrs. Samantha Goodie, who recently married her son without knowing it. Upon discovering their mistake, they fled in opposite directions. The bridegroom is Harrison Turner, who amassed a fortune in California.

A cheese dealer states that much of the so-called English cheese is made in this country and shipped to England, whence it is returned, enhanced in value by the sea voyage. Sometimes cheeses are shipped backward and forward two or three times, each voyage adding to the richness of their flavor.

The artificial culture of oysters has been completely successful at the hatching station of the New York fish commission. Thousands of young were caught on scallop shells and are now as large as a dime. This is the first practical success on a large scale from oysters artificially impregnated and hatched.

The skeleton of a man nine feet one inch in height is said by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* to be on exhibition at the office of a firm in Thayer, Oregon county, Mo. The skeleton is said to have been discovered by a party of men who were exploring a cave some three miles in length, situated about nine miles from Thayer.

Elephants are not numerous on the western slope of equatorial Africa, being found only along the fertile river valleys, and rarely ever going near the banks of the Congo until the hilly and barren country is passed. Above Stanley Pool they increase in numbers and roam in large herds, seldom being molested or hunted by the natives.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Victor Hugo died worth about \$1,000,000 his royalties amounting to \$220,000 yearly. Jules Grevy, Leon Say and Leon Gambetta were the executors named in his will. Death incapacitated the last, the first refused to act, and the great financier, left alone, found his other business to be too pressing, so he has nominated M. G. Pullain to take his place and execute the poet's will.

The Belvidere Seminary, established by the Misses Bush eighteen years ago, has opened the department called the Wendell Phillips Memorial Industrial School. It is established under such conditions as make it peculiarly suitable for the children of progressive parents. The object in view is the equal and harmonious cultivation of the physical, mental and moral powers of the pupils.

Oh, who would live for self alone
Or for one's own sweet will?
A heart congenial to our own,
All aching voids must fill.
The holy sympathy we feel
Our anxious thoughts employ:
I'd rather weep with those I love
Than share a stranger's joy.

MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. ALBERT MORTON.

Editor of GOLDEN GATE:

It is rarely, I think, that anything relative to the mediumistic gifts of Mrs. Albert Morton appears in the public prints, and having been conversant for over five years with the various phases of these gifts, I feel it incumbent upon me to make this public attestation thereof. Being ever retiring, not courting notoriety, so much the more then should those acquainted with the good work done by her let the facts be known.

Mrs. Morton has been used as a medium for about twenty-five years—sixteen years as a public worker. During this time I learn that she has been consulted by many of the leading people in Boston and San Francisco. Although her mediumship is varied, combining Clairvoyant, Psychometric, Healing, Developing and Advisory phases, her special phases are Diagnosing and Healing diseases, and teaching the laws of health and spirit unfoldment. I am informed that she has been consulted by many prominent physicians in relation to obscure diseases where they have been in doubt.

Some of our prominent mediums have been assisted in their development through her influences. The late Jane Flint, M. D., first sat with her for development for several months. When first told she had healing power which would be used for the public, she scoffed at the idea; but she shortly became one of the most successful healers, having a large practice among several of the leading families in this city.

I have been informed of the following remarkable instance of her power in diagnosing and healing by absorption:

A lady in this city came to Mrs. Morton in great distress, fearing she was in a condition to become a mother, and, from a former experience, confident she could not bear a child and live. Mrs. Morton's medical guide, "Dr. Rush," told her she was not *ençiente*; but she insisted that there could be no doubt, as she had had a personal examination by two lady physicians who agreed in their diagnoses. She was promised relief and concluded to try, but for several weeks was in great doubt. After passing nearly the usual time of gestation, continually increasing in size, and with the usual symptoms of child-bearing, expecting confinement in a few days, Mrs. Morton's guide said to her: "You have a uterine tumor, into which have passed the impurities in your blood; this tumor we will now absorb and pass out of your system entirely, leaving you in good health."

The lady began to reduce in size, and in a short time the swelling had disappeared. She has been in excellent health ever since, but it is not known what became of the doctors' baby. (?)

The following narratives indicate the possession of remarkable clairvoyant powers, oftentimes of signal service to humanity:

Two ladies (strangers) called upon Mrs. Morton, who were in considerable trouble in relation to the will of their father-in-law, involving a property valued at \$250,000, which had been lost. The old gentleman was in a poor mental condition, and his wife was jealous of the ladies, fearing that in case of a new will being left at his decease, might be contested on the grounds of mental incapacity. The ladies were anxious to dispel these unpleasant feelings, and as a last resort decided to visit a medium, although not Spiritualists.

After the sitting they said to Mrs. Morton, "You have accurately described our store-room, and an old black trunk in which you say this will is; but it is not probable that so valuable a paper is there, and the room has been thoroughly searched; however, the accuracy of description of a place you have never seen inspires us with sufficient confidence to make another search for the paper." In a few days thereafter the old gentleman and his wife called to express their gratitude for Mrs. Morton's instrumentality in bringing them relief. On a more thorough search, the will had been found where it had slipped between the outside cover and body of the trunk.

A lady had been sitting with Mrs. Morton and went away without making any unfavorable comments; but she was evidently disappointed. About three months thereafter the lady called and said: "Mrs. Morton, I have called to make an apology, and to testify to the accuracy of a sitting you gave me several weeks ago. I wanted advice in reference to taking steps towards a divorce from my husband, but you advised against it, giving as your reason the statement that my husband would not live long enough for the matter to be brought to trial, and stating that his death would spare me the notoriety and disgrace. I was considerably disappointed, and thought the information given me to be false, as my husband was apparently in perfect health; but in six weeks after my sitting he fell dead with apoplexy in the streets of New York, and I was spared the disgrace just as you predicted."

A manufacturer whose name is known throughout the world in connection with his wares had a sitting with Mrs. Morton, and called for a second sitting within two weeks. After his second sitting he said to Mrs. Morton: "Madame, when I had my first sitting your control told me I had valuable papers in my safe which I thought to be all right, but, on the contrary, they were all wrong. I was about to make

changes in my business, and had the papers all prepared, and thought you must be mistaken; but your statements showed such an intimate knowledge of my affairs, I thought it advisable to follow up the clues you gave me. I found you were correct; and had it not been for that sitting I would have been a loser of \$20,000, and would never have known it."

In the course of her mediumistic labors, Mrs. Morton has been the recipient of many very complimentary testimonies from leading Spiritualists, among whom are Luther Colby, William White, Allen Putnam, Selden J. Finney, Gerald Massey and J. M. Peebles, and also from Rev. C. A. Bartol.

Thomas Gales Forster, in one of his lectures in San Francisco, stated: "I have recently had interviews with the controlling spirits of Mrs. Albert Morton of your city, during which they discoursed grandly and eloquently upon this and cognate subjects. * * * I found Mrs. Morton one of the most truly magnetic and cultured mediums I have ever known."

Charles Bright, of Australia, in a letter to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* said: "I had the satisfaction of listening to admirable addresses and receiving many remarkable test communications from Mrs. Morton's control. The influences which surround this lady are of the highest and purest order, and my seances with her were complete spirit baptisms. In such communions we reach the heart of religion."

Mrs. E. L. Watson said in her farewell address in Metropolitan Temple, Apr. 29, 1885: "The noble wife of my manager, Mrs. Morton, is one of the first mediums in this city, and is daily ministering to sorrowing hearts in her own quiet and beautiful way. Her spiritual support and womanly love have come out to me all the time like a golden stream in which my heart has bathed and many times been healed. God bless that dear, noble minister of the gospel of angel love. Go to her, ye who sorrow and receive the heavenly baptisms! And ye who are sick, and ye shall find in her little temple, the priestess of my manager's house dispensing blessings always."

When Mr. Gerald Massey was in San Francisco en route to Australia, he said that he intended returning to England *via* India, going around the world, proceeding eastward; but Mrs. Morton told him that instead of thus reaching England, he would return *via* San Francisco and America; and it has so turned out. She also told him of certain business difficulties which he would experience with a certain person in Australia, which occurred as predicted. This Mr. Massey himself told me a few days since.

I have had various satisfactory sittings with Mrs. Morton, particularly for psychometric purposes. Some months since I handed her a photograph of a lady friend merely to look at, with no thought of her giving it a reading, when she immediately named the most striking characteristic of the lady—traits of a marked, peculiar character, accurately described by her. I sent a copy of her delineation to the lady, who thought it very remarkable.

On one occasion I obtained from her psychometric readings of two lady friends. Certain points of character given of each I thought incorrect, according to my own knowledge. Of one of the ladies, Mrs. M. told me that I did not fully understand her yet. This information was volunteered, as I said nothing of my doubts of the correctness of the readings. Not long afterward, I ascertained that I had not fully understood either of the ladies, and that the points in each reading that I thought wrong were indeed correct.

Mrs. Morton's address is No. 210 Stockton street.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN,
Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

A Phantom Horse.

EDITOR GOLDEN GATE:

Mr. Knowles, who formerly kept a dairy ranch about seven miles from this city, on the San Bruno road, in March last employed Mr. George H. Knight, a photographer, living at 192 Sixth street, to take photograph views of his house, fish ponds and grounds. He proceeded to place his instrument on an elevated spot of ground and took the photograph. On developing the picture in the usual way, he found, greatly to his surprise, the form of a horse, harnessed, and the lines drawn tight, at an angle of forty degrees, as though they were held by a driver on an elevated seat. The color of the horse seems to be gray, and, although rather vapory, the picture is plain to be seen.

What astonishes the artist, as well as Mr. Knowles, is the fact that no horse was in sight on the ranch; and where the picture of the horse is represented on the plate, no horse could stand or walk. The high board fence against which the phantom seems to rest, is on the bank of one of the little lakes, and between the fence and the water is less than three feet of earth. The picture may be seen at the residence of Mr. Knight, on the ranch of Mr. Knowles, and at this office.

The artist positively declared to the writer that the plate used on this occasion was new, and never used before by him. The writer has no theory to advance as to how a horse might be photographed when there was none, and where no horse could get or stand after he got there. I give the facts as related to me by Mr. Knight, and leave the wise ones to explain. H.

HINTS ON MIND-CURE.

Editor of GOLDEN GATE.

In your last week's issue (copied from the *San Francisco* of October 3d), Ella Sterling Cummins has given a fair idea of Mind-Cure in its origin, its two Eastern schools and its replant on this Coast. There is a hint in what she says of its fairer growth here in the wider Pacific outlook, but not enough is given on this point. This Pacific public mind is startling; it is not comprehended by the other world people, by the savants especially, who come here from Europe, it is underrated.

Outside of the few cliques who copy older world scientific and literary societies, there is not much regard here for deep book-reading. But let no one, on this account, think this public mind uninformed. This people learns to read the greater book of nature, to see in the grandeur of such nature as the Yosemite, the Big Trees, the Golden Gate and the unbroken Pacific Ocean reach full half way round the world—at the equator—from Panama to Singapore, sights that seem to distance the Atlantic world's growths and distances and to promise the training of the New. They laugh here at the pedantry of the Atlantic schools, and when Monsignor Capel puts on airs of "culture," one of the papers here tells him that all he knows is "only what we got through with in Europe before coming to this Pacific Coast." It was "what we were driven away from the fatherlands to get rid of."

Of a truth the Pacific is the coming school-ground of the spiritual—the intellectual was well enough for that age of the world; but now we are getting to the beginning of the New. Little as the rest of the world may be able to perceive it, this new school of the spiritual is to find its center on this Pacific Coast, and the Mind-Cure is but a beginning or a, b, c, outgrowth of it.

The Mind-Cure teaching here is said by those who come from the East to be a further advance upon theirs. Of course there are as many and as various teachings as there are many and various teachers, from free-thinkers and so-called Spiritualists to the most orthodox and Christ-loving and Bible-reading in spirit and in letter. The Mind-Cure teaches respect for them all—each according to its light. Those who are ripe to learn, gravitate to the class or teaching to which their religion accords. The Mind-Cure proclaims the new Spiritual atmosphere, of the Holy Spirit surrounding them all and harmonizing them all as the differing notes treble and bass of music.

The higher teachings here disapprove book-reading. Emerson says: "He who can read God directly wastes little time over other minds' God-reading." "But," replies the surprised intellectual student, "I can lift my mind by communion with grand thoughts of classic literature." The answer promptly comes: "Go lift your own thoughts to God direct; if you want help or inspiration, go where you can look off to the meeting of earth or sea and sky, at the Ocean Beach or to the hills, at the sunset in the Golden Gate—always before our eyes here, or at the sunrise over Mount Diablo. These are all the books you need for mind-cure in addition to God's word in your Bible-history."

When anyone outside the classes asks the students or teachers about the teaching the reply is, "Come and study in class for yourself. The cost is but \$10, and you can attend the classes daily as long as you will. You will learn more in contact with other minds in class in one week than you will otherwise in many weeks. It is not like intellectual study. It comes most from harmony—from growth in spirit rather than from study."

Question.—What is Mind-Cure?

Answer.—It is the turning of the nature's recreative forces toward recreation in truth, and cutting off their false creation and feeding of error and disease. It is the tuning of the human body and mind as instruments of the soul—the putting of health and harmony in the place of disease and discord.

Q. How can this be done?

A. By simply changing the current of the mind, as one would change any stream or current of electricity, say from negative to positive; only the latter is of the lower or physical law.

Disease, moral or physical, comes from want of connection and incomplete control of the soul over the mind and body. The mind healing is by one's own soul, when this connection and control is restored. It is like putting back the telegraph wires that have been broken down. The one who has this can no more claim to have made the cure than the workman who plants his ladder on the telegraph post and puts back the broken wire, can claim to have made the restored current in circuit. A paralyzed nerve or a torpid liver, or other temporarily or partly defunct organ, is like that broken wire. We simply restore the healthy circulation by soul action upon mind and body.

Q. How is this done?

A. By learning and obeying the law. It can only be understood by the teaching; neither is it taught by words alone. It is like music—coming either by gift or by practice. The system is very short and simple. The unfolding depends upon

the person and personal ripeness or power of concentration and application.

Q. Why have not our scientists discovered this?

A.—Science has been hunting beyond or below or around it. The truth has lain on the surface all the time. It did not have to be discovered; it was never covered to the eye of simple faith. X.

What is Spiritualism?

Editor of GOLDEN GATE:

I saw in one of your papers, not long since, an article headed "What is Spiritualism?" I give, in a few words, what my idea of what Spiritualism is. First, it takes all humanity in its arms; second, it takes till practical and possible means to teach its children that life is progressive. That this is the primary or first grade; that it depends on the possibilities of its own nature how fast it reaches grade after grade, all at last it graduates; has reached the mountaintop where it can look out and beyond and see how much more there is yet to learn; know in his own soul that God is not a personal being but the great spirit of truth and love, permeating everything, every leaf, every flower, and each blade of grass. That it has no end, no sect, that it caters to no party. There is no forgiveness of sin; that all reform comes through growth. E. E. G.

Sacramento, Cal., Oct., 11, 1885.

One of the curiosities at the White Sulphur Springs is a poet who wears buttons on his vest which cost \$16 each. He's not a real poet; real poets do not know what vests are.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

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 incorporate 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, 22 Third St., and Cor. Market and Geary
J. K. Cooper, 745 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, October 19th; answers to questions at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7:45; subject: "Am I my Brother's Keeper, or the Ministry of Sympathy." 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.

BOOKS WANTED.

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

MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY.

THE DAWN OF A NEW CIVILIZATION.

By Joseph Rode Buchanan, M. D.,

Author of "Anthropology," "Therapeutic Sarcognomy,"

For sale at this office. Price \$2.00.

SPIRITISM THE ORIGIN OF ALL RELIGIONS.

By J. P. Dameron,

Author of "The Dupuy Papers," "Devil and Hell" and "The Evil Forces in Nature."

For sale at this office. Price \$1.00.

MRS. ALBERT MORTON.

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Diagnosis and healing disease a specialty.

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R. BROWN, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND electrician; office, 846 Mission street, San Francisco; a wonderful magnetic healer, and will diagnose diseases without any explanation from patients; diseases of woman a specialty; rheumatism positively cured; all rectal diseases cured, such as piles, fistula in ano, fishbone in rectum, polypus recti, stricture, etc., which is the cause of consumption and decline, depletion of the nerve forces, etc.; electric treatment given; cancers cured without cutting; guarantees to cure all cases he undertakes; medicines can be sent to the country, with instructions how to use them, after diagnosis is given; consultation free; office hours to a. m. to 4 p. m., and 6 to 8 p. m. DR. R. BROWN & CO. are also sole agents for DR. BERLIN'S HYDRASTIN UTERINE SUPPORTERS for the State of California. These supporters are doing wonders in curing displacement and ulceration of the womb. All ladies afflicted should call on the Doctor and have a talk with him, and if you can be cured he will soon effect that cure. Agents wanted for these supporters in every town in the State. Office, 846 Mission street, San Francisco. n014-1f

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Evans will hold a developing class every Tuesday and Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, to develop the phases of mechanical and independent slate-writing, rapping and other physical manifestations, trance and clairvoyance.

Call or address FRED. EVANS,

100 Sixth Street.

THE MINISTRY OF JOYFULNESS.

BY REV. T. R. SLICER.

"Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."—NEHEMIAH viii., 10.

"For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving. For if ye sanctify by the word of God and prayer."—1 TIMOTHY iv., 4, 5.

There are two ways to regard human life. We may call it a discipline or we may call it an opportunity. In either case, the ultimate object is to attain to that power which shall make our human life pass from a passive experience to an active, creative energy. The difference which lies between these views of human life represents the difference of a man's outlook. He may regard the world in which he lives as all wrong and God intent upon its restoration to order, or he may regard it as all unfinished and its Creator in process of its enlargement and completion.

The former outlook is that of the mind which accepts the fall of man as a fact of history; the second is the outlook of those light-filled eyes which regard the rise of man as a prophecy of faith.

Those who believe the former view speak much of "the discipline of sorrow," "the moral uses of dark things"; those who rejoice in the latter view speak rather of "the ministry of joyfulness."

It is of that "ministry of joyfulness" I desire to speak now. Men need to be encouraged, to make them strong in the paths of virtue. The men, therefore, who regard the control of the universe as in the hands of one bent upon its subjugation, will be stirred to rebellion in the exaltation of the nobleness of their nature. It is the apprehension of this fact in the adult life of our time that has unconsciously revolutionized the methods of instruction for the young, substituting the aspiration which success holds out to hope for the terrors which failure dictated to fear. This one principle has changed the whole method of education.

Life is for us all a time of education. We are to be "led out." We are like those parchments found by Winkelmann at Pompeii—written full of valuable matter, but sealed by the action of fire, leaf upon leaf, into a solid roll; the problem is to discover a method to unfold without defacing them—and us. Certain essential powers are involved in human nature; the problem is to evolve that which is involved in being a human soul, and leave the human soul intact. So, then, in the education of the race, the Infinite Thought, whose word we are, the Infinite Life, that has entered us, must do nothing which will leave us spent by the process of education of the race, the Infinite Thought, whose word we are, the Infinite Life, that has entered us, must do nothing which will leave us spent by the process of education or less in love with the Teacher and his methods.

Now, what are the conditions under which the most of God's children come into this world-school? I need not rehearse them. The woes that are not our own and the pangs that are turn the pages of that "Inferno" which record the major part of human life, the greater number of human lives. If, then, these conditions are arbitrarily imposed by Supreme Benevolence, no man can be much blamed who mistakes this for supreme malevolence, and believes that hate, not love, is the inspiring purpose of creation.

Certain considerations interpose with lifted finger to forbid this view.

1. The history of a generation is not the history of the race. How much less is the history of an individual such a record of what is done for his kind! We generalize from premises too scant, and find our law is larger than our facts. This is unscientific and unwise.

2. In spite of what seems to be so ill-devised and lamely carried out, there is "a steady gain of man." Virtue is steadily gaining, and the efficiency of human life augments by generations and even decades as they pass. If, then, human life is so ill-adjusted and ill-administered, the subject is rising in spite of the monarch; and the socialism and communism of universal woe is too strong to be held in bondage by an imperial will, and too strong to fall into anarchy when that will is overthrown.

3. In spite of the woes of the individual and the sorrows of life, men universally cling to life, and re-enforce its powers of resistance and augment its sources of delight. We turn from the graves of our dead, not so much intent upon immortality and heaven as upon fulfilling the duties left by them undone. We hail with a sort of joy the declaration, "I am the resurrection and the life;" but we accept with more positive assurance the statement, "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly."

"Tis Life, not Death, for which we pant;
Tis Life of which our veins are scant,
Life, more and fuller, that we want."

4. Under every dispensation of grief, a human soul feels it is against nature to rejoice because of it, and learns only after long endeavor to rejoice in spite of it. That to which we attain by what we call "the discipline of life," is attained, not because we suffer, but because we are able to overcome the suffering by some higher power than grief. We rise superior to our grief. That which drains our heart of joy has by the goodness of God, in the compensations of life's experiences, filled the

vacant room where joy dwells with a higher, holier love. This was, not because of grief, but notwithstanding it. There is nothing regenerative in suffering. A man would be as unwise to rejoice in a broken limb as to rejoice in a broken tie of human affection. The power which would have gone to making life broader has been spent in repairing the breach suddenly opened in its defenses.

5. Whatever contributes to a philosophy of life which increases the resources at man's command contributes by that same act a view of the universe which is helpful and strengthening. The view of life as a discipline of sorrow reduces the strength of our grasp upon God's good world of material things. Our enjoyments are reduced in zest and scope, our sphere of life contracted in its orbit, prohibition takes the place of sacred privilege, and restraint re-venge itself by exciting ignoble desires.

Whatever reduces the temperature of a human life makes it an easier prey to disease; and whatever stimulates the powers of human life to normal action makes it more certainly well endowed and efficient, —a completely rounded human experience.

To multiply laws is a sign of a disordered political state, or a state far from complete in self-government. The Sadducee, holding to the decalogue of few laws, though a materialist, was a saner man than the Pharisee, loaded with endless restrictions, making broad his phylacteries, and enlarging the fringes of his garments. It is a singular fact that Jesus, who had nothing in common with the materialism of the one, found him less a hindrance to the kingdom of heaven than the ostentatious piety of the other. A man is freest to take in new truth who is least hampered by old, outworn truths.

It is a fact also, significant in this connection, that the debt which the world owes to the Christianity which forbade its excesses is made much less by the fact that it forbade also its delights. With the elevation to the throne of popular allegiance of the "Man of Sorrows," there died the art and music and literature of Southern Europe and western Asia. The strength of the Roman world flowed out with its sorrow for its sins, because it was not transmuted quickly into joy at its salvation. With the Christianizing of the Roman Empire begins its decline.

Let it not be understood that this fact arraigns the teaching of the Founder of Christianity, or impugns his theory of the universal love, or his plan for the conduct of life with reference to his universal love. The gladness of Jesus of Nazareth as he contemplated the good world of his father found no representative in the self-glorification of the later martyrs in their dying ecstasy. The secret communing of that pure spirit in the mountains of Galilee found no counterpart in the unnatural mutilation of life's joy in the monasteries of Egypt and Asia Minor. The beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount were in no sense perpetuated in the anathemas of the councils of the fourth century. The voice which said, "This is my body broken for you," and "gave thanks as he broke the bread," found no echo in the elaborated ceremonial of the Roman and Greek Churches of five hundred years later. The dying man, who gave up his life rather than say he had mistaken the voice of God within his soul, commanding the telling of glad tidings to the poor—what had he in common with Simon upon his pillar, or the monks who fed their flesh to the worms which their own filthy poverty had bred?

Between the religion of Jesus, taught in the joy of Jehovah to his disciples, and the mongrel philosophy of the Nicene period there is no more relation than between the sunrise in the heavens and a dark lantern in the hand.

The great Teacher sent of God to announce the good news which came to be so different when it was known only as a gospel of the sacrifice for sin—an added sorrow to the griefs of men—this great Teacher taught, as part of his good news, "the ministry of joy" and the regeneration of human life by the gladness of the children of God. That man who thinks that Jesus of Nazareth introduced into the world a religion of sorrow or of sorrowful discipline has forgotten, if he ever knew, the life of the Lord of the quiet spirit. Women and children were his delighted companions. He welcomed the ministry of their devoted friendship and love, but forbade their tears, saying, "Weep not for me?" Once, moved by woes not his own, he wept; and it is recorded as a thing unusual and marked. High ideals, great hopes of the pure-hearted, thus reward with crystalline gladness those who entertain them. None other could say: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad." This is the outcome of that high courage which, discovered in him, led to the declaration: "Because thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows!"

Who can claim to be enlightened by the day-dawn of the consciousness of God, if it is not the man who says, "I know that thou hearest me always," "I am not alone: the Father is with me."

This is the natural state of the children of God: "The joy of the Lord is their strength." When all human support fails them, they still "have meat to eat" that none can know but themselves. The

nourishment of life cannot be estimated in the terms of its incidents or things external. "Their life is hid, with Christ, in God."

Does this separate them from the joys of common life? So far from doing this, it is the only guarantee a soul can have that common life shall be lifted and glorified. Every creature of God is good and nothing to be refused. These very joys, delights, contribute to their gladness. They look out upon the universe about them: above, the world's flight is theirs, for they are the flock the Father leadeth through the pastures of the sky. "He knoweth them all by name. He calleth their host by number: not one faileth." "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, the world and all that dwell therein." From star world to sparrow, from the roar of his cataracts to the cry of his ravens, "not one of them is forgotten before God."

To such a man, all things are not yet perfect—complete—in the growing world; but nothing is to be seen which has not its use and function. Each seems to be reaching up—man and all the lower orders, plants which are

"Set in the earth and
Seek the sun."

Such a soul accepts the joys of human life as a ministry of God for good. It does not take its delights fearfully and by stealth. Such a one rejoices to be alive, and rejoices in all that increases the zest of life. Nothing is common nor unclean, for God hath cleaned all, by the baptism of his love at the festival of gladness, for his children.

But some soul will say: This seems a very light-hearted picture to set against the background of our human woes. How about the discipline of dark days? Is there no ministry of suffering?

I answer: No days are dark, except when something has obscured the sun. The sun never obscures in any willful way its own radiance. I do not believe in the ministry of suffering. There is a ministry of God, in spite of suffering; but there is nothing regenerative in any breaking of nature's laws, and all suffering is such. The man who can be reconciled to disease or the death of children or the failure of the mind ought to be reconciled to intemperance and immorality and the breach of trust. These breaches of the moral law are our abhorrence: so ought the breaking of natural law to be deplored. It is wholly unnatural that risks should attend the birth and life of children. It is wholly unnatural that a human mind should be destroyed by legitimate activity, making night of our noon. That we have not discovered the remedy, except in part, does not alter the fact. One single consideration compels us to this position: every energy of our enlightened civilization, and increasing skill in all departments of human life, are now brought to bear to reduce the woes of human life. If that were not a labor in the direction of nature's rule, it would be a labor in opposition to God's will. Who is there would condemn the struggle to reduce the suffering of the world to its lowest terms? If there be no one, then let not any believe God is less pitiful than we. Each strong heart-beat of human love is the far-off pulsation of the heart of God's great love. He is our joy and love and life; his joy, our strength.

If I am asked, then, Is there no point of contact between my sorrows, so many, and God's help? I answer: There surely is such a point of contact. Because God does not deal the stroke, that fact does not separate you from his care; because it is not true, in the popular sense of the terms, "that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he accepteth." Still it is true that he sits by the furnace of our affliction, and tempers the fury of the fire, that we be not utterly consumed. The sickness and death which visit our homes he never sends. We must look to natural causes for their sources, and to natural processes for their cure; but for ourselves, undergoing these trials, we may look to God for patience to believe in him, in spite of the compelled sadness of our lot. We are reconciled to God, but never to our grief. Its stress is so far lifted that we take up the work of life again. The springs of joy open again in our soul; and we become a refreshment to others, because we are ourselves refreshed. "We are comforted of God in all tribulations, and know how to comfort them who are in any trouble" like our own; but, to our dying day, we will never know why we suffered,—by what ignorance of life, immediate or remote, by what sin against life, immediate or remote, it came about. We are sustained under our load, but it is never taken away. It is lighter, because we are stronger.

To use a wholly ignoble illustration of so exalted a theme, it is something like that which occurs in a business failure. The man cannot meet his obligations; the failure of a crop, the sinking of a ship, the burning of a mill, the passage of a law unjust to part of the people, a want of foresight, a too trusting confidence in himself or other men, the failure of health at a critical moment when every power was in demand—some such cause intervenes, and the man goes under. Upon whom shall he cast the blame? If he wastes time and energy in maledictions, he will still further fail. He cannot afford to rail at his ill fortune, nor sink into a supine

acceptance of it. He girds himself anew. His creditors come to his assistance; some friend that trusts him and sees deeper than he does, offers him capital; his credit is extended; his employees wait upon his success, as far as may be. Is there any relation between the causes of his disaster and the means of his recovery? None whatever. He is rescued in spite of his disaster. He indeed taxes his energy anew, casts himself confidently into life, inspired by affection and trust. But his failure cannot be spoken of as a phase of life's experience by means of which his best friends seek to teach him wisdom. They teach him wisdom by believing in his power to vindicate his own integrity, and secure himself and them from loss. The wisdom is theirs: the faith belongs to them both.

So God appears upon the natural levels of human life. He never smote a human being with disease; he never lifted a child out of any woman's bosom, and left her arms empty all her days; he never visited a city with pestilence; he never prostrated brave Englishmen and brave Arabs, to secure England's interests in Egypt. He is not interested in the hopes of nations in moments of conquest at great sacrifice of virtue and nobility and life.

But, when disease comes unprovoked, his wise spirit works in human helpers and his tender patience in the sufferer's breast; and the sufferer accepts them as the antidote for the poison which was never in heaven's gift. It was not "the chastening hand of God" which planted the destroying cancer in the throat of the Great Captain, but it was the hand of God which planted him like a rock upon the front of the nation's defense. And the trust and affection of the nation for him, and the comforts that mitigated this evil thing,—these all have sprung from the work he did for God and the nation. He was not stricken of God; he was strengthened and sustained of God.

When death enters a house, and it is desolate,—an unnatural death, as all early deaths are, is it the footfall of God we hear? A thousand times no! But when blessed memories fill our bereaved hearts, when tender ministries lead us to other comfortless ones, when our whole being begins to find a larger sphere by taking a longer look afar, then God visits us by his spirit. Our joys are his, though our griefs are our own,—unwillingly and often needlessly our own.

When pestilence spreads its terror through a city—coming in when the eyes of men are scanning their personal interests, and they are settling their personal grievances, and so are not vigilant for the general good,—then when death sweeps through the city, and its fairest and its foulest go to the grave side by side, is this the hand of God? Surely, the blow was dealt by human hands clenched upon their own interests and smiting all that imperiled their ease and self-love. Say not, "God hath done this." Are we then bereft of divine help? No: his is the inspiration which despair brings to remedy so late the evil thing; his the skill and fearlessness of physician, nurse and priest, going to work to rescue where none other dare go; his are the influences of nature which battle against the unnatural, seeking "to overcome evil with good"; his the strength which resists in the sufferer the ravages of disease; and his wealth which the sons of God pour out as his stewards, to succor those who want while they weep. All these are God's.

Thus, we hope that joy will prevail in its ministry to man, until sorrow shall be no more; that human life history, which began among the growling of wild creatures, will culminate amid the "choiring of cherubim." The individual life, also, which comes in with a sob, will go out with a song.

Human life as we so often know it,—a cry, a struggle and a stillness,—shall find the transfiguring power, which shall make its opening cry its wager of battle, its onward struggle a conquest of wrong, and its final stillness an eternal peace.

In the maintenance of this faith, let us rejoice and be glad; "for this God is our God, he will be our guide even unto death."

A HEAVEN ON EARTH.—If there is any heaven on earth, it is where just the right man marries just the right woman, and there is no way to be happy except with perfect liberty. I hate a man who thinks a woman should obey him. I had rather be a slave than a master. I had rather be robbed than a robber. All that I ask for womankind is liberty, and let the man love the woman as she should be loved. As one of the old sacred books of the Hindus says: "Man is strength—woman is beauty, man is courage—woman is prudence, man is strength, and woman is wisdom, and where there is one man loving one woman, and one woman loving one man, in that house the very angels love to come and sit and sing." I believe, then, in perfect freedom. I believe in perfect justice, and where a man loves a woman she never grows old to him. Through the wrinkles of old age and through the mask of time he sees the sweet maiden face that he loved and won. And where the woman really loves a man he does not grow gray; he does not grow decrepit; he is not old, but to her is the same gallant gentleman forever that won her heart and hand.—Colonel Ingersoll.

A RAY COUNTY GHOST.

[Special correspondence Globe Democrat.]

For ten days or two weeks past the neighborhood known as Possum Bend, on the Missouri river, seven miles south of this city, has been in a fever of excitement over the doings of a ghost, spook or the spirit of some departed denizen of that section. The demonstrations began some six weeks or more ago, but only within the past week has his ghostship manifested a desire to do bodily harm.

The scene of his visitations is a solid, log house, two stories high, covered with a close roof, and when the doors and windows are closed it is impossible for a person on the outside to gain admission without the consent of the occupants. But the ghost gets in and makes it exceedingly lively for Mr. Henry Wilson and family, who at present occupy the house.

The ghost, spirit, or whatever it is, is quite muscular. A few nights since, after Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had retired and were gently dropping into the arms of Morpheus, a noise was heard under the bed, and the next moment the worthy couple were lying out on the floor, with the bedstead and bedding on top of them. A lamp was lighted and a search of the room was made, but nothing was discovered. Righting the bed and again retiring, they were startled by an unearthly scream, blood-curdling and ear-splitting, all the furniture in the room at the same time dancing a jig. A light was procured, but as before, nothing was discovered. The next night Mr. Wilson was awakened by being struck in the face with wet and heavy corns.

Becoming alarmed at these nightly manifestations of anger, Mr. Wilson called in two neighbors' boys to watch for the spook. But this only seemed to anger the uncanny visitor, and his evidence of displeasure were displayed in many and strange freaks. Mr. Stigall, one of the young men called in, was given a resounding slap on the face, which caused the tears to flow and made a whole firmament of stars dance before his eyes. Mr. Gaston, the other young man, was struck in the face with wet clods, and thrown across a table, and given other evidence that the ghost was amply able to take care of himself. Maniacal screams were heard, doors were slammed, and furniture thrown around the room in a most reckless manner until a match was lighted, when all was as quiet as the grave. But no sooner was the light extinguished than the racket began and continued through the night, ceasing when a lamp was lighted. And so it goes every night. Every one who sits up to watch is rewarded with a slap in the face, and blows are administered to all without partiality.

The neighborhood is aroused and the house has been visited by hundreds of people. They all hear and feel the same things. They also all see the same thing—nothing. But something is there and making it decidedly uncomfortable for Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. The story of the doings of the ghost is vouched for by many of the best citizens of lower Ray County.

Message.

[“M. S. S.” in Light for Thinkers.]

"Fear not death," said a spirit who had lately passed away. "I have passed its dark portals and am happy—and now understand how much better I can assist my earthly ones. Death, which has been such a burden in imagination, was but a rill in reality—a change of garments for better attire, laying aside of a wearied body for a freed immortal spiritual one."

The "valley of shadows," to the pure in heart, is full of light and golden gleams from the Summer land. Soft cadences and tender whispers fall upon the ear, radiant forms and beautiful landscapes greet the spiritualized vision; while sweet perfumed zephyrs fan the cheek. Fear not at all, my friends, to stem the current, which appears so dark to you, but float rather upon a placid tide, with angel guides, into your spiritual home. Be holy, as the early saints were; and like them, having borne bravely the ills of time, you will meet gladly and boldly the last so-called enemy of the mortal condition. "There is no death, for by the glorious light of knowledge all things of a former time are rapidly passing away—and with a bright vision, man will penetrate the dark mists of the future."

Miss Cleveland says in her book: "You come from one of George Elliot's poems, appreciative of benefit, but so battered, beaten, and disoriented as to need repose before you can be conscious of refreshment."

Why, that's just the way you come from a skating rink.

"Sa-ay, Jonnie, wot'll you buy for yer lunch?" said a boot-black to another.

"N orange," was the reply.

"High-toned, ain't yer?" said the first.

"No," said the other, "but the skins is good to make people fall down with."—The Chiel.

"Mamma," queried a little boy, "is Satan an angel?"

"He is one of the fallen angels, dear."

"Well, what was the trumble with the fallen angels. Couldn't they make their wings work?"

"HOLINESS."

[The following from a sermon on "Holiness," recently preached by the pastor of the Methodist Church, Rome, Georgia, shows something of the spirit of progress that is permeating the modern pulpit.]

Holiness lifts a man into companionship with the true, the pure, and the good. Things are no larger to men than the eyes they bring to see them. So things are no purer nor better to men than the moral natures they bring to consider them. Persons who settle down into dogmatic unbelief are not to be credited with superior intelligence, but with an overplus of low, hard, animal nature. The length and sweep of a man's creed are determined by his distance from the earth and the dirt. When the casting vote is given in favor of doubt, it may be well known that clay abounds at the expense of thought and mud at the expense of heart. Men of defective wisdom and meagre sentiment have often made the mistake of supposing that there was nothing high and pure and immutable, because these things did not happen to fall within the sweep of their mental vision. It would be well for such persons if they could come to know that, to see anything high or pure or immutable, it were necessary to have something high and pure and immutable in themselves. When the physical, mental, and moral faculties are combined and regulated by the laws ordained for their government, justice, mercy, goodness, and reasons for prayer will appear. How can a distorted eye take in the beauties of a landscape, or a degraded nature appreciate the impulses of a Howard, or a traitor understand the loyalty of Washington to his country? A scoundrel may comprehend a problem in mathematics, but only a pure man could appreciate such fealty to virtue as would prefer death to compromise. Sometimes, men say in song that the world is a waste, howling wilderness. This world is not a waste, howling wilderness to any man who has not made it so by throwing into it the shadow of his own liver or the broken pictures of his own diseased fancy. To the holy man, the world is beautiful, because adapted in its structure and vicissitudes to the production of noble character. To the gifted Schopenhauer, contemplating things through a deranged but marvelous genius, the world was the worst possible; to the no less gifted Leibnitz, looking at things through a clean, clear, well-regulated mind and heart, it was the best world possible. It was the same world that spun upon its axis in the presence of Schopenhauer and Leibnitz. The divergence in their conceptions of it was due to the difference between their moral natures.

Holiness produces such health of character, such harmony and symmetry of faculty, such unity of all the social, mental and spiritual forces, and thereby so elevates and purifies the tastes as that nothing but the most healthful food is relished. To a healthy, physical body, diseased meats are not palatable; and a man may come to a very correct conclusion as to how nearly he approximates the condition of holiness, by considering the kind of moral and mental food he enjoys. If a man finds himself reading with avidity long-drawn and minute accounts of hangings, murders and suicides, he may know that he is not holy. Only a debased mental appetite craves such food. If one finds himself looking with pleasure at obscene pictures, he may know that he is not holy. Only an eye unaccustomed to higher visions contemplates with delight such low-born art. If a person finds himself in possession of an ear quick to catch every slanderous report which may happen to be circulating in the social air, he may know that he is not holy. An ear trained by self-denial to gather in accents, low and sweet, words of divine approval, would turn with horror from such report. Ears which hear with approval evil words concerning others are as bad as tongues which circulate them. No evil report should ever be heard but with a desire to correct it. Ears and tongues which pass and repass evil news for entertainment are exceedingly low and degraded.

Holiness develops in one such a conception as that, when the world flows into it, the form it takes is beautiful and correct. Woolen threads of various colors pass into the tapestry loom, green and red and orange and blue. They reappear in the magical and perfect figures of the carpet and the rug. These figures are produced by the structure of the loom. The world, with its elements, laws, forces, vicissitudes, temptations, and life, flows into every man. The form it will take, whether hopeful, orderly, rational or otherwise, will be determined by the order in which the mental, moral and spiritual faculties stand to each other and to the laws of God. If the bullet molds are square, the melted lead when poured into them will take that form; if oval, that form. The world, as it flows into the conceptions of some men, takes a most wretched, ungainly and irrational shape; no blue, snow-capped mountain in the distance, with silver stream winding around its base; no thatched cottage, with vines hanging in festoons around its windows; no tired but contented plowman making his way homeward from the field of growing corn; no gentle herd in the meadow; no happy, illuminated homes, where laughing children play and rejoice in the smiles of devoted parents; no immortal hope stretching beyond this vale of tears, and anchoring faithful ones to the throne of God. No; but a world filled

with briars and thorns—a world moonless, starless, dark—a world without hope, and ending in black oblivion. If the man in whose thought the world takes such form happens to be a member of the church, he sees nothing to commend and nothing to encourage. The preacher is too learned or too ignorant, too cheerful or too dull. He looks upon the man whose philosophy helps him to be happy as a dreamer. If he were to utter a happy or a hopeful remark, he would feel he had committed a sin. And perhaps it would be a sin to him, for it would be such a violation of the disordered system in the midst of which he lives. The unholy man is necessarily a lost man. He is lost in himself. He is lost out of himself. By status and gravity, he takes up his abode in hell. There can be no heaven for him, for he goes about with a hell factory in him. If by any possible violation of the laws of spiritual gravity he should manage to get into heaven, he would soon manufacture enough sulphur to start a hell in the very courts of the blest. On the other hand, there is no hell for a holy man. He is in heaven everywhere, because the secret of the Almighty is with him, and the everlasting arms are under him.

"I don't like to have Mr. Jones come to the house so often," growled a newly married man to his wife. "Oh, don't disturb yourself, my dear," she replied. "He doesn't come to see you. He's very fond of me, so you needn't entertain him."

Teacher of a class in grammar—What is the plural of man? Johnny—Men. Teacher—What is the plural of woman? Jack—Women. Teacher—What is the plural of child? Susie—Twins.

Fond mother:—You are very sick, my child; I will send for Dr. Jones. Daughter (quickly):—Not Dr. Jones, mother dear; he's engaged already.

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