

# GOLDEN GATE

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

VOL. I.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,  
21 Montgomery Ave.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1885.

TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum;  
\$1.25 for six months.

NO. 16.

## CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; A Chinaman's Bear; The Spiritualism of the Bible, etc.  
SECOND PAGE.—A Catholic Priest on Temperance; A Way to Independence; Annie Louise Cary's Kindness; Gnostic Initiation, etc.  
THIRD PAGE.—A Ghost Story; The Mystery of Mind; Omens; Faith and Knowledge; Is There a God, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials): Strange Bedfellows; Lottery Swindlers; Of Slow Growth; "What Shall the Harvest Be?" In a Name; The Other Side; Necessary Schooling; Correction; This Present Life; Let Us Be Just; "Spirits in Prison;" Neglect; Editorial Notes, etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—News and Other Items: Continuity of Love and Knowledge; Is Man Developing a Sixth Sense; Historical Notes; Hogs Transformed; Resolutions of Condolence; Notices of Meetings, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—A Vision; How to Break Off Bad Habits; What is Spiritualism; Scientific Miscellany, etc.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—A Fearless Editor; Col. Bundy on Spirit Materialization; Professional Cards; Publications; Advertisements, etc.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—The Gray Gull's Wing; The Universal Language; The Message; Too Late; The Famous Prophecy of Cazzotte; Advertisements, etc.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

I know transplanted human worth  
Bloom to profit elsewhere. —Tennyson.  
In joy the soul is bearing human fruit;  
In grief it may be taking divine root. —Gerald Masscy.  
Let each act  
Assail a harp or help a merit grow,  
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads,  
Let love through good deeds show. —Edwin Arnold.  
I would the great world grew like thee,  
Who grew not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In reverence and in charity. —Tennyson.  
The laughter of life is like foam of the sea.  
White-kissing the turbulent waters of pain;  
Now veiling, now ever revealing again  
The depths, with their might and their mystery. —Richard E. Burton.  
Honest love, honest sorrow,  
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,  
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary?  
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary.  
Hush! the seven fold heavens to the voice of the spirit.  
Echo! He that o'er cometh shall all things inherit. —Queen Mercedith.  
Search thine own heart. What paineth thee  
In others in thyself may be;  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak,  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek! —Whittier.  
O, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pang of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood,  
That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That no one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete.  
That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain. —Tennyson.  
Give me the power to labor for mankind;  
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;  
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;  
A conscience to the base and to the weak.  
Let me be hands and feet, and to the foolish mind.  
Charity is a habit of good-will or benevolence in the soul, which deposes us to the love, assistance and relief of mankind. —Sir Richard Steele.

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itsself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy." —Longfellow.

You do not know what heroic strength there is in the womanly part of manhood. I could wish you might not find it out for many years. But, if you must, then let me say that he who drinks early at this deep spring, has a life in him which common men know not,—other sorrows, other joys, other hopes, other aspirations. —Theodore Parker.

Those who have never been stirred out of the dead calm of monotonous life by some great trial, disappointment or sorrow, know but little of the vastness and extent of the soul's orbit, which is bounded on one side by the lowest depths of degradation and despair, on the other by the greatest heights of beauty, sublimity, grandeur and spiritual exaltation. By the length of its decoration and unfoldment, and the infinitesimal scope of its perceptions, wisdoms, inspirations and intuitions. —Dr. C. C. Peet.

When I contemplate the world as it is, independently of any injunction, there manifests itself in my interior the wish, the longing—no, not a longing, merely—the absolute demand for a better world. I cast a glance at the relations of men to each other and to Nature, at the weakness of their powers, at the strength of their appetites and passions. It cries to me irresistibly from my innermost soul: "Thus it cannot possibly be destined always to remain. It must, O, it must all become other and better!" —Johann Gottlieb Fichte.

Incredulity of a fact, I take it, is that wide-spread weakness of the human mind, which is observed in men who have perfected their opinions, and have no room for learning anything more. A new fact to them is just one above the number that is convenient or necessary for them, and had they the power of creating, or of preventing creation, the inconvenient fact should not have existed. Indeed, if admitted into their complete system, "the little stranger" would destroy it altogether, by acting as a chemical solvent of the fabric. —Davis.

## A Chinaman's Bear.

The *Chico Morning Chronicle* is responsible for the following highly interesting bear story: "People living in the neighborhood of New Chinatown witnessed a novel sight on Tuesday last, when a Chinaman went galloping along the street on the back of a monster bear, which was going at a pretty lively rate. Old Bruin was bridled and saddled in the regular fashion, and his slant-eyed rider wore a heavy pair of spurs. The rider and his steed halted in the main street of the Chinese quarters, and the bear was led through one of the stores back into a little shed. Learning of the curious riding animal, a *Chronicle* representative went to New Chinatown to see it and the rider. The bear was found to be of the black species and was a regular Jumbo in size, standing nearly as high as a cow. In conversation with the owner, it was learned that he had caught his bear when it was a very small cub; that he carried it to his cabin, cared for it tenderly, and when it grew large enough he trained it to draw a small wagon and to perform numerous tricks. The bear has always been well treated, and runs about as it pleases, but always returns to its master when called, just like an intelligent dog would. When the bear became strong, the Chinaman began riding him, and never had any trouble. He now rides him wherever he goes, hunting and fishing, and finds the brute a better companion than a dog, for he will go into water, and bring out game, or will carry to his owner ducks or quail he has killed. The Chinaman lives near the Ten-Mile House on the Humboldt road, and yesterday was the first trip to Chico with his trick bear.

The young men of the future have got to look sharp. In the seminaries and colleges whole doors have been opened to girls it is a notable fact that they this year have got away with the honors by a large majority. As there is no institutions thus opened which will close its doors against the girls, young men would do well to take their lesson in time. The girls have knocked the college doors open to stay, and what is more, they are there to make good use of their opportunities. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Vincent, Baron de Castine, was born at Orleans, France, the scion of a noble family. At the age of seventeen years he was colonel of the king's body guard, and when the regiment to which he belonged was sent to Canada, in 1665, he came with it and remained after it was disbanded. In 1667, he established a trading-post and built a fort on or near the Penobscot River, and married the daughter of an Indian chief. By him Christianity was first introduced among the natives of that region.

The Georgia Legislature has passed a bill appropriating \$65,000 toward founding a State Technological School as near as practical upon the plan of the Free Institute of Industrial Science at Worcester. The school will go to the city offering the best inducements.

## THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. E. L. Watson, at the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Sunday Evening, Oct. 11, 1885.

[Photographically reported for the GOLDEN GATE by G. H. Hawes.]

It is due to a false theology that Nature has been considered grossly physical, corporeal, and that all psychic phenomena have been relegated to the realm of the supernatural.

There is nothing in man's experiences, ordinary or extraordinary, that goes to show that God has ever retired from the government of this world; on the contrary, his experience from time immemorial to the present hour, goes to prove that the universe, physically, is but the channel through which flows the life spiritual, and that the physical form is but the materialization of a thought of God.

The laws of nature, whether occult or clearly revealed to man's reasoning mind, are but the will of an infinite intelligence, since nothing can be evolved from matter which is not first involved, and intelligence is everywhere manifest, and no where do we gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, but everywhere we behold cause and effect in an eternal succession of changes.

We have every reason to believe that an unchangeable purpose lies back of all visible life.

We desire to draw a few comparisons between the psychic phenomena recorded in the Scriptures, held as the infallible Word of God by all Christendom, and the phenomena occurring at the present time. We shall attempt to show you that the workings of spiritual nature need not necessarily be confined to a peculiar people or to any special epoch of time. We shall view these records from the Christian standpoint, putting aside the learned argument of the materialist, the equivocal and far-fetched explanations of the text, and the idea of fable or allegory.

It has been charged that these modern phenomena are trivial and surrounded by a certain amount of mystery, and that they may be accounted for upon the ground of legerdemain, from the fact that we demand certain conditions for their production. The fact that we cannot command these spiritual powers, and exhibit these spiritual gifts on all occasions and under all circumstances, has been used as an argument against their verity.

Let us turn to the Genesis account of a seance held by Moses in Mount Sinai, and see if the same objections cannot be raised against the wonderful phenomenon which occurred there in the cloud-curtained mountain with no witness except Moses.

You will remember that the trumpet of the Lord called Moses up into the mountain; that the mountain was curtained about by clouds, and that God said unto him, "See that none of your people draw near to the mount, lest they die. Not a man shall come near us; we are to have a strictly private seance, for I have an important communication to make, and I want to establish right conditions. See to it that not even the Priests draw near; they shall not lay hand upon the mount lest they be destroyed."

Moses very prudently delivered the Lord's message to the people, and they were filled with fear and reverential awe. They took his word without questioning. They did not say to him, "We want to put this matter to a crucial test; we want you to prove to us that you are really receiving a communication from the Lord of Hosts; we want you to stand in our midst and let the Lord descend upon you here; we are not willing that he shall wrap himself up in a cloud; we desire to witness the method by which you are to receive a communication which is to have such an important bearing upon our future."

They submitted to the conditions, and Moses ascended into the cloud of the mountain and stood and talked with God, and when he came down among the people, and delivered his message as the medium of the Most High, the communication was received in good faith.

Here we have an illustration of the independent voice, and the phenomenon of slate-writing by spiritual means; the phenomenon of an intelligence independent of

the physical organization engraving on tablets of stone the commandments that should be given to the people. This fact is accepted by popular theology to-day as a proof of God's special guardianship over the Hebrews, and of His having chosen Moses as one of His most obedient and beloved servants to do His will.

Here is an important spiritual seance which has left its impress upon all time: the manifestation of a spiritual power on the part of the Most High through a human medium. Accepting this, as does the Christian world, it would seem that the Infinite in his care over his human children will descend to acts that in and of themselves are petty and trivial. When we bring the light of reason to bear upon this history, we are forced to ask why God should fear that the people would discover him while he descended to the door of the tent of Moses to talk with him, and should wrap himself in a cloud, which, in the mind of the involuntary doubter, would raise a question as to the truthfulness and the sincerity of Moses. To us it seems so simple and natural for God to have unveiled himself to the eyes of the Israelites in such a manner that even though the medium should disappear for a few days they would not begin to doubt and question whether he was a true leader or not; so they would have no occasion to make for themselves a new God in the place of the vanished one.

Yet, without question, the Christian Church accept these phenomena, and declare that they who reject them are infidels. Only put the wonder far enough away, let the person be dead a sufficient number of centuries, let the angel stand in the dim shadows of the past, and we can readily believe, but quickly doubt the angel that wears the familiar countenance of a friend.

For want of time we shall be able to refer to only a few instances in which the Spirit of the Lord and his angels appeared anciently. I think for every phase of Spiritualism to-day, we can recall something similar in the history of the Jewish nation, of Jesus of Nazareth and his disciples.

Our Christian brethren continually ask, "What new thing has Spiritualism revealed to you, and why is it that spirits are interested in the common, every-day affairs of men?"

In olden times we find that the spirit was interested in the domestic affairs of Abraham. When Hagar was cast into the wilderness with her babe in her arms, the angels came and ministered unto her. A lonely woman, disgraced in the eyes of our modern society, appears a fit object of sympathy to the angel world.

Again, God demands of Abraham that he shall deliver up his only begotten son as a burnt offering, and Abraham, like many of our modern Spiritualists, willing to take the guidance of the spirit, independent of common-sense, not relying upon his own judgment, not listening to the voice of human affection in his heart, blindly obeying the dictates of the spirit, makes ready to do the bidding of this God who delights in the smell of roasting rams, and who visits His vengeance upon His helpless children on earth. The Christian Church commends the faith and obedience of Abraham, while it condemns and lifts up its hands in holy horror at a like exhibition of faith in these modern times. We affirm if this blind obedience to the spiritual voice was commendable on the part of Abraham, it is commendable on the part of any man of the nineteenth century.

Again, in the life of this same boy, we find the spirits interfering, engaging to find a wife for him. Without consulting Isaac, Rebecca is found, and there is great rejoicing in both houses, where the angel ministrations are recognized as moral, as necessary, as beautiful, and as common as any other experience in their daily life.

Pass on a little further and we have the "fire test." You have heard of the fire test among spiritual mediums of modern times. The Christian considers it unworthy and trivial, and that we need no such evidence of the power of the spirit. Some of you have seen a spiritual medium stand with their hand in a blaze of fire and draw it forth unscathed. May it not have been the same power protecting the three children in the fiery furnace?

How is it when Elijah ascends to heaven in a chariot of fire? Behold God sending forth his powers from the invisible heavens to take up His prophet to dwell with him in his physical habiliments. You, as a Christian, believe this account to be a literal fact.

We hear a great deal about the moral character of our modern Spiritualists, and the Christian objects to us because we are not always perfect, because we sometimes slip in the path of duty. After Elisha had witnessed this wonderful manifestation one would suppose his heart would have been melted within him; that he would be ready to make any overture to God; that his whole being would be aglow with a feeling of utter devotion. On the contrary, he goes on his way, and being bald-headed—as many of our modern Spiritualists are—the little children laugh at him, and cry, "Go up, thou bald-head." Instantly Elisha evokes the spirit to visit vengeance upon these children, "and two she bears come forth and tear forty and two children." You may search through all classes of Spiritualists in the wide world, and bring together all the miscreants who have caught at the skirts of our belief, and simmer them down to one man, and you cannot produce such a wretch as this dear, good prophet, who desired the destruction of forty-two children for so slight an offense!

There is another instance recorded in the Scriptures, which, if you will read it as you would any other book, my Christian friend, will help you in your investigation of modern Spiritualism. I refer to that seance which Saul had with the woman at Endor. You will remember that the king does not call her a witch. He is sorely troubled: the prophets can do him no good. Although he has sent forth an edict that all who have a familiar spirit shall be put to death, he comes finally to that condition in which he feels he must have counsel—just as some of our good orthodox friends do in these modern times; the Scriptures do not answer their need; the ministers in the pulpit, turning over the old creeds, leave their spiritual nature unsatisfied; they are in trouble, and the sayings of the old prophets sound too far away; they want to hear something a little nearer home, and so they go quietly to a friend and say, "Do you know where I can find a good test medium? I want to see if I can possibly get a communication; my heart is breaking, and I must have light." And they creep around just as Saul did, in the night-time; they often disguise themselves, just as he did, and they go and hold a seance with a spiritual medium. What happened to Saul very frequently happens to these seekers after light in modern times, when they visit a medium in such a manner. In the account of this ancient sitting, if we should transpose the text a little, you would think you were reading an experience of yesterday here in San Francisco.

Saul said to the woman, "I pray thee, divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring him up whom I shall name unto thee." And she answered, "Why dost thou lay a snare for me? You know that all having a familiar spirit will be put to death." Saul swears that no harm shall come to her, and she, like a good many of our tender-hearted mediums of the present day, consented and said: "Whom shall I bring up unto thee?" Mark that point! Our Christian friend would say, "certain of the prophets might come, perhaps, for some special purpose." But the text proves that it was a common thing to hold intercourse with the so-called dead. The woman was confident that if the conditions were favorable, she could arrest the attention of any spirit whom Saul wanted.

And Saul says, "bring me up Samuel!" And when the woman passed into the clairvoyant state, she cried with a loud voice, "Why hast thou deceived me, thou art Saul." But he says: "Be not afraid but tell me what you see." She said: "I see gods ascending from the earth, and an old man covered with a mantle." And Saul perceived that it was Samuel. And Samuel said unto Saul: "Why hast thou disquieted me?" And Saul answered: "I am in sore distress. God has departed from me and answereth me no more neither by prophets nor by dreams; therefore have I called thee that thou mayest



make known unto me what I shall do." And Samuel explains the difficulty, tells him why he is forsaken of God and that his end is near at hand.

Scan this history without prejudice and you will see in it strongest evidence that the same gift which we see exhibited on the part of our mediums of to-day, existed in the time of Moses, Abraham, Jesus, for Nature's law is immutable, and ceaseless in its operations.

My Christian friend, do you believe it? The greatest sticklers for the Bible as the Word of God, are those who never read it, or, when they do, put on their sectarian spectacles, draw the curtains of prejudice closely around them and shut out the everyday activities of the soul, and thus debar their minds from accepting the truth as God meant them to do—always in the light of reason.

Do you believe that Samuel communicated with Saul? Do you believe that Saul would have visited the woman if he himself could have communicated directly with the spirit? The question is often raised, "If my friends can communicate, why don't they come directly to me? Why is it necessary, if my mother has any knowledge of my needs, and wishes to talk to me, that I should have to go to Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Morton or to Mrs. So-and-So, in order to hear from her?" Why did not Saul receive the communication without the aid of the woman at Endor? Simply because the spirit needs its agencies through which to operate, just as the light of these rolling suns and stars were darkness without the envelope of the earth's atmosphere through which its wave-motions are communicated to the optic nerve, through which again it impinges upon our spiritual consciousness. So it is with the powers of the spirit world.

But perhaps, you say, this belongs to the old dispensation. Read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and you will see that the spirit wrought through all its history, and that the phenomena correspond with those of the present day.

There are persons present to-night who have seen the hand of a spirit, detached from all visible organization, hold a pencil and inscribe a message in the full blaze of the morning light. There is a similar instance recorded in the Bible—the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. If you believe that account, my Christian friends, what right have you to question my veracity when I tell you I have witnessed similar phenomena in the light of the nineteenth century? Is God dead? Was there ever greater need of his manifestations in this world than now? On every hand we hear the cry that infidelity is gaining ground, immorality is increasing and that the floods of sensualism threaten to sweep away our civilization. Then, is it not time that the manifestations upon which the church bases the whole superstructure of its faith should be substantiated? Facts answer decidedly in the affirmative.

Now, I do not accept all the accounts given in the Scriptures as literally true; I think we should allow a large margin for exaggeration, but many of the manifestations are re-affirmed by latter-day facts. Strip Spiritualism from the Bible and you have a bare history, very questionable in its chronology, its geology, its astronomy and many other things. The reaffirmation and reproduction of these phenomena are most important to the Christian church.

But we must leave the Old Testament and come down to the New Dispensation and cite a few instances there. It is not necessary to show you that upon a vision and a dream rests the entire structure of the Christian scheme of salvation. Take away the claim of the immaculate conception, the divinity of Christ, and you strike a death-blow to the whole system. The entire claim of the church rests upon phenomena at which the Christian points the finger of scorn and incredulity; facts which are transpiring all over the land, arresting the attention of the scientific inquirer, permeating the very life of our modern civilization, and sending new streams of spiritual vitality through the old dead forms of theology, revitalizing and resurrecting man's faith in immortality.

Christians often speak of the humble nature and obscurity of those upon whom depend many of the facts of Spiritualism. They say that spiritual mediums, and Spiritualists in general, are of a low order. This is pre-eminently not true, (for we number among our believers and mediums some of the brightest intellects of this age.) But if we turn to the Christian's rock of refuge, we find the chiefest character in the awful drama of that faith, the son of a carpenter, and himself working at that humble trade until thirty years of age. His whole life was spent with the humblest people in society; we find him condoning the faults of the magdalens, and supping with publicans and sinners. Yet he poured the oil of sympathy upon the suffering, and was filled with the divine life, that virtue flowed from the hem of his garments; and when a sick woman touched him and was healed, he felt magnetically depleted, and said: "Who touched me?" And when the woman confessed that she touched him, and he said: "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Here was an example of the faith-cure.

Jesus stands forth as a wonderful medium, the angels ministering to him all through that remarkable period in which he was preaching the gospel of good will to

men. Come to the Mount of Transfiguration and you have a graphic description of a materializing seance, "full form materializations" witnessed by three persons beside Jesus. To this, the Christian turns with feelings of awe and wonder, and is comforted at the thought of spirit return.

You remember when John the Baptist was preaching, the people said "Elias is come again." How was it that these Jews believed in the return of spirits if they had not facts upon which to base their faith? They said: "Elias is risen from the dead."

Again, you will remember that the angel came to Peter in prison, struck off his fetters, opened the gates, and Peter went to the house of a friend where they were holding a little prayer meeting. He knocked at the gate and Rhoda came to harken, and when she heard Peter's voice, she opened the gate for gladness, but ran in and said: "Our Peter is at the gate." And they, knowing he was in prison, said, "Thou art mad." But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then they said: "It is his angel."

They believed in the raps, my Christian friends. They said, "Peter has undoubtedly been killed, and this is his angel rapping at the gate."

And so all through the Old and New Testament you may trace the ministration of the angels in every phase of spiritual manifestations which help to brighten the pages of modern history.

My Christian friends, if the Bible is truly the word of God, it will bear the light of the present century, and you need not be afraid to submit it to a crucial test. I ask you, who are the infidels? They who proudly point to the Bible as the repository of all divine truth, and declare to the hungry-hearted people, that they shall eat the bread priests break to them, or starve; they, who proudly and persistently, without investigation, deny the facts that are transpiring every day; facts which are the re-affirmation of their own claims of spiritual power; or the Spiritualists, who study both, past and present, believing in the eternal goodness of God manifest in the operations of immutable law? Are not these self-styled Christians the true infidels, and the Spiritualists, who give evidence of the hope that is within them, the true believers?

Where would Jesus of Nazareth, John the Baptist, Peter and Paul meet with a warm reception if they were to come to earth to-day? Not a church in the land but would shut the door and declare they were lunatics. But let them come where the Spiritualists congregate, and Paul would say, "I heard the voice of the spirit: I have seen the light of the angel world shining around me, and I know of a verity that if a man die he shall live again." "There is a natural body and a spiritual body;" spiritual gifts are to be coveted; "try the spirits and see if they be of God." There is a gift of discerning of spirits (clairvoyance), the "gift of tongues, of healing and prophecy." The Baptist Methodist and Presbyterian would answer, "We do not believe you; you are wandering from the fold of God!"

But in the spiritual congregation they would be heard patiently, in turn, and when modern Henry and Mary, James and John relate their spiritual experiences, they will corroborate their ancient brethren, and the old and new facts weave themselves into a flashing coronet of pearls and diamonds of divine truth, the beauty of which will make the heart rejoice forever. And thus upon the law of God are strung, as pearls upon a shining thread, all worlds, all suns, all stars, all truth and all hopes for the souls of all mankind.

Backward turn your wandering glances  
From our own familiar fancies  
To the visions, dreams and trances  
Of the mighty ones of yore;  
When the Gods to earth descended,  
And their heavenly being blended  
With the mortals they befriended  
Here upon life's Stygian shore.

Not alone 'mid Sinai's thunders  
Hath the spirit wrought its wonders,  
To correct the peoples' blunders  
And give guidance to the weak.  
Impartially the power reposes,  
In Peter, Paul, John and Moses,  
And the law of God discloses  
In every language love can speak.

And every age hath its own story:  
Each its blot of battle, gore,  
Each its Gods and heaven-led glory,  
Cradle hymns and new-made graves.  
And amid the woe and wrangle,  
We behold truth's bright evangel—  
Now as man, and then as angel,  
Guiding nations, freeing slaves.

Free as sunlight to all nations  
Flow the spirit's inspirations  
Full of healing consolations  
To our sad humanity.  
Light that lowly earth may borrow,  
Hope that softens every sorrow—  
Pledge to Love of glad to-morrow  
Lengthens to eternity.

Barnum says that those who think the world is going to run through rum would see their error if they could look back fifty years at the drinking habits of New England. He drank freely until 1847, and was then converted to total abstinence by a speech of Chapin's; and 1860 Willard Parker scared him so about tobacco that he has never smoked since.

"Tommy," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, "don't you know it's Sunday? Don't you know it's naughty to make a kite to-day?" "But, my dear," interposed Fogg, "don't you see he is making it with a religious paper?" "Oh!" said Mrs. Fogg, "I didn't notice that."

#### A CATHOLIC PRIEST ON TEMPERANCE.

[Rev. Father Cleary, of Kenosha, Wis., delivered an address before the recent Temperance Centennial in Philadelphia, from which we take the following:]

There is nothing wrong in a Catholic clergyman declaring himself a prohibitionist. There is nothing that conflicts with any principle of my creed in announcing that I am a prohibitionist, and, as far as regards the suppression of the liquor traffic ultimately, I am an out-and-out prohibitionist; that is, I am in favor of rooting out, and destroying the traffic as it exists and abounds in our country to-day, as soon as that becomes possible. In other words, I am in favor of killing this monster as soon as we possibly can. But, if I find it impossible to kill him to-night, I will begin by starving him to death, and killing him to-morrow, if I can. Therefore, I am in favor of the present—when I speak this way, I speak only for myself, and I myself am responsible only for it—for the present, I am in favor of the highest penalty being imposed upon the liquor traffic that it is possible for us to engage the public opinion in imposing. I do not like the name license. We hear so much about license. I think it is an unfortunate mistake that the penalty imposed on the liquor traffic, that it may compensate somewhat for the evil it entails upon society, has been called a license. It is a tax, a penalty that is imposed on this traffic, not to make it legitimate, not to place it under the protection of the law, but to place it under the ban of public opinion; and, consequently, instead of placing it under the protection of the law, we place it under the destruction of public opinion, as soon as we possibly can, so that the majority of the men who work within my lines, who work with me in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, favor the highest possible penalty that we can place upon this infamous traffic. And we favor this, first, because we find that public opinion is not prepared, as a rule, in most localities, for anything more extreme. Where public opinion has been educated up to anything more vigorous than this, I am prepared to say, Let public opinion prevail. But I do not mean by this that we are to sit down and wait until public opinion becomes ready; but I say we should go on training and leading up and educating public opinion by every process possible, that it be the more readily adapted for this particular purpose of wiping out the infamous traffic in intoxicating liquors. This is the first reason. And, secondly, we find—at least, I have found, by many years of experience in total abstinence work—that, where this high penalty has been imposed, it is more easy for police regulation to take care of the evil consequences of the liquor traffic, and to punish those who violate the law. We find, also, that the traffic in this way compensates—at least, somewhat—for the misery it entails. It helps the municipal authorities to support the paupers; this business has created. It helps the municipal authorities to pay some of the expenses of the criminal proceedings that have grown out of the infamous traffic. It helps, in other words, to compensate somewhat for the misery it brings. And, by making this statement in favor of high penalty, I by no means desire to see it brought under the protection of the law, and made a respectable business under the guardianship of the Stars and Stripes of America; and I, therefore, have no sympathy with the argument that says that high license, as it is called, or high penalty, will abolish many of the low-saloons, and make the others more respectable. I make no distinction between the saloon with the French-plate mirrors and that with the saw-dust on the floor, where the poor people go. There is no distinction as regards the respectability of the saloon, for the name "respectable" should never be mentioned in connection with anything of the sort. \* \* \*

Now, the statements I am about to make will, I know, be new to a great many in this large audience. I come from the State of Wisconsin. I live in the suburbs almost of the great city of Milwaukee, where the best lager beer is brewed that is brewed in America. (I am not an agent for these lager beer breweries.) They tell us that lager beer is especially good for a man's health, that it conduces to longevity, and is a health-giving and inspiring liquid. Now, the North-western Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, that was established in the city of Milwaukee about thirty years ago, all of whose directors are, I think, wealthy men in the city of Milwaukee and in the State of Wisconsin, having lived neighbors to this lager beer business, they have watched its growth and its influence on the consumers; and what conclusion has the North-western Life Insurance of Milwaukee come to? Knowing all about the healthfulness of lager beer, it has come to the conclusion that for its own sake, for the protection of its own business, it can no longer grant a life insurance policy to a lager beer brewer, no matter whether he should be ostensibly a temperate man or not. They will not grant a policy to a lager brewer, to his clerk, to his book-keeper, or to any man employed in a lager beer brewery. Why? They say: Because you know you never can get a good glass of fresh water to drink around a brewery; and our statistics that we have accumulated, not as the outgrowth of fanaticism, not because we pity the

widows and orphans, but because we pity our own depleted treasury, show that our business has been injured by the shortened lives of these men who drink lager beer. In my opinion there is no stronger argument than this against the evil influence of indulging in this lager beer, or in any alcoholic stimulant. If the life insurance companies, that are familiar with this subject have come to this conclusion, what must all sensible men conclude who have regard for their serenity, vigor and length of days? Therefore, we must all announce ourselves as sworn enemies of the liquor traffic. Let us be prohibitionists if we will, high license men if we will, men addicted only to moral suasion, but let us all be total abstainers. Then the legislature need never refer to the liquor traffic. If the people of this country will only become total abstainers, if the consumers will only cease to be consumers, we will very soon settle the whole question. For, after all, it is the consumers who must settle this question. Let the demand cease, and the supply will very soon fall off.

#### A Way to Independence.

[Harper's Bazar.]

A lady came once in despair to one of the patrons of the Woman's Exchange, in a Western city. Her eyes were very seriously affected, and allowed her to do nothing in the way of painting and fancy work, in which she excelled. She was poor, and in perfect despair as to how she should eke out her poor little income. "Well," said the representative of the Exchange, "what can you do? For what have you been most highly commended for in your whole life?"

"I really believe for my chicken pies," responded the poor lady, laughing at the poverty of her accomplishments now that her eyes were useless.

"That is the very thing for you to do, then," said her friend; and she did it well. Buying some little dishes, just large enough to contain enough pie for one person, she at once began supplying the Woman's Exchange. She found it far more profitable than her needle-work and painting had been, as her chicken pies were so remarkably nice they soon became the fashion.

Another lady who lives in the country makes one hundred dollars each spring by simply picking the beautiful marguerites which grow wild in profusion, making them into artistic little bouquets, and sending them to the Woman's Exchange. There, with their innocent, lovely faces, so suggestive of green grass, babbling brooks, and waving trees, they cheer the hearts of the much-to-be-pitied city folk. The daisies are especially good for this purpose, as the season is long and the flower not easily injured by transportation.

Don't then, follow the beaten paths, but open a bread and milk dairy, where both articles shall be so good that nobody can possibly want anything else for lunch, or "go West," young woman, as well as your brother, and "squat" on what may be made into a good farm. Dare to be a lit-original in your ideas, and summon sufficient courage to carry them out. Think over what you can do the best, prepare yourself thoroughly, and go to work to find success.

#### Annie Louise Cary's Kindness.

[Maine Letter to the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

One little story out of numberless ones to which I listened I will repeat, feeling sure it has never been in print, and illustrative of Miss Cary's (now Mrs. Raymond) character.

One summer, as was her custom, she spent some little time in her father's old home, a short distance from Portland, which she made her own during her vacation. It was after she had been feted at home and abroad, had sung before crowned heads and nobility, and diamonds had been but one of profusion of gifts showered upon her. One morning she ran into a neighbor's kitchen as if "she were not Miss Cary," as a girl said, where a girl of eighteen or twenty stood ironing. Like many bright New England girls she longed to get away from her small surroundings and try a larger sphere. "Why, I have my trials," said Miss Cary, "and you could not understand them."

"Oh," answered the girl, "what are troubles to you? You can do as you please with the world, instead of waiting to see what the world is going to do with you."

"You are tired, let me iron awhile," said the famous songstress.

The girl protested. Miss Cary insisted, and carried her point. As her iron moved to and fro, she entertained the weary girl with stories of her own life, showing with what labor she had achieved her present success, and the trials incident to a public life. When she, too, became weary, she changed places with the girl, who had become rested and contented, saying: "Now I'll sing for you." The voice which had held hundreds entranced now filled the little kitchen. For a long time she held the girl entranced by the spell of that charming voice, and when she went home left her happy, where she had found her restless and discouraged.

He (aesthetic, as they go down to supper)—"Augh—do you like etchings?" She (from the country): "Ye-es; but I don't think I'll take any to-night, thank you."

#### GNOSTIC INITIATION.

[The writer of the "Tea-Table Chit-Chat," in the S. F. Post of Saturday last, gives the following account of an initiation into the Gnostic Society, recently formed in this city.]

On Wednesday evening last I had the good fortune to be one of fifty guests to witness the formation of the Gnostic Society and the initiation of a mystic number of ladies. The exercises were not open to the general public, but courteous permission was given me to mention so interesting an occurrence in my "Chat." Wherever women are making prominent moves we all like to hear about it. While appreciative of its high moral plane I am not a theosophist—not a Gnostic (one who knows spiritually)—not if I know it. After the manner of good Dame Partington, "I just hold on to the old red meetin' house," and like the old Methodist dorky:

"O, dat ole time religion  
Is good enough for me,  
It will carry you ober Jordan,  
It will carry you home to Heaven,  
Oh, it's good enough for me."

Perhaps I'm not sound on all of the thirty-nine articles of faith, but I don't propose to give myself away, nor to compromise myself and be dragged up for heresy by publicly expressing any doubt of the whale's having swallowed Jonah. Dear Mrs. Cooper, God bless her, weathered the storm beautifully—but none of it for me, thank you; I'd prefer saying "nothin' to nobody."

Gnostic Hall is a lovely place, where harmony prevails, with its tinted walls, hangings and carpets of blue, red and yellow, corresponding to the intellectual, physical and moral. On the red-carpeted stage were a couple of handsome willow easy chairs with bright ribbons interwoven, a lacquer table and easel with two handsome paintings, vases and stands of natural flowers; behind and in front scarlet curtains. The number to be initiated to lead a life devoted to goodness must be either one of the mystic numbers seven or thirteen. The arras was drawn aside, and for the first time on the Pacific Coast (and but few times in America) thirteen disciples filed down—filling a semi-circle of chairs, and were ready to be received into the Gnostic Society—which is a branch of theosophy—and for one not to understand exactly what that means is considered to be worse than the heathen in his blindness. The very word tells it—God wisdom—and after reading tens of thousands of volumes on occult science you will begin to catch on to the meaning of so awe-inspiring a title—and humbly return to your fathers comprehending that it is all given in a nutshell in the Bible: "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you, and love your neighbor as yourself;" discipline hard enough, dear knows, and we may just as well begin at once and so fulfill the law and the prophets, and ultimately reach their Nirvana, or our Heaven—which, after all, is one and the same bourne for which we are bound. Pardon digressions.

Professor Chainey took a chair upon the stage, and Mrs. Kimball, tastefully dressed in white nun's vailing and rich lace, was seated at the right. The gentleman explained the objects of the society, and proceeded to address the class very impressively. With a genial, earnest appearance, graceful of gesture, masterly elocution, commanding choicest flowers of rhetoric, he spoke of the unfolding of the soul by the highest purity of life, and of renunciation of self. He accorded them the largest liberty of thought and feeling, binding to no creed—simply leaving them to the path by which they could attain the most exalted ends.

It reminded me of a picture some place on the operatic stage, of a little temple where the vestals come to keep the lamps burning. The ladies were generally arrayed in white, elegant dresses—some of white silk and crepe, others of soft, woolen materials, with illusion. One wore a white and pale blue Grecian tunic; another one pink silk and pink crepe. All were pleasing, intellectual women—nor was beauty and grace, as regarded by society, lacking.

At the conclusion of his remarks each lady gave an expression of the hope that is within her, concerning her acceptance of this faith. Professor Chainey then received them into the association as "Fellows."

Mrs. Kimball followed with a beautiful address concerning the great possibilities of soul culture—even to welcoming sorrows and trials that burn away the dross and lead the thoughts and aspirations heavenward, even until they in their at-oneness with God become divine—and, finally attain Nirvana, of which, however, they may, by purity of life, have a foretaste even here. She welcomed the initiates with a motherly fondness, after which a half hour was passed in social chat.

Professor Chainey and Mrs. Kimball conduct the classes—the former in elocution and oratory, dramatic readings and physical culture; the latter in psychic culture, and they have many pupils not interested in their religious views.

Jim Fiske is said to have made this reply when asked to contribute toward building a fence round a cemetery: "Not a cent; there is no use in a fence; those who are in can't get out, and those who are out don't want to get in."



## A GHOST STORY.

[Chicago Daily Tribune.]

For many years the people of Johnson Township, Gibson county, Indiana, have known of the existence of a great and impenetrable mystery that surrounded the premises of Mount Tabor church, owned and controlled by the German Evangelical Association, a wealthy religious organization, which has a large congregation, at present presided over by an intelligent minister—the Rev. Mr. Bolander.

Ever since the death of young Dickmeier, in 1859, the place and surroundings of this church and parsonage have been "haunted." Very little was said about the matter at first, as the ministers who were troubled did not feel justified in complaining. They feared ridicule on the part of their brethren. Probably Mr. Bolander has been annoyed by the unaccountable noises about the premises more than any other pastor who has ever resided there.

One recent bright summer afternoon, the Tribune correspondent started out in search of the premises said to be so supernaturally annoyed.

"Is it true," was asked of Dr. Bolander, "that these premises have been haunted?"

"Yes, it is true. I do not like to talk about it, because my neighbors do not like it; but what I know I cannot deny. I have no theory about it. I have studied over the matter a good deal, but I cannot arrive at any conclusion that is satisfactory. We were greatly disturbed one morning shortly after daylight by the sound of footsteps on the front porch. We waited for raps. Directly a loud rapping was heard on the door. I got up and went to the door and opened it, but no one was there. I went outside, but could not see a soul. Considerably mystified, I returned to the house. After that we often heard footsteps on the front porch, and sometimes we would hear the key turn in the lock. Then the front door would swing wide open, but no one could be seen, and we did not know what to make of it. Then, again, we would hear loud rattings on the outside and inside of the house, but every time we failed to detect any one."

"Were you frightened?"

"Not very much. My wife and I are not easily frightened at such things, but it troubles us greatly on account of our children. My oldest boy, a little fellow, came to me one day and said: 'Papa, how is it when people knock at our door nobody is there; and when people knock at other houses somebody is always there when they open the door?'"

"Were there any other manifestations?"

"In the name of the Lord, what request would you make?"

The spectre raised his right arm slowly, and with his finger pointed to a tombstone before them, which was yellow with age, said:

"That inscription should be erased!"

The mysterious visitor spoke in a tone of command. The pastor could not reply. He was too nervous and excited. The spectre was very slow and methodical in his movements, and after repeating his command to the pastor, turned and walked slowly away toward the farthest end of the churchyard, and disappeared as if in a mist. The pastor listened to catch some sound. The footsteps of the figure, as it moved lightly over the grass between the tombstones, could not be heard; but as it disappeared, a sound as sweet as the far-away chanting of an angel band was wafted back to the pastor's ears.

Dr. Bolander went out the next day to investigate the matter. There rested the tottering tombstone at the head of the grave of Frederick Dickmeier, and on it was carved the text of the preacher's sermon of twenty six years before, taken from the fourteenth chapter of Romans, eighth verse, as follows:

"For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

It was this inscription that the mysterious visitor demanded erased.

"Did you obey the mandate of the ghost and erase the inscription?" was asked.

"The inscription still remains. I had no authority to erase it."

The pastor's thrilling experience created a good deal of excitement in the neighborhood.

"I could tell you many things that would make your hair stand on end. We have heard peculiar and unearthly noises here at all hours of the day and night, and sometimes they would be so troublesome that we could not sleep."

While the above conversation was progressing, Mr. Bolander was sitting on the fence. After a good deal of persuasion he retold the story of the mysterious visitor.

One night in May Mr. Bolander was indisposed and could not sleep. Finally he resolved to get up and go out into the open air to refresh himself. He passed into the churchyard and seated himself upon a grave, and leaned his shoulder against a tombstone. Suddenly he heard a soft, sweet sound, as if the rustling of the breeze made the melody. In

a few moments back again to his ears came the music, this time more distinct than before, and the pastor arose from his place and looked out into the moonlight to see what it was that had mooned him from his reverie. He was startled to perceive a figure dimly outlined in the distance. The figure was gradually moving toward him and beckoning him to approach. Involuntarily the pastor moved toward the object, and as he drew nearer to it he observed that it was the figure of a man. Amidst the shadows of the grave-stones moved the spectre—of medium size, with a face as white as a shroud, eyes sunken, cheeks rawboned and hollow, fingers long and bony, breast bare, and throat red as blood. Not a sound other than that of the melodious strain had been heard. The spectre moved forward a few steps and then remained still. The pastor addressed the spectre.

"In whose name I address you?"

"In the name of the Lord."

## The Mystery of Mind.

[Detroit Evening News.]

It must be so, Plato; thou reasonest well. No one accepting this reasoning can think it absolutely incredible that the mind of a scholar which has passed to the other world may not be present with a friend at his "great go" or university examination, and even fill the vacant mind, as in Mr. Scott's story, with the knowledge and power necessary to answer brilliantly all the questions and tests imposed. Reported facts are by no means waiting to support the theory, not as yet formulated and boldly asserted by the scientists that transference of thought and living does occur from the dead to the living.

But it seems more important first to establish the proposition that such transference is actually effected between living persons, of embodied minds, without the intervention of any sort of sense-perception. Some simple phenomena, apparently of this kind, have long been familiar. The thought of an absent person, or conversation concerning him, is often followed immediately by a letter from him or by his appearance, with his mind intent upon seeing his friend. How frequently is a new-comer greeted with the jocular remark, "if you talk about Satan, he is sure to be at the door!" The fixed gaze at another in an assembly room, particularly if accompanied with a strong effort of will to that end, will generally cause the head of the other to turn in search of the gazer and willer. This phenomenon is common. A mighty mass of testimony is also on record, going to show that one mind may impress another, sometimes across vast spaces, in a moment of danger, of serious injury, or of death.

## Omens.

Among the English lassies it is bad luck for a bride to look back or go back when once she has started for the church, or to marry dressed in green, or to let the ceremony go on while there is an open grave in the churchyard. When the bridesmaids undress the bride they must be sure to throw away all the pins, to make sure of good luck to themselves as well as for her. If a single pin be left in the bride's raiment, woe unto her. And if a bridesmaid should keep one of them she will not be married before Whitsuntide or the Easter following. Therefore bridesmaids in England are not given to preserving the pins from the bridal costumes. If the bridal party venture off the land they must go up stream, and the bride, to make certain of good luck, must, on the happy day, wear "something old and something new, something gold and something blue." If she sees a strange cat that day she will take it as an omen that she is to be very happy, and if on the morning of her wedding-day she steps from her bed on something higher than the floor, and then on something higher still, she will rise in the world from the time of her marriage. To make sure of this, the maiden has a chair and a table at her bedside, and steps from one to the other on rising from her slumbers on her wedding morn. On leaving her home and on starting from the church to return she is very careful to step out with her right foot first, and is careful not to address her husband after they are wed without first calling him by his full name. The break of the wedding ring is a sign that the wearer will soon be a widow.

In the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. Fothergill says that a patient dying of exhaustion is generally dying of starvation. "We give him beef tea, calf's foot jelly, alcohol, seltzer, and milk; that is, a small quantity of sugar, of milk and some fat. But the jelly is the poorest sort of food, and the beef tea a mere stimulant. The popular belief that beef tea contains 'the very strength of the beef' is a terrible error; it has no food value."

A collection was taken up in one of our churches recently, and when the hat reached the seat occupied by a lady, her daughter and little son, the two ladies found themselves without a cent of money, but young America reached over and deposited a cent in the hat, and then whispered to his sister: "There, I just saved this family from being whitewashed."—*Larned (Kan) Chronoscope.*

## FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE.

[Banner of Light.]

That most courageous of thinkers and bravest of speakers, Reed Stuart, of Battle Creek, Mich., recently uttered a discourse on the above theme in his pulpit in that place, which we find faithfully reported in the *Daily Moon* published there, and of whose many salient points we wish to speak. His habit of thought is decidedly philosophical, conjoined with the practice of the broadest and deepest sympathy. All that he utters on any chosen subject is of striking impressiveness and wide interest. It instantly arrests the mind's attention, but through none of the avenues of mere sensation. He insisted, to start with, that the presence of one virtue, or noble activity, is not sufficient to establish the fact of a perfect life. Like nature, life is an unit composed of many fractions, though perhaps no complete inventory of all its parts can ever be made. The virtues may be catalogued, but their combinations and practical application are infinite. Like the endless changes of the notes in music, which in Wagner's case led the way into a new world of melody, the well-known human virtues, by their exhaustless application, may guide us into a new world of morals.

In figuring up a life, there should always be some sign appended to show that there is still more than our computation includes. Life is incremental, and capable of an infinite progression. "It does not yet appear what we shall be," says the apostle. On one side, life is related to the infinities. But the development of life should be symmetrical; advance should be made along the whole line. Faith cannot be dispensed with in forming the noblest career of a soul; but it must not be a faith that loses itself in wishes and aimless aspirations; there must go with it a practical quality and determination to give real shape to all dreams and prayers; the fine sentiment of worship which rises toward the sky should return to earth in definite shape, and bring a distinct benefit to the hearts and homes of men, as the vapor of the morning in springtime returns in earth-rejoicing showers. To faith, and the courage which would realize that faith in deeds, must be added wisdom which would see that faith was not misplaced. Belief and courage are needful in making a faith, but so is information essential. Faith must not be too far removed from knowledge.

Man is naturally a credulous being. If denied knowledge, the mind deals readily in probabilities and guesses. The sense of limitation and imprisonment is more oppressive than any other. The soul has the element of infinity within it, and loves freedom. Hence it has always been in the habit of making flights beyond its native confines. Conjecture was always busy in those regions where knowledge could not go and bring back definite report. The journeys which reason declined to undertake, imagination was eager to attempt. One has but to study the history of his own life to see what harm ensues if emotion and fancy try to move forward without the companionship of thought and judgment. We can easily see how the myths of the nations were formed. We may read our own personal history in the history of the race. As the race is seen to emerge out of that twilight period before it had thoroughly come to consciousness and had not in any way written its own experience, we cannot know what its thought was respecting surrounding objects. But very soon after man begins to give an account of himself and to record his history by pyramid and monument and temple and parchment, life becomes a perpetual exclamation of surprise.

Mr. Stuart went on to show the origin of the prevailing myths of the past, which certainly form an interesting series, and shed a clearer light on the formation of the historic creeds. He remarked that wherever we look upon the early history of the race, it is seen to yield a ready belief in the existence of whatever the imagination could picture: the immense realm which lay beyond actual sight and hearing to those children of feeling and fancy was no less real than the actual world. But upon all sides the boundaries of knowledge have expanded, and many of the ancient beliefs about earth and sky have perished. All the ancient beliefs concerning giants, fairies, naiads and dryads have disappeared. It has been a long journey from credulity to reason, but it has been undertaken and is already very far accomplished.

What crimes, he exclaims, might our earth have been spared, if passion had waited for reason to decide. Passion crucified Jesus, lighted the martyr fires, put to death for witchcraft, and fed the spirit of persecution. Emotion is well, but when it springs from imagination only it is short-lived; while that which arises from a contemplation of facts is profound and sustained. Religion perhaps can better do without emotion, but it can no better do without reason. We need not slay the intellect to become religious, nor slay religion to become intellectual. Religious emotion must rest ultimately upon the fact of reason, and not on a figment of the imagination. "The words of Moody and Joseph Cook shall all pass away, but the words of Spencer and Muller shall not pass away." Our faith must have knowledge added to it to give it freedom and a necessary self-sustaining quality. Religion looks too much to the past; churches seem to be

built as monuments to the memory of other days. Doctrine is valid according to the endorsement which some great historic name is supposed to have given. The soul's constitution is not made the basis of doctrine, but proof-texts, rather, taken from ancient books, and the decision of councils, which in some other age had power to speak with authority.

Says Mr. Stuart, reviewing the field, "We are but mere spectators, and take no part in the great drama. We act as if Wesley, or Calvin, or Luther, or Augustine, or Paul, because of some special endowment, had access to the divine secret which is denied all other souls. But we are far from the truth of the matter if we think that heaven refuses to communicate with earth except at one place or time. What fact of earth, or sky, or of soul, or God, did the men of Westminster, or Heidelberg, or Nice, or Jerusalem have, that we do not also possess? All that these men could at best do, was to translate into speech their account of the things which they had seen and heard, or what had become facts in their consciousness. But this same privilege is not denied us, of giving an account of the way things appear to us; and we have utterly failed to learn the lesson of Jesus and all brave Protestants since the world began, if we are not ready to sacrifice the past with all its great names to our own intellectual integrity and the demands of our moral consciousness. The fear everywhere displayed to trust reason in religion and permit the soul to make good its claim against inherited dogma and tradition, betrays an unreality in our faith that is mournful and disheartening."

He thinks if people were religious they would be brave; that all this timidity, distrustfulness, and doubt, respecting God's latest revelation to the soul, would be dispelled, and there would be complete surrender to the divine method. Though Protestants, we are forbidden to protest. The men with the new Protestant opinion are willing that everybody should hold the new opinion, but woe to him who comes forward with a *newer* opinion. He is only fit to be cast out and silenced. We demand the right to protest and use our reason, but we are afraid to exercise the right. We are splendidly armed and uniformed as soldiers, but we would rather die than fight. Knowledge is the best cure for this timidity. "Be assured," says Mr. Stuart to the doctors of divinity, "that the monster which you have conjured up as the foe to true religion is purely mythical." The office of the intellect is to sift out the truth, that we may have it.

## IS THERE A GOD?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Several years ago I was talking with a good Methodist brother (Hon. Syl. C. Simpson, who was then chief clerk of the Oregon State Senate), on the subject of Spiritualism, pointing out to him its many beauties, its accord with nature and with science, its adaptability to the age in which we live, etc., when he said to me: "You almost persuaded me to be a Spiritualist. I have only one fault to find with your doctrine, and that is, you deny the existence of a God." I said to him that was new to me, that I was not aware that Spiritualists took that position, but admitted that our platform was very broad, and that possibly a man might be a Spiritualist and not believe in a Supreme Being; that all who believe that man survives the change called death, and that they can and do return and make themselves known to us, are Spiritualists, strictly speaking, whether we will or no. "But, do you believe in a God, Mr. Reed?" I was under the impression that you did not." I said it is quite possible that I have a different idea of God to what you have; but to give you some idea of my views on that matter, I will relate to you an event, and I will tell it to you as though it occurred to myself for the convenience of telling it.

At one time I was in darkness and in doubt on this great question, and was pondering in my mind how it could be possible that there should be a God, such a one as I had been taught to believe in from a child. I needn't waste words in describing that God to you, for you have been taught the same lesson that I have, and know full well its meaning. While thus pondering, meditating, deeply and earnestly, praying to know the truth, there came to me a stranger, and yet not all a stranger, for he seemed an old acquaintance, but still I could not place him. His greeting was that of father, friend, or brother. He said: "I have known your inmost thoughts, and have come in answer to your prayer. The little light I have I freely give. Then come, and I will lead you on, and show you a little I have seen." He touched me with his hand a gentle touch, and yet it thrilled me through and through, and seemed to change my very nature; and yet, I was myself as perfect as before. We seemed to rise above the ground on which we stood, and there seemed fixed while earth kept on her motion. Mountain and plain, and valleys wide swept on beneath our feet, towns, cities, farms, villages, passed us by, and in their passing we could see them as they were, and note the very thoughts of men. States and nations glided past; oceans, rivers, seas, until at last we seemed to grasp the team-

ing, bursting world, with all its varied forms, and I did wonder then that man should think he knew so much when he had seen so little, for during all this while my guide and friend had information given and explanations made of many things I never before had understood. While thus in wonder at the sights I had seen, again he touched me with his hand; the magnetic currents thrilled my very being, for all at once we outward sped and left the world at angles right from her great center, outward passed, in line direct into the bounds of space, as easy as our wish, as rapidly we passed beyond the solar system, and, looking backward in our course, we saw the earth—a twinkling star—the sun—a star, a brilliant star—set in a crown of smaller stars, resplendent and serene. We still were outward bound, and on we passed worlds on worlds, systems on systems, until at last the sun itself had vanished from our sight. New stars, new suns appeared and disappeared and still we outward, onward went, and came at length to that dividing line that marks the bounds of the created universe of worlds that men have measured with the instruments of men. And now my friend and guide did halt, or seemed to halt, and touched me with his hand and bade me look along the line we thus had traveled. There was no power to disobey, but turning right I looked, and wondering gazed for all that we had passed. Again appeared constellations, systems, suns, worlds on worlds, not as twinkling stars, but blazing suns and rolling worlds. No pen can write, no tongue can tell, no pencil paint the grandeur and the glory of the scene. I surely thought my guide was God, was Deity himself, and would have bowed in worship at his feet, but seeing which he said, "O do it not, for I am only man and brother. You now do think that you have seen the universe of God, and true it is that few have thought to lift the veil and look beyond the bounds of what men call time and space, but all that you have seen and passed, however wonderful and grand, however old in time are in the morning of their life when compared to what still lies beyond. Thither have we come but further cannot go, for what there is beyond is old indeed, worlds and systems of worlds, universe on universe of worlds finished and complete, so far as mind of man can grasp or thought conceive. I said you could no farther go, and that is true. No child of earth while in the flesh can enter there and live. But by the power I give to thee, I'll let thee look and still survive, and still return to earth from whence you came."

No sooner had he spoke the magic word than turning looked the other way. O wonderful! O glorious! O enchanting! O rapturous vision! O who can see and live, for who can tell what language cannot tell? I will no further try; and then my guide, with look divine, in words I cannot speak or write, so full of meaning that passes understanding, did this convey into my understanding, all that you have seen is but a grain of sand upon the shore, is but a drop of water to the ocean, to what there is to see. For only on a single line direct has been our course and if you were with needle points on every foot of your earth's surface to project a line direct, each and every one extended far into distance as the one we now have reached, each and every line would but reveal new fields for exploration. But all that we have seen, and all there is to see, is but the outward manifestation of the indwelling life, is but the vestibule of the temple of the living God. God is a spirit, and lies back of the universe of matter, and is the life thereof; into that realm of spirit life you yet may venture, for in you dwells a spark of that divinity that makes you what you are. Hence we *all* can say my God and your God, my Father and your Father, for his tender mercies are over all his works. Again he touched me with his gentle hand and I was bade to earth, but never since have I a doubt that there is a God. That God I worship in spirit and in truth.

Friend Simpson grasped me kindly by the hand and said, "Friend Reed, I never more will question that."

C. A. REED.

Portland, Or., Oct. 19, 1885.

A prominent member of a Boston church, in speaking the other day of a possible change in the pastorate, said: "I think it is a matter of buying up stock—excuse me, I mean pews. If Mr. —'s friends can buy up pews enough before the parish meeting, they will of course, call him. If the other side get pews, why Mr. —'s friends will be left. You laugh, but the control of a church is a good deal like the control of a bank or railroad, nowadays. If you can buy up a majority of the pews, you can run it to suit yourself."—*N. Y. Tribune*

We are all working men, nearly, in America; there is hardly room for idlers; the men who work are the most highly esteemed, and whatever we have in that country we have earned by some form or other of honest, straightforward and persistent industry.—*Minister Phelps.*

At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words, "love, honor, and obey," the groom interrupted, and said: "Read that again, sah. Read it once mo', so dat de lady kin ketch de full solemnity ob de meanin'. I'se been married befo'."



## GOLDEN GATE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
AT  
31 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Assistant.  
R. B. HALL, General Agent.

Contributors:  
MRS. GEORGINA B. KIRBY, Santa Cruz.  
MISS MATTIE PULSFER, San Jose.  
JOHN ALLYN, St. Helena.

TERMS:—\$3.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$10, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE," No. 31 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1885.

## STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

Spiritualism, during its early struggles for existence, has been compelled to take up with some strange bedfellows, not all of which has it yet fully succeeded in shaking off.

The sinuosities of human nature are many and past finding out. The fact is, only a small portion of the human race may be regarded as really and wholly sane. Every man with a twist in his brain—every unbalanced nature—every crank with a hobby to ride—has taken advantage of the free platform which Spiritualism has offered to air his vagaries.

And thus the cause, which in its essence means simply a belief in the existence of the spirit of man as a conscious entity after the change called death, and of its ability to return and communicate with mortals, has been saddled with burdens that would have swamped any other system of religion or philosophy in the world.

Pernicious teachings concerning the marriage relation; the gibberish and trash of undeveloped and ignorant mediumship that have been quoted as the utterances of the spirits of the great and wise; the unsavory character of some of the ministers and mediums of the new gospel—all of this and more have operated to shut out from the investigation of our beautiful philosophy and wonderful phenomena many an honest soul.

But much of the foolishness laid at the door of Spiritualism was nothing like as bad as it was painted. Here was a startling fact—the discovery of a new world—a world peopled with spiritual beings—with those who had been laid away in the grave to await, as it was supposed, the sound of the trumpet, and the coming forth at the general resurrection. This fact, so marvelous in its character, naturally appealed first to the credulous and superstitious. So contrary was it to the teachings of all religions, as well as to the conservatism of science, and the enlightened thought of the world, that it was everywhere received with distrust, not unmixed with ridicule. Its new and strange revelations were distorted and ridiculed, and its claims denounced as the tricks of the charlatan or the workings of the Evil One.

But this state of things is rapidly passing away. Spiritualists are now too numerous, too self-reliant and too well fortified in their facts, longer to care much for what ignorant and narrow-minded people may say of them; for it is only this class that any longer presumes to treat their claims with disrespect. The newspaper press—recently so hostile to Spiritualism—has changed its tone. It found its abuse of Spiritualists unprofitable; there were too many of that class among its readers and patrons. It is amazing how respectful the average newspaper editor can become when he otherwise diminishes his revenues.

And so, as the young evangel of Spiritualism gained strength and confidence—as it came to stand forth in its purity and beauty, and cast off, one after another, the cumbersome weights of mischief and misapprehension which at first involved it, it was seen to be of goodly form and fair features, as indeed it is—"one among ten thousand and altogether lovely." It means the truest social order; it emphasizes in its teachings and philosophy, purity of life and conduct, the exercise of a broad and generous humanity and the necessity of spiritual and intellectual growth. It seeks man's highest welfare in this world and the next. It fills the heart of the mourner with joy unspeakable. It tells of—

"Sweet fields of never-fading green,  
And rivers of delight";

Of a home in a world of eternal verities, beyond the bars of the West—the sunset of time. It urges, by hints and admonitions, by the thousand lessons of nature, by inspiration and intuition, and by every incentive of time and eternity, the importance of right living here, as the only proper preparation for life hereafter.

## LOTTERY SWINDLES.

The Louisiana State Lottery is doubtless the most gigantic swindle in the universe. One can scarcely take up a paper in which is not given the account of some poor man who has been made suddenly rich by investing a small sum in this stupendous boodle game.

The great similarity of these fables indicates that they are all written by some competent liar in the employ of the managers. They appear in the news columns of the papers, as though they had been gathered in with the gleaner's scissiors, when the fact is they are all advertisements, sent out by the advertising agencies, and paid for as reading matter. The company of sharpers behind this plundering business can well afford to pay liberally for such advertising, as their receipts are immensely augmented thereby.

It may be that, in rare instances, some one is really allowed to win a prize; but this is exceedingly problematical. At least ninety per cent. of all these reported prizes may be set down as prizes of the imagination, without the shadow of fact behind him.

The people who patronize these cheats are mostly poor working men and women, who habitually devote a portion of their humble earnings to the purchase of lottery tickets. From every town and hamlet in the land goes out a steady stream of money to fill the pockets of a set of blacklegs, many of whom are already rolling in wealth. The poor dupes hope to win a prize—the goal of their ambition. Every one of them stands a better chance, by far, of being struck by lightning under a clear sky. And the newspaper press is lending its columns to robbing those who have no better sense than to sink their hard-earned dollars in the bottomless pit of these lottery swindles.

## OF SLOW GROWTH.

Public opinion is a slow scholar. Once it becomes crystallized into any form of error, nothing but the hardest kind of blows with the sledgehammer of truth can disturb its monumental repose.

Great lessons of life, new religious facts or philosophies; any great thought outside the usual drift; all innovations, in fact, upon established ideas are necessarily of slow progress. They need to be iterated and reiterated a thousand times, and in every possible shape, before the public mind will comprehend them, much less embrace or adopt them.

For nearly forty years Spiritualism has been prominently before the world. Hundreds of volumes have been written and published upon the subject, and thousands of disquisitions, in magazines and through the newspaper press. It has had a multitude of lectures, and scores of able journals devoted wholly to its propagation. And yet how comparatively few people know aught of its teachings or philosophy.

In the great city of San Francisco, with its three hundred thousand population, there are probably not twenty thousand who know that such a paper as the GOLDEN GATE exists, not ten thousand who are fairly familiar with the cause it represents, and perhaps not to exceed five thousand who are reasonably well versed in the literature of Spiritualism.

There are many fairly intelligent people who think they know the subject to be one wholly unworthy of examination, and they want no further information thereon. They have somewhere read of somebody whose claims to mediumship had been exposed as fraudulent, and that was enough to satisfy them that all of the facts and phenomena of spirit manifestations were alike fraudulent and delusive!

But the great majority of people simply do not care whether Spiritualism is true or false. They are too busily engaged with the affairs of this life—in money-getting, office-hunting, and in worldly matters generally—to find time to investigate its claims, even if so inclined. No more so with Spiritualism than with any other ism. They fancy that their spiritual natures, (if they have any such natures) will take care of themselves—that if there is any future life (of which they have serious doubts) they will find it out sometime and stand a fair show with the rest. They simply do not want any sort of religion. It may interfere with some of their business arrangements. In getting the best of a bargain it might offer suggestions of fairness that would reduce the profits.

And so, from various causes, Spiritualism is slow in reaching the public heart or understanding. And yet, Christianity, after three centuries of existence, had not such a numerous following.

## "WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"

In the rapidly approaching autumn days of life—the days of garnered sheaves of character—what shall the harvest be? Shall it be wheat or tares?—the rich fruitage of worthy deeds, or the emptiness of barren years?

This is a question which every soul must answer for itself; and it would seem that no one could be indifferent to the answer. Nevertheless we see that great numbers are living as though all of life to them was centered in the present. With no cheerful outlook for the future, they are wholly wrapped up in the present, as though the present would last forever—as though the time was not just at hand when, with bowed form and slow footsteps, they would go out into the night—the starless night—the night with no hopeful morrow.

It is right that labor should have its reward, and commendable that one should lay by ample stores for the necessities of age. But human effort should not stop there. It should consider, thoughtfully and charitably, the needs of the less favored children of earth. There are bleeding hearts that need the balm of sympathy—unfortunate ones whose burdens we should share. Surely here is work enough and for all; and the fruits of this work is the only harvest the soul can reap in the hereafter.

## IN A NAME.

There is much in names. They inspire fear, hope, despair, trust, joy, sorrow, grief, laughter and gloom. Prohibition is a word of strong meaning, but it does not carry the force it should, for the reason, we think, that what it proposes to deal with does not inspire the fear and loathing it should. Whiskey, gin, rum, alcohol, etc., are terrible in effect, but their names should be changed to small-pox, typhoid, diphtheria and cholera; alcoholic beverages weaken one's power of resistance, both mental and physical, and thus invite those ailments of body so frightful in name and nature.

If prohibition was understood to prohibit these plagues, all would embrace it. In fact, it does prohibit, since all temperance is prohibitory of evil. Temperance and cleanliness, in nine cases out of ten, go together, and combined, they are an impenetrable defense against pestilence. There is no pestilence that works so wide and horrible destruction of property, home and life as drunkenness. If this could be cut off and utterly destroyed by some other plague, there would be little sorrow in this land.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

There are always two sides to every story, and sometimes more. The denudations of the land of its forests in many portions of both worlds is true, and their sterile and desert aspect presents sad pictures; but while this process has been going on, an opposite one has been in operation, though, of course, on a less scale, yet infinitely preferable. It is refreshing to learn that there are portions of our country that are returning to a state of nature—in this way does the exhausted soil renew its life elements; rest supplies the needed vital forces to earth as well as man.

Pocahontas and John Smith are now almost incredible myths, but Nottoway county, the reputed locality where the beautiful Indian maiden saved the life of the helpless Smith, is a reality, and is said to be fast assuming the character of a wilderness. Where once wide plantations gave abundantly of tobacco and corn, deer now hide in the woods that thickly stud the idle ground. In England there are not a few sections of once productive farming lands that are being left to the growth of forests. This is a state of things that must of necessity be confined to small areas in both Great Britain and the United States, and must of necessity be of short duration, because of the rapidly-growing population of the world. In England these forests are allowed to renew themselves by titled landowners for some purpose, while in our own country it is mainly a result of local want of thrift and industry; but it is a lack not to be deplored, and should not be regarded as in any sense an evidence of "decay."

It will be but a few years until these now abandoned regions of our own country will again be cleared by a hardy set of pioneers, and be made to support a new and vigorous life in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. By this time the now fertile and wide-spreading farms of the West will have begun to fall off in productivity and vitality, while these recuperated forest lands, enriched in all the elements that enter into air, sunshine and the repeated growth and decay of leaf and twig, will come under cultivation and into competition as a new power. But it is to be hoped the forests may be given every possible chance of growth, since they are the salt of the earth.

## NECESSARY SCHOOLING.

It is a fearful task to live one's best, even half best, with the eternal problem of bread and butter staring one coldly in the face. And yet how many lives are thus hampered and "walled in" from doing the good that is within them, grand beings whose every inspiration for great usefulness is drowned by the cry "of where withal shall I be fed and clothed?"

We never know of the thousands of brave souls that every day are struggling around us for "a broader view and purer air," with hungry hearts whose longings are never satisfied—longings that only the angels can know. Still, there is no one so pressed but can give a little time to self-improvement, and soul-growth, while it does mar our spiritual intuition greatly to be forced to think continually of our material wants; and yet the grandest workers for humanity, the greatest geniuses have been rocked in the lap of poverty and reared and trained by relentless necessity. All of which but teaches us that work is the "one thing needful" for fitting us for the battles of this life and the developing of our spiritual nature.

It is better to be overworked, than not to work at all.

"For the words of misery  
Is when a nature framed for nobler things  
Condemns itself in youth to joys,  
And soars athirst for air, breathes scanty life,  
Grasping from out the shadows."

## CORRECTION.

It is necessary that we inform ourselves, since we live mainly by information, and, for the rest, on faith. We can not all see and demonstrate everything for ourselves, but we take the word of others that this and that is true. Then we have an intuitive perception of things that becomes positive knowledge to us, though others call it faith, since the soul's perceptions may not always be made manifest.

Not all that we accept on trust turns out to be truth, but it is the business of an honest mind to sift and weigh all its accumulations that the chaff may be cast to the wind and the seeds that are to produce the fuller harvest of time safely stored in our minds to actuate our daily lives.

It seems a pity and a sad loss that so much time must be spent in unlearning errors; but then this is but a primary school, and it is not always supplied with the truly informed teachers. We imbibe mistakes and false ideas in our whole course of study, though we are not confirmed in our mis teachings until we refuse to regard others as such. Age is often tenacious and clings to its instructions and doctrines so strongly that it ceases to obey the honored injunction to search all things and hold fast only to that which is good.

## THIS PRESENT LIFE.

To the mortal born with a well-balanced nature—with health of body and mind—this life is full of divine possibilities of rational happiness. And one finds the highest happiness in the constant exercise of body and brain in the ceaseless round of human duty. Work, with ever a kindly thought for the welfare of others, is a necessity of soul-growth. It is when thus employed that one can find but little time for brooding over the many ills of life.

The pampered child of wealth, born to no necessity for work, is greatly to be pitied. He misses that rugged school of experience whence are evolved the finest traits of character. It is this sharp training that brings out the best in one's nature and develops true character. Without it there may be souls capable of soaring to Olympian heights, but they are rare. The finest racer will never do his best except under the spur.

There is so much to be done in this life, such

vast fields of undeveloped possibilities, that one, able to work, even in never so humble a way, should be in no hurry to pass on.

The greatest drawback to spiritual advancement in the hereafter will be found to be neglected tasks and duties left undone in earth life. The spirit may be hampered and held to earth for ages because of this neglect. How this thought should prompt to diligent work and generous actions here.

Old age steals on with rapid pace. To the individual past the meridian of life, time's swift couriers are fleeing by with lightning speed. The sun is rapidly sinking behind the western hills of life, when no more work can be done. What is done must be done quickly, ere the night cometh, and the last sleep, and the awakening to a new day.

## LET US BE JUST.

Once a Spiritualist goes astray, as they sometimes do, for human nature is the same the world over, and straightway nearly everybody of orthodox ways of thinking sets it down to the discredit of Spiritualism; and this, too, in face of the fact that a very large percentage of the defaulting scoundrels of the country, and many of the worst libertines, are either Sunday-school superintendents, members of Young Men's Christian Associations, or deacons or ministers of some Christian church.

Now we all know that Christianity teaches purity of life and conduct. It teaches honesty in business affairs, and ever invites man to walk uprightly in the pathway of human duty. It should not be blamed for the weaknesses, shortcomings and iniquities of its followers. Neither should Spiritualism be condemned for the occasional moral delinquencies of its believers.

No message from the unseen world, whether voiced through the lips of a medium, or spoken by spirit lips—whether written independently, or through the hand of a medium automatically—have we ever heard or seen, that breathed other than a spirit of the purest morality. They admonish, entreat, invite, by every incentive of spiritual unfoldment, to a higher and truer life. For man's highest happiness here and hereafter, they would have him noble, pure and good—the physical ever dominated by the spiritual.

And then the teaching of Spiritualism, that there can be no forgiveness of sin—no vicarious atonement—but that man must ever bear the consequences of his evil deeds, is calculated to hold him to a correct line of conduct, as no system of vicarious punishment can. Repentance can not efface the scars of sin from the soul; but through repentance and an aspiration for a better life—by ceasing to do evil and learning to do well—man may eventually overcome his base nature and become worthy of pure spiritual companionship.

## "SPIRITS IN PRISON."

The following letter, written in a beautiful hand, reaches us from the State Prison at San Quentin. We omit the name of the writer, but assure him that not unto us, but to a late fellow-prisoner, is he indebted for the GOLDEN GATE. No better missionary work could be done than the free distribution of a number of copies of this paper among the inmates of our prisons. Our beautiful philosophy is full of hope and encouragement to all who would aspire to a better life:

SAN QUENTIN, CAL., Oct. 27th, 1885.

J. J. OWEN, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I believe I can trace to your kind hand the sending to me here of consecutive numbers of the GOLDEN GATE newspaper. The perusal of them has afforded me keen pleasure. I do assure you, as they deal with a branch of inquiry which possesses for me a very deep fascination.

Condemned to linger away the best years of my existence in a prison, and denied all intercourse with my fellows at large, what wonder is it that I should turn for comfort to the contemplation of such phenomena as are presented by your wonderful science of Spiritualism? If it were not for occasional communion with that "choir invisible" I do not know how I could bear up under the hardship of my present lot. As it is, it requires an exercise of such endurance and fortitude on my part, which would be possible but for my belief in the realities of our common creed. Sir, I would cheerfully support your paper by subscribing to it, but, alas, it is not in my power to do so, and I can only repay you for your kindness by this slight meed of thanks, which I trust you may accept from me in the spirit in which it is proffered. Wishing your excellent paper a wide circulation, and reiterating my thanks for this unsolicited and thoughtful attention. I am, etc.

## NEGLECT.

Victor Hugo named Jules Grevy, Leon Say and Leon Gambetta as executors of his will, none of whom performed the office. Death took the last, the first refused to act, and the third, left alone, found the undertaking too much to assume with his other business, and so nominated M. G. Pallain to take his place, and execute the poet's will. This reminds us of Alfred de Musset, whose wish in life was that a willow tree be planted above his grave, and the same fancy was often expressed in his poems. True, he requested no one in particular to perform the deed, but it seems strange that not until years after his death was the request complied with, and then in so careless a manner that the tree refused to grow, and to-day is said to stand a stunted skeleton.

It seems a pity that in all France there is no one who will cheerfully and lovingly replace this dead memento with a healthy, living tree of the kind desired by the poet. It is even more strange that some enthusiastic American has not long since found this lonely grave and thus given expression to the sentiment that stamps the American nature.

The Spiritualists who meet on Wednesday evenings, at Grand Pacific Hall, 1049 Market street, at their meeting October 21st, endorsed the resolutions adopted by the Civic Association calling for a Free Labor Bureau, and Mr. Mead, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Price were appointed a committee to co-operate with that association for the establishment of such a bureau.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our foreign Spiritual exchanges, *Light and Medium* and *Daybreak*, come freighted this week with good things, some of the best of which we transfer to our columns.

Now that the long evenings have come, is the time to lay in a stock of choice reading matter, to beguile the otherwise hours, and at the same store the mind with useful knowledge. True soul growth can only come of much patient endeavor.

A new weekly paper, *The Spiritual Messenger*, has just made its appearance in Minneapolis. It is edited by F. J. York, assisted by an able corps of writers. The paper sparkles all over with spiritual light. It has our best wishes for its success.

An Ohio correspondent, a good friend of the GOLDEN GATE, writes as follows to Bro. E. O. Smith of San Jose: "I like the GOLDEN GATE, because it treats all subjects with common sense. It is the paper of progress, and not wholly of instinct and intuition. It comes nearer doing the correct work than any paper published in the interests of our church that I know of, from ocean to ocean. By the way, I hope you folks of the Pacific slope, who are of the true faith, will not let it die for want of sustenance."

Mrs. Sarah Althea Sharon, supported by a first-class theatrical company, under the management of Mr. Charles MacGeachy, will appear as "Portia" in the "Merchant of Venice," at the Grand Opera House, in this city, Friday, November 13th. Mrs. Sharon takes this method of replenishing her exhausted exchequer, pending the "law's delay," in which she is deprived of her share of her lord's ducats. Those who are familiar with her accomplishments anticipate a masterly representation of the beautiful character of Portia.

There are many reasons why all do not and should not marry, but most of these are far from obvious, and therefore Pennsylvania has, by a recently amended statute, made them a matter of investigation. At least, it so looks now since all who would unite their fortunes in wedlock, will be required to answer nineteen questions. If this inquisition had been instituted by women, we could then guess pretty nearly its general bearing, and be sure that it was good; but being the work of masculine minds, it will, perhaps, only serve to confuse those not quick of invention.

The ominous silence that has for some time been maintained about our national gift, is finally broken, just as we expected it would be, by stunning and unanswerable criticism of the pose of the goddess. The friend that finds fault with what others are disposed to enjoy, declares that the figure is balanced on the wrong leg, and bids all try it for themselves. The right arm being extended, the critic says, the balance should be on the right leg, since there must be a corresponding tension on the right thigh to the straining of the arm, and sums it up as a bad fault artistically and anatomically.

Occasionally some paper gives a three or four-line notice of that grand old patriot, Kosuth. For some time he was exported from his little solitary dwelling in Turin, where he supported himself by teaching English. But lately his health forbade this work, and now he is gone to the Alps to live on a farm, where he will henceforth be supported by his sons. His remaining days are probably few, and it is a happy thing for the pleasant, learned Hungarian, that it is permitted him to close his life amid the scenes of nature, whose ever-varying aspect inclines to that serene contemplation so sweet to the soul of a good man.

By means of citric acid put into sea-water, which precipitates chloride of silver, the salty fluid is converted into a palatable and harmless mineral water. This was of course evolved from some sympathetic mind out of pity for that large class of persons who are left to the perils of the deep and the mercy of life-preservers. Therefore, it is in order for shipmasters to supply a vial of this transforming acid for each preserver, when it is hoped the harrowing tales of thirst endured by shipwrecked humanity may be heard no more. To be sure, each sea-going passenger might take his own citric acid.

Time is no respecter of poets, but steals from them as from common mortals. We are informed that Lord Tennyson is now in all probability doing his last work—a lengthy poem, dealing with home rule in Ireland. The birth-place of this fortunate man is for sale, but we don't believe it will possess half the attractions that cluster round that of our own great dead General, or the little cottage at Mount Gregory, where his life went out from earthly scenes. Poets and heroes of the better kind are not so common, and we doubt not England will manifest due appreciation for her court poet and all his associations, when his labor is done.

Reports from China again complain of persecutions of the Christians. American, German, and English missionaries have issued pamphlets describing the character of these persecutions, hoping they may be the cause of better provision being made by the Western Powers for their protection. Whether these outrages are in retaliation or not, for the persecuted Chinese in the United States, it may be observed that they occur with about the same regularity as the outbreaks of labor cranks in this free country. Christianized Chinese and missionaries are treated alike, as the heathens see no good in the Christian doctrine.

GOLDEN GATE.—The first six numbers of this excellent weekly journal lie upon our table, and, judging from their contents, we should say it must win its way into every Spiritualist's home. For it has only to be seen to be appreciated. Its appearance, typographically speaking, is beautiful, and its contents the best that can be written upon the subject of Spiritualism. This new enterprise in the far West has our best wishes for its financial success. With Mr. and Mrs. Owen at its head—a combination of both talent and experience—it must take its place among the great reformatory journals of the present century. The Spiritualists of the Pacific coast should rally to its material support.—*Spirit Voices*.



## NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

A vein of asbestos 300 feet in length has been found near Santa Rosa.

England takes twelve hundred tons of slaughtered beef a month, sent from Galveston, Texas.

The Board of Supervisors of Lassen county have recently levied a license of five hundred dollars on all saloons.

Mrs. Bettie Dandridge, a daughter of old Zach. Taylor, once President of the United States, is living at Winchester, Va.

In a Justice's Court at Mattoon, Ill., the jury refused to award damages to a colored man for having been refused a shave by a negro barber.

A Chico paper says it is reported there that Senator Stanford is about to cut up his large vineyard at Vina and sell it to settlers in small tracts.

The Jones county, Iowa, calf litigation case, has just ended. The calves were worth \$50, the suit cost \$20,000, and has ruined several farmers.

It is estimated that the strike of the Albany, N. Y., molders recently, has cost the workmen and manufacturers in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

A number of prominent cattle men in Nevada have received peremptory orders from Washington to remove their fences from illegally claimed land.

Zunch has been appointed Governor of Arizona, and Zieback wants to be Governor of Dakota. The President seems to have got clear through to "No."

The mails at Lincoln, N. C., are handled by three women—Miss Nannie Hoke, the newly appointed postmaster, and her two female assistants.

The people of Winnipeg have contributed \$5,000 for a monument to the volunteers killed in the Kiel rebellion, to be placed in front of the City Hall.

Cholera has swept away 3,000 French soldiers in Tonquin this summer, and reinforcements sent thither are only sufficient to make good the losses by disease.

A fishing schooner at Gloucester, Mass., one day week before last, took three hundred barrels of fish in half an hour that sold in the market for \$2,268.75.

The Chinese Government has decided to make haste in building railways throughout the Empire, for which purpose a vast amount was recently borrowed in Europe.

Included in the grand wedding outfit of Princess Marie d'Orleans of Paris is a pearl necklace pocketed by Gen. Palikao during the war in China, valued at \$10,000.

The Empress of Austria is extravagantly fond of hunting. The sum of \$1,500,000 has been expended in erecting a hunting castle for her in the Luniger Wild park near Vienna.

The number of doctors in Dublin is enormous, being quite out of proportion to the population, and the death rate there is usually higher than that of any other city in the United Kingdom.

A Huntington, Pa., Spiritualist avers that his twelve-year-old daughter, though entirely ignorant of the German language, recently spoke it fluently while under the influence of the spirit of a German poet.

Over six hundred divorcees were granted in Massachusetts last year. Of these 67 per cent. were granted on the petition of the wife. Desertion was alleged in 45 per cent. of the cases, adultery in 26, and intoxication in 13.

A Paris dispatch says the marriage of an Orleans Princess to Prince Waldemar of Denmark is regarded, in France, politically, as the most important since that of the Conqueror of Austerlitz with the Archduchess Marie Louise, 1810.

In 1860 only 5,253 newspapers were published in the United States, or one for every 6,000 inhabitants. Now, 13,494 newspapers are published, or one for every 3,716 inhabitants; certainly a remarkable growth in twenty-five years.

According to a decision of Judge Macomber, at Rochester, N. Y., week before last, a wife may sue another woman for damages who alienates the affections of her husband. The case is a new one, and may become the precedent for many more.

A number of silk manufacturers of Europe, disheartened by the trade there, are preparing to invest several million dollars in America in establishing silk factories. They believe they can make them pay though wages here are higher than abroad.

The Mexican Government is considering a plan for taxing rural property, a measure which would tend to enforce the sales of land now being held in immense estates. This the Government hopes to effect and then enter upon a systematic plan of colonization.

The State of Guadalajara, in Mexico, has passed a law by which the "households of widows, nuns, and unmarried women" are free of taxation. This is perhaps the first instance on record of men applying to women immunity from supporting a government in which they have no share.

Temperance people in many parts of Connecticut are in high feather. They are exchanging congratulations in the country press over the victories for no license at the polls on October 3d. They had waged a war of unwonted vigor against liquor-sellers, and were rewarded with unusual success.

Dr. Garrett Anderson, a sister of the wife of Prof. Fawcett, and Dr. Arabella Kenealy, a daughter of the late Dr. Kenealy, a brilliant advocate and finished scholar, are said to be the two most distinguished lady practitioners in London. Both of them enjoy large and lucrative practices, and are said not to be inferior in ability to doctors of the highest standing of like age and experience.

The Philadelphia police are making arrests under an ancient law relative to profane swearing, which provides that "if any person shall blaspheme or speak loosely, irreverently, or profanely of Almighty God, Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit, or the scriptures of truth, such persons, on conviction, shall be sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and undergo three months' imprisonment."

"Spirit photography is a demonstrated fact in Minneapolis, and several negatives have been taken bearing on them distinct faces other than that of the sitter. The photographer is not a Spiritualist, and the appearance of the faces on the negatives is to her a profound mystery. A large number of the faces have been recognized as those of the departed friends of the sitters, among the most notable being one of Mrs. Horton, of Fifteenth street, who recognized at once a face appearing as that of her brother, who died four years ago. As more definite features appear the public will be fully apprised."—*Spirit Messenger*.

## CONTINUITY OF LOVE AND KNOWLEDGE.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your issue of October 4th, there is an article entitled "Continuity of Love," by Chauncy Park, which, while it has much in it that is true and beautiful, has also much that seems calculated to mislead.

Mr. Park defines charity to be unselfish, disinterested love, and then quotes Paul, who says: "Charity never faileth." This is, no doubt, true; but he deduces this statement from Paul's teaching: "It is declared also to be the only achievement of character of endless continuity."

Mr. Park's conclusions are as follows: "Whether we consider Paul an authority or not, his declaration is not inconsistent with reasonable and natural surmise. Whatever the other life shall be, and however we shall be changed, we know so little of it, that we cannot say that very much, if not all, of human teachings shall not be suspended by that which is to come. The entire range of human teaching and knowledge must fulfill its mission in this life. Much of it here cannot be utilized, and that which can be appertains to the conditions of our present existence only. Think of art knowledge, of scientific knowledge, of the world of literature where thought and ideal have been lavished. All of this knowledge is for life now, is part and parcel of this life, so much so that we cannot conceive its being utilized in any other existence."

This is certainly remarkable teachings, in this age and day, from one who evidently believes in a future life. Is it not true that the universe is a continuity, and that we are a part of it? That it is governed by immutable law, and will not gain a knowledge of that law now while in the physical be, of benefit to us as long as we remain in the universe? Are not the principles of chemistry, geometry and the collateral sciences true everywhere? Is it conceivable that a familiarity with literature and art, and a love of the beautiful in form and proportion will ever cease to give pleasure?

Granted that we will be surrounded by different conditions in spirit-life, but underlying those conditions and controlling them are the same principles which govern in the life of the physical. Universal law must be the same everywhere and for all time, else God cannot be omniscient and omnipotent. Continuity is a principle underlying individuality as truly as it does the different parts of the universe.

The author of the article referred to says: "We have not the remotest ground for supposing that human learning will be brought into requisition outside of mortality," and quotes the sentiment, "And whither there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." This is simply annihilation. It is unthinkable that a man can retain his character, his individuality, and lose the knowledge of his former existence.

Again he says: "The knowledge of the mortal is not the knowledge of the immortal." Does he not know that man never dies? That he is as truly immortal while in the physical, as he will be when he shall have been separated from it? In the physical world nothing is ever lost. Matter is continually changing form, but it is not destroyed, and it is present in different combinations. Under proper conditions it can be made to reappear in its original shape. But matter, comparatively, is but the shadow of the real.

In the mind of the architect of that magnificent structure, the Brooklyn bridge, was created a perfect model of that structure before even the material had been selected for its construction. It was perfect in all its parts. Every bolt and brace, trestle and cable, were there, and filling their appropriate places. As the years roll on, the bridge as an actual structure will disintegrate, and the matter of which it is constructed will take on other forms, yet in the immortal mind of the architect the model will be as perfect as when it first grew into form and definite proportion; and is there any power in the universe, without the absolute destruction of a human soul, that can destroy that model?

Mr. Park says: "We are here not so much to acquire as to be drilled, to be habituated, to grow, to foster character, to be taught, to commune. Not to pile up knowledge and carry it away into another world, but to develop being," and he truly says, "Discipline and knowledge are the sources out of which this development must proceed," but all knowledge comes from human experience, in fact, it is the result of the sum total of the experience of mankind from time out of mind, and it being admitted that this knowledge is necessary to the proper culture of the spiritual, why blot it out of the mind of the individual and thereby destroy the intellectuality of the individual and place him in the same condition when he enters the spirit world as he was when he entered the physical?

Without knowledge there can be no intellectuality, and without that there can be no enjoyment.

This would place us in a condition in which even the love which he truly says covers a multitude of sins, and seeks the best, the purest, and the highest of all things, would be valueless.

Without a knowledge of our past experience, there could be no spirit return; for those who pass over having no knowledge of a former existence, could not be expected to return; yet Mr. P. tells us: "The in-

habitants of that life come to us through mediums with hearts yearning and overflowing with never failing love."

Here we meet on common ground, and it is because of their recollection of past experiences and of the dear friends left behind, that they are anxious to return. The only capital we can take over there is experience and character. And that is all we have here that is truly valuable. Property and money are a convenience, but they are no part of our individuality, and hence are transient and fleeting. Our past life being a part of our individuality, can never be separated therefrom.

E. W. KING.

Ukiah, Cal.

## IS MAN DEVELOPING A SIXTH SENSE.

[Helen Eken Starrett, in Mind in Nature.]

Some friends were discussing the statement of evolutionists, that new organs had been developed by the necessities of the environment in the animal creation; as for instance, feet on reptiles by their efforts to progress on land. One who was skeptical as to such assertions asked: "If reptiles and the lower forms of animal life have had the power to develop new organs to meet new conditions, why is it that man, the highest animal of all has no such power? Why can he not, for instance, develop wings by efforts and desire to fly?"

This question was met with silence on the part of the evolutionists, but one who listened said: "It has always seemed to me that if man were to develop any new faculties or powers in the world, that development would be in the direction of power to cognize or perceive the spiritual or unseen. Moreover, I give it as my opinion that man is developing and gaining this new power. The evolutionists tell us that new organs and powers were developed in the lower stages of animal life because of strong and long continued efforts to acquire this power or these organs. In the same way man is developing the power of spiritual perception through a mighty desire to know something of spirit, of life beyond this life; and I believe he is gaining in power to perceive and know truths and facts heretofore unrecognizable by any of the senses or organs possessed by him."

The idea was new to those who heard, but certainly there is a reason for entertaining it. We all know that as man advances in refinement and knowledge, he becomes more and more sensitive to the subtle influences of mind and spirit. People are attracted to or repelled from one another by an entirely invisible, indescribable power. Many of us realize the fact of this attraction or repulsion, and know it to be a fact, to whom it is an invisible mystery. If, then, a fellow-being whom we know to be truthful, tells us that he can perceive an aura surrounding every human being, which attracts or repels harmonizes or antagonizes with an aura of other human beings, why should we scout at him as a fanatic or lunatic? May it not be that he is only developing a new power, a new faculty, a new sense?

Again, there are thousands of men and women, and their number is constantly increasing, who tell us they can perceive spiritual existence. They tell us they hold converse with and even see and feel the disembodied spirits of those who have passed out of this life. This much is certainly to be said of those who claim to be possessed of this new power. They experience a happiness in their belief, a freedom from the fear of death, which all other human beings may well envy them. To all who are thus assured by facts in their experience of the reality of the continuance of life and personal identity beyond the grave, of the spiritual body and possibility of intercourse with those who have gone before, death has lost its sting. The grave is only a covered bridge leading to the life beyond. Shall those who can see or feel or hear such manifestations deny their reality? Often, perhaps in a large majority of cases such power seems to be gained in response to the deepest and most earnest yearnings of the sorrowing human heart, agonizing toward the dark unknown of death. If, in response to such yearning and eager longing, the spiritual vision is quickened so that it perceives what lies beyond the realm of the bodily senses, would it not be more reasonable to attribute such enlightenment to the pitying beneficence of the Father of spirits, rather than to self-deception and delusion?

Nothing is more clearly recognized by the scripture than the fact of spiritual existences; nay, it is taken for granted throughout the entire old and new testaments. Christ met and talked with Moses and Elias. Paul heard a voice out of heaven, and saw the arisen Christ. Peter was led through the locked doors of the prison by an angel of the Lord. Paul declares that we are compassed about with a great cloud of heavenly witnesses, spirits of just men made perfect. He declares that these are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation. Why then, do Christians fear to acknowledge the possibility of realizing in their own existence the truth of spiritual companionship and communication?

Among modern writers, two have done much to prepare humanity for the acceptance of any new revelation that may be in store for it in this direction. These are Mrs. Oliphant, of England, author of "The Little Pilgrim," and "Old Lady Mary," and

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, of this country, author of "Gates Ajar" and "Beyond the Gates." However these books may be regarded by those skeptical of the possibility of spiritual phenomena, this much is to be said of them; they have given an entirely new turn to the imagination in its endeavors to picture the life beyond the grave. Heaven is no longer a vague, sepulchral, cold, awful place; the human spirit dwelling there is no longer "several feet off mist," as Oliver Wendell Holmes once facetiously expressed it. Heaven is a real locality, with mansions and employments, and human loves and solid realities. The easiest part of death, the separation of the soul from the body, in all probability, is entirely painless. The soul does not shoot off into cold, cheerless, dreadful space; it is tenderly received by ministering spirits. How sorrow and anguish would be comforted by the belief that the departed one still hovers lovingly near, longing to see the tears dried and the grief soothed.

In all of which teaching there are warnings and encouragement even to those who have never seen or heard or felt for themselves or cannot believe in the possibility of the development of this new sense in man.

## HISTORICAL NOTES.

Abelard and Heloise may have lived about the same time, but the romance of their love is now gravely denied by scholars and antiquarians.

The quarter in London called Little Britain was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Britannia. In the reigns of the Stuarts it was a great centre for booksellers.

The house where the reformer, Luther, lived after his marriage is carefully preserved at Wittenberg, Germany, in an almost unaltered condition. It contained many interesting relics.

The Parliament Oak was an ancient and famous tree in what was once Sherwood Forest. It derived its name from the tradition of a parliament having been held there by Edward the First.

On the morning after the celebration of the marriage, it was formerly customary for friends to serenade a newly married couple, or to greet them with a morning song to bid them good morrow.

One of the foremost dangers supposed to hover around the new-born infant in old times was the propensity of witches and fairies to steal the most beautiful and well-favored children, and to leave in their places such as were ugly and stupid.

The Emperor Charles V. on his abdication of the throne in 1556, retired to Yuste a monastic edifice near Placencia, Spain. It was the property of the Jeronimite monks, and derives its name from the little stream, the Yuste, which flows beneath it.

The Treaty of Utrecht, April 11, 1713, secured the Protestant succession to the throne of England, the separation of the French and Spanish crowns, the destruction of Dunkirk, the enlargement of the British colonies in America, and a full satisfaction from France of the claims of the allies, England, Holland and Germany. This treaty terminated Queen Anne's war and secured peace for thirty years.

The first ship which sailed from England in 1562, under Sir John Hawkins, on the diabolical errand of buying human beings in Africa, and selling them in the West Indies bore the sacred name of Jesus. For a century and a half after Great Britain led in that most shameful traffic, the plundering of one continent of human beings to sell them as slaves in another. Queen Elizabeth knighted Hawkins for his successes, and his crest became a manacled negro.

The press upon which Benjamin Franklin worked as a journeyman printer in 1725 was very little improved until 1817, when George Clymer, of Philadelphia, invented the "Columbian" press. It was the first important improvement. The power was applied by a compound lever. In 1829, Samuel Rust invented the "Washington" press, which superseded all others for a while. Daniel Treadwell, of Boston, invented the first "power" press, and in 1830 Samuel Adams, of the same place, invented the celebrated "Adams" press.

It used to be said that the mandrake was watched over by satan, and that if it were pulled at certain times with certain invocations the evil spirit would appear to do the bidding of the practitioner. In comparatively recent times, quacks and impostors, counterfeited with the root-briony figures resembling parts of the human body, which were sold to the credulous as endowed with specific virtues. The Germans formed little idols of the roots of the mandrake, which were regularly dressed every day, and consulted as oracles, their reputed being such that they were manufactured in great numbers and sold in cases.

A London paper says the race between the *Genesta* and *Puritan* was not a fair trial because the latter was built "on purpose." We presume if the *Puritan* had been built accidentally the result would have been different.

## HOGS TRANSFORMED.

[New York Sun.]

To know the American, you must see all sides of him. On a train between Jersey City and Paterson, a day or two ago, a poorly dressed woman, carrying a baby in her arms, walked through two coaches, and was unable to find a seat. The railroad Hog was there. In a dozen cases he had a whole seat to himself, and he meant to keep it. The woman finally found refuge in the smoking car, and by and by the Hog went forward to enjoy a Havana, and found her crying.

"What's the matter?"  
"Baby is very ill, sir."  
"And where are you going?"  
"To my sister's. My husband is dead, and I have no home now."  
"Leave you any money?"  
"Not a dollar, sir."  
"Umph! Sorry for you. Let me hand you this."

The Hog has been robbed of his bristles. Woman's tears have melted his selfishness. He returned to his car gathered the other Hogs about him, and said:

"Come down! Poor widow—sick baby—no home. Come down!"

The Hogs went down for their wallets, and in ten minutes the sum of \$40 was put into the woman's hand, and the Boss Hog observed:

"There—there—it's all right—not a word. Now, come back here."

And as she followed him into the coach, a dozen Hogs rose up and insisted that she take their seats, and all gathered around her to voice the sentiment:

"Poor woman! Poor baby! Isn't there something we can do for you?"

The railroad Hog can't be crowded, but he can be melted.

A clergyman, on a recent sultry afternoon, paused in his sermon, and said: "I saw an advertisement last week for five hundred sleepers for a railroad. I think I could supply at least fifty, and recommend them as tried and sound."

## RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

The following resolutions were adopted, by Alcazar Council, No. 11, Order of Chosen Friends, October 23, 1885.

WHEREAS, John Hance, the respected and beloved father of our sister Agnes Evans, has been called from his earthly sphere, therefore:

Resolved, That Alcazar Council, No. 11, O. C. F., fully sympathizing with sister Evans in her bereavement, do tender her our heartfelt condolence, and trust that the great Creator of the universe in whose hands we are at all times, may grant her fortitude to submit to His decree without murmuring, resting assured that what He does, is well done, and that the loved one removed from our midst has passed to a brighter sphere where toil, trial and tribulations are unknown.

Resolved, That a copy hereof be transmitted to sister Evans.

A woman of seventy-two years of age, living near Snow Spring, Dooly county, Ga., is the best farmer in that neighborhood. She has been a widow for thirty-five years, and has managed her own business successfully, and a few days ago she had more cotton bales around her gin-house than any other farmer in that region.

We hope in our next to be able to give a review of Dr. Buchanan's late work on "Psychometry"; also notices of "Discourses given through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond," as reported and published by G. H. Hawes of this city; also of the new volume of poems, "Montezuma," by Mr. Fairchild.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, November 1st; answers to questions at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7:45; subject: "Try the Spirits, or the Needs of the Hour." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 10:30 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.

## THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE

To be published monthly after Jan. 1, 1886.

This is to be a FREE magazine, from which no communication will be rejected on account of the sentiment expressed. And the editor will reserve the right to be as FREE in the expression of his views as are the correspondents. Each writer is to be solely responsible for his or her opinions. Each number will contain 48 pages and the price will be \$2.00 a volume, 25 cents for a single number. Address: H. L. GREEN, Editor and Publisher, SALAMANCA, N. Y.

## THE NEW YORK BEACON LIGHT.

An Independent weekly Spiritual Journal, giving messages from our loved ones in spirit land, and containing matter of general interest connected with Spiritual science. Free from controversy and personalities.

Mrs. M. E. WILLIAMS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Subscription rates—One year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents. Postage free.

Rates of advertising—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion; 50 cents for each subsequent one. No advertisement inserted for less than \$1.00. For long standing advertisements and special rates, address the publisher. Payments in advance.

Specimen copies sent free on application. News Dealers supplied by the American News Company, 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

All communications and remittances should be addressed to Mrs. M. E. WILLIAMS, 232 West 46th St., New York City.

## BOOKS WANTED.

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

DR. JENNIE E. WILLIAMS—Magnetic Physician. Cures all diseases by Magnetism. Recommended by physicians of all schools. Instant relief in Acute Cases. Electro-Thermal, Medicated, Vapor and Sitz Baths. Electricity and Massage scientifically applied. Charges reasonable. Consultation free at office. Room 22, first floor, 121 West 12th St., San Jose. Hours—9 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 6 P. M. notice



## A VISION.

[J. R. Perry in Banner of Light.]

One night as I lay cogitating about the subject of immortality, I had a singular experience, which might be called a vision, or, if any prefer it, a dream.

I was wondering how a person would act on waking up into a spiritual life, who had been a life-long materialist, and dead-set against a belief in a future life. While I thus imperceptibly glided into a purely mental condition, I seemed to be in a very clean place, without any objects to attract my attention except an old gentleman apparently about seventy years of age. He had a mild, pleasant countenance and benevolent-looking head, with a good mental development. As I caught his eye he bowed and smiled pleasantly and said: "I come in response to the thoughts which are now in your mind. I was just such a person as you have been thinking about, and if you will write out carefully what I say I will give you my experience." I promised I would, and this is what he said:

"For twenty years of my life I was a believer in the dogmas of the church, and, although not an active member, I leaned that way. From that time on until my death I was an unbeliever in an after life; I became so disgusted at the unthinking crowd of slaves to the priesthood, that the older I got the more convinced I became that death was a final extinguisher of all life, and I became so inveterate a hater of the old idea that I enjoyed the thought intensely of a final snuffing out of my old body. I would often say, when I got a twinge of pain, 'Ah! a few more years, and my old bones will rest in peace. I was an honest believer in this to me a natural truth. So firmly was I convinced of this by looking at decaying nature, that had I seen a legion of angels I should not have paid any attention to them, or thought them realities.

"After I got to be seventy-six years old, I began to fail rapidly, and the nearer I came to death, the more I began to worry about it. My friends would visit me and draw my attention to the subject, and this compelled me to revolve the probabilities over and over again. Sometimes I would say, 'Well! I may be an old, stubborn idiot after all; but if I am, so be it, I am honest.' I gradually became weaker, I was dying from old age. I had lived carefully, and my stock of energy was about played out so evenly that what distress I had was pretty much all over my body alike. What struck me as singular was, that while my body was daily and hourly getting weaker, my mind was not a bit the worse. After I got so that I could not talk a word from weakness, I could remember events in my early childhood, and, without an intermission, could trace my whole life better than I ever did it at any time before; and what was still more singular, I could see visitors in my room while I held my eyes closed as well as when they were open. I was clairvoyant, and the day before I actually died, I began to see persons whom I knew had been dead for twenty years and more. This began to worry me. I could see everybody in the room and on the streets; I saw the waiting woman and doctor in the room, and heard every word of their conversation, but the spectres, or those who came to attend my departure, did not talk; still I could perceive what they wanted. There I lay for the remainder of the day, but as the sun began to disappear, all became dark and dreary indeed; not a person did I see, all had left. The spectres also had gone. As this came over me, I thought it must be a reflex action of my former state of mind, but I settled down into a thicker and blacker darkness. I had no pain, but I said, 'This must be death!' and as this reflection seized me, how I wanted to hold on to consciousness. I reflected how often I had said I would willingly settle into an everlasting sleep, but oh! how I dreaded it now, when the time came to do so. How I wished for a sight of the spectres, even, or anything but this blackness of darkness. At last I saw a glimmer of light like a blue cloud, and as it approached me I could discover a large scroll, and upon it I saw every considerable thing I did in life. It moved slowly and surely, and my gaze was so intent I could not remove my eyes from it, and I did not want to.

"I saw some dark things, but on the whole I was well satisfied. I shed tears, as it passed along, for the dark spots, and was happy to find so much that was passably bright in the picture. At last the scroll began to draw to an end, and it seemed to fade off into that horrid darkness again. This troubled me; I thought I could read and re-read that scroll forever; but as it moved along slowly by some irresistible force, I beheld at the extreme end a line of letters scarcely visible. They were in these words: 'This is the end of material life.' As it passed by me I made a most desperate effort to follow the scroll, and I fancied I had turned around on my couch; it gazed upon it, but I could see nothing; it had all gone. The golden bowl was broken, the silver thread of life was severed—I was dead!

"How long I remained unconscious, I cannot say, but I began to feel returning life. But I was not on my couch; I had got away from it; and, what surprised me, I seemed to have a body; and I said,

what a terrible dream I am having; how soon will I shake this nightmare off? And I made an effort to get back into my body and wake up. But I seemed so weak I could not make much of an attempt, so I said: 'Well, I never had much faith in prayer, but, Great God, Nature, or any power that is greater than I, and can help me out of this state, I entreat you, lend me your assistance.' As I said this, I seemed to gain strength, not to get into my old body, but I felt stronger in the new one, I then called for the doctor, but no one came. I soon saw a wave like a cloud, and watching it until it approached close to me I found it to resolve into persons; here were the spectres again. At last, one of them said: 'Well, my old friend, you have struggled over at last,' and extending his hand, continued: 'This is the beginning of a new spiritual life.' That word spiritual so exasperated me that I replied: 'I have lived to seventy-six years and over, and I do not want you to insult me with such nonsense; can't you wake me up? I am dreaming. It's all bosh about your spirit-world; one world, and that's the end of it. As soon as I can shake off this spell, I will raise up that old body of mine, which is good for twenty years yet.'

"You should have heard them laugh at me when I said that. One of them remarked: 'He has a good deal of pluck, but the flesh is weak.' Then turning to me he said: 'My old friend, we will retire, and you can remain here until they have buried you, and I guess that will satisfy you. You remain here and see them prepare your body, and go with it to your own funeral, and if that will not satisfy you of a new life, you can take your position on the grave and watch the funerals until you are satisfied that your body is a corpse.' At this I turned slightly around, as mad as a hornet, and when I looked up again they were gone.

"Soon the doctor came in, and I heard him talk about examining my liver, he wanted to make a *post mortem* examination. I thought I would go wild at this. I went up to him, and shook my fists under his nose, and shouted out, 'If you attempt to cut my body I'll be sure to kill you if I can; don't you dare to do it.' He seemed to look right at me, but paid no attention. I then plead with my oldest son, and said, 'Oh! don't let him cut me.' My son was in deep study. At last when I said that right into his ear, he jumped up, and said, 'No, doctor, we cannot allow it; father must be buried as he died.' 'You block-head!' I shouted, 'I am not dead, why don't you wake me up?' But not a sign of attention did any one give me.

"At last I concluded I was strong enough to move about, and I would go for some one to wake me up, as I was sure I was alive. I was surprised to see how easily I could walk. I seemed to fly, and I met many persons; but at last I lost my way, and could not find my body. I met many spirits, but would not permit them to tell me of my condition, as I wandered about. One middle-aged spirit told me I was an old fool, or I could see that I had all the body I wanted. I got so ungovernably angry at this that I actually swore at him, a thing I had not done for twenty years. I cursed him roundly, and I actually felt better after I did it, I thought he deserved it so richly. He smiled, and said, 'You will be all right in time.' He said, 'Why don't you go and attend to your funeral,' and he pointed toward it as it moved along. I was half inclined to apologize to him after I found that it was actually my own body they were taking to the graveyard, and so I tripped up to it as quick as thought, and resolved to remain there, with the hope that I would wake up at the grave. But I was mistaken, they shoved the clods upon the coffin box and departed, leaving me alone to my thoughts. I was afraid to leave the graveyard, as I did not want to lose myself again; so I took up my abode among the gravestones, and watched all the funerals for some months, hoping and praying that I might wake up and find it all a dream.

"Day after day I could see the sun come and go, but I always felt better in the night. I had not a bodily want. I was neither hungry nor cold. I had a suit of respectable clothing, and was not ashamed of anybody, and time after time did these spectres come to me, some smiling and laughing, and some frowning.

"One day I chanced to see a funeral, and a large company of nicely-dressed children. It must have been a Sunday-school. I noticed a nice little girl walking in advance of the coffin, attended by two beautiful spectres. As they approached me they seemed to want to get away, but the little girl looked squarely at me, and as she did so our eyes met, and we recognized each other. She smiled and said, 'Why, uncle, is this you?' 'Yes, darling,' I said, 'how did you get here?' 'Why, I died, uncle, like you did.' 'You died more than three months ago, and now I come, too. As soon as they put my body in the ground I am going along with these dear angels; they said they would come for me, and so they did; won't you go along with us?' I said, 'My dear child, this is all a dream; we are not dead. The dead know nothing; they have no life. I intend to get into my body again and go home as soon as I can wake up.'

"We halted at her grave, being very intent at looking at the grave-digger putting on the clods. As the minister read the

usual ceremony, 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' I felt like choking him, and said he was a humbug. To which he paid no attention whatever. After the funeral departed, and all the nice singing had ceased, she looked very sorry to see all her school-mates go, but the bright angels by her side encouraged her, and said she would be much better off in a little while. It softened my heart to hear them speak so kindly to her, and I shed tears. They noticed that, and said they fully understood my case.

"My dear niece then said: 'Now, uncle, let us go to your grave; I want to look at it before we go away.' So I took her hand and led her to it. When she looked into the coffin she shuddered and said: 'Why, uncle, you are dead, sure enough; see! your body is beginning to decay! How can you want to get into such a body? You must leave it and go with us.' I then looked out and saw a band of spirits approaching us. As soon as she saw them she shouted, 'Here they come! here they come!' and she took a tight hold of my hand. They had some trouble in getting close to me, but I held on to her hand, and was so glad that I had found some one to place faith in and love that I made up my mind I would hold on to her. She seemed to understand my trouble and said: 'I know what ails you; you have lost faith in your own senses; you are bewildered with doubts, and perplexed with your old notions about a future life.'

"At this a venerable-looking spirit approached me and said: 'Friend, you are in the same state of mind that hundreds of earth-bound souls are in at this moment. Their ideas of materiality have been so impressed upon them by the observations of science from the shell of matter that they lose sight of the higher qualities and forces which by its dynamic nature it is developing in the direction of spiritual life. They see only the external of matter, while the result of its operations are inconceivable to them. You must remember that the result of life should be to develop mind force. It is the mind which must govern the body and determine its conditions. There is no force in nature that can remove you from the gloom and disappointment which has settled upon you except by and through the operations of your own mind. Whenever you become willing to be led as this little child is, you can be helped into a better state. For months you have been hugging your old notions of the functions of matter until you seem to think it a shame to believe your own reason and the evidences of truth around you; you have lost faith in your own senses and believe that you will be laughed at if you admit your errors about future life; but the contrary is the result. We are obliged to smile at the absurdity of your condition and perplexity. If you have not lost faith in yourself, and will take hold of the hand that has been able to approach you, we may be able to take you out of this gloomy place.'

"At last I made a desperate effort to believe I was a spirit. I said to myself, 'I may, after all, have made a fool of myself, and I will see what I can do by holding on to this dear little innocent hand.' I trembled with deep emotion and said, with great desire in my soul, 'Dear child, can you help me away from this place?' 'If you are willing to go, uncle, the way I go, no doubt we can all go together.' The whole band smiled and bowed toward us to show their willingness to assist me, and so, at a signal, we started; but for a time it seemed that I was being dragged along, so hard was it to get away from old ideas. I pity any poor soul who has lost faith in his own individuality or the Supreme Power. You may write this out for the benefit of others; it is an experience that will fit multitudes." And bowing, and smiling, he glided away until, losing sight of him, I started with a bound.

HOW TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.—Understand the seasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no doubt in your mind. Avoid the places the persons and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy, idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, thrice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions, just think the matter over and endeavor understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstance. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which has been gathering long years.—*Saratoga Eagle*.

It is said of the Swedish novelist, Frederika Bremer, that during her American tour she enjoyed the generous hospitality of Madame Le Vert, of Mobile, Alabama. It was observed that at a certain hour every day she retired to her room. This caused disappointments to visitors, but her explanation was that she had promised this hour to her sister, who sat at the same time in Sweden, each for the time being conscious of the feelings and thoughts of the other.

## WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM.

[J. H. Young, in the Rostrum.]

Spiritualism is a Science, a Philosophy and a Religion, appealing to the senses by the facts presented, and the various phenomena given through mediumship. To the reason by its facts and plain common sense statements of the truths presented before the investigating mind, and to the inner or religious nature, by teaching morality and purity of life, and a consequent spiritual growth of the soul.

The sacred writings of India, Egypt and other Eastern countries, the Old and the New Testaments all confirm the statement that Spiritualism is not new in the world, but has been known through various phenomena since the earliest period of which man has preserved a record. The Spiritual manifestations of to-day are therefore in full accord with ancient and with more modern history, and with the (so-called) Holy Bible.

Spiritualism teaches that man is a germ, from the bosom of the All Father and Mother, God, sent to the earth to be born of woman, incarnated in a material body, in which to pass a state of progression, thereby gaining a distinct identity and individuality, and through earth experience be prepared to enter a higher state or condition on returning to his true home in the Spirit-land. It also teaches the certainty of spirit return, and of present conscious intercourse with loved friends and relatives who have passed through the change called death; and also with other dwellers in the Spirit-world.

Spiritualists, therefore, believe in spirit-presence—angel guides who are appointed to watch over, and assist the incarnated spirit in all its aspirations toward the true and good. Loved ones, who, though parted from earth-bodies and scenes, still visit their homes, and conditions being favorable, in various ways make their presence known to relatives and friends.

They believe in inspiration and impression, the power possessed by spirit guides and controls to impress their thoughts and words upon the mind with such force, that the medium will give voice to them instead of his own thoughts, though fully conscious at the time whether writing or speaking.

They believe in trance, or the power of spirit to control and render a medium unconscious of locality or surroundings, and then through his organs, voice their own thoughts and words, limited only by the development of the medium.

They believe in spirit influences as diffused through healing mediums by manipulation or laying on of hands, by magnetizing water, paper or other objects, thereby curing the sick and restoring the lame and the deformed to nature's true condition of health.

They believe in prayer; the aspirations of the soul for the true and good; the good, the silent, unexpressed thoughts, or the vocal expression of the mind going out toward the Infinite, conveyed by spirit friends passing through the spheres until it reaches that sphere from whence it may through the action of law, be answered.

They believe in Repentance and Reformation; meaning thereby to cease from wrong doing. Spiritualism teaches that man as a spiritual being, lives in moral freedom; is, therefore, responsible for all his acts, and subject to the law of compensation. Under this law there is no escape for the wrong doer; the penalty must be paid in full. Justice holds the scales and demands payment even to the uttermost farthing. Nature says obey and be happy; transgress, then suffering and repentance will surely follow. The purer the earth life, happier will be the home prepared in the Summer-land.

They believe in progression. Man being a germ from the All Father and Mother, God, must progress towards the source of his being, the fount of all love; "for the birth of love preceeded the birth of man." Love for his brother and for humanity causes man to reach down to the lower stages of earth life, endeavor to elevate his brother man to a higher or spiritual plane. Angelic love prompts man to this course, and also reaches down to the lower spheres of spirit-life, and, with extended hand invites the soul to leave the darkened plane and enter a state of love and truth. Spiritualism teaches that man builds or prepares his home and spirit condition during his probationary life on earth. Born in the Spirit-land, he is divine, partaking in spirit of the source from whence he came; incarnated in a material body, he acquires individuality and experience; and again entering the Spirit-World through the gate called death, though ages intervene, progresses toward his true home, and nearer, still nearer his Father God.

Spiritualism, therefore, settles, three questions of the greatest import to man.

1st. That life is continuous, and man, an immortal being exists beyond the grave.

The phenomena denominated trance and materialization, proves this proposition, aye, settles it beyond all cavil or doubt. Thousands have been made happy through the meeting of materialized friends, having thereby every doubt in regard to a future existence removed.

2nd. That each one commences spirit life at the point where he or she drops the earth form, the thread not broken. A soul clothed with a substantial body, re-

tains individuality and all the garnered experiences of his earth life.

The teachings of spirits, who for ages have dwelt in the spirit world as well as those who have but recently left the earth body fully substantiated this proposition. Millions yet in the form, have listened to their teachings given through the lips of controlled media; and millions yet unborn, will add to their faith, knowledge of the life beyond.

3d. That there is no localized heaven or hell, that man's spirit state is as his earth life has been, and progression or spiritual unfoldment attaches to all.

All progressed spirits, who return and control media, teach that man creates his own heaven or his own hell, by his daily life on earth, building, though he realizes it not while here, the home he must inhabit "over there."

## SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

An Australian naturalist has discovered the nervous system of the sponges.

Liquefied oxygen is lighter than water, and a little heavier than alcohol, according to a French chemist, who has calculated its specific gravity as 0.88.

In Cape Colony the extensive planting of the tomato is recommended, as it is alleged that insects shun the land on which it is grown. The suggestion is made however, that the same effect may not be produced in cooler countries.

An astronomical observation of an earthquake was lately made by the director of the observatory at Nice, France. He was watching one of Saturn's moons at the moment of the shock, and the motion imparted to his telescope caused the celestial object to appear to move some fifteen or twenty seconds to the right.

An English observer has reached the conclusion that the musk beetle (*Aromia Moschata*) has the power of emitting or suppressing its odor at pleasure, but that when dying the scent is continuous and very powerful. He mentions a case in which a scent of roses has been known to proceed from the human body in fatigue and weakness. Similar instances are given by another writer.

THE EARTH'S INTERIOR.—Dr. M. E. Wadsworth finds that the assumption that the earth as "a heterogeneous, viscid, elastic, liquid interior, irregularly interlocked with and gradually passing into a lighter heterogeneous crust," accords better with geological facts than any other of the various hypotheses thus far advanced. Contractions and up-heavals of the crust, resembling in their effects what is sometimes seen in ice, would satisfactorily explain volcanic and earthquake phenomena.

LIGHTNING IN THE TROPICS.—To confirm other experience of tropical thunderstorms, Mr. J. J. Meyrick reports that very few persons or buildings are ever injured by lightning in the plains of India, although, at the commencement of the monsoon, storms occur in which the lightning runs like snakes all over the sky at the rate of three or four flashes a second, and the thunder often roars without a break for an hour or more at a time. He supposes the rarity of accidents to be due to the great thickness of the stratum of heated air and its effect in keeping the clouds so high that most of the electrical discharges pass from cloud to cloud and very few reach the earth. Confirmation of this view is found in the observation that in mountains and in colder climates, where the clouds approach nearer to the earth's surface, much greater damage is done by lightning.

WHY BOILERS EXPLODE.—Many rather mysterious boiler explosions having been attributed to the sudden and explosively violent flashing into steam of superheated water, the French Academy of Sciences appointed a committee, a year or more ago, to investigate the subject. That committee has since made many careful experiments, using pure and impure water, water which had been long stagnant, and water from which the air had been driven by long boiling and generating steam by rapid and by slow firing. As a result the conclusion has been reached that, if any boiler explosion has occurred through superheating, it must have been through the concurrence of exceptional circumstances, which are neither defined, known nor suspected. The experiments have shown conclusively that, however unaccountable explosions sometimes appear, the real cause must be looked for in the simple loading of the boilers with the steam pressures beyond their strength.

Prohibition is making strides of progress in Georgia. At least 100 counties have adopted local option. There is to be a fight on this issue soon in Atlanta, and there seems to be a probability of success. The lately-enacted law provides for a local option election in any county wherever one-tenth of the voters petition the Legislature for such an election.

CONFIDENCE.—*Bertha*: "Grandma, is our teef good?" *Grandma*: "No, darling; I've got none now, unfortunately." *Bertha*: "Then I'll give oo my nuts to mind till I come back."—*Pacific Methodist*.

The placer mines of Montana, have yielded a total sum of \$150,000,000.



## A FEARLESS EDITOR.

The *South Australian Times* admitted into its columns in the early part of the summer a number of articles bearing upon the subject of Spiritualism, whereupon some of its correspondents demurred, one of them hinting that by adopting such a course the paper was liable to meet a fate similar to that encountered by the *Cornhill Magazine* for like cause. To this the editor replied:

"We accept the caution in the kindly spirit in which it was tendered, but we shall not allow our policy to be affected by any such kind of considerations. If our journalistic life is to depend upon our readiness to sacrifice outspokenness and independence, to act dishonestly, and to perhaps murder truth by stifling investigation, then we are quite prepared to meet our end. We shall, however, make a bold fight for life, and we have no misgiving as to the result."

He proceeds to say that the articles he has published have represented all shades of opinion on the subject of Spiritualism; that, notwithstanding all that is educed against it, "the fact remains that eminent men of science and learning, amongst the foremost intellects of the age, have settled themselves deliberately to the work of exposing the absurdity and utter unreasonableness of this 'popular madness,' and after years of critical adverse investigation, have confessed themselves complete converts to Spiritualistic faith or science."

"We hold, therefore," he says, "that the investigation of this science or subject is a matter of importance to humanity, and no apprehension of the persecution of bigotry will prevent us from doing all in our power to assist and advance such investigation," adding, "it is greatly to be regretted that the press has generally displayed such a captious and unfair spirit toward this subject."

The able defense of his position from which the above quotations are made, occupied nearly one and a half columns of the *Times*, and called forth a quantity of correspondence so large that to lay it before the public without the omission of other matter an extra sheet was published, said correspondence, together with the article referred to, republished in answer to numerous requests filling nine columns. The present position of the paper, and what is to be in the future, may be inferred from the closing passage of this fearless editor's remarks:

"Even did we find the investigation of Spiritualism prohibited by ecclesiastical authority; even did we find that the facts of Spiritualism were in contradiction to accepted Christian doctrine, we should still hold it to be man's duty to fearlessly and fully investigate in the full conviction that to whatever is pure, holy and true no injury can result from inquiry. Nor will any attempted suppression of inquiry be permanently effective, for eventually it will inevitably be found that 'Truth is immortal and shall live, error is mortal, and shall die.'"

Judge H. N. Maguire, in a discourse recently delivered in Salem, Oregon, said he had in a good light, and in the presence of over thirty witnesses, locked arms and walked and familiarly talked with a friend, in a parlor in Boston, whose mortal body, over three months before, had been buried in the Rocky Mountains, two thousand miles away; and all the witnesses, being examined separately, gave concurring descriptions as to the color and style of clothes worn by this materialized spirit, and of his personal appearance otherwise. "Now," was asked, "is it likely that thirty intelligent witnesses, their minds diversely occupied—each expecting his or her own particular spirit friend—could imagine, or in any way be deluded into thinking they saw that which did not exist, the imagination, or delusion, impressing in exactly the same way all these different minds? The apparition apparently came out of nothing and resolved itself back into nothing."

Upon the question of Spirit materialization, Col. Bundy, editor of the *Riglio-Philosophical Journal* says:

"The editor of the *Journal* is charged with being a disbeliever in so-called materializations. Nothing can be farther from this charge. We entertain no a priori objections or prejudices in the matter. Indeed, we thoroughly believe that apparitions resembling in appearance persons once resident of earth may be witnessed at times either with or without the agency of a medium or psychic. We have seen such materialized forms under circumstances admitting of no objection on scientific grounds. We are fortified in this knowledge by the carefully conducted experiments of competent investigators both in this country and Europe. Neither do we propose to fix the limit, beyond which this manifestation of spirit power cannot be further perfected."

The laws in some of the States regarding the property rights of women are a little absurd—possibly a good deal so. An Ohio and Massachusetts court have decided that the husband is the legal owner of the wife's clothing, and yet there is a law with uncomfortable penalty attached, against a woman appearing in public arrayed in her husband's clothes!

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

## 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.

MRS. R. A. ROBINSON,  
PSYCHOMETRIZER AND TEST MEDIUM.  
308 Seventeenth St., bet. Mission and Valencia,  
12-3m

MRS. EVANS (nee HANCE),  
TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM,  
Sittings daily (Sundays excepted), from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
Circles: Sunday evening, at 8.  
No. 100 Sixth Street.

I WILL TELL BY LETTER, FREE OF CHARGE,  
the important periods in life, and describe and locate your disease, by sending your address, age, sex, month and year of birth to Dr. CHAS. Z. HOWARD, Box 93, Station A, San Francisco, Cal.  
No. 11.

MRS. A. B. SOUTHER,  
MATERIALIZING MEDIUM,  
1165 Mission St., near Eighth,  
San Francisco.

Select circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock.  
1012-1f

MRS. M. MILLER,  
MEDIUM,  
Meetings Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and Friday at 2 p. m. Sittings daily, \$1.00.  
106 Seventh St., near Mission.

MRS. FRANCIS,  
INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITER,  
Is still at 602 Ellis St., S. F.

E. G. ANDERSON,  
SHORT-HAND REPORTER,  
Depositions, Dictation and all kinds of Short-hand Work done with Neatness and Dispatch and on Reasonable Terms.  
Room 11, 526 Kearny St., SAN FRANCISCO.

\$1.00 FOR WATCHES CLEANED AND WARRANTED. Glass to cents.  
T. D. HALL, Jeweler,  
No. 3 Sixth St.,  
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired at wholesale prices. Clocks and Jewelry repaired. Orders and repairs by mail attended to.

SCHAFER & CO.,  
READY MADE AND CUSTOM CLOTHING,  
Men's, Youths' and Boys'.  
No. 11 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.  
Furnishing Goods.

MRS. ALBERT MORTON,  
SPIRIT MEDIUM AND PSYCHOMETRIST  
Diagnosis and healing disease a specialty.  
210 Stockton St., San Francisco. 1014-1f

DR. J. D. MACLENNAN,  
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,  
1410 Octavia Street, bet. Geary and Post.  
SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. E. C. WMS. PATTERSON,  
MEDIUM AND PSYCHOMETRIST by Lock of Hair, Letter or Picture.  
Will answer calls to lecture. 51 Fifth St., S. F. 7

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY,  
The well-known  
CLAIRVOYANT, CLAIRAUDIENT AND TRANCE MEDIUM,  
Is now located at the Parker House, 1122 Market Street, San Francisco.  
Sittings daily, \$1.00.

ROBERT BROWN, M. D.  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ELECTRICIAN,  
Office, 846 Mission Street, S. F.  
Will diagnose disease without any explanation from the patient; also, has Wonderful Magnetic Powers. Diseases of Ladies a specialty. Cancer cured without the knife. Office hours, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m. Consultation free.

FRED. EVANS,  
MEDIUM FOR INDEPENDENT SLATE AND MECHANICAL WRITING.  
Sittings daily (Sundays excepted), from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Circles: Sunday evening at 8.  
No. 100 Sixth Street.

Do not spend your money in prospecting for a Mine until you get a survey—Knowledge is power.

W. H. WELDON,  
ELECTRO MINERAL SURVEYOR AND MINING EXPERT.  
Mines examined and surveyed, giving the comparative value of the gold deposit and the course and width of the seam; locating lost leads and channels a specialty. Also veins of water located. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
Office and residence, 1125 Willow St., Oakland, Cal. All communications by letter promptly attended to. No-1m

BEAUTIFIER AND PROFESSIONAL MANICURD.  
Ladies and Gentlemen: Miss Edmonds has removed to elegant parlors at 236 Sutter Street (Glen House) where she Beautifies the complexion, finger-nails and form. Try her Steam, Mineral and Cabinet BATHS; also the CELEBRATED COSMETIC MASK and QUEEN'S MAGIC, the greatest Beautifier known. Open evenings.

MRS. REID  
MEDIUM FOR INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING.  
No. 35 Sixth Street.  
Hours from 1 to 5 p. m. For Ladies only.

DR. T. C. KELLEY,  
MAGNETIC HEALER,  
946 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.  
Treats all cases of Acute and Chronic Diseases, by Nature's Vital forces, without the aid of drugs or mechanical appliances. Office hours, from 9 a. m., until 5 p. m. Consultation free.

H. H. BLANDING,  
CRITICAL ELOCUTIONIST,  
126 Kearny St., Room 57.  
Elocution, Gymnastic of the Vocal Organs, also Physical Development.  
Elocution, in all its Branches, systematically and thoroughly taught, fitting the pupil for pulpit, stage or platform.

## PUBLICATIONS.

## 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.

## "TWIXT TWO WORLDS."

A Narrative of the Life and Work of William Eglinton. By John S. Farmer. (Author of "A New Basis of Relief," "Immortality," &c., &c.) This work, a demy quarto, will be printed on antique hand-made paper, and will be, in every respect an *Edition de luxe*. It will be profusely illustrated with upwards of forty wood and other engravings, and in addition will contain a Portrait Etching of Mr. Eglinton, by the eminent French artist, M. Tissot; also a series of eight Chromo-lithographic Drawings, by Mr. J. G. Keulemans. The book will be illustrated with facts, and will be a compendious statement of the latest developments of Spiritualism, as instances in the career of one of the most remarkable psychics of the day. It will recite the various stages of the development of his marvelous psychical power, extending over a period of more than ten years, and will be a faithful record of his labors in all parts of the world, including India, Africa, America, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Sweden and Holland. The book, therefore, can hardly fail to arouse thought and invite inquiry on the part of all who pursue the undimmed evidence of the many unimpeachable witnesses who have from time to time testified to the marvels that occur in his presence. It will, in every respect, form a unique contribution to the literature of Spiritualism. The volume will be published in the autumn, and copies may be ordered at the published price of Ten Shillings and Sixpence, which will by no means represent even the bare cost of production 12-4m.

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 ulcers, fistula in ano, fish-bone abscess, hemorrhoids, 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 given; consultation free; office hours 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., and 6 to 8 p. m. DR. R. BROWN & CO. are also sole agents for DR. BERLIN'S HYDRA-STIN 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. 1014-1f

## THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

H. L. GREEN, Editor and Publisher,  
Salamanca, N. Y.  
Published bi-monthly. Single copies, 25 cents; \$1.50 per year. The last number out is a valuable one. Sent 25 cents in postage stamps and it will be forwarded to you.

THE FREETHOUGHT DIRECTORY.  
Mr. Green is preparing a Freethought Directory in which he desires to publish the name and address of every out-spoken Freethinker in the United States and Canada. Send your name and address, and add five postage stamps, and they will appear in the Directory. Address H. L. GREEN, Salamanca, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK BEACON LIGHT.  
An independent semi-monthly Spiritual Journal, giving Messages from our loved ones in Spirit Life, and containing matter of general interest connected with Spiritual Science. Free from Controversy and Personalities.  
MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS, Editor and Publisher  
Subscription Rates—Per year, \$1.00; six months, 50 cents; single copies, 5 cents.  
All communications and remittances should be addressed to MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS,  
232 West 46th Street, New York City.

THE NEW THOUGHT.  
Is a Weekly Spiritualist and Reform Journal, issued every Saturday morning, at Maquoketa, Iowa.  
Persons wishing to get posted as to the most advanced Liberal thought of the day, and wishing to know of the doings of Spiritualism, and to have a record of the most reliable of its phenomena, particularly in the West, are invited to subscribe for THE NEW THOUGHT. It contains 20 columns of reading matter, set up in new type.  
Subscription Price—One year, \$1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents.  
Address all letters, whether containing subscription or not, to CURRENT & HULL, Maquoketa, Iowa.

N. D. C.  
HOW TO BECOME A MEDIUM  
In your own home.

A 16-page pamphlet, containing full instructions and a letter designating all your phases of mediumship, and a copy of the Riddle of the American Spiritual Sphinx, or the Lost Key Found, sent free upon receipt of three two-cent stamps to cover expenses of mailing, etc. Address JAMES A. BLISS, 121 West Concord St., Boston, Mass.

THE WATCHMAN.  
An Eight-Page Monthly Journal, devoted to the interests of humanity and Spiritualism. Also a mouth-piece of the American and Eastern Congress in Spirit Life.  
WATCHMAN, Spirit Editor.  
Published by Boston Star and Crescent Co., 1073, Clifton Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

HATTIE A. BERRY (nee Cate), Editress and Manager  
ARTHUR B. SHEDD, Assistant Manager  
Terms of Subscription, in Advance—One year, \$1.00; clubs of ten, \$8.00; six months, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents; sample copies, free.  
U. S. Postage paid. Remit by registered letter, or by draft of a dollar; 15 and 25 preferred.  
Terms strictly in advance. Remit by Postoffice order drawn on Chicago, Ill., or by Registered letter. Payable to HATTIE A. BERRY, Editress and Manager.

LIGHT FOR THINKERS.  
The Pioneer Spiritual Journal of the South. Issued Weekly at Atlanta, Georgia.  
J. C. LADD, Publisher  
G. W. KATTS, Editor

Assisted by a large Corps of Able Writers.  
LIGHT FOR THINKERS is a first-class Family newspaper of eight pages, devoted to the dissemination of original Spiritualist and Liberal thought and news. Its columns will be found to be replete with interesting and instructive reading.  
Terms of Subscription—One copy, one year, \$1; one copy, six months, 50 cents; one copy, three months, 25 cents; five copies, one year, to one address (each), \$1.00; single copy, 5 cents; specimen copy, free.  
Fractional parts of a dollar may be remitted in postage stamps. Advertisements published at ten cents per line for a single insertion, or fifty cents per inch each insertion, one month or longer.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.  
Yearly Subscription, \$1.00.  
HELEN WILMANS, Editor.  
Address Staat's Zeitung Building, Chicago, Ill.

THE ROSTRUM.  
A Fortnightly Journal devoted to the Philosophy of Spiritualism, Liberalism, and the Progress of Humanity.  
A. C. COTTON, Editor and Publisher.  
All communications to the pages of the ROSTRUM must be addressed to A. C. Cotton, Vineland, N. J.  
Price—Per annum, in advance, \$1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents; clubs of five, \$4.00; clubs of ten, \$7.00; specimen copies sent free.  
All orders and remittances must be made Payable to A. C. COTTON, Vineland, N. J.

THE WORLD'S FRIEND.  
A Monthly Record of Light received from Spirit Life, and of Earnest Thought and Candid Criticism.  
OLIVIA F. SHEPARD, Editor.  
Subscription Rates—One Year, \$1.00; six months, 50 cents; single copies, 2 cents.  
Each copy magnetized by spirit Indian Golden Eagle. Send stamp for specimen.  
Address O. F. SHEPARD, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

THE FREE THINKERS' MAGAZINE.  
Bi-Monthly.  
H. L. GREEN, Editor and Publisher.  
Single numbers, 25 cents; per annum, \$1.50.  
Address SALAMANCA, New York.

## PUBLICATIONS.

## THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

Devoted to the Advocacy of Spiritualism in its Religious Scientific and Humanitarian Aspects.

Col. D. M. Fox, Publisher  
D. M. & NETTIE P. Fox, Editors

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:  
Prof. Henry Kiddle (H. K.), No. 7, East 130th Street, New York City.  
Prof. J. S. Loveland (L.), San Bernardino, California.  
"Ouida," through her medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, 64 Union Park Place, Chicago, Illinois.

Among the Offering contributors will be found our oldest and ablest writers. In it will be found Lectures, Essays upon Scientific, Philosophical and Spiritual subjects, Spirit Communications and Messages.

Terms of Subscription—Per year, \$2.00, six months, \$1.00 three months, 50 cents.

Any person wanting the Offering, who is unable to pay more than \$1.50 per annum, and will so notify us, shall have it at that rate. The price will be the same if ordered as a present to friends.

In remitting by mail, a post-office money order on Ottumwa, or a draft on a bank or banking house in Chicago or New York City, payable to the order of D. M. Fox, is preferable to bank notes. Our patrons can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps, ones and twos preferred.

Advertisements published at 15 cents per line for the first and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Specimen copies sent free.

Subscribers desiring a change of post-office, must give the names of the office where taken and where to be sent, otherwise the change cannot be made. Address.

SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Ottumwa, Iowa.

## SPIRITUAL OFFERING'S PUBLICATIONS

The Phantom Form: Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life, by Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, Mediumistic Author, Postage paid, \$1.

Mysteries of the Border Land; or the Conscious Side of Unconscious Life, and the Golden Key; or Mysteries Beyond the Veil, Mrs. Fox, author, 55 pages, \$1.50; same heavily bound, beveled covers, gilt edged, a beautiful book, \$2.00.

Ouida's Canoe and Christmas Offering, 160 pages fine cloth binding, gilt edge, the best Spiritualistic book ever issued for the young; by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mediumistic Author, \$1.

Proceedings of the Iowa Conference of Spiritualists—a book of 150 pages, containing the history of the organization, its constitution, four lectures by Mrs. Richmond, two by Mr. C. W. Stewart, one by Mrs. Severance, and one by Mrs. Fox; invocations, poems and answers to fifty questions by Mrs. Richmond's controls, interesting to every Spiritualist. In paper, 3 cents; same, neatly bound in cloth; sent postage paid, 5 cents.

Joan, the Maid of Orleans; or, Spiritualism in France over Four Hundred Years ago; everybody ought to have it, 40 cents.

All of the books and pamphlets, making quite a library, sent postage paid for \$4; for \$5.25 will add "Richard's Creed."

For \$6.50 we will add that deeply interesting and instructive book, "Communications from the Hands of Exalted Spirits," by independent slate writing, through the mediumship of Mrs. Lizzie S. Green and others. The work contains a beautiful portrait of the medium.

PAMPHLETS,  
SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS, THIRTEEN COPIES FOR ONE DOLLAR.

The Decay of Faith, by C. W. Stewart.

Modern Facts vs. Popular Thought, Rhythmical Lecture, by Mrs. Fox.

Modern Materialization, Answers to Exposers and Fraud Hunters, by Thomas R. Hazard.

Spiritualism, What is it? Anniversary Lecture, by the editor of the Offering. (See advertisement.)

Thirty-six Anniversary Addresses, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; subject, "What has Spiritualism to Offer Better than Materialism or Orthodoxy, to Ameliorate the Evil Found in the World," and by Mrs. Fox, subject, "Indications of the Dawn of a Spiritual Era."

Autobiography of Henry C. Gordon, and some of the Wonderful Manifestations of a Medium Persecuted from Childhood to Old Age, by Thomas R. Hazard.

Dedictory Commemorative Address; Relation of Modern Spiritualism to Human Progress, etc. Prof. J. S. Loveland.

Organization: Words of Inquiry, by Thomas R. Hazard, with an Appendix, by the editor of the Offering.

Constitution of the Iowa Conference of Spiritualists, and other interesting matter.

The Death Penalty a Failure, by Thomas R. Hazard, one of the most concise and best works on that subject ever published.

Leadership and Organization, Anniversary Oration, Prof. S. B. Heaton.

God, Heaven and Hell, by Thomas R. Hazard.

Woman's Right in Government, a lecture delivered in Ottumwa, by Mrs. H. S. Lake.

The thirteen pamphlets named will be sent to one address, postage paid, for \$1. For \$2.00 we will send all the pamphlets and the Offering one year, and that interesting book, "The Maid of Orleans, or Spiritualism in France over Four Hundred Years Ago. Address, SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Ottumwa, Iowa.

BANNER OF LIGHT,  
The oldest Journal in the world devoted to the Spiritual philosophy. Issued weekly at Bowditch Street (formerly Montgomery Place), Boston, Mass. COLBY & RICH, publishers and proprietors. Isaac B. Rich, Business Manager; Luther Colby, editor; John W. Day, Assistant Editor, aided by a large corps of able writers.

The BANNER is a first-class Family newspaper of eight pages—containing forty columns of interesting and instructive reading—embracing a Literary Department, Reports of Spiritual Lectures, Original Essays on Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific Subjects, Editorial Department, Spiritual Message Department, and contributions by the most talented writers in the world, etc.

Terms of Subscription—in advance: Per Year, \$3.00, Six Months, \$1.50, Three Months, 75 cents; Postage Free; In remitting by mail, a Post-office money order on Boston, or a draft on a bank or banking house in Boston or New York City, payable to the order of COLBY & RICH, is preferable to bank notes. Our patrons can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. Advertisements published at twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. Specimen copies sent free.

CATALOGUE of books published and for sale by COLBY & RICH, sent free.

THE CARRIER DOVE,  
"Behold I bring glad tidings of great joy."

The Carrier Dove is published monthly at 854½ Broadway, New York, Cal. Subscription price, \$1.00 a year. Edited by Mrs. J. Schlessinger (residence 854½ Broadway), assisted by Mrs. J. Mason (residence 953 Chester Street), to either of whom communications may be addressed.

## PROPHETIC VISIONS

—OF—  
NATIONAL EVENTS AND SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.  
[In three parts.]  
By LUCY L. BROWNE.  
Formerly editor of the "Rising Sun."

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

Price, 50 cents. Address WALTER HYDE, West End P. O., Alameda, Cal.

## RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

A Large Eight-Page Weekly Paper.  
Established in 1865.

Devoted to Modern Spiritualism  
And General Reform.

A paper for all who sincerely and intelligently seek truth without regard to sect or party.

The JOURNAL opens its columns to all who have something to say and know how to say it well, whether the views are in accord with its own or not; it courts fair and honest criticism, and invites honest, searching inquiry.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy, one year, \$2.50; one copy, six months, \$1.25; specimen copy sent free. Remittances should be made by P. O. money order, postal note or draft on Chicago or New York, payable to John C. Bundy, Ad. all letters and communications to JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

THE Gnostic  
A twenty-four page monthly magazine devoted to Spiritualism, Theosophy, Occult Phenomena and the cultivation of the higher life. Published and edited by George Chainey and Anna Kimball. Terms \$1.00 per annum. Address, THE Gnostic, Oakland, Cal.  
Send for sample copy

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## SHORT-HAND AND CALIGRAPH TEACHER.

MISS GEORGIA HALL,  
At No. 161 Seventh Street, Oakland.

## DR. H. STORRS STONE,

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC DISPENSARY,  
No. 105 Eddy St.  
(Opp. Battle of Waterloo Panorama.)

All Chronic Diseases treated, Leucorrhoea, and Urethra Strictures a specialty. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

## GLEN HAVEN SANITARIUM.

Open Winter and Summer. All forms of Diseases and Deformities successfully treated. A Home for Aged and Infirm People. Board with or without treatment. Building Lots and small Farms for sale Cheap. Immigration solicited. High school to be started. Community of interests to be inaugurated. For full particulars address

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

## SHEW'S

## PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

No. 523 Kearny Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen for cabinet photographs on Montgomery and Market Sts. when the very best work can be obtained at this gallery for half the price.

Children's cabinet pictures taken by the instantaneous process for three dollars per dozen, and no matter how restless, a good likeness guaranteed.

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5

5



A. N. TOWNE,  
Gen. Man.