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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A truth expressed in prose or verse,
In sentence, sharp with point and force,
Is like a diamond set in gold,
A thing of beauty to behold.

—Dr. Peck.

What God wants of us is that outreach-
ing bigness that ignores all littleness of
aims, or loves, or creeds, and clasps all
earth and heaven in its embrace.—*Ella
Wheeler.*

A man's nature is composed of so many
various and often conflicting elements,
that it is impossible to deduce his true
character from the revelation of a single
phase.—*Purnell.*

The charm of Nature, the majesty of
Man, the infinite loveliness of Truth and
Virtue, are not hidden from the eye of the
poor; but from the vain, the corrupted
and self-seeking, be he rich or poor.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

One finds out the folly and malice of
mankind, by the impertinence of friends—
by their professions of service and tenders
of advice—by the care with which they
tell you ill-news, and conceal from you any
flattering circumstances.—*Hazlitt.*

In old days there were angels who came
and took men by the hand and led them
away from the city of destruction. We
see no white-winged angels now. But
yet men are led away from threatening
destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which
leads them forth gently towards a calm
and bright land, so that they look no more
backward; and the hand may be a little
child's.—*George Eliot.*

If anything invades my social rights,
certainly the traffic in strong drink does!
It destroys my primary right of security,
by constantly creating and stimulating
social disorder. It invades my right of
equality, by deriving a profit from the
creation of a misery I am taxed to sup-
port. It impedes my right to free moral
and intellectual development, by surround-
ing my path with dangers, and by weaken-
ing and demoralizing society, from which
I have a right to claim mutual aid and
intercourse.—*John Stuart Mill.*

A drunkard is the most selfish being in
the universe. He has no sense of modesty,
shame or disgrace; he has no sense of duty
or sympathy of affection with his father or
mother, brother or sister, his friend or
neighbor, his wife or children; no reverence
for his God; no sense of futurity in this
world or the other—all is swallowed up in
the mad selfish joy of the moment. Is it
not humiliating that Mohammedans and
Hindooes would put to shame the whole
Christian world by their superior examples
of temperance? Is it not degrading to
Englishmen and Americans that they are
so infinitely exceeded by the French in this
cardinal virtue? And is it not mortifying
beyond all expression that we Americans
should exceed all other eight millions of
people on the globe, as I verily believe we
do, in this degrading, beastly vice of intem-
perance?—*John Adams.*

NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

[The following "New Declaration of Independence" was
read by Mrs. J. Devore Johnson, at a Fourth of July cele-
bration at Vancouver, on last Independence Day. The en-
tire proceedings, by the way, were conducted by women,
who acquitted themselves with marked credit.—Ed. G. G.]

When in the course of human events, it
becomes necessary for one people, or sex,
to arise to the political level of another,
and to assume among the powers of the
earth the equal station to which the laws
of nature and of nature's God entitle them,
a decent respect for the opinions of mankind
requires that they should declare the cause
which impel them to the proposed action.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:
That all men and women are created equal;
that they are endowed by their Creator
with certain inalienable rights; that among
these are life, liberty and the pursuit of
happiness; that to secure these rights gov-
ernments are instituted among men and
women, deriving their just powers from the
consent of the governed; that, whenever
any form of government becomes destruc-
tive of these ends, it is the right of the peo-
ple to alter or abolish it, and to institute a
change of government, laying its founda-
tion on such principles, and organizing its
powers in such form, as shall seem to them
most likely to effect their safety and happi-
ness. All experience hath shown that wo-
men are more disposed to suffer, while evils
are sufferable, than to right themselves by
abolishing the forms to which they are ac-
customed. But when a long train of abuses
and usurpations, pursuing invariably the
same object, holds them under a political
despotism, it is their right, and it becomes
their duty, to throw off such government
and to provide new guards for their future
security. Such has been the patient suf-
ferance of the women of these United
States, and such is now the necessity which
constrains them to demand an alteration
in the system of government which imposes
laws and penalties upon one-half of a sov-
ereign people without according them the
right to personal representation. The his-
tory of men's governing power in these
United States is a history of repeated in-
juries and usurpations, resulting in the es-
tablishment of an absolute despotism over
the women of these States, to whom is
denied all choice but submission. To
prove this, let facts be submitted to a can-
did world:

Our brother man has refused to pass or
assent to laws the most wholesome and
necessary for the public good, and has
utterly neglected measures of vital impor-
tance to the people at large.

He has refused to pass laws for the per-
sonal representation of twenty millions of
women—a right inestimable to them, and
formidable to tyrants only.

He has subjected us to a jurisdiction
foreign to the spirit of freedom, and de-
nounced by laws of his own making.

For imposing taxes on us without our
consent:

For depriving us, in all instances, of the
right of trial by a jury of our peers:

For declaring himself invested with the
power to legislate for us in all cases what-
soever:

For robbing us of the control of two-
thirds of the property rightfully belonging
to us in case of widowhood, and controlling
our entire earnings while married.

He has made us political, financial and
personal nonentities.

Professing the utmost regard for us, he
nevertheless classes us in the legal and
political category with criminals, insane
persons, children, idiots and Chinamen.

He has given our colored brethren the
same power to impose taxes upon us with-
out our consent that he has usurped for
himself.

He has excited domestic insurrection
among us by depriving us of the control of
our own earnings when married.

He has denied us the right to offer testi-
mony before the courts in cases wherein
only ourselves are the interested parties.

In every stage of these oppressions we
have petitioned for redress in the most
humble terms. But our repeated petitions
have been answered by repeated injuries.
A class of persons whose character is thus
marked by every act which may define a
tyrant is not fit to rule over a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions
to our voting brethren. We have warned

them from time to time of attempts by their
Legislatures, both State and Federal, to
extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over
us. We have appealed to their native jus-
tice and magnanimity, and we have con-
jured them by the ties of our common
kindred to disavow these usurpations which
inevitably tend to work hardships upon us
without benefit to themselves. They have
been deaf to the voice of consanguinity and
justice.

We protest against class legislation in
all forms; and especially do we protest
against such legislation as tends to the
building up of an aristocracy of sex.

We, therefore, representatives of the
politically unrepresented women of the
United States of America, in general con-
ference assembled, appealing to the Su-
preme Judge of the world for the rectitude
of our intentions, do, in the name and by
the authority of the good women of these
States, solemnly publish and declare that
women are and of right ought to be FREE
AND INDEPENDENT; that all political dis-
tinctions between us and the other sov-
ereign people of this nation ought to be
wholly abolished; that we ought to be re-
cognized as co-laborers with themselves, with
equal right with them to aid in levying war,
concluding peace, contracting alliances, es-
tablishing commerce, and engaging in all
other acts in which independent people
may of right engage. And for the support
of this Declaration, with a firm reliance
upon Divine Providence, we mutually
pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes
and our sacred honor.

A Locomotive Cab in a Snow Storm.

A locomotive cab in the winter is a
dreary place. It is bad in daytime, but
on a winter night, when the snow flies fast,
the locomotive cab is a good place to keep
out of. Even in the day it is impossible
to see anything if a snow-storm prevails.
The rails run right up into the air. No-
thing can be seen ahead but a jumping-off
place. The windows are frozen up or cov-
ered with snow, and from innumerable
cracks and crevices around the floor where
it joins the boiler come draughts that bite
and sting. The engine caws like a crow
—haugh, haugh, now fast, now slow, ac-
cording as the drifts cover the track or un-
cover it for a brief space, and when it
strikes a drift it throws the snow in blind-
ing clouds all over itself, just as the spray
flies over a vessel shipping a sea. The
track is rough, for the frost has disturbed
it, and the engine lurches ahead, stagger-
ing to and fro like a drunken man. There
are few more impressive spectacles in this
world than a powerful locomotive laboring
through a heavy snow-storm. To the ob-
server beside the track it looms up through
the gloom tremendous and awful. The
locomotive seems the embodiment of the
Death Angel, moving swiftly and noiseless-
ly. The snow has muffled the whir of the
rolling friction of the wheels on the rails,
and the train glides by like the unsubstan-
tial pageant of a dream. With its black
breath, its snorts of fire, its hoarse voice,
it is truly Apollyon, the destroying angel,
and the man must be unimpressible indeed
who does not feel a thrill at its advent.

A correspondent calls attention to the
following passage from Goethe's prose
works apropos of thought-reading:

One soul may have a decided influence
upon another, merely by means of its
silent presence, of which I could relate
many instances. It has often happened to
me that when I have been walking with an
acquaintance, and have had a living image
of something in my mind, he has at once
begun to speak of that very thing. I
have also known a man who without say-
ing a word, could suddenly silence a party
engaged in cheerful conversation by the
mere power of his mind. Nay, he could
also introduce a tone which would make
everybody feel uncomfortable. We have
all something of electric and magnetic
force within us.—*Boston Transcript.*

Horace Greeley once asked Mrs. Eliza-
beth Cady Stanton, "What would you do
in time of war, if you had the suffrage?"
"Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley,"
was the quick reply: "stay at home, and
urge others to go and fight."

"MEMOIRS OF A SPIRITUALIST."

[The editors of the Philadelphia *North American* re-
cently invited Henry T. Hazard, a veteran Spiritualist,
whom the *American* endorses as "a gentleman whose per-
fect good faith cannot be impugned," to furnish for their
columns a series of articles on Spiritualism. He accepted,
and is now giving his observations of Spiritualistic phenom-
ena during thirty years of careful observation, under the
above heading. From his first article we copy the follow-
ing:—]

My wife passed to the higher life in
April, 1854. For some months after her
decease I had received from various
sources divers invitations purporting to
come from her spirit, soliciting interviews
with me, to one and all of which I turned
a deaf ear, not at that time having the
least confidence in the belief of a tangible
communication between spirits in and out
of the mortal form. My younger brother,
Joseph P. Hazard, became a believer in
the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism
some time before I did. In the month of
November, 1856, he handed me one day
in the street in Newport, a little slip of
paper on which was written: "I want to
meet my husband here and converse with
him," signed "Fanny." In reply to my
queries my brother told me that in passing
through Providence recently he had held a
"sitting" with Miss Thorpe, a writing and
also a rapping medium, who lived in the
southwest part of the city, at which sitting
the writing was executed by the hand of
the medium, under the control, as was al-
leged, of the spirit of the deceased mortal
who purported to be communicating.
There was something in the details of the
seance, as related to me by my brother,
that impressed me seriously, and I resolved
to go to Providence and see Miss Thorpe
myself. But so suspicious was I of trick-
ery or fraud, that before going I required
that my brother should go with me and act
as my spokesman, firmly resolving that I
would not open my mouth once during the
seance, lest the medium should learn some-
thing of my antecedents or thoughts on
which to patch up a plausible story. Miss
Thorpe lived in quite a pretty, small story-
and-a-half painted cottage, but which I re-
garded as we approached it with supreme
contempt. This, then, thought I, is the
holy temple in which an angel from heaven
is to manifest her presence to her husband.
But when on a knock at the door a little
feeble-looking epileptic girl opened it, and
in answer to my brother's inquiry told him
she would give us a seance as soon as she
had put away the breakfast things and
swept out her kitchen, my contempt for
the whole thing knew no bounds. This,
then, said I to myself, is the priestess who
will introduce us to the angels as soon as
she gets through sweeping out her kitchen.
It seems the family had just eaten their
breakfast and gone out to their work, leav-
ing the medium to put things in order dur-
ing their absence.

True to her word, so soon as Miss
Thorpe had swept out her kitchen and put
away "the things," she took a little slab
stand and passed with it into a small front
room, perhaps ten by twelve feet, when she
threw a thin cloth on the stand and placed
a printed alphabet on top of it. Fortunate-
ly for my skepticism, Miss Thorpe was a
rapping medium, who did not require the
placing of her hands on the table or what-
ever might be used for the spirit battery.
She sat some two feet removed from the
stand, the electric element, as alleged, pass-
ing from her feet, which she held in a quiet
position just beneath the edge of the table,
but all the time in full sight. The thin
cloth on the stand excited my suspicions,
and I broke silence. Said I, "Is that cloth
necessary?" "Not at all," said Miss
Thorpe, as she threw it on a chair in a dis-
tant part of the room. I sat on one side of
the stand, Miss Thorpe in full sight on my
left, and my brother opposite to me. Scarce-
ly had we become composed and still be-
fore the little stand seemed alive with rap-
pings of all kinds, from the heavy rap of a
strong man to the gentle tick of a child.
The little stand absolutely creaked and
trembled with apparent excitement, which
was afterward explained to us as arising
from the fact of my spirit-friends' pleasure
on account of their having finally induced
me to meet them at a spirit circle. Said I,
"Can't the spirits rap somewhere else than
on the stand?" Immediately the whole
room seemed alive. Raps of all kinds fol-
lowed in quick succession from the ceiling

of the room, the walls, the floor, the chairs,
the stove. The spirits were evidently hold-
ing a jubilee over my conversion, for con-
verted I was; nay, absolutely taken by
storm. I was now instructed how to use
the alphabet. In spirit parlance one rap
signifies negative, or no; two raps signifies
doubtful, or don't know; three raps af-
firmative, or yes.

I remained sitting at the table for per-
haps two hours, during which period more
than twenty of my deceased friends mani-
fested their presence and proved their
identity beyond a question, and among
them our little daughter Mary, at whose
grave I had so often poured out my soul
in agonized prayer to God, that he should
grant me some tangible evidence, that she
still lived in the unseen world. That
prayer was now answered in full, and in a
way so convincing, that I know all the
powers of darkness can never for a mo-
ment cause a doubt of the truth of con-
tinued existence of the soul after this life,
to pass through my mind. The great
question of all questions, "If a man die,
shall he live again?" that has proved such
a stumbling block to the philosophers,
scientists, religionists and sages of all
times, was here fully solved, in a little
eight-by-ten-foot room, through the minis-
tration of a simple-minded, unlearned
maiden spirit-medium. Such was my first
experience in the spiritual phenomena as
given through mediums. All the columns
of *The North American* for a year would
not suffice to convey to its readers, a tithe
of what has since been witnessed by me,
in my thirty years' investigation, commen-
cing with the rap and following on through
the thousands of forms, phases and shades
of the phenomena, up to that last, most
glorious of all, viz.: form materialization.

The Salmon Fisher's Paradise.

Japan must be the salmon fisher's pa-
radise. Professor Milne, of earthquake ce-
lebrity has recently visited the Kurile Is-
lands, which stretch between Japan and
Siberia, with the object of studying the vol-
canoes there. He sailed round the island
of Iturup, which is about 713 miles long
by eighty broad, and which is inhabited
here and there along the coast by Ainos,
who are engaged in fishing during the sea-
son. Here is his description of the abun-
dant of fish: "The fish which are caught
are salmon and salmon trout. These ex-
ist in such numbers during the summer and
autumn season that their fins sticking out
of the water near the entrances to the riv-
ers look like tangled masses of kelp; while
up the rivers it is but little exaggeration
to say that some of the pools are mixtures
of fish and water. With a rifle bullet you
may pierce four or five at a single shot.
The shingle shoals are often covered with
dead fish, which in their struggle for exis-
tence have become so weak that, having
once run themselves ashore, they are unable
to return to deeper water. A single haul
of a small seine brought to land a huge
heap of fish varying in weight from four to
twenty pounds, the number of which we
roughly estimated at 5,000."

"Charles," said a sharp-voiced woman
to her husband, "do you know that you
and I once had a romance in a railway
car?" "Never heard of it," replied
Charles in a subdued tone. "I thought you
hadn't; but don't you remember, it was
that pair of slippers I presented to you
seven years ago last Christmas—the Chris-
mas before we were married—that led to
our union? You remember how nicely
they fitted—don't you? Well, Charles,
one day when we were going to a picnic
you had your feet upon a seat, and when
you wasn't looking I took your measure.
But for that pair of slippers I don't believe
we'd ever been married." A young un-
married man, sitting near by, immediately
took down his feet from a seat.

"You ought to have your baby baptized,
'Rastus,'" said a member of the church to a
colored father. "Yes, sah; but I can't af-
ford de cost." It doesn't cost anything."
"I know it doesn't cost nuffin' fo' de mere
act of baptism, sah, but you see I owe de
minister \$2 for performin' de weddin' cere-
mony a yeah ago, an' he mount object,
sah, to baptize a baby that hadn't neber
been paid fo'."

KNOWLEDGE VS. HOPE.

In his lecture on the utility of spiritual manifestations Judge Tiffany says:

"And what, pray, can be the grave objection to this belief? What is there in it which antagonizes with any well established fact or principle? What that conflicts with any well known fact? Answer if you can. What has society to dread from the revelation of the fact that our departed friends watch over us, and can return from beyond the grave to counsel and advise us, to comfort and cheer us on? Where is the heart so cold, selfish and worldly minded, who would not wish it were so? Where that soul so separated from the love of the departed, that he would not hold sweet converse with."

"The dark uncertainty which has hitherto hung over the future, has involved that country in a dreaded gloom. We have been taught to look upon death as our enemy. He has been styled the grim monster, the king of terrors, and his territory has been denominated the dark valley, the valley of shadows and gloom. Long, anxiously and fearfully has the clay-tabernacled soul been enquiring for light and knowledge respecting its final destiny; and hitherto, to the mass of mankind, death has been a fearful leap, a leap in the dark."

"Notwithstanding the light which has been shed upon it in the life and teachings of Christ, few indeed, have so seen that light and so understood those teachings, as to avail themselves of the present consolation they are able to give. The dark uncertainty which seemed to hang over the fate of any given spirit, was sufficient to wring with pain and anguish the mourner's heart."

"Even those who claim the highest consolation which their knowledge of christianity can give them, and speak of their future prospects under its promises, speak of their utmost certainty as consisting in 'obtaining a hope.' Obtaining a hope? That expression is full of meaning. It tells of the doubt and uncertainty which hangs over their minds on the subject of their well being."

"The human mind can never look with complacency upon that change which is to fix eternally its condition and destiny, without something more satisfactory than merely 'obtaining a hope.' So long as it feels there is a possibility of being infinitely the loser by the change, the final hour will be looked upon with shrinking and dread. At the final summons, the soul will start back and stand aghast at what it fears may come."

"But hark! A voice comes from beyond the grave to tell us that death is not a foe; that he is the messenger of life and joy; that he is the grand accoucheur of the soul, and comes to usher in light and life eternal. A heavenly light shines through the dark valley, and dispels the darkness and gloom which has hitherto enveloped that country. The spirits of our little ones return to us and say, 'Yes, I come to the chamber of death to escort the free and happy spirit to the elevated spheres above; and thereupon let me add my dear friends, let no vain regret or deep sorrow take possession of your bosoms at the loss of your little ones. They are transplanted into a rich soil, where roses bloom eternally, yielding fresh fragrance, and no winter's blight can ever mar the beauty thereof."

"To the bereaved husband, the voice of the departed wife comes back saying, 'Weep not for me, my dear husband, for I am with you still, and I watch over you, and will guard and guide you through life. I love you now with all that deep fervency of spirit with which I loved you while in the body. Teach my little ones that their mother still loves and watches over them. Be of good cheer, I am happy: All is well."

"To the weeping son, the spirit of the ever devoted and watchful mother speaks, 'My dear son, I have labored long to convince you of the presence of your friends, who have left the body and gone before you; and to bring you up to enter in with them, there to be one family again. My dear child, we shall meet again, and spend a long eternity together. Wait a little longer, and I will come to bear you to the beautiful land where the weary soul finds rest."

"Thus I might continue repeating language which I have heard from spirit lips. I have heard the husband speaking in tones of comfort and consolation to the mourning wife, and the wife to her husband. I have heard the child comforting its parent, and the parent its child. The brother has spoken to his sister, and the sister to her brother; and the voice of friendship and love I have heard re-echoed from beyond the grave, giving comfort and lofty cheer."

"These things being so, the mourners may dry their tears. They may visit the graves of the dead ones, to find an angel sitting at the door of each sepulchre to tell them the ones they love are not there, they are risen, and as they return home they may meet them on the way. These things being so, let one universal shout ascend, saying, O, death, where is thy sting. O, grave, where is thy victory."

It takes a touch of adversity to show whether a man is a man at all, just as it needs the touch of frost to bring out the glories of the trees. Even on a dark day in October, how royally the woods flame

out! Under what glorious banners they march to meet the Winter! What unmatched splendors, rich as sunset skies, tender as the rainbow, shine out over the whole earth! Those splendors are the treasures that the trees were silently laying up when the Summer sun flooded them all day long; and shall a man in his time of prosperity lay up no store of sunshine in his inner self, whereby when darker days come on he shall be luminous with courage and good cheer?

TESTIMONY FOR OPPONENTS TO HEED.

[Religious Philosophical Journal.]

The attention of Dr. Kittredge and others who sweepingly denounce Spiritualism as immoral and irreligious in its teachings, and posited on fraud and delusion, is invited to the testimony of a few representative men whose learning, morals and religious nature can not be questioned. Mr. S. C. Hall, in his "Retrospect of a Long Life," published in 1883, says:

It is not enough for me to say I have had palpable, convincing and conclusive evidence that those we call the "dead" are "living," and can do and communicate with us—those who are yet living. I have had such evidence, not once, but many hundred times in various places and countries—such intercourse with "spirits" continuing year after year for more than thirty years.

The highest authorities in the Church of England contend that "miracles" have not ceased. Bishop Beveridge contends that "though we can not see spirits with our bodily eyes, we may do so when they assume, as they sometimes do, a bodily shape." Among non-conformists there are many authorities equally convincing and conclusive. Baxter, in reference to apparitions, says: "I have received undoubted testimony of the truth of such."

Progress is the universal law of both worlds. Responsibility never ceases—here or hereafter. Yes, Spiritualism progresses, and will continue to progress. There are now millions where, twenty-five years ago, there were scores. To "stop" it is impossible. As to the use of Spiritualism, it has made me a Christian. I humbly and fervently thank God it has removed all my doubts.

Mr. Hall, as our readers well know, through a long and busy life held the respect and the acquaintance of the leading men of England; his testimony can not be made light of.

The learned and eloquent Episcopal minister, R. Heber Newton, D. D., in his last Easter sermon said:

Below all the charlatany of Spiritualism there remains a residuum of phenomena which can not be pooh-poohed away. What is meant by the tradition of Christ's resurrection is essentially the belief that he appeared from the Spirit-world to certain disciples. And now behold these same phenomena reappear before our own eyes. Regarding the phenomena of Spiritualism, therefore, simply as strange manifestations of man's nature upon earth, they clear the atmosphere for us to see the possibility of what Paul called a spiritual body.

Samuel Watson, D. D., for thirty-six years a Methodist minister, in his book, "The Religion of Spiritualism," says:

Having spent the larger portion of a long life in the propagation of these (evangelical) doctrines, I now most sincerely recommend all to investigate those principles which Spiritualism discloses. They will find them in the strictest harmony with good order, good morals, purity of heart and life, and the spirit of universal brotherhood. Spiritualism is a profound study for the scientist as well as for the teacher of religion. It is the religion of humanity as taught by the founder of the Christian system.

Spiritualism is a solvent, containing that principle which we believe is destined to unite all the religions into one.

Rev. John Tyerman, clergyman of the Church of England, who visited America some years ago and afterward, passed to spirit life from his home in Australia, became fully convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. Speaking of the opposition to Spiritualism, Mr. Tyerman says:

The opposition of Christians is inconsistent and indefensible in a high degree. Something more potent than denunciation, more efficacious than prayer, and more convincing than the teachings of the Church and the authority of the Bible, is necessary to win back to a belief in immortality the numbers who have rejected that doctrine.

Spiritualism professes to prove, by evidence that appeals at once to the senses and the judgment, that man has a soul, and that at the death of the body it passes on to a state of conscious and immortal life.

Some of the hardest and vilest things ever said against it have been uttered by clerical lips, and in the absence of any personal knowledge of the subject. Their opposition, however, is futile, and will recoil upon themselves. Facts will conquer them. Leading minds in their ranks are admitting either the whole or part of the claims of Spiritualism.

Alfred R. Wallace, writing of the phenomena of Spiritualism, eleven years ago, said:

They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences; and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts.

Epes Sargent, in his "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," pages 165-6, says:

Spiritualism is not, as the ignorant have called it, "a form of religion." To the pure in heart it is religion itself. It gives us a basis of demonstrable truth for our religion.

Its facts, rightly construed, hold out the inducements to a noble, beneficent life. It recognizes the supremacy of law, physical, moral and spiritual.

Thus the religion prompted by the facts of Spiritualism, can not differ largely in any essential particular from that of primitive Christianity.

After Louis Napoleon had given Lady Blessington the "cut dead," they chanced to meet, each in a carriage coming from opposite directions, in a narrow street of Paris. The Prince-President could not pass the lady with a mere bow; so, after exchanging a word or two on commonplace topics, he said: "Do you make a long stay in Paris?" "No," said the lady; "do you?"

SOME WOMEN WHO ARE NOT FOOLS.

[Woman's Journal.]

An old Pennsylvania Dutchman, now gathered to his forefathers, invariably summed up his opinion of womankind, in season and out of season, in these three words: "Women are fools."

In this he differs somewhat from one of Dickens' heroes, who is chivalrously made to say: "Rum creeturs is wimmin."

Wishing to investigate the subject, I have stumbled hap-hazard on the following instances in point, which may be of use to the editors of the *Journal* in making fresh "tracks" for suffrage:

1. Isabella of Spain comprehended and sympathized with the plans of Columbus and aided him to accomplish his discoveries; therefore, "Women are fools. They can not grasp great theories."

2. Caroline Herschel preformed drudgeries of calculation to help her brother, and also made independent discoveries; hence, "Women are fools. They cannot have truly scientific bias."

3. Lucretia Mott preached the gospel of "liberty of the individual"—bodily, mental, spiritual—to the last hour of her grandly courageous life; ergo: "Women are fools. They are bound by priestcraft and superstition."

4. Fanny Mendelssohn composed many of the works attributed to her brother Felix; so: "Women are fools. They cannot grasp great musical principles." [N. B.—I think Fanny was a fool in this case not to take all the credit that belonged to her.]

5. Mrs. Stowe did more by her pen than any ten men by their speeches to abolish African slavery in this country, which proves that "Women are fools. They are not capable of judgment on great questions."

6. Charlotte Bronte wrote an immortal novel while toiling in the gloomy kitchen at Haworth; hence: "Women are fools. They cannot think of but one thing at a time."

7. Mrs. Roebling, during her husband's illness, carried on the stupendous calculations without which the Brooklyn bridge could not have been built. Evidently "Women are fools. They have no head for the higher mathematics." Q. E. D.

8. Anna E. Carroll planned a vast campaign during the civil war, which threw victories into the hands of our Northern Generals and virtually saved the Union; hence: "Women are fools. They have no military genius."

9. Mary A. Livermore, in the same way, did priceless work at the head of the Sanitary Commission, thus showing that "Women are fools. They have no executive talent."

10. Mrs. Frank Leslie paid a \$50,000 debt in less than six months after assuming control of the great publishing business left by her husband, which makes it plain that "Women are fools. They have no financial ability."

11. The elder Mrs. Button, wife of the senior partner of the Germantown Woolen Mills, invented an improvement to a machine after her husband and others had given up in despair, showing conclusively that "Women are fools. They have no mechanical turn."

12. According to one William Shakespeare—though this may be a myth—a lady named Portia, in a "learned doctor's" wig and gown, once confounded the elders, solved a knotty legal problem with which the Venetian masculine wits had vainly grappled; therefore "Women are fools. They are incapable of viewing any case in its legal aspects."

His Poor Wife Dead.

[Boston Record.]

Gov. Gaston had occasion to send a dunning note to a client whose account was long past due. After a few days the man came in.

"Well, how are you getting along?" said the Governor, cheerily.

"Ah, I'm in deep trouble; I can't seem to be able to hold up or get started since my poor wife died."

"Your wife dead? Sorry to hear it; sorry to hear it."

"Yes, she's gone."

The Governor, who is a soft-hearted man, was so touched by the man's evident affliction, that he hadn't the heart to ask him for the money, and sent him away.

A few days afterward, he met a friend who knew his afflicted client, and remarked to him that the man seemed to take his wife's death very hard indeed.

"Take it hard," laughed the other; "why she's been dead five years, and he married again the other day."

An Anecdote of Jumbo.

When Barnum's circus was at Ottawa, Iowa, last season, old Chieftain, one of the largest elephants, broke away from his fastenings in a fit of rage and made his way to the side tent where Jumbo was standing. Chieftain has a special grudge against "Scotty," the keeper who has had charge of Jumbo ever since his arrival in the country. Jumbo seemed to know instinctively what the infuriated beast wanted. Seizing "Scotty" unceremoniously with his mighty trunk, Jumbo lifted him as easily as a man would lift a baby, and placing him between his forelegs, reached out with his trunk and trumpeted a chal-

lenge that seemed to say, "Touch him if you dare." The bold front of Jumbo, and his monstrous size, seemed to awe Chieftain, furious and revengeful as he was, and he came to a full stop, turned about and rushed down the street. The trainers, however, soon overtook, stopped and subdued him.

WOMAN'S NERVE.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

In this article acts of woman's nerve, pluck and grit will be considered, rather given, without comments. The incidents will speak for themselves. Woman has proved herself capable of enduring pains as well as her "noble lord." Witness the walking matches, starving engagements, and many other feats of endurance entered upon by both sexes. The nurse who sticks to her post in a chamber of pestilential diseases is more courageous than the man who stands in the front of the battle.

An old story of Mrs. Disraeli is a good instance of endurance. Her husband was to make a great speech. His wife accompanied him, and, in some unlucky manner, her finger was crushed in the door of the carriage. This severe contusion was terrible torture, but she endured the pain rather than let her husband know of it, for fear he would be unfitted to deliver his address.

Princess Monaco, one of the many victims of the French Revolution, half an hour previous to her execution gave evidence of heroism. Breaking a pane of glass, the only article having a cutting edge which she could get, she sawed off her hair as mementoes for her children. She then, with the greatest coolness, colored her cheeks with rouge, so that the populace might not see her qual should she be unable to nerve herself at the trying moment when her head should be taken off.

On a cold January day, a little five-year-old girl fell into a well which was forty-three feet deep. Her father hastened to the spot. Looking down the icy abyss, he saw she was still alive. Letting the water-bucket down, he told her to put her foot into it and to clasp her arm around the rope. She did as directed, and was drawn safely to the surface. Her left leg was found to be broken at the thigh, and both arms were cut and bruised in a fearful manner. The little girl's nerve was continued while the doctor set the fractured limb, this operation being borne without the use of anesthetics of any kind.

At a provincial theatre, shortly after the Glasgow calamity, just before the performance began, a fine-looking woman forced herself past the ticket-taker and planted herself firmly in an unoccupied stall. Presently the manager appeared and politely requested the lady to vacate. She declined.

"You cannot be allowed to remain, madam."

"I will."

"If you do not leave I must have you removed," urged the manager.

"Touch me if you dare!" challenged the woman, glaring. "Lay a finger on me and I'll halloo 'Fire!'"

The manager looked around the packed house, and the woman remained.

In a dentist's office in Albany, Georgia, a lady came in to have some teeth extracted. She determined upon the use of chloroform to deaden the pain. An M. D. was called in by the dentist. The anesthetic was given and one tooth taken out, but when the second tooth was attacked the patient resisted and suddenly ceased breathing. She happened to be one in a thousand who cannot have anesthetics administered with impunity. Her heart's action was paralyzed by its use. In the waiting-room was another lady, who saw the corpse carried out. She was informed of the circumstances. The lady waiting her turn said:

"Come on with your chloroform. You say it doesn't kill more than one in a thousand. It has just killed one, so I guess I won't be the next."

She took six times as much as the dead woman did, and under its influence her six teeth were extracted.

A glance backward at the so-called "good old times" will soon convince the veriest pessimist that in the matter of the treatment of children, the world has advanced rapidly of late. There was a time in the history of European civilization when the father had the power of life and death over his children, and there are still parts of the world where this idea is not extinct. There was a time, and it was not very long ago—scarcely a century—when a schoolmaster, armed with a rod or whip, forced unwilling youngsters to devour the contents of books with their eyes and regurgitate them from their mouth in vain repetition of words. This idea is not dead yet; but it is dying, as dies the darkness of night, before the dawn of the idea that teaches that children must be taught to think and that their weakness gives no man or woman the right to ill-treat them. —Philadelphia Record.

When an editor tells a good-looking young poetess that her verses on "Lilacs" are "perfectly lovely," you may set it down in your mind that he can lilac everything when he wants to.

A Scientific Basis of Belief.

[The Rev. John Page Hopps, an English liberal preacher, is the author of a pamphlet entitled, "A Scientific Basis of Belief in a Future Life; or the Witness borne by Modern Science to the Reality and Pre-eminence of the Unseen Universe," from which we quote:]

"If faith in God or Immortality depends on the conviction of the infallibility of the Bible, faith is already doomed. The marvelous spread of scientific knowledge has led to a totally new demand for evidence and demonstration as the antecedent to all belief."

"The inquiry into a future life or an unseen universe is a strictly scientific one. But all the science we can attain to, is relative to our limited capacities. The first thing to do is to take the whole subject out of the realm of mystery, unreality, fantasy and awe, and make it a subject of cool thought, and, if possible, of scientific experiment. We have too long been accustomed to speak of the dead in a vague, dreamy, unreal way. A future life can only mean the actual going on of the human being in spite of the incident called 'death.'"

"The science of the present day, in hypotheating atoms as the ultimate constituents of matter, confesses that it does not know what an atom is. Even in relation to the world of sense, it is confessedly true that the ideal world, or world of consciousness, is immeasurably more vital than what is usually called the world of matter. Huxley himself affirms that the inner world of consciousness is the only one we know at first hand—that the external world is only an inference from our sensation."

"The illustration requires a little close thought. We hear the sound of a bell, but in the exciting cause, there is nothing like the sound of a bell. Certain waves of air—in themselves only forms of motion—produce in us, as sound, something wholly different from what they themselves are. We are not conscious of the waves of air, but only of the effect produced on us. This will show what science means when it says that we are more directly certain of states of consciousness than of states of matter."

"In ordinary sleep, the fields through which you wander, the money you handle, the fruit you eat, the trees you see swayed by the wind, the people you meet, the ocean whose bright waves break on the shore, are all perfectly real to you in dreams; and you think they are real for the time; so true is it that consciousness, thought and sensation are more immediately real to us than matter."

Man Needs a Woman's Sympathy.

Cleveland Sun.

What a man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it and man needs a companion with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman who, as he puts an arm around her, feels that he has something to fight for, who will help him fight, who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through life—through storms and sunshines, conflict and victory; through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving them a nobler idea of marriage and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

The Gods of Japan.

[Missionary Cor. Cincinnati Standard.]

The other day I visited the idol factory. Business seemed to be fair. I also see by the paths in the snow the temples are frequently visited.

In Japan there are said to be 8,000,000 gods. A thing that is not understood is made into a god, and there are a great many they (and I) don't understand! "Ah! here is some mold; it is a mystery to me how it came here—mold is a god!" A young man of perhaps twenty, asked me the other day if the castor was God. God, in contradistinction to the gods of this land is called, 'The True God.'

Baron Adolph Rothschild has recently purchased, at an almost fabulous price, the famous jewel-box which was presented in 1540 by the goldsmiths of Nuremberg to the Duke Albrecht of Bavaria, on his marriage with the Princess Anna of Bavaria, the renowned "Anna with the golden hair." It is of enameled gold, and richly ornamented, and is altogether one of the most perfect gems of mediaeval art in Europe.

Dissimulation, to a certain degree, is as necessary in business, as clothes are in the common intercourse of life; and man would be as imprudent who should exhibit his inside naked, as he would be indecent if he produced his out side so.—Earl of Chesterfield.

(Written for the GOLDEN GATE.)

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

All along down the ages have marched these twin brothers and agitators of creation; they are of cotemporaneous birth and co-enduring with time, and perhaps eternity.

The general saying is: "Truth will prevail, Falsehood must die." In this case, what would become of Truth?

They are born of each other, and are as light and shade, inseparable. One may not be annihilated and the other survive in activity. Though in direct conflict with each other, they are allies that work side by side, revealing each the other's self, and each attracting a host of adherents from the passing centuries, all valiant in the defense of what they believe to be the true and the right.

All say that Truth is beautiful, Falsehood hideous; but the perceptions of what is beautiful vary so widely in different individuals that Falsehood is as often admired as Truth; and indeed, in spite of the distinctive features they are known to possess, it is only the few among the millions that have learned to tell the one from the other.

There is no sphere of action in life in which this twin do not enter as motive powers for good and evil.

The first thing a human being is taught, is to avoid a lie, and to lie, or dissemble, is one's first temptation.

From the home these two powers go out and pervade the universe. They have their champions in religion, in politics, in the arts and sciences, in the trades and professions, in the various mechanical and industrial pursuits, in peace as well as war.

Strange to say, though natural enemies, they are still friends to each other. They are competitive powers that give an impetus to all the undertakings of men in whatever direction, the whole being summed up in one word—progress.

These two powers have always worked together for the advancement of the human family. One is an incentive to the other. By contrast they are said to be known, but to this many are morally and spiritually blind. To remove these defects is the aim and object of all honest endeavor in the broad field of journalism.

Let us not be too intolerant of Falsehood, since without him we should have no Truth to work for, no error to correct, no dark places to lighten, no griefs to assuage, and no wrongs to set right.

Let us then to work, the new work opening before us, and by the aid of Falsehood seek out the beautiful Truth.

COLUMBINE.

THE OLIVE IN CALIFORNIA.

(Prof. Hilgard.)

The olive is attracting a great deal of attention in this State, and justly so. California is the only State in the Union that possesses a climate suitable for it. Abundant testimony exists to show that the tree will thrive throughout the larger part of California. The greatest point to be made in favor of the olive is, that it will grow in a soil too dry even for the grape vine and too rocky for any fruit tree. The hills and mountain slopes, not fit for the pasture of even a goat, can be made to produce olives. Precisely such will produce the fruit much earlier than the rich valleys, although in the latter the tree will attain a larger growth. The olive will fill the largest gap in our culture, and its sphere is such that it will not encroach on any other culture. It is, perhaps, not as a great and valuable product for export that the greatest importance attaches to the olive in California, but rather as a food product for home consumption. It has often been said that the olive is truly the poor man's tree. In a country like California, where a scanty rainfall is the characteristic of many parts, the pasturage, and consequently the production of meat and butter, must necessarily be limited, relatively more so as the population increases. The olive can largely supply this growing deficiency. It is the richest and most nutritious of all fruits, for, upon it and bread alone, a man may be sustained so as to perform the hardest labor. In the Mediterranean region the olive is of such vast importance that a failure of this crop is a public calamity. A few facts and figures will convey the best idea of its financial value. The crop of Italy, for instance, is estimated to be worth about 200,000,000 francs; Southern France, 61,000,000 francs; in Spain it is variously estimated at from 84,000,000 to 100,000,000 francs; and in the Ottoman Empire, at 24,000,000 francs annually.

That both oil and pickles of the finest quality can be produced in this State, is a fact not to be questioned, after Mr. Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, has taken the prize at the Paris World's Fair. Years ago, when the Mission Fathers first landed in California, they brought with them two varieties of olives, one of which especially has been propagated throughout the State, in different localities. Although a most excellent and hardy variety, and as we have lately learned from Mr. F. Pohndorff's investigation, one of the best Spanish varieties, known by the name of Cornezuelo, it is here, as in Spain, adapted to the warmer parts of the country only. In cooler climates the maturing of the fruit falls so late in the season that it in-

terferes sensibly with the blooming of the next. The importance of introducing earlier ripening varieties is, therefore, apparent. Hence it is a matter of congratulation that private individuals, as well as enterprising nurserymen, have begun to import and propagate French and Spanish kinds. At the experimental grounds of the University, we have received, through Mr. Pohndorff's importations, two valuable varieties, the *Nevadillo blanco*, an oval-shaped olive of medium size, ripening very early, and the *Manzanillo*, a rather large olive, of more rounded shape, also of early maturity. No less than thirteen kinds are the generous gift of Mr. Rock, of San José; while Mr. Gould, of Auburn, a gentleman who has been very active in proving the adaptability of the olive to the foothill regions of the Sierra Nevada, has presented five specimens of the *Picholine*. This is a hardy and rapidly growing variety. In addition to these, six varieties have been propagated from seed. While the latter are not sure to develop anything valuable, the differences in foliage and habit of growing, indicate widely different types. All the kinds have been planted along a road in a soil and exposure well suited to their development, and we hope before many years to ascertain something definite as regards their value.

As might be expected, a tree cultivated for such a long period of time has developed numerous varieties. Owing to their great similarity, many writers upon the subject, among them Gasparin, avoid the study of these varieties and give this advice: Cultivate the best variety for your locality, i. e., the one that gives the best oil in the greatest quantity. It seems, therefore, the best we can do in California is to try a large number of varieties, as it is safe to say that in our diversified climate no one variety will everywhere succeed equally well.

From the experience of the older countries, as well as that of California, it seems that the olive will grow in a great variety of soils; the most important point to be observed being that they shall be warm and well drained. The most striking instance of this kind that I can recall is from my own experience. Some years ago I brought a few rooted olives to a place in the Santa Cruz mountains. They were set out in the best of soil, in rich and comparatively moist ground. The growth here for two years was almost nothing, although the trees were well attended to. In March of last year they were removed to different places, some being planted on a high knoll, where the soil is very sandy, but contains considerable lime; others in pockets on a southeast slope, the soil in this case being very rich in humus. With the former, small rooted cuttings but a few inches high were planted. In many instances the holes in which they were planted were made in the rock, and roots spread on almost bare rock. Without any further attention than being hoed to prevent weeds from smothering them, all grew right along, the older ones making several feet of growth, where they had before made but a few inches. Of the feasibility of setting out such small plants I shall speak later, but desire here to draw attention to the fact that the locality in question is a comparatively cool one. This experience illustrates the fact that in different sections the exposure should be different. In a warmer section, such as Winters or Vaca Valley, evidently the southern exposure on a sunny slope is not needed to produce abundant growth. We find thus on Mr. John R. Wolfskill's place, on Putah creek, perhaps the largest trees for their age in the State. Some of these growing on level ground, and 21 years old from the cutting, when measured by me several years ago, were over six feet in girth.

A few weeks ago a worthy Pennsylvanian named Shields, went insane through worry over the duties of the postoffice to which he had just been appointed. Now another Pennsylvanian, Milton J. Wagonhurst, of Alburis, has become demented because he did not at once obtain the coveted postmastership for which he was an applicant. Perplexed by anomalies of this sort Mr. Tupper's proverbial philosophy ambles to the rescue with an assurance that one man's meat is another man's poison. Calamities of such a character may justify the promulgation of a new political beatitude, "Blessed is he that hungereth not for a postoffice."—*New York Graphic*.

President Lincoln, discussing the duties of his office, said: "Sitting here, where all the avenues of public patronage seem to come together in a knot, it does seem to me that our people are fast approaching the point where seven-eighths of them are trying to live at the expense of the other eighth." He therein disclosed the cause of the misery, poverty and despair afflicting the producers of the country. About three-fourths of society are compelled to toil and suffer in order that the balance may live in luxury. Capital takes all and produces nothing; labor produces all and takes nothing.—*New Era*.

Professor Proctor says that at least four hundred and fifty thousand meteors fall from the heavens and strike the earth every hour during the year. And yet when a man goes home with a black eye and a damaged tile, and tells his wife that he was struck by a meteor, she will not believe him.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Goliath was originally the giant in a side-show in Gath, at thirteen dollars a week, but when the war broke out he enlisted in the army of the Philistines, more for the bounty than anything else. This life seemed to him about right, for Goliath was naturally lazy and trifling. Of course I'm telling you this in my own language, but I'm giving it to you straight.

When the army of Israel camped over in the valley of Elah, it looked pretty squally for Saul, and he felt like sending in his resignation.

Every morning, after breakfast, Goliath, dressed in his brass plug hat, and cast-iron corset, and copper clothes, would sail out and poke fun at Saul and his home-guards.

Goliath was a large, husky yahoo, from the headwaters of the Chug, and had a hand on him like a horse-block. He was muscled up in good shape, too. When he began on a man it meant six months in the hospital with careful nursing, and if Goliath felt grieved and hurt about something a man had said about him, and took the man aside to have a little talk about it, the man's widow applied right off for the life insurance. In this way Goliath used to be respected very much around Gath.

So every day he would come out on the mesa and sass the armies of Israel, and tell Saul that if he had a full-grown man who had any sand, he would like to have him come over and get himself measured for a pair of wings. Day after day he would walk out with his bomb-proof clothes on and cordially invite the Israelites to come over, one at a time, and let him paralyze 'em. And Saul, on behalf of his people, declined the invitation, with thanks. He told Goliath that while he would be glad to meet him for a little soft-glove tete-a-tete, he would have to decline any meeting on a basis of open hospitality. This caused the campaign to drag, and the daily papers in Israel began to criticize Saul, and to ask why he did not come home and hoe corn instead of fooling away his time on the Philistines.

Just then David came down from his father's sheep-ranch on Independence Mountain, over against Bethlehem, Judah, on the old California trail, to see how the war was progressing. He wanted to take a trip to some place where there would be no danger of bodily harm, so his parents thought it would be safer perhaps for him to go down to the front, "where war waged its wild desolation, and threatened our land to destroy." They told him to go down where the two armies were engaged in open hostilities, and they would feel perfectly easy about him; but they cautioned him not to wander away from the army into the woods and get lost.

So David went over to hear Goliath speak his piece. Every morning for forty days the dime-museum giant came out and opened court, requesting the Israelites to come over and meet a fate worse than death. But the Israelites preferred death to general debility and old age. They had relations at home on whom they were dependent.

Just as David got to the front, Goliath came out and spoke with a loud voice, and cried out and defied the armies of Israel; and Saul's army scattered and fell over each other trying to get into the woods, and behold there were not trees for all the soldiers of the armies of Israel to climb.

And David was disgusted and told Saul that he would like to go out and fight the Philistines if some courageous Israelite would come along and hold his coat for him. Everybody laughed at David; and his brothers especially, as soon as they had stopped running and got behind a tree and recovered their breath, began to ridicule David. But David insisted on it, and told Saul that one time when a mountain lion and a grizzly bear came and carried off several of his father's sheep, he ran after them and overtook them, and after he had knocked the lion silly with his fist he ran his hand down the bear's throat, caught him by the tail and turned him wrong side out. The king said: "Well, did you really do that? If you did, I've a good notion to give you the freedom of the Philistine camp, and if you will bring me Goliath's scalp, stretched on a shingle, I will give you all the money you want and my only daughter, for I'd just as soon tell you in confidence that this side-show giant is getting to be a perfect eyesore to me, and between you and me, I think he is overdoing this thing and making a nuisance of himself."

So David said he would go, and Saul dressed him up in a railroad iron overcoat, but the boy couldn't handle it. He took off the fire-and-burglar-proof overcoat and filled his pocket full of rocks and sailed in. When Goliath came out he turned his nose up at David and asked him if he knew his mother was out. He talked mean to David and finally told him to come over and he would feed him to the coyotes.

Then David, in a gentlemanly way, told Goliath that he didn't claim to be much of a talker in public, but that he relied on the righteousness of his cause. He came not with words and banners and torchlight processions, but he believed that he was right, and came there to prove it. He was no public speaker, he said, but he thought that this thing had gone far enough. He then surprised Goliath with a moss agate behind the ear. The gentleman from Gath fell to

the earth with a "sickening thud," and David cut his head off with the giant's own sword. From these injuries Goliath never fully recovered, and finally deceased.

Then the men of Israel and Judah rose up, and whooped with a loud voice, and pursued their enemies, and they fed the fowls of the air with Philistines on toast for forty days, and David became solid with the king, and made money, and wore his good clothes every day. Wherever he went he was regarded as a great success, and all the giants were perfectly friendly toward him.

Patient Waiting.

(The Christian Union.)

It is the long fight which brings out character and educates men to make the best of the victory when it is achieved. A sharp, short, brilliant campaign often results in a great waste of success and loss of opportunity because the victors have not gained the steadiness and wisdom to hold success with a strong, wise hand; the men who come out of the long campaign scarred and travel-worn know the cost of victory, and spend their hard-won fortune temperately. In every man's affairs there come times of waiting; the problem cannot be solved, it must be worked out; the difficulties cannot be banished by energetic action, they must slowly fade as the mists roll away from the sky of one who has been anxiously watching for the sun through long and weary days of cloud and rain. There are times when our affairs are taken out of our own hands and we are compelled to stand aside and wait patiently for the slow movement of evolution and progress. We have sown the seed, but we cannot force it to immediate harvest; we must let Nature set her shoulder to our work and do it for us. Growth is the most natural process in the world; the only really normal and healthy process; and yet it is the hardest to wait for. When our projects move slowly, we chafe and fume in discontent; when our affairs get entangled instead of quietly waiting for the unraveling of the snarl, we continually thrust our hands into the tangle and make it tenfold worse. This is a world in which the best of things are grown, not made; and he who wants the best and most enduring things must be willing to pay the price of patience for them. Wait patiently, and rejoice that you have things worth waiting for.

The Inner Man.

"Dr. R. M. Hodges once read a paper before the Boston Society of Medical Improvement, in which he touched on this question upon which doctors disagree, and said: "It is a common impression that to take food immediately before going to bed and to sleep is unwise. Such a suggestion is answered by a reminder that the instinct of animals prompts them to sleep as soon as they have eaten; and in summer an after-dinner nap, especially when the meal is taken at midday, is a luxury indulged in by many. If the ordinary hour of the evening meal is six or seven o'clock, and of the first morning meal seven or eight o'clock, an interval of twelve hours, or more, elapses without food, and for persons whose nutrition is at fault this is altogether too long a period for fasting. That such an interval without food is permitted explains many a restless night, and much of the head and backache, and the languid, half-rested condition on rising, which is accompanied by no appetite for breakfast. This meal itself often dissipates these sensations. It is, therefore, desirable, if not essential, when nutriment is to be crowded, that the last thing before going to bed should be the taking of food. Sleeplessness is often caused by starvation, and a tumbler of milk, if drunk in the middle of the night, will often put people to sleep when hypnotics would fail of their purpose. Food before rising is an equally important expedient. It supplies strength for bathing and dressing, laborious and wearisome tasks for the under-fed, and is a better morning 'pick-me-up' than any 'tonic.'"

An Australian parson was taking leave, recently, of a congregation with whom he had not lived on the best of terms. "I do not regret our separation, dear brethren, for three good and valid reasons. The first is that you don't love me; the second, that you don't love one another; and the third, that God does not love you. You don't love me—my salary is several months in arrears. You don't love one another—or there would not be such a dearth of marriages among you. And God does not seem to love you as you ought to be loved, because there have been so few funerals among you lately."

An exchange says that to get the full flavor of butter, the bread upon which it is spread, should be inserted in the mouth buttered side down. The fact that the buttered side up is the general custom is an indication of a general and perhaps hereditary disinclination to get the full flavor of the butter. We have known the flavor of butter to be so full as to fairly stagger.

A clergyman in central Illinois started his congregation a few Sundays ago by making the following announcement: "Remember communion services next Sunday forenoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning service and the bishop in the evening."

(Written for the GOLDEN GATE.)

UNIQUE CELEBRATION.

ED. GOLDEN GATE:—It was my good fortune to attend a celebration of a somewhat unique character, yesterday evening—that of celebrating the anniversary of the passing of one into the higher life. To one who has always looked upon death as the great enemy of mankind, the skeleton of all feasts, and the dark cloud that overshadows the sunshine of all lives, the very thought of such a celebration would bring to his mind a feeling that the proprieties of life had been outraged, and the carrying out of such an idea would be a sacrilege. Such a one would say, "Why, how can you think of celebrating such an event; of rejoicing over the death of a dear one?" But, in the light of our beautiful religion and philosophy, it is an event which should rather be rejoiced at than mourned over. We all celebrate, with more or less rejoicing, the anniversary of the birth of our dear ones into this life. As the returning seasons, in their ceaseless round, bring to us again and again the annual recurrence of the day which ushered us into this world of care, of sorrow, and of trials, we assemble together and with merry-makings and songs of gladness hail its coming. And why should we not do so again when the same dear one is born again? Here he is born to trouble and sorrow; but the second birth is to be freed from all these, and to rise to higher and better conditions. Here, he is in the midst of a great treadmill, in which he must tread others down, or be trodden down by them. But if we may credit the teachings of returning spirits in all ages, the second birth is into a higher and far more perfect life. He is freed from the cares and trials incident to supporting a physical body, and has taken a step forward in that journey of infinite progression which all nature tells us belongs to the human soul. Then why should we not rejoice at his good fortune? Though we have temporarily lost his companionship, surely we should not allow our selfish feelings to regret the happening of what to him was a great gain.

The celebration which I attended was the second anniversary of the passing on of Mr. John H. Fuller, the father of Mrs. E. F. McKinley, one of our most talented lecturers. Some fifty or more of the friends of the family assembled at the residence of Mrs. McKinley at 1307 1/2 Polk street, on the evening of the 16th instant. Many who could not be present sent their regrets, and I am sure they would regret it greatly if they understood how they lost by their absence. We who were present were entertained by quite a variety of literary and musical performances. I will not tire your readers with a detailed statement of them, but will simply say that some of the musical performances were very fine—far above the average.

Several mediums were present, and our spirit friend, Mr. Fuller, was enabled to control and add his congratulations to the occasion.

Mr. W. E. Coleman read a short essay suited to the occasion, which I hope he will publish.

Mr. Anderson being called out, after a few congratulatory remarks recited a beautiful little poem entitled "The Dead Shall Rise."

But the most interesting feature of the evening was a poem given through the mediumship of Mrs. Lavernia Mathews, who sent it to us, with her regrets at not being able to be present. I enclose a copy which, if you have room, I hope you will publish, as it is a poem of more than ordinary merit.

The party separated at a late hour, well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Yours, JENKINS.

A Good Word from an Old Journalist.

LOS ANGELES, July 12, 1885.

FRIEND OWEN:—Having just seen the prospectus of the GOLDEN GATE. I write to congratulate you on the fine prospect you have, of doing good and of meeting the success which I know your efforts will deserve. Your prospectus is just the thing. Such a journal as is there outlined, cannot fail to obtain a liberal support.

One of the "side issues" which formerly divided Spiritualists and rendered impossible the success of honest, earnest journalism—the social question—is now viewed with less prejudice, and can be treated scientifically (as it has been in leading publications) without giving offence. The only present cause of dissension among Spiritualists—materialization—is a question of fact, rather than of opinion, and its honest treatment (that is, the presentation of evidence), must help, rather than hurt, the GOLDEN GATE. You have my best wishes for your success, and I will do all I can for you here, in the way of obtaining subscribers.

Fraternaly,

W. N. SLOCUM.

Cheap burglar alarm: Drive a headless nail into the casing over any door, and after closing the door hang a tin pan on the nail when you go to bed. That is to say if you want a cheap burglar alarm that will work every time.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SPIRITUALISM GAINING GROUND.

All new religions are more or less disreputable. No matter how noble or pure their teachings, or how sound or reasonable their philosophy, their followers are invariably the target for all manner of unclean missiles. The tongue of slander and misrepresentation is turned loose upon them, and they must needs win their way to the popular heart through the gauntlet of scorn and contumely, and oftentimes by way of the dungeon and the faggot.

The early disciples of the Nazarene, who gave to the world the new commandment—"to love one another"—were obliged to assemble in caves and secret places when they would meet for worship, or to comfort each other. And all along down the ages, until Christianity became powerful enough to crush its enemies(!), it trod many a thorny path with bleeding feet. But no sooner did it become powerful and respectable, than it forgot the cruel lessons of its own unloved infancy, and placed its heel upon the neck of all dissenters from its faith.

Although the stake and the thumb-screw have been banished from the world, and men and women are now at liberty to think about as they please, yet they must please to think with the majority, or they are very apt to get themselves disliked, and made to suffer in their reputations and business.

Spiritualism has passed through this experience, and is now coming forth to its heritage of respectful recognition. Its phenomena have been "weighed in the balance" by many of the first scientists of the age, and found to be the unfolding of a grand and glorious truth. Thoughtful minds everywhere, in the churches and out, are quietly but persistently investigating its claims, as opportunity occurs. And opportunities are not wanting for all honest seekers after the truth. There are hundreds of psychics who are never known in public—children, often, through whose organism spirits of a high order of intelligence are able to communicate with their friends in earth life. The writer has known a little girl—a mere child, delicate in health, and backward in mental development, whose hand would be used automatically, by unseen intelligences, in writing long messages to the living—messages of love and wisdom,—written often in a language of which she had not the slightest knowledge,—and in all of which she was wholly unconscious.

The literature of Spiritualism, also,—numbering thousands of books and pamphlets, written, many of them by the brightest intellects the world can produce; and scores of ably conducted journals,—is winning its way to the thoughtful consideration of the masses. The multitudes are hungry for the blessed knowledge of a future life, and the return of those whom they had been taught to believe dead and awaiting the sound of Gabriel's resurrection trumpet.

And so the heaven is at work, and the cause that had such a humble beginning in the Hydesville rappings, is spreading throughout the world. Intelligent people no longer hesitate to admit that they are Spiritualists. They are coming forth by thousands to proclaim their knowledge to the world.

BUT LITTLE UNDERSTOOD.

The laws of Spirit manifestation are as yet but little understood. Ignorance of these laws on the part of investigators has operated to present many a good medium in a false light. The man who seizes a supposed spirit form and finds in the outcome that he has the medium in his grasp, naturally concludes that he has exposed a fraud, when the fact may or may not be true—certainly not if the form was a personation or transfiguration, the medium being unconscious of any deception.

Col. Olcott, one of the most careful of investigators of the spiritual phenomena, in his "People from the Other World," gives an account of his investigations with Mrs. Compton, of Havana, which every "spirit grabber" would do well to read.

Mrs. Compton was a plain, illiterate, hard-working woman, supporting a family of young children by hard labor at the wash-tub. She was made the unwilling instrument for the manifestation of the materialization and transfiguration phases of the phenomena, which attracted so much attention at the time (about ten years ago). Col. Olcott—who, by the way, is an able writer, to say the least, and was, at that time, in the employ of a leading New York daily—informs us that he placed Mrs. Compton in a small cabinet which was entirely inaccessible to confederates, and then secured her to a chair by putting a stout thread through the punctures of her ears, fastening the same to the back of the chair and sealing the knot with wax stamped with his private seal. He also secured her to the floor and to the cabinet with threads all sealed, and from which it was impossible for her to escape without detection.

The light was then dimmed, but not so much that all objects in the room could not be distinctly seen. Soon, Col. Olcott assures us, a female form much smaller than that of the medium,

stepped out of the cabinet into the room, whereupon he entered the cabinet and found the chair vacant. He then had the form weighed upon a platform scale and found the weight to be eighty-eight pounds. A few minutes later it was weighed again and found to weigh twenty-three pounds less than at the first weighing. The form then retired within the cabinet, the lights were turned up, and the medium was found exactly as she was secured, with threads unbroken and the knots and seals intact. She was wholly unconscious, with scarcely a sign of life, and remained so for about twenty minutes. She was then placed on the scales and found to weigh 121 pounds.

Now, we are not vouching for Col. Olcott. The reader must know the man and judge of the probable truthfulness of his story for themselves. We will only add that the book referred to may be found in the Free Library of the Washington Hall Society of Spiritualists.

SOMETHING WRONG.

The newly appointed Superintendent of the Mint of this city, stated to a reporter, a few days ago, that he had received over twelve hundred applications for positions in the Mint. Now the only positions of which he has any considerable number to bestow are those of adjuster, which are occupied by women, and these, with the restrictions placed on the coinage of silver dollars, are to be reduced to less than half a hundred. The appointees as chiefs of the heads of other departments could no doubt tell a similar story; all of which means that there is a vast multitude of unemployed persons in this community—a fact, indeed, which no such clamor for place is needed to demonstrate. It is everywhere patent. Our large cities, of which San Francisco is no exception, are running over with people who want something to do—many of whom are sorely puzzled to find food and shelter. And this, too, with thousands, yea, tens of thousands of acres of land, within fifty miles of San Francisco, not half cultivated; and millions of other acres beyond, capable of sustaining ten times the present population of the Pacific Coast.

The remedy for this condition of things is one of the sorest puzzles of the age. It is the stumbling block in the pathway of American progress. It is the trouble prophesied of this country when it should reach a point where, from vastly increasing numbers, men would begin to crowd each other. Then, it was predicted, would come the test of popular government. We have now reached that point.

Our once vast heritage of public land has dwindled away to an insignificant expanse. The rich valleys, the broad prairies, the mighty forests, have mostly melted away, or been encompassed by ravenous usurpers of the soil, until there is but little left to inspire the ambition of him who would seek a home upon Government land.

But the great trouble with the mass of unemployed people in our great cities is, they haven't the means wherewith to make the first start; and then, from lack of experience and energy, it is doubtful if many of them would succeed if they had the means. Assuming that the nearest available Government lands, of any considerable value and extent, are located in Washington Territory, Idaho and Eastern Oregon, and it can readily be seen that they are beyond the reach of the average poor man of our cities. True, he might be able to go there himself; but, wholly without means or experience, what can he do when he gets there? And what can his family do for a livelihood while he is absent?

No greater benefit could our millionaires confer upon society—and they owe it to the people and the country whence their riches have come to them—than to help the worthy poor of our great cities to homes upon the public lands. Of course there are large numbers of idle and dissipated persons with whom no amount of help would avail. They have been badly born and badly reared. With weak powers of resistance they yield readily to temptation, and are beyond the reach of all but extraordinary saving influences. Some other treatment would be necessary in their case. It is of the worthy poor we speak—the temperate, industrious poor—who are willing to work, and who, with a little timely aid in the start, would be able to get a foothold in the world.

How such a disposition of some of the surplus wealth of the few would allay the feverish condition resulting from unrequited labor. How it would strengthen the bonds of union, and rivet the safeguards of individual rights.

The custodians of the world's treasures—the strong men who have been able, by the exercise of superior acquisitive faculties and a broader judgment, to gather to themselves large accumulations of the results of labor—are blind to their best interests when they permit large numbers of laborers to remain unemployed in their midst. Idle men are apt to become hungry, and then they are most easily led by demagogues to their own and society's injury.

These tendencies are far more dangerous in a Republican Government than where the powers of government are more concentrated, with a strong military force at its beck.

Let us hope that our Republic may shun the breakers that threaten from this source.

The possibility that a lady will be selected to fill the presidency of Vassar College causes one of the fair alumnae of that institution to address *Harper's Weekly* on the subject. She "devoutly hopes" that a man, and not a woman, will be chosen to succeed President Caldwell. "There are plenty of women," she says, "fitted by nature and education to adorn the position, but the right sort of man can inspire girls better." Which the same, in our judgment, is simply fool nonsense.

Our exchange list is yet very meagre, especially in the matter of the leading Spiritualist journals of the Atlantic States and Europe. Hence we have but a limited range for selection. We intend to reproduce the best things we can find in our papers both at home and abroad.

DOES PUNISHMENT PREVENT CRIME?

It is an open question whether our present mode of treatment of criminals does not tend to the increase of crime. Certain it is that imprisonment very rarely works a reformation of the criminal. And unless such reformation is effected, the object of imprisonment is thwarted.

In capital cases, society disposes of the murderer by hanging—that is if he be a Chinaman, Mexican, or a white man without money or influential friends,—and imagines thereby that the terrible example will retard other would-be murderers from the commission of like offenses. But we see that it does nothing of the kind. In fact we think it will be discovered some day that familiarity with the gibbet is one of the causes operating ante-natally upon sensitive natures to create murderers, and that the crop of murderers increases with such inhuman efforts for their extermination.

Let us look at the inequality practiced in the administration of so-called justice. The judges of our criminal courts are allowed a wide range in which to exercise their individual ideas of punishment. Thus a judge in one county will, perhaps, consign a young man to prison ten years for stealing a horse, and it may be his first offense; while the judge of another county will send up an old offender for only two or three years, for a far graver offense. These two men meet face to face within the prison walls, and compare notes. The younger offender feels that he has been unjustly dealt with. He naturally sours on society, and resolves to "get even." He goes forth a hardened criminal to prey upon society.

Our prisons are full of young men, many of them convicted of offenses which were the result of intemperance, or youthful indiscretions. They are not beyond the reach of reform, if brought within wholesome reformatory influences. But instead thereof they are introduced to the companionship of men old in iniquity,—brought into familiar intimacy with them in the same cells. What good can be expected to come of such confinement?

The remedy lies in treating moral depravity as a disease, and turning our prisons into humane hospitals for the cure thereof. And then we should see to it that no inmate is discharged until a cure is effected. This could be readily done by first restricting the powers of judges—confining their duties to a simple consigning of the convicted culprit to imprisonment, but leaving the duration of his confinement to be determined by a Board of Commissioners selected with especial reference to their fitness for the work. They should be men of broad natures, full of the generous impulses of humanity. They should reside in the prison, and make it their business to become acquainted with every prisoner—his past history, the nature of his crime and the causes which led to its commission. They should also be put in possession of the facts elicited at his trial. When, in their judgment, the reform of the prisoner had been effected, they should discharge him, and not before. He should go forth with their certificate of approval—sealed, and without opprobrium—restored to the confidence of society.

By thus virtually placing the duration of sentence in the prisoner's own hands, you put him at once upon his good behavior. His determination to win the approval of the Commissioners immediately calls into action the better faculties of his mind, and his moral nature grows with the effort. It is true that some prisoners might simulate a reform which they did not feel, and thus deceive the Commissioners, and procure their discharge; but this would not occur often, and never more than once. A second imprisonment would be apt to be well nigh for life.

We have now in the prisons of this State hundreds of what are known as third, fourth, and fifth termers. Many prisoners are discharged with the moral certainty of their speedy return to their prison home. Why subject the people to the annoyance and expense of their trial and conviction for new offenses? Why not keep them there for the old offense until the object for which they were first imprisoned is accomplished?

This, it seems to us, is the true way to treat criminals. They are the unbalanced children of a common humanity, who deserve more pity than blame. They need leveling up, and their faculties and passions put in subjection to the higher law of their natures. The self-righteous, uncharitable, but otherwise honest man, should be thankful that he wasn't born a rogue.

COMPLIMENTS FOR THE GOLDEN GATE.

Modesty forbids our reproducing the many kind things said of us by journalistic friends and contemporaries of other days. But it will not be out of place to reprint their good words regarding the paper itself. *Figaro* says of the initial number of the GOLDEN GATE: "A beautiful specimen of typography it is, truly—superior, we think, to that of any newspaper publication in the city or State." The *San Jose Daily News* says: "In a typographical point of view it is one of the neatest papers ever issued on the Coast." We predict that not less than two thousand names will have been sent in from this county before next New Year's day." The *San Jose Daily Mercury* says: "The mechanical part of the work is simply superb, and in saying this we do not mean to detract from the literary excellence of the periodical." The *San Jose Daily Herald* says: "It is an eight-page paper, well printed, and in every way making a creditable appearance."

INCONSISTENT MORALITY.

It is interesting to note the wide gulf between the preaching and practice of some of our leading dailies, in the matter of morality. For instance, one of our morning papers uses the great London scandal, recently unearthed by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as a text for a sermon on the uses of the press as a conservator of morality. It says: "The newspaper has come to supplement the pul-

pit and the court of justice as a guardian of public morality." This may be true of some newspapers, but it certainly will not apply to the daily newspapers of San Francisco, scarcely one of which will hesitate to publish the most disgusting details of every brutal prize fight, or "chicken dispute," that occurs among the dregs of humanity, in the slums and back alleys of the city. They preach morality in their editorial columns, and then devote their news and local columns to serving up all manner of miserable stuff, mis-called news, calculated to poison and demoralize the minds of the young. This is a saving-at-the-spigot and wasting-at-the-bung sort of morality strangely inconsistent, to say the least. The daily newspaper ought to be an aid to the pulpit and court of justice in their endeavors to reform erring and depraved humanity. It would be, doubtless, but for its insatiable greed for patronage among the very classes whose evil practices it (editorially) affects to condemn.

UNCLEAN HABITS.

The Spiritualist, above all others, possesses the highest incentive to lead a clean life. He has heard the admonition from inspired lips, many times, urging him to lay aside all debasing habits of body and mind, which must always act as clogs to drag him downward.

The whisky and tobacco habits—the one a giant evil and wholly iniquitous; the other a monumental nastiness—ought to find no encouragement in Spiritualistic ranks. The man addicted to the use of either ought to be able to rise up in the dignity and majesty of his manhood and self-respect, and declare himself henceforth free from the shackles of the debasing bondage. It is not a difficult thing to do, with the tobacco habit especially, which does not destroy the will power like the habitual use of alcohol.

The writer was an inveterate user of tobacco for over thirty years, his cigar bill, for many years, amounting to from one to two dollars a day. Some six or eight years ago he concluded that he had had enough of that sort of slavery—that the time had come when, for a change, he would like to astonish his wife, and those whose business relations brought them within the disagreeable smudge that generally surrounded him, and the disgusting effluvia of nicotine that exhaled from his breath and exuded from the pores of his body. And so, one day, after smoking some ten or twelve cigars—"three for a half"—he cast the stump of the last one away, with the uttered resolution that *never, NEVER* again, should a particle of tobacco ever cross his lips. And there hasn't to this day, and never will again.

The resolution to quit the use of the vile weed once formed, the victory is more than half won. The struggle for awhile is a hard one; but after about six weeks the shackles of the filthy habit begin to loosen their grip, and in a few weeks more one will wonder how he ever could have made such a slave of himself.

Of course the liquor habit plays greater havoc with the brain, gradually destroying the power of resistance; but in its earlier stages, surely, its victims ought to be able to throw off the terrible yoke, and stand forth redeemed from the accursed vice. It is their only chance. A little while longer and the fangs of the serpent will be fastened to their very souls, dragging them down to a drunkard's grave. There will then be no escape from it. A blighted life, ruined home, and misery untold in this life; and a spirit covered with slime and rot in the next. We should think the prospect was enough to arrest the tottering footsteps of the most confirmed drunkard, and fill his soul with a divine frenzy for reform.

It is because tens of thousands of our fellow beings, who have not the power of resistance, are dropping annually into drunkard's graves, that society should place its heel upon the liquor traffic and save the poor wretches from their terrible fate.

FAMILIARITY WITH OMNIPOTENCE.

There are many excellent people in the world—clergymen mostly, like Monseigneur Capel, and some of the recognized lights of Protestant pulpits—who seem to think they know such amazing things of Deity—of His majesty, power, purposes, laws—and have such confidence in their ability to influence or persuade him in matters that he might possibly overlook or forget,—that one would naturally conclude they must be on terms of peculiar intimacy with the Creator. They will tell us of our duty to God—what He wants of us, and what He will do to us if we do not do certain things—and they actually make the unsophisticated sinner believe that he is of but small account in the universe, as compared with them.

We have long since learned to be tolerant with those who indulge in this sort of self-conceit, provided their hearts are in the right place—that they have a broad, outreaching love for humanity, and seek the highest welfare of the race. They may believe in one God, or fifty, or none at all; they may believe the world was created six thousand years, or aeons of ages ago; and that man came down from an angel, perfect from the hands of his Creator; or up, through the slow processes of evolution, from a mollusk or a monkey; they may believe all this, and more or less as they please,—yet, if they love their fellow men—if their hearts are warm with the divine impulse of good will to all mankind—they are our brothers.

It is upon this broad plane of humanity that all religionists, and all who are not religionists—Christians, Spiritualists, free-thinkers, and all well-meaning people,—should be willing to work.

Thanks to its host of welcoming friends, the GOLDEN GATE has sprung at once into a fair circulation. Thus it starts out under most favorable auspices. There are probably not less than fifty thousand intelligent Spiritualists on this Coast, one in ten of whom, by their subscriptions, could place this journal on a solid basis. We have set our stakes on a circulation of 5,000 by the close of the first year of the paper's existence.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Some one has said that experience is the cream of spilt milk.

If we would save the world from sin, we must stop raising sinners.

Before you conclude to do your neighbor as injury, consider well whether it would not add to your own happiness to befriend him.

Just as we go to press, on Thursday morning, the news of the death of that brave old man, Gen. Grant, is flashed over the wires.

We invite contributions on all live topics. Whoever has a thought that the world would be better for knowing, should give it utterance. It is thus we become helps to each other.

The laboring man who earns a dollar a day, and spends a quarter of it for beer and tobacco, should first learn to deal justly by himself and family, before declaiming himself hoarse over the injustice of capital.

A good friend of the cause sends us \$25, directing that we send him ten copies of the GOLDEN GATE. It would not take many such patrons of the paper to place it on the mountain height of prosperity.

The *San Francisco Daily Report* is entitled to much credit for its enterprise in preparing for its readers a map of Chinatown, in this city,—showing, by tints, the various grades of vice carried on in that delectable region.

"Why pay three pence a pound for lamb, when you can have the whole Lamb of God for nothing," was the strange device borne recently upon a banner of the Salvationists in England. O, religion, what nonsense is perpetrated in thy name!

Mrs. Kimball lectured last Sunday morning at Laurel Hall, to a largely organized class of Theosophists and others, presenting in a learned and elegant manner, some advanced thought on the mysteries of occultism. She is a very pleasing and easy speaker.

Many people would no doubt embrace Spiritualism if the spirits would consent to show them how they could get the best of the bargain in a trade, tell them what stocks to buy, and where they can find lost property. They can see no use for ghosts unless they can be harnessed to the world's baser uses.

Every child born into the world has the right to be well born. May not the fact that many children are born with inherited tendencies to crime, with depraved appetites, and with physical infirmities unfitting them for the struggle of life, be due to causes within the power of an enlightened humanity to remedy?

We have heard but one expression of opinion concerning the appearance of the GOLDEN GATE—it is well arranged and neatly printed, to say the least. The heading, too, has called forth many expressions of admiration. In short, we feel that we have made good our promise to bring out a first-class journal that intelligent Spiritualists can endorse.

The time has come for Spiritualists to move upon the works of the enemy—(intolerance, ignorance, and wrong of every kind)—in solid phalanx. Thus far the battle has been fought by skirmishers. We should now mass our forces for solid work. In our present scattered and disorganized condition we can not realize how great a power for good in the world we might be.

When society has the good sense—and the power—to shut up the dram shops, it will have made a mighty stride in the direction of the millennium. Then will be removed the chief cause of poverty, insanity and crime in the world. It isn't monopoly, or the tyranny of capital, that is responsible for the present disgruntled condition of things, one-half so much as it is the whisky traffic, which is "the sum of all villainy."

Nature stretches forth her myriad hands to man, inviting him to a higher and purer manhood. She appeals to him in the beauty and fragrance of the rose, the laughter of childhood, and in the melody of her brooks and birds. In the majesty of her mountains, the terror of her tempests, and in the grandeur of her mighty oceans, she is ever voicing to him lessons of the sublimity of character to which she would have him aspire. She would have him pure in soul, broad in his humanity, and grand and beautiful in character. And such will he become if he lives up to the high ideals which nature everywhere suggests.

OUR FRIENDS UNSEEN.

Under the above caption, says the *Religion-Philosophy*, the current number of *The Advance*, Chicago, has a labored article. It starts out with the proposition "that angels have an interest and do actually interfere in the affairs of men on this earth, is a doctrine clearly taught both in the Old and New Testaments," and proceeds to substantiate the position by liberal citations, and to maintain that "so far from there being anything in science to disprove the doctrine of revelation, there is much to suggest it as a high probability." Following this, the questions are asked and answered:

"But are our departed friends among the number of those engaged in this ministry?" "Do those who have once lived in the flesh, and on this earth, form a part of this great host?" The answer is: "A fair inference from the Scriptures will, it seems to us, give an affirmative answer to this question. We do not say that this is an authorized doctrine, but such inference is a fair one. No one has authority either from nature or revelation for the assertion that when the good die they cease to have any interest in the affairs of this world. The assumption that they never return to this earth is wholly unwarranted. Indeed, no one can be sure that they ever leave its busy scenes. They may simply pass beyond the range of our few senses. That 'undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns' is good Shakespeare, but it is not Scripture. Two men, at least, who had been numbered with the dead for centuries, were seen again on this earth and recognized. The time was night, and the place on some solitary mountain of flowery Galilee."

NEWS ITEMS.

Fresno county will produce 120,000 boxes of raisins this season.

The Eureka Times-Telephone says there is not a Chinaman in that place, and that none will be allowed there.

Bret Harte, as everybody knows, is to lose his consulate for inattention to duty. He has made a great struggle to keep the place, but he must go.

Mary Frances Hoyt, niece of General Sherman, who married James R. Raymond of Baltimore, a few years ago, has begun a suit for divorce in Brooklyn.

Yolo has 2,746 acres in grapevines, which produced 150,000 gallons of wine and 15,000 boxes of raisins, besides those sold for table use and those shipped to the East.

An extensive mountain fire in Los Angeles county was caused by the sun's rays striking pieces of a glass bottle, which acted as a lens and set fire to the dried grass and leaves.

J. M. Strain, who died recently in Sonora, was the finder of the biggest nugget ever discovered in Tuolumne County. He found it near Columbia in 1858. The piece was worth \$8,799.

The San Diego Union says: Eight more ostrich chicks chipped their shell at Johnson's Fairview ostrich farm on Thursday. This makes a total of thirteen that have been hatched this season.

Governor Stanford, last week, paid in full a subscription of five thousand dollars which he made to the new college preparatory building just completed for the University of the Pacific at San Jose.

The annual State Fair will open in Sacramento on the 7th of September. The new exposition building with 124,000 square feet of floor space is acknowledged to be the most perfect structure for its purpose west of the Rocky Mountains.

A dispatch received in London last Tuesday, states that the King of Dahomey with a large army massacred the unprotected French villagers. The King has also captured 1,000 French persons and he and his followers propose to eat them.

Ned Buntline—Colonel E. Z. C. Judson—has averaged twenty thousand dollars a year for the last ten years by the sale of his stories. He is well-to-do, and has a beautiful home in the Catskills. He has written nearly four hundred novels.

There were in Spain, July 19th, 1850 new cases of cholera and 761 deaths. Of these 336 new cases and 133 deaths were reported from the province of Saragossa. Cases have appeared at Puerto Real in the province of Cadiz and at the cities of Palencia and Valladolid.

Gentiles residing in Utah, outside of Salt Lake City, and greatly excited by threats of their Mormon neighbors that after thirty days there will not be a Gentile left in the Territory. Secret meetings of the saints are being held and some general movement is on foot.

John Tyndall's gift of \$10,800 to each of three colleges—Harvard, Columbia, and Pennsylvania—is the sum he earned by a lecture-tour twelve years ago, increased by compound interest, and is characterized as the noblest and richest gift ever made to the cause of education.

Mr. W. E. Sheridan, the tragedian, served all through the late war. At the battle of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, at Chattanooga, where he was Captain of the Signal Corps, his back was used as a desk for General Grant to write his famous order for Sherman to advance on the left.

This season 120 carloads of fruit have been shipped from Sacramento to Chicago, nearly all by passenger trains, and 100 carloads of fruit and vegetables, mostly the latter, to Denver. Four or five carloads of fruit go East by the overland passenger train now every night from Sacramento shippers, and as many by freight trains.

The Galveston News, speaking of the crops of Texas, estimates their value this year at \$125,000,000 and says that at least 1,000,000 head of fat cattle are ready for export, while in the matter of sheep and wool, Texas now leads California. There is 20 per cent more acreage in cotton this season than during the great crop of 1881-82.

The English Postmaster-General, in addition to his proposal to reduce the present telegraph tariff from twenty-four to nineteen cents for ten-word messages—addresses to be free—proposes to encourage the sending of smaller messages by charging but twelve cents for messages containing but three words and one cent for each additional word.

The New York World prints an appeal for help from the son of Bill Poole, who was a champion rough-and-tumble fighter many years ago. He says that he has been unable to obtain steady employment, although he is a perfectly sober man. Only Saturday last a daughter of Tom Hyer was in court with a black eye, asking her husband's arrest.

A Times Niagara Falls special says: The hackmen who have hitherto run this village, controlling over 300 votes and electing a majority of the board of village officers, find their occupation gone. The new Board of Park Commissioners will exclude them from the stands where they hitherto have been such a nuisance, and regulate their traffic by stringent laws. The bridges and exposed walks are to be made safe, and rules for the protection of scenery and trees will be promptly enforced. The Commissioners are determined to keep the whole work out of politics.

WHAT SPIRITS TEACH.

The following answers to questions were given recently through the mediumship of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, at a meeting of New-York Spiritualists:

Q.—If there is no hell, why need we persecute the flesh if we will be happy in the end?
A.—Who said there was no hell? He who said that must have been blind, he could not have been dumb. There is no hell? What does nature tell you? Does not nature tell you that where a law is transgressed there is a penalty? Does not nature say to you, day by day, and hour by hour, that there is a law of compensation. If you were to say there is no law of fire and brimstone, that were another thing. If that is what you mean by "hell," there is no hell. All the hell you need to fear is in your conscience. Friends, only right living brings true happiness. Who are those in this world that are the happiest? Those who do right; those who are unselfish; those who are charitable, those who are pure in spirit and in body.

Q.—Should we not be as far from speaking ill as doing ill?

A.—Thoughts are real things. Perhaps you did not know they are like delicate engravings, and your thoughts are engraved upon your faces as pleasant-thoughts, good thoughts, pure thoughts and thoughts that are the opposite of these. Speak well; the words we use are but as garments

that we put upon our thoughts. Speak well; we do not mean that you are to flatter, to never point out a wrong. We mean you are to try to do right. Do a good deed for the sake of the good, for the sake of the one you love.

Q.—How would you have us live?
A.—We would have you go down into your own heart and ask your own nature what is right, what is best. In every soul there is a spark of the Infinite; in every soul there is a Holy of Holies, and there from the invisible spirit of infinite goodness you can perceive your commands. We would have you live truly, we would have you live purely, we would have you live kindly, we would have you live unselfishly, we would make you kings and queens if we could; every man should be king of himself, and every woman should be queen of herself.

We can't imagine any purer teaching than this, or that is better calculated to benefit humanity. It is the very essence of the highest morality and the broadest humanity.

THE PRAYER CURE.

The religious press is paying considerable attention to the question of "faith-healing," or the curing of disease by prayer. The Northwestern Christian Advocate, in treating the subject, holds that "there need be no hesitancy in admitting that God heals the sick in answer to prayer," and says:

"To deny that he does would discredit a large class of Scripture promises, reduce the domain of prayer to very narrow limits, and stop all praying for temporal blessings. Every Christian goes to God for help in trouble, and in sickness of loved ones prays that he will direct in the treatment of the disease, and that, if it be his will, they may recover. He derives unspeakable consolation from prayer, and the more in proportion as his petitions have that indispensable quality of all true prayer, entire submission to the will of God. It would be a sort of *felo de se*, a self-slaughtering of his dearest privilege and comfort in trial, for him to deny the efficacy of prayer for the sick. He would either stop praying entirely, or practically repudiate his denial in the first case of serious illness in his family." Continuing, it is argued that the connection between mind and body is so intimate that whatever powerfully affects the one affects the other, and that the prayer of faith brings to the mind gracious influences of the spirit, which lifts it from a state of despondency to a state of exaltation and hope that has a most salutary effect upon the body. "In a multitude of nervous diseases (and most of the faith cures are in this class of diseases)," it is added, "since no one thinks of healing flesh wounds or restoring an amputated limb by prayer, which are produced or continued by mental depression, weakening the will and preventing effort to exercise the bodily functions, the influence of the spirit in invigorating the mind would, by removing the cause of the disease or the hindrance to its cure, be very likely to result in the restoration of the body to health. Such cures are as really wrought by divine power as any miracle, and fully vindicate the efficacy of prayer for the sick."

The New York Tribune, speaking in the interest of the enemies of silk culture in America, says that the business of producing silk is a "degrading labor, fit only for peons or half-animal peasants." Why it should be any more "degrading" than honey-making, or wool-growing, we are unable to understand. On the other hand it is an industry requiring much prudent judgment, and therein outranks many kinds of manual labor that no one would pretend to claim were degrading. What can have come over the Tribune? Has it been hoodooed by some foreign silk manufacturer?

The Three Giants.

There are three giants that we are waiting for to-day—the giants of intellect, of morals, and of money; but the giants we want are not those who tower aloft for themselves alone, but those who—like St. Christopher, who was represented in Christian art as of gigantic stature because he had borne upon his shoulders the child Jesus—are made great by the burdens they bear. How we are carried to and fro by the giants! If we crave great thoughts we open a volume where the giants have recorded their mighty memories that lift and bear us like leaves upon a rushing stream. We have music within us, but who can awake it save Beethoven, or some other giant whose soul was touch with immortal harmonies? These men are made great by the burdens of the millions of hearts they bear. The men of immense fortunes can be great only in the same way. The millionaire is a pigmy until he has deposited his gold in the temple of the spirit. Are there not millions of oppressed hearts and lives for the rich to lift up and bear? Many, perhaps, are indolent and idle. But how many young children there are to whom a pittance from the rich man's hoard would open the everlasting doors of hope. The indolent vagabond is to some a scorn and jest, but who will not lament that there is no way to rescue the good and the innocent. We turn our eyes again to the giants of intellect, of morals, and of wealth, but they will be invisible to us until they take upon their shoulders the burden of humanity.—Prof. Swing.

Strange things have been done in recent years in the way of moving buildings and large masses of stone and brick, but none has been more curious than the moving of a brick factory-chimney in Salem, Mass., a few weeks ago. The chimney was ninety feet high and only six and one-half feet at the base. By the aid of six workmen his clumsy structure was lifted, moved at distance of 100 feet and safely deposited upon a new foundation. A sway of only three inches would have been enough to bring the whole mass down like so many bricks in a Buddenseick building. The load weighed 130 tons.

A Universalist Sunday-school was not allowed to take part in a recent Brooklyn Sunday-school procession. Just the same, the Universalists have been marching at the head of the procession since the revised version of the Old Testament came out.

(Written for the GOLDEN GATE.)

WILL POWER.

What power is equal to this in the vast domain of human labor? "Where there's a will, there's a way." Yes, and many ways, for will is prolific in resources. Without it man is nothing, with it he may become anything. It can lift him up to Heaven; for lack of it he may sink to a nonentity. Vital energy is often mistaken for it, but they are as distinct as air and water. Not one who may read these lines but has seen persons of frail constitution sustained, through long years of severe mental toil, almost wholly by their strong wills. It has saved the sick and dying, put off the grim messenger from year to year, and, we doubt not, "raised the dead" of old.

Without this wondrous force vested in man, the world would never have got past the time when it was declared to stand still by those who had the power to crucify all who dared to differ with them. The fact of the earth's moving was not so important as that its children should move with it.

In spite of the darkness of terror, one truth was cast abroad and followed by others. They multiplied and soon grew too strong for persecution, that gave way to ridicule. As mean and weak a weapon as this is, it has turned many a one from ways and purposes that would, by encouragement, have led to honor and glory to themselves, and good to their time and generation. That one can thus be turned from a pursuit, or conviction, is his misfortune, since his will is weak.

A vigorous, normal will is not dismayed by anything it may find opposed to its resolves; a river suddenly bursting across its path would prompt its building of a bridge, while towering precipices on the other side would be gotten over with the same patience and energy.

Mighty streams have been made to change their channels; deserts and swamps have been made to yield abundant harvests; mountains have been leveled to their base; the land has become one vast system of iron roads and telegraph lines; the mighty deep is threaded by lines of communication, while upon its bosom float the motley craft of all nations. Will is power.

Great as are its works in the world of matter, they are still greater in the realm of mind. The spirits of those whose dauntless wills, and the love of truth, cost them their lives at the stake and upon the rack, must look down in sainted envy upon our progress of centuries, and bless the fate that destined them as martyrs.

Could tyrants and bigots have broken the will as they did the homes of their subjects, little could we boast to-day of enlightenment.

Our freedom in all things is the result of the will, set in the right direction and pursued fearlessly. Let us cultivate this magic power, being very careful that we direct it toward worthy aims.

M. PULSIFER.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

(Under the above heading Mr. J. G. Meugens writes from Boston to London Light as follows:)

Possibly a few words as to the cause of Spiritualism as it appears to a visitor in this part of the world may prove of interest to some of your readers.

I arrived in New York on May 10th, after a fairly favorable but rather rough passage in the *Germanic*, and came on to this city the following day, when I had the pleasure of again taking by the hand my old friend, J. William Fletcher, by whom I was most cordially welcomed. I also very speedily received an equally cordial reception from his spirit-control, "Winona," who was as much *au courant* of my affairs as I was myself, only much more so, and from her I received many messages of affectionate greeting and of kindly interest from many of those dear to me on the spirit-side of life.

On my second evening in Boston I went as a stranger to the séance of the Misses Berry, where I was cordially received by their courteous manager, Mr. Albro. It would be impossible, in the limits of this letter, to describe all that took place at that séance. Fully thirty spirits materialized, and these were of every kind and condition as regards age, height, dress, appearance, etc. On one occasion two fully materialized spirits, one that of an Indian chief, the other that of a lady, brought the entranced medium out of the cabinet, and, one supporting her on each side, made the tour of the circle with her between them. Two spirits appeared at the curtain together and addressed me by name, but I failed to recognize them, although they gave me names that I was familiar with, of relatives who had passed away. A day or two after this I accompanied Mr. Fletcher to New York and Brooklyn, where he lectured ably and eloquently to crowded and appreciative audiences; and I accompanied him after that to Washington, where we were very cordially received, and found everywhere a desire to hear and understand more of Spiritualism. We stayed there for a few days, and very much enjoyed some most friendly receptions that were gotten up for our benefit, returning again to Boston by way of New York.

Certainly I must say that, so far as I

have been able to judge during my stay in America, Spiritualism does not occupy the same position that is accorded to it in England. As a rule, people don't shrug their shoulders, turn up their eyes and look the other way when Spiritualism comes on the tapis, nor are they so ready to refer the thing to the working of the devil, as so many people do in England. I have generally remarked that there is a very intelligent spirit of inquiry as to the truth of the question, and, at such spiritual reunions as I have attended, I have found the company composed of intelligent ladies and gentlemen, very different indeed from the cranks and eccentricities that some smart writers would have the world believe are the only supporters of, or believers in, Spiritualism.

Standard of Mediumship Objected to.

[Social Drift.]

Many, among those termed orthodox, object to Spiritualism, because mediums are more generally developed from among those who have not had large advantages in the way of education, and who show no brilliant grasp of mind in any other direction. In the first place we should consider and make allowance for the very large proportion there is of this class as compared with the aggregate, and that the gift or power is inceptive and therefore more likely to manifest itself in receptive minds than in those trained by education and experience to positive, non-receptive opinions. One thing is certain and is also very surprising—so much so, as to become a matter of evidence—however unlearned mediums may be, and although having entirely different phases of mediumship and working without any concert of action, in all the great essentials appertaining to immortality and the spirit life, their testimony is practically a unit. Canscience or philosophy explain this singular and very important fact upon any other basis than that of accepting them as facts communicated by an intelligence, or intelligences having possession—absolute experimental knowledge—of the facts. On one hand these manifestations, carrying proofs with them that would convince any court or jury—which have convinced many of the ablest jurists and scientists of this and other countries—leave no standing room for bare materialism. On the other hand they furnish an abundance of proof for a rational construction and acceptance of the phenomena which is the sole and only basis upon which the Scriptures rest. Spiritualism does not condemn the truths of the Bible rationally accepted; it simply condemns the arrogance of the continued misconception and misconstruction, which assumes from its pages to teach a knowledge of the present and final purposes of Deity with regard to mankind. It is not singular, under these circumstances, that spiritualism is winning thousands from the ranks of materialism, while it is meeting with the most determined opposition from those whose position could be made rationally tenable by accepting its teachings? Of all men, our orthodox friends should be the most careful of bringing in question the education and intelligence of spiritual mediums, for in doing so they are digging a pit under their own feet. Their stronghold is in the assumption that a knowledge of God and godliness was withheld from the wise and revealed to babes, or in other words to the unwise, and they never tire of substantiating their belief in this by quoting:

"Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then has this man these things?"

It is certainly bad policy for orthodoxy to use one of the strongest arguments in favor of its own plant, as an argument against Spiritualism. We admit that the above is one of the strongest positions held by orthodoxy, for it is upon this ground that it asks men to lay aside their reason, and accept in blind faith its teachings. Spiritualism, on the other hand, does not accept anything coming through fallible mediums except it will stand the test of reason and science, so far as scientific progress enables it to deal intelligently with the matter. Which is the safest and most reasonable course to pursue?

A dentist advised a man to have a tooth taken out, assuring him that if he inhaled gas he would feel no pain. "What is the effect of the gas?" asked the man. "It makes you insensible," said the dentist, "and you don't know anything that takes place." The man took out his money. "Oh, never mind the fee until afterward," remarked the dentist. "I wasn't thinking of that," said the patient; "I only wanted to see how much money I had."

The New York Observer remarks that "if we need more stringent laws regulating divorce, we need more strict laws in regard to the formalities of marriage. As long as it is under the control of the civil authorities—and all the interests of society require that it should be—it ought to be more carefully regulated."

A South Carolina negro went on playing the fiddle after a bullet had been fired into his brain. Exasperated people will hereafter fire at the fiddle.

AS THEY LOOK OUT TO SEA.

I saw two women standing on a hill
That looked out toward the sea. The face of one
Was worn and seamed with care, yet calm and still,
Like one whose work is done.

The other's face was young and fresh and fair,
And yet within her heart there seemed to be
Some sorrow, giving her a pensive air,
As she looked out to sea.

They looked not at the wind-blown flowers that lay
About their feet, but followed with their eyes
A stately vessel sailing on her way,
Where billows fall and rise.

The maiden, though her face bespoke her grief
At parting from her lover, yet seemed faint
So lull her sorrow with the fond belief
That they would meet again.

Not so the other, for her trembling lip
Told that she thought that she had lost her son;
That ere again those waters knew his ship,
Her life's voyage would be done.

They waived their kerchiefs, thinking they could see
An answering signal from the vessel's deck;
Then watched the ship until it seemed to be
Only a distant speck.

They watched it out of sight, then turned away
With heavy steps and heavier hearts, and hands
Locked in each other's, while the twilight gray
Settled upon the lands.

And as they slowly took their homeward path,
From either heart went up a silent prayer
That Heaven would arrest the tempest's wrath,
And one dear sailor spare.

O, ship! receding 'twixt the waves and skies,
Swift be thy going, swift thy coming be;
Gladdening his mother's and his sweet-heart's eyes,
As they look out to sea.

—N. Y. Ledger.

Street-Car Politeness.

[New York Tribune.]

"Have you noticed," asked one gentleman of another in an elevated railway car the other day, "that men are less courteous to women than formerly? See how many women are standing, while the seats are filled with men who look like gentlemen. You and I can remember when such a thing could not have been seen in any car filled with respectable persons. Are we becoming less polite as a people?"

"I think," was the reply, "that in real politeness and in deference to women we are not losing ground, though I have noticed the change that you speak of in some of its outward manifestations. It has been gradual and not without well-defined cause. Women are themselves responsible for it. By their manner they seem to demand as a right what men are only too glad to confer as a gift, and what they expect to be received as such. After a man has given up his seat in a car a few times without receiving a word or even a smile of thanks he usually thinks it about time to stop. It is amazing how rude a woman can be in a public conveyance, who in private circles, is the very soul of grace and cannot receive the smallest attention without prompt acknowledgment.

A few days ago, I saw a young woman enter a car at Grand street, accompanied by a young man. A gentleman immediately rose and gave her his seat, which she took. At Ninth street, a person sitting next to her, left the car, and the gentleman who had relinquished his seat was about to take the vacant one, when the young woman moved over into it, motioning to her companion to take hers. I think that gentleman will be less prompt in his courtesy in future.

"Do you see that woman over there with the ten-year-old lad by her side? When she came into the car a few stations back, a gentleman gave her his seat. At the next station the seat by her was vacated and she pulled her boy into it. Women were standing in front of her at the time, but she saw no reason why her boy should be sacrificed to them. Do you ever see a woman request a child of hers to get up and give his seat to a woman? I have seen such a thing once in a while, but not often. Men are as essentially polite as ever, according to my observation; they are simply learning the lesson women teach them, and discriminate as to the times and places, where they can exercise their politeness without wasting it."

Here the train reached an uptown station and the gentlemen worked their way through the surging crowd and stepped out on the platform.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

On Sunday, the 26th, Mrs. Scott Briggs will make her last public address before returning East. Her subject will be "The Demands of the Times." Mrs. J. J. Whitney will occupy a portion of the time in giving tests, messages, etc. Mrs. Carrie Miner, of Oakland, will favor the audience with sweet solos. Come all.

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 NEW SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.—This Society meets in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar Building, 114 O'Farrell St., each Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, and evening at eight o'clock. Dr. Wilson Dunlap, President; Dr. G. F. Perkins, Organist. This is the Christian branch of the Spiritualists; and many mediums are in harmony with them, among whom are Mrs. Maynard, Aitken, Perkins, Gentry and Hoffman.

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DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

(From an able and eloquent discourse recently delivered in Greenwich, Mass., by Solon Lauer, we copy the following:—)

* * * On every hand the fires of persecution leaped toward heaven, their red tongues singing the death-song of brave men who had dared to express their honest thought. From damp, dark vaults the groans of tortured men ascended in piteous prayer to the God of justice, and the answer to that prayer is heard to-day in the despairing wail of a dying church. In gloomy cells heroes pined away, their ears saluted only by the clank of chains; and their eyes, filled with tears of longing for one more sight of beloved wife and children, closed in death with no one near to dispel the shadows that hovered around like fiends waiting to snatch at the departing soul.

In spite of these bloody efforts, the church could not stay the progress of human thought. Science advanced with slow and bleeding feet, painfully climbing the hill of progress. It was soon discovered that the doctrine of the resurrection of the body was inconsistent with the truths of science. It was learned that matter is constantly changing its form; that atoms which are in a leaf to-day may, in a short time hence, form part of the tissue of a man; that the body, when dissolved in death, is dissipated by the forces of nature, and its atoms pass into new forms of life; that the atoms which compose one body to-day have belonged to scores of others in the past. This proved the impossibility of a literal resurrection of the body, and thinking men soon began to doubt that doctrine. This link gone, others followed. If there was to be no physical resurrection, there could be no need of a hell of literal fire, for flames could not harm the spirit. Then, too, the idea that hell was below the earth was disproved by the discovery that the earth is round. Space above, and solid earth below, heaven and hell, as definite localities, were displaced. There was no place for them, and they vanished from the sight of rational thinkers. And so the change went on. The path of Freedom was stained with the marks of bleeding feet. It was strewn with the bones of martyrs slain by the cruel hand of the church. But the path was broken, and the thousands who have trodden it since have beaten it into a broad and level road, which will soon be spacious enough for all humanity.

UNIVERSALISM AND UNITARIANISM.

* * * That church adopted a system of theory which painted God as a perfect fiend, and made of Satan an angel by comparison. It condemned the innocent babes to the burning flames of eternal torment. It hardened the human heart with doctrines of future pain, and blighted every flower of love and pity that shed its perfume in the human soul. Succeeding denominations gradually improved upon this fiendish theology, each one adding some mite to the scales, until they turned on the side of Liberalism. Universalism and Unitarianism were born; and these ventured so far from the landmarks of the old theology, that one cannot well go beyond their lines without abandoning all claim to the Christian name as the distinctive title of his faith. The next step takes us to the heights of universal freedom, where we recognize fellowship with all religion, giving supremacy to none. Thousands, yes, millions, have taken this step. To-day we stand upon the mountain heights, bathed in the rosy light of dawn. The sun of science is above the horizon, and is fast dispelling the mists of superstition that have enveloped the world so long. The nations are awaking to new life, and a glad song of praise rises upon the morning breeze, and is wafted up to heaven. The demons of night, that for so many centuries have flapped their unclean pinions in our atmosphere of thought, are winging their way in flight to more congenial worlds. The Angel of Light steps from the rosy portals of the east, and brings countless blessings to the hearts of men. The windows of heaven are open, and the shining messengers bring words of truth to adorn our book of knowledge. The spirit of Progress, intellectual and moral, social and civil, is spreading its wings over the whole world; and beneath their shadows are gathering the poor and the rich, the intellectual and the uncultured, the Christian and the Pagan, the Orthodox and the infidel, all bent upon a solution of the great problem of human life. Old superstitions are passing away, and Orthodox creeds are losing their power over the minds of men. No longer does the fear of an eternal smoking hell terrify the heart of man, or restrain him from the search of truth. Priests have lost the sceptre of their sway, and the world is becoming a religious republic, in which every man may think his own thought, and worship God after his own fashion.

NEW CONCEPTIONS.

Although we may have abandoned the old conceptions, we have gained new ones in their place. Instead of the fall, we teach the rise of man. We do not believe in total depravity, but recognize the fact that in the struggle toward perfection man must necessarily encounter and overcome evil, or imperfection. We have given up the doctrine of eternal hell, but we assert that sorrow is the inevitable result of evil conduct. Sin is the violation of nature's

laws. These laws are internal and inevitable, and punishment will last as long as sin. Sin and sorrow are like the Siamese twins; inseparable in life, but when one perishes the other cannot survive. We no longer believe in a New Jerusalem, but hold, with Jesus, that the kingdom of Heaven is within. Every individual, like Atlas, carries a world upon his shoulders. It is the world he creates out of his own life, and in it he must live. That world is peopled by his daily actions, and it lies with him whether the population shall be fiends or angels. We believe that water is good for the body, but it will not cleanse the soul. Sin cannot be washed away like dirt. Evil tattoos the soul, and its marks are effaced only by tears of genuine repentance.

We no longer hold that belief is a voluntary act, deserving reward or pain; but we do hold that he who shuts his eyes and ears in the face of evidence, for fear of disturbing his old beliefs, deserves the contempt of every honest man and woman.

We do not accept the Bible as a fetish to be worshiped; we do not make of it an oracle whose utterances upon every subject are to be taken as infallible; we do not receive it as an absolute authority in science, in history, or even in morals. We hold it as an ancient book, in which is recorded the history of a nation's development from savagery to civilization; in which are many gems of thought in settings of the baser metals; in which are poems and parables worthy of the day when they were written; moral precepts that have vital force to-day, and laws that died when the conditions changed for which they were framed. We accept it, subject to the judgment of our own reason and moral sense. There are passages in the Bible that fill our hearts with the perfume of divine love and tenderness; and there are other passages written by the hand of savage hate, with a pen dipped in the blood of murdered babes and women.

GOD'S WORD AND SCIENCE.

We find God's word is the book of Nature. The modest flower that blooms by the bubbling spring, and casts its sweet perfume on the air, is a revelation of God. The song of birds in the bending branches of the trees, the breeze that rustles through the waving boughs, the glad sunshine pouring in a golden spray through the drooping vines, the soft murmur of the brook and the wild roar of the angry sea—all these are sentences in that divine book, and all who will may read.

Holding the demonstrations of science to be of greater authority than the speculations of the early fathers, we repudiate the doctrine of the resurrection of the body; but we hold the truth of the immortality of the soul, existing independently of material conditions. Many men, whose scientific attainments give their teaching much authority, hold that mind is but a manifestation of matter; that when the physical organism is destroyed all consciousness ceases, and the bright lamp of life goes out in eternal darkness. The Church has rested her doctrine of immortality merely upon the alleged bodily resurrection of Jesus; and since science has demonstrated the impossibility of physical resurrection, many have supposed that the belief in immortality has no basis in fact and reason. We need not review here the many proofs of continuity of life beyond the grave. Suffice it to say we know that death is but the open door to a larger and richer life. The angel of death bears healing in his wings, and the touch that chills the heart warms the soul into more expansive life. The shroud of death is changed to a robe of light, and the darkness of the tombs is dispelled by the glorious sun of heaven. When the battle of earthly life is finished the soldier's brow is crowned with the laurel wreath of victory. We know that in this skeptical age thousands lack the consolation of a belief in the immortal life. The tendency of science has been materialism. Her investigations have been among external things, the material and visible manifestations of nature. She has delved in the earth, and read the history of the past from the pages of enduring stone. She has sounded the waters of the sea, and brought up wondrous and beautiful forms of life from the ocean's depths. She has walked forth into field and wood, and noted the myriad plants and flowers. The tribes of earth and air and water she has classified, and taught us of their habits. She has pried into the mysteries of nature, commanded her subtle forces, studied the loves and hates of atoms, drawn lightning from the heavens, and harnessed it to work for man. She has dissected the human frame, and showed us that man is fearfully and wonderfully made. She has swept the heavens with her telescopes and taught us the motion of the stars. But all these investigations are in the realm of matter. She can learn nothing there of the soul of man. She may dissect the body, but her knife will not discover the soul. She may weigh the body, and the absence of the soul will make it none the lighter. She may question the lifeless corpse by all the methods of science, yet the voiceless lips give no reply. The eyes and the ears are there, but the divinity that saw and heard through them is absent. The tongue is there, yet the power that moved the multitude with words of burning eloquence is gone. All is silent as the tomb whereunto the lifeless body must be sadly borne.

Failing by any of the usual scientific methods to find evidence of an immortal soul, the scientist too often concludes that immortality is but a pleasing dream, a sweet illusion that lulls the infant man into a contented sleep in death. And some, who seem to envy others the consolation they themselves cannot find, attempt with specious arguments to destroy the hope of immortal life. They would convince the mother that when she leaves the little blossom of a babe in the cold embrace of the tomb her eyes will never again be gladdened with a sight of that dimpled cheek, or her ears cheered with the prattle of that baby tongue. They would have the lover believe that when the hand of death is laid upon the fair head of her whose life he loves, when the heart that beats in unison with his is still; when the eyes that now look into his with loving trust are veiled by the mists of the shadowy valley—they would have him believe that never on a fairer shore shall he look upon his love again, never hold her to his bosom, bound in the sweet spell of an eternal love. They would convince the husband that when the wife who has walked by his side for so many years, who has cheered him in the hour of trouble, and dispelled with her loving smile all the clouds that came across his pathway, when the true and loving wife is taken from his bosom and laid in the damp and mouldy tomb, he shall never clasp her hand again, never again feel the throb of her warm heart beating against his own.

They would have us believe that human affections, lacerated by the hand of Death, shall never be healed by the angel of Life. They throw a cloud over the cradle. They send a chilling blast into the garden of human love, and wither all the flowers that blossom there. They bring a skeleton to every feast, and in the midst of innocent pleasure, it chatters with its grinning teeth, "To this favor must thou come at last." We have only the deepest sympathy for those true and honest souls who are earnestly seeking for light amid the darkness of their doubt; but for those who deliberately shut their eyes and ears, and coldly set themselves to the task of darkening the sunlight of human life by destroying the hope of immortality,—for these we can entertain no feeling but contempt. They may cast a shadow of doubt over fearful minds, but let not the joy of our lives be marred by them. We will still keep our eyes fixed on the star of immortal life. In all our voyage, in spite of winds and waves, let that be our guiding star; and when the voyage of earthly life is over, and our frail bark is moored in the harbor of the tomb, we shall disembark on the shores of a fairer world, where all the loved and lost shall meet again, and Death shall be no more.

Any boy should thank God for being so fortunate as to be born and raised on a farm. There is no place on this green earth so well adapted to perfectly develop mind, muscle and manhood as a farm. There a boy has the purest air, the freshest and healthiest food, plenty of unrestricted exercise, the brightest sunshine and the soundest sleep, the very condition necessary for the highest development. Nineteenth of all the men who have made their mark in any business, profession or pursuit, have been born and raised on a farm; that is not so much because there is better blood in farm life, but it is better calculated to call out what there is in a boy, and develop a full grown, healthy, perfect and self-reliant man.—*Muskegon Workingman's Journal.*

Mr. Titian J. Coffey, of Washington, tells several good stories which illustrate the quaint humor and practical sense of Abraham Lincoln. Here is one of them: "A friend of mine was one of a delegation who called on Mr. Lincoln to ask the appointment of a gentleman as Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. They presented their case as earnestly as possible, and, besides his fitness for the place, they urged that he was in bad health, and a residence in that balmy climate would be of great benefit to him. The President closed the interview with this discouraging remark: 'Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man.'"

"If there was no garden of Eden, no apple tree, no serpent, no fall, where is the necessity of an atonement?" Science proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that man has existed on this earth hundreds of thousands, if not millions of years, and that the race in its primitive condition was little better than brutes, but has steadily advanced, age after age, until it has attained its present position, and is now in a far better condition both physically and intellectually than ever before, and that its future is grander than can be imagined, and that as men become more enlightened, less will be heard of Adam's fall, and redemption through Christ.—*Light for Thinkers.*

You can buy an eighty-ton gun, steel tube, with wrought iron coils, best English make, for \$50,000. This is a great deal of money to pay for one gun, but any farmer with running water, plenty of fruit, pleasant hills, and forty acres of forest on his farm, and nine or ten families of relatives in New York and Philadelphia, will find the outlay not only a justifiable expense, but really one of the most profitable investments he ever made.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

NEW VIEW OF DEATH.

(New York Dispatch in Washington Post.)

Spiritualism has a new hobby, and one which seems likely to be heard of beyond the limits of outright Spiritualists. That venerable and famous Methodist, the Rev. Dr. D. D. Wheden, had, shortly before his death, evolved a curious theory as to spectators. His idea, simply expressed, was that the entire nervous system in a human being, not the contents of the cranium alone, constituted the mind. Therefore, the ramifications of the nerves, forming in themselves a shape conforming exactly to that of the whole figure, made the soul of man just like his body so far as configuration was concerned. He had in his study a fine chart of the nervous system, and this he would use in illustrating his views to friends. He believed that at death this contour and semblance of the dead body separated itself and became the eternal form of the spirit, visible to its fellows, and under some conditions to terrestrial folks. Dr. Wheden was a profound thinker and his mental powers showed no diminution up to the day of his demise. His works are standard in doctrinal matters pertaining to Methodism, and for years he had edited Methodist periodicals; but this theory of the soul's shape was considered a speculative vagary, in which his serious credence was doubted by his friends. He published a part of it awhile before he died, but stated it rather as a fancy than a fact.

In Wheden's posthumous papers has been found a complete exposition of his discovery, as he deemed it. Therein he describes how the soul gets out of the body. "Emerging upward," he says, "the spirit awakes into the pure ether—a blessed atmosphere. This paradisaic ether is an effluence from the Divine essence, and the emancipated soul bathes, swims and lives in its own genial and native element. Paradise thus pervades our air above and around us, and at death the spirit enters thereinto as through a veil." He goes on in a somewhat rhapsodical style until reaching a conclusion that apparitions are casual glimpses of the being of this close by but usually invisible world. "Even the resurrected body of Christ," he says, "walked through the solid wall of the house, and first revealed itself to his disciples at the table." He calls these beings angeloids, and argues that they leave behind them in the discarded corpse the baser attributes, but he is clear in his belief that the senses of sight, smell, hearing and so forth remain in the angeloid. He has left many articles elucidating his doctrine and setting forth its beauties. They are in the possession of his executors, who may suppress them, but two or three of the most important of them have fallen into the hands of those who have already spoken freely of their contents. Already one has been read to an assemblage of spiritualists.

The pertinency of Wheden's theory to modern spiritualism lies in its harmony with the alleged phenomena of materialization. It has been promptly seized upon by several of the professional mediums, and in some of this week's seances forms in semblance comporting with the conditions of his angeloids have been shown to astounded disciples.

Spirit Manifestations at an Early Day.

(Planchette, or the Despair of Science, by Epes Sargent.)

The Rev. Joseph Glanvil, chaplain in ordinary to Charles II., was a writer of great erudition and ability. In his "Sadducismus Triumphatus," written to show that the phenomena of witchcraft were genuine occurrences, he gives an account of Mr. Mompesson's haunted house at Tedworth, where it was observed that, on beating or calling for any tune, it would be exactly answered by drumming. When asked by some one to give three knocks, if it were a certain spirit, he gave three knocks, and no more. Other questions were put, and answered by knocks exactly. Glanvil himself says, that, being told it would imitate noises, he scratched, on the sheet of the bed, five, then seven, then ten times; and it returned exactly the same number of scratches each time.

Melancthon relates that at Oppenheim; in Germany, in 1620, the same experiment of rapping, and having the raps exactly answered by the spirit which haunted a house, was successfully tried; and he tells us that Luther was visited by a spirit who announced his coming "by a rapping at his door."

In the famous Wesley case, the haunting of the house of John Wesley's father, the Parsonage at Epworth, Lincolnshire, in 1716, for a period of two months, the supposed spirit used to imitate Mr. Wesley's knock at the gate. It responded to the Amen at prayers. Emily, one of the daughters, knocked; and it answered her. Mr. Wesley knocked a stick on the joists of the kitchen; and it knocked again, in number of strokes and in loudness exactly replying. When Mrs. Wesley stamped, it knocked in reply.

It is not surprising that John Wesley was a Spiritualist. "With my latest breath," he writes, "will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels one great proof of the invisible world; I mean that of witchcraft, confirmed by the testimony of all ages."

A writer in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" (London 1861), referring to these and similar phenomena, observes: "It is, to say the least, a remarkable fact,

that such occurrences are to be found in the histories of all ages, and, if inquiries are but sincerely made, in the traditions of nearly all living families. The writer can testify to several monitions of this kind portending death; and the authentic records of such things would make a volume."

In the "Life of Fredrica Hauffé, the Seeress of Prevorst, by Dr. Justinus Kerner chief physician at Weinsberg" (who died in 1859) almost every phase of the recent spiritual phenomena is described as pertaining to her experience. To these more than twenty credible witnesses testify. They consisted in repeated knockings, noises in the air; a tramping up and down stairs by day and night, the moving of ponderable articles.

THE SILK WORM DISEASE.

(Louis Pasteur made many investigations, during his life, into the various forms of the disease of the silk worm. In a book upon his life and labors, occurs this experiment:—)

One of the first cares of Pasteur was to settle the question as to the contagion of the disease. Many hypothesis had been formed regarding this contagion, but few experiments had been made, and none of them were decisive. Opinions were also very much divided. Some considered that contagion was certain; the majority, however, either doubted or denied its existence; some considered that accidental. It was said, for example, that the evil was not contagious by itself, but that it became so through the presence and complications of other diseases which were themselves contagious. This hypothesis was convenient, and it enabled contradictory facts to be explained. If some persons had seen healthy worms, which had been mixed up either by mistake or intention with sickly ones, perish, and if they insisted on contagion, others forthwith replied by diametrically opposite observations.

But whatever the divergence of opinion might be, every one at all events believed in the existence of a poisonous medium rendered epidemic by some occult influence. Pasteur soon succeeded, by accurate experiments, in proving absolutely that the evil was contagious.

One of the first experiments was as follows. After their first moulting, he took some very sound worms free from corpuscles, and fed them with corpuscular matter, which he prepared in the following simple manner. He pounded up a silkworm in a little water, and passed a paint-brush dipped in this liquid over the whole surface of the leaves. During several days there was not the least appearance of disease in the worms fed on those leaves; they reached their second moulting at the same time as the standard worms which had not been infected. The second moulting was accomplished without any drawback. This was a proof that all the worms, those infected as well as the standard lot, had taken the same amount of nourishment. The parasite was apparently not present. Matters remained in this state for some days longer. Even the third moulting was got through without any marked difference between the two groups of worms. But soon important changes set in. The corpuscles, which had hitherto only showed themselves in the integuments of the intestines, began to appear in the other organs. From the second day following the third moulting—that is to say, the twelfth after the infection—a visible inequality distinguished the infected from the non-infected worms. Those of the standard lot were clearly in much the best health. On examining the infected worms through a magnifying glass, a multitude of little spots were discovered on their heads, and on the rings of their bodies, which had not before shown themselves. These spots appeared on the exterior skin when the interior skin of the intestinal canal contained a considerable number of corpuscles. It was these corpuscles that impeded the digestive functions, and interfered with the assimilations of the food. Hence arose the inequality of size of the worms. After the fourth moulting, the same type of disease was noticed as that which was breaking out everywhere in the silkworm nurseries, especially the symptoms of spots on the skin, which had led to the disease being called *pebrine*. The peasants said that the worms were peppered. The majority of the worms were full of corpuscles. Those which spun their cocoons produced chrysalides which were nothing but corpuscular pulp, if such a term be allowed.

It was thus proved that the corpuscles, introduced into the intestinal canal at the same time as the food of the worms, convey the infection into the intestinal canal, and progressively into all the tissues. The malady had in certain cases a long period of incubation, since it was only the twelfth day that it became perceptible. Finally, the spots of *pebrine* on the skin, far from being the disease itself, were but the effect of the corpuscles developed in the interior; they were but a sign, already removed from the true seat of the evil. "If these spots of *pebrine*," thought Pasteur, "were considered in conjunction with certain human maladies in which spots and eruptions appear on the body, what interesting inductions might present themselves to minds prepared to receive them!"

It is remarkable what a difference there is in the sensation, when you get a letter inclosing a ten-dollar bill and when you get one inclosing a bill for ten-dollars.

The Law of Finding.

The law of finding, says a writer, is this: The finder has a clear title against the world, except the owner. The proprietor of a coach, or a railroad car, or a ship, has no right to demand the property on a promise. Such proprietors may make regulations in regard to lost property which will bind their employees, but they cannot bind the public. The law of finding was declared by the King's bench 100 years ago, in a case in which the facts were these: A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded the wallet and money from the shopkeeper. The latter refused to deliver them upon the ground that they were found upon his premises. The former sued the shopkeeper, and it was held, as above set forth, that against all the world but the owner, the title of the finder is perfect, and the finder has been held to stand in place of the owner, so that he was permitted to prevail in an action against a person who found an article which the plaintiff had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no special rights in regard to articles lost unless those rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of the articles stolen are trustees for the owner or finder. They have no power in the absence of special statute to keep an article against a finder, any more than a finder has to retain an article against the owner.

Size of the Ballot.

In sixteen of the States there is no provision of the law prescribing the form and size of the ballot. In Florida and Louisiana the prescriptions seem to be that the ballots must be printed on white paper. In North Carolina and Oregon the paper must be white and without device. In Nevada nothing is said about the color of the paper, but the prescribed size is 4x10 inches. In Illinois it is provided that there shall be a blank space below each name. This requirement seems to be distasteful as it is only observed in the most formal way. In Minnesota the ballots in cities must be of white paper, and of equal size. In South Carolina the ticket must be white and without device, and 2 1/2 x 5 inches in dimensions. In Vermont the law prescribes only the form of the words in which the ballot shall be printed. In Rhode Island the ballots are furnished by the Secretary of State in self-sealing envelopes of uniform size. Of all the modes this is said to be the best for the prevention of frauds.

Bondage of the Smoker.

[Burdette.]

Yes, it is a terrible bondage. It is a slavery. Yes, I inhale the smoke and then blow it out again. It is very silly, is it not? I do the same thing with my breath. Away with this useless breath. Some breaths are much pleasanter far, far away. Why do I smoke cigars? Because I am the biggest, and therefore the cigar cannot help itself. It is an economical habit. The smoke of the cigar keeps the moths out of my hair. Then I use tobacco to preserve human life. Science tells me that three drops of the oil of tobacco placed upon the tongue of a rattlesnake or a dog will kill either or both of them in a minute. I tremble to think how many times I walked in the very shadow of death before I began to carry a plug of tobacco around with me. Now when I meet a mad dog I am secure. He may bite me, but I will kill him. The cannibal who eats me will dream that night that he got hold of the wrong prescription.

Had Experience.

[Wall Street News.]

An ex-Philadelphian was discovered in one of the mountain cities of his native State the other day engaged in putting the plant of a boiler shop on the ground floor of a millinery establishment he was financially interested in, and when asked the reason for this singular juxtaposition of affairs, he replied:

"My friend, I put \$30,000 into railroad stocks, and the big fish slashed on mortgages and refunded and sky-fugled on me until I hadn't a dollar left. I borrowed a few hundreds and came here and went into partnership with a widow. She's got the most capital, and therefore has the bulge on me, but the minute she skips a dividend or begins to talk mortgage or refunding or jumping the pool, the boiler-shop opens for business, and I'll pound my cash out of the firm or bust half a dozen boilers."

It becomes all men, who desire to excel other animals, to strive to the utmost of their power, not to pass through life in obscurity, like the beasts of the field; the glory of wealth and beauty is fleeting and perishable; that of intellectual power illustrious and immortal.—*Caius Sallustius Crispus.*

M. de Quatrefages stated recently that in Senegambia the inoculation of cattle against pleuro-pneumonia and small-pox has been practiced for centuries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sam Jones, the revivalist, remarks: "God won't keep a young lady pious who has her waist encircled seven times a week by the arms of a spider-legged dude." When a girl is in that blissful predicament, Mr. Jones, she doesn't sigh for any other heaven. This earth is paradise enough for her.

It is one of the peculiar things of this life that it makes a small boy's feet terribly sore to carry into the kitchen two armfuls of kindling wood, but let him go out barefooted and run around through briars and over sharp stones, and he does not experience the slightest inconvenience.—*Boston Post.*

Customers were scarce and the clerks in the big store were idle. One was making "\$4" artistically on a sheet of wrapping paper when the head of the firm came up and said sharply: "Ah, you are sketching, I see, Mr. Smith." "Yes, sir," replied Smith, nervously. "I was merely—just—drawing my salary, that's all."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Are you enjoying your dinner?" inquired Bobby of the minister who was taking a Sunday dinner with the family. "Yes, Bobby," responded the minister pleasantly. "Mamma said this morning that she thought you would, as she didn't suppose with your small salary and big family you got much to eat from one week's end to another."—*N. Y. World.*

"Till after our Civil War," wrote James Russell Lowell, once on a time, "it never seemed to enter the heads of any foreigner, especially an Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. 'By Jove, you know, fellows don't fight like that for a shop-till.'"—*Ex.*

Freddy went to Sunday-school. He was in the infant class. One day his father said to him: "How is this, Freddy? You have been going to Sunday-school for some time, and have never yet brought home a good ticket. I am really ashamed of you."

"Papa," said the little culprit, swelling up like a toad, "I—I'll bring home a good ticket next Sunday, if—if I have to hook it!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Jeweler's clerk—"Anything else?" Customer—"Nothing that I can think of." "Wouldn't you like to look at some of our alarm clocks? They are a great improvement on the old kind." "I have now to get up very early to catch my train, but I don't need any alarm clock." "Never oversleep yourself?" "Oh, no! My next door neighbor has a new lawn mower."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A number of wicked little boys were playing base ball in a vacant lot up town last Sunday morning. "This is scandalous," remarked a gentleman on his way to church. "I wonder there is no policeman about to stop it." "He'll be here pretty soon," said a small boy: "I'm watching out for him." "Watching out for him?" "Yes, he's over at the beer saloon playin' seven up wid de boss."—*Albion Record.*

My daughter, when you note that the man who wants to marry you is just too awfully anxious to learn whether you can bake a loaf of bread or wash a shirt with Chinese dexterity, before you close the negotiations, do you just fly around and ascertain if that man is either willing or able to earn flour to make a biscuit, and if he has paid for the shirt he wants you to wash. Nine times out of ten, daughter, the man who only wants to marry a housekeeper, can be kept more economically in the workhouse than in your father's house.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Western man, from the foot-hills, was in Chicago with a lot of cattle, and after taking in the town, and being pretty well taken in himself and cleaned out of all his surplus cash, he wandered into a church and sat down. He looked curiously about for some time and finally went to sleep. He slept quietly until the collection was being taken up and the man with the plate awoke him. He looked at the good deacon a while, then at the plate, and reaching for its contents, he said, pleasantly: "Thank yer, stranger, I don't keef of I does. Yer the only decent man I've saw in this blasted town. All uv 'em kep' bleedin' me, an' bleedin' me, tell I hedn't got a d—cent, an' ef it hedn't been fur droppin' inter this shebang, I'm a coyote ef I know whar I'd git the rocks ter square me at my hash factory. I'm' bleeged ter yer, stranger, dang ef I hain't; les go hev sumpthin'."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Two little upper Main street boys in skirts are laying siege to the heart of a wee damsel who sits on the front seat at the primary school, and is dividing her attention between both of her admirers, who are dead in love. A funny thing was that which one of them did one day last week. His papa gave him a nickel for being a good boy. He didn't buy candy with it, although that was the original plea by which he obtained the nickel. Not at all. He went over post-haste to the abode of his little lady, and gave her the money on condition that she would hold his hand, and his hand only, on the way to school the next day. The trade was struck, and the next morning the programme was carried out. The fond mother of the little miss saw, as the result of this secret transaction, one fearful little boy, in a blue blouse waist and skirt, weeping bitter tears over the front yard fence; while down the street, in proud consciousness of having euhured a dreadful rival, marched the other boy, hand in hand with the little girl. The father has very great hopes of his boy, who struck up the bargain.—*Lewiston Journal.*

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THE LIBERTY BELL.

I.—PHILADELPHIA, 1776.
Squarely prim and stoutly built,
Free from glitter and from gilt.
Plain—from lintel up to roof-tree and to belfry bare and brown—
Stands the Hall that hot July,
While the folk throng anxious by,
Where the Continental Congress meets within the Quaker town.
Hark! a stir, a sudden shout,
And a boy comes rushing out,
Signaling to where his grandsire in the belfry, waiting, stands:—
"Ring!" he cries; "the deed is done!
Ring! they've signed, and freedom's won!"
And the ringer grasps the bell-ropes with his strong and sturdy hands;
While the Bell, with joyous note
Clanging from its brazen throat,
Rings the tidings, all-exultant—peals the news to shore and sea:
"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"

II.—NEW ORLEANS, 1885.

Triumph of the builder's art,
Tower and turret spring and start—
As if reared by mighty geni for some Prince of Eastern land;
Where the Southern river flows,
And eternal summer glows,
Dedicate to labor's grandeur, fair and vast the arches stand.
And, enshrined in royal guise,
Flower-bedecked, 'neath sunny skies;
Old and time stained, cracked and voiceless, but where all may see it well;
Circled by the wealth and power
Of the great world's triumph hour,
Sacred to the cause of freedom, on its dais rests the Bell.
And the children thronging near,
Yet again the story hear
Of the Bell that rang the message, pealing out to land and sea:
"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"

III.

Prize the glorious relic then,
With its hundred years and ten,
By the Past a priceless heirloom to the Future handed down.
Still its stirring story tell,
Till the children know it well,
From the joyous Southern city to the Northern Quaker town.
Time that heals all wounds and scars,
Time that ends all strife and wars,
Time that turns all pains to pleasures, and can make the cannon dumb,
Still shall join in firmer grasp,
Still shall knit in friendlier clasp
North and South land in the glory of the ages yet to come.
And, though voiceless, still the Bell
Shall its glorious message tell,
Pealing loud o'er all the Nation, Lake to Gulf, and Sea to Sea:
"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"
—E. S. Brooks, in *St. Nicholas* for July.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

A THOUGHT OF FAREWELL.

"BY INCOGNITA."

I think, my friend, the Hindoo reading wrong
That claims "Nirvana" is forgetfulness—
That all experience of the ages gone
Leaves not our memory to curse or bless.
I love to call it by another name—
Nirvana—All-remembering, All-divine,
And think that in a larger, grander life
A clearer, broader memory shall be mine.
That all I've been, along the countless years
Since first from Chaos' fount my being sprang,
That all I've felt of joy or wept of tears,
Or thrilled of Love or disappointment's pang—
May stand to me, in that clear, larger life,
For some grand purpose, in the all-wise plan;
May show the reason for the life intense.
That fierce, through all my forms of being ran.
Then in that time, I know that not the least
Of memory's buds that into bloom expand,
Will be your friendship, and your aid, my friend
Through all the years—since first a kindly hand—
A helping hand, that was a strength and shield,
You reached to me, a searcher for the light,
An humble, wayside worker in the field
Where in you labored with man's glorious might.
Then every cheering tone, your words of praise,
And every kindly grasping of the hand,
Will shine as stars in memory's firmament
That clasp the glory of "Nirvana's" land.

THE DYING WIFE'S REQUEST.

Be careful if thou e'er for me shall weep,
That they may never mark the tears thou shed;
Let it suffice thyself to mourn in sleep
The wife whose spirit hovers o'er thy bed.
Or in thy chamber, if thou wilt, aloud
Address that wife as if she could reply,
Dim not our children's joys with sorrow's cloud,
But dry thy tear, and check the rising sigh.
You, too, my children, at your father's side,
In after years a step-dame if you see,
Let no rash word offend her jealous pride,
Nor indiscreetly wound by praising me.
Obey his will in all; and should he bear
In widowed solitude the ills of age,
Let it be yours to prop his steps with care,
And with your gentle love those woes assuage.
—Propertius.

BE GOOD.

God does not say, "Be beautiful," "Be wise,"
"Be taught that man in man will over prize,"
Only, "Be good," the tender Father cries.
We seek to mount the still ascending stair
To greatness, glory and the crowns they bear;
We mount to fall heart-sickened in despair.
The purposes of life misunderstood,
Baffle and wound us; God only would
That we should heed His simple words, "Be Good."
—William Sawyer.

GRAPES OR THORNS.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.
—Alice Cary.

HOW TO ORNAMENT THE HOME.

[Harper's Bazar.]

A new and pretty design for breaking the monotony of plain wall, is a drapery over a mirror with steps leading up to it covered with a bit of carpet, and with stair-ropes like the veritable ascent into another room, the curtain to be projected forward as in the case of the canopy, and held up by two brass rods. The canopy may be of any sort of stuff—striped Madras muslin or heavy brocaded Japanese silk. It can be tacked on a board at the back, and then looped to suit the fancy. At one side should stand a large palm; before the mirror a tea table may be placed; the young people can sit on the steps. The whole forms a beautiful picture, increases the apparent size of the room, and can be arranged at very little expense; and any sized-mirror, no matter how ugly the frame—for that will be hidden—can be utilized for the occasion. A very pretty drapery may be made of light, bright-colored cretonne. The old-fashioned highly glazed furniture covering is returning to favor, as it sheds the dust, and is thought very pretty, can be easily done up and calendered like new if sent to an upholsterer.

This arrangement is flat against the wall, therefore does not take up so much room as a corner, and is quite as pretty and graceful. The steps can be made by any carpenter; painted white; the piece of carpeting helps the deception. The mirror seems to be an entrance to another room, as its canopy and curtains hang about it. It is one of the many pretty fancies of the day to break up the monotony of dead walls, and to furnish a pretty, advantageous seat for a group of young people.

Screens of every form and device are also used for the same purpose. The prettiest are of the reign of Marie Antoinette, of white wood relieved by gold, the upper part of the panels being filled in with glass, and the lower ornamented with pictures suggestive of Watteau. In these days of artistic boys and girls, such screens can be made at home, with the help of a handy carpenter. Other screens, brought from the East or from the Moorish lands, of that exquisitely honey-combed open-work, are rarer and more beautiful; but upholstered screens and those made of photographs are very pretty; indeed, this is one of the best possible framings of the innumerable photographs which gather on one's hands.

Madras muslin can be utilized as a covering for old satin furniture which has become soiled. The effect is beautiful, and it should be carefully upholstered by a professional person to cover the satin tight. It has an effect like the old embroidery of the days of Catherine de Medicis, and wears very well for a couple of seasons, perhaps longer. Buy a pale gray Madras muslin with pink and yellow embroidery on it, put it over any old satin furniture and it repays the trouble. The sheen of the satin shows through the muslin, which of itself is very strong.

All over the Continent every tasteful collector is gathering the relics of the two most lovely and most unfortunate queens that ever lived, Marie Antoinette and Mary Stuart. Marie Antoinette was a woman of great taste; in dress, in pictures, in furnishing, she has left her artistic mark. Mary Stuart was made up of taste and originality; her Guise and Italian blood, her French education, and her Stuart talent, all ran to decorative art. Her beds, her embroideries, her musical instruments, her tapestries, which the poor Queen carried from one gloomy prison-house to another, all tell of her love of the beautiful.

The Countess of Caithness, who has a poetical and almost fantastic worship for the memory of Mary Queen of Scots, has in her beautiful hotel at Nice, an exact fac-simile of Mary's room at Holyrood. She succeeded in procuring the identical embroidered bed covering, which poor Mary may have made with her own fair hands. Of course it was much frayed and faded, but it has been admirably restored in Paris; and the chair coverings and bed curtains have been made to match. The bedstead, on a high dais, is ascended by two steps covered with velvet carpet; it is of heavy carved wood, with the Stuart arms in gold relief. The ceiling of the room is of heavy beams of black oak, having lozenges between, in which are alternately emblazoned the Stuart eagle and the monogram of Mary, designed by herself, the colors being red and black. The table, chairs, and clock are all of her period, while round the walls hang copies of every known picture of her—a more beautiful room can scarcely be conceived. Portraits of the unfortunate Rizzio, Darnley, Bothwell and James VI., musical instruments of the period, and a bust in silver of the young widow of Francis in her world-renowned headdress, all help to furnish forth this memorial room.

Often in French châteaux similar tributes are paid to Marie Antoinette, who now enjoys a similar resurrection.

Few people will be sorry that the dull dead shades which were so wrongfully called æsthetic, are all out of fashion. Drawing-rooms and ball-rooms now blaze with color; red paint is freely used for the wood-work; bright cretonne, or tapestry, or stamped woolen or silk is put on the walls and held down by mouldings of bright-painted wood; ceilings are papered

with the most brilliant of tiles, that is to say, paper imitating tiles. Those who can afford it cover their walls with embroidered sets of Japanese tapestry glowing with color and emblazoned with gold, bounded by sombre relief of satin in dark brown or crimson. The taste is for the gorgeous; Japanese confusion, which is at heart the highest artistic order, reigns. Sofas stand catecornered, chairs of every country, style and degree crowd each other, screens break the monotony, ottomans, milking stools and *tête-à-tête* jostle old gilded couches on which a Medici or a Visconti may have stretched his legs. Italy in her most gorgeous days has helped to bring about the splendor, the artistic confusion, the picturesque comfort of the modern drawing-room.

In fact, from the stiff rectangular simplicity of the immediate past, the taste of the present has flowered like the *Cactus grandiflora*, into a splendid glory of color and an illimitable but admirable confusion.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

Effect of Human Magnetism on Flowers.

In a late number of the *R. P. Journal* I saw a communication on the subject of "Man's Magnetic Influence over the Color of Flowers." It set me to thinking over the matter.

I have long wondered why it was that cut flowers so soon faded and withered in our sitting-room. It has an east and a west window that are open all day, admitting abundance of fresh air and light. Of the freshest flowers cut in the morning, the white would be turned black over night, and the others brown. This, I observed, was more so if there were many callers through the day. I at last became discouraged, and left the blossoms to die with their companions.

Seeing the above mentioned article, it gave me an idea: I would find out if it was mixed and poisonous magnetism that blighted our beloved flowers. One evening I selected a bouquet of lovely combination and took it into my own room, where seldom a person enters but myself.

The next morning no change had come over the flowers, and I was pleased, but dared not exult until they had passed a day indoors. Three nights and three days came and went, but the blossoms remained bright and fragrant. This to me was all the more remarkable because, excepting about four hours in the morning the room was closed and dark; and I have always read that plenty of light was essential to the preservation of cut flowers.

The inference in this case is unavoidable and plain: Uncongenial magnetism killed the flowers in the sitting-room, while the opposite preserved them in another apartment.

If these mute forms of life are thus acted upon, how much greater must be the influence over the animal creation, and of one person over another!

Who has not noticed the difference in the conditions and appearance of creatures owned by one family and those of another? They may fare the same in both cases, as regards food, but in one they are sick, spiritless and apparently starving; in the other they are sleek, plump and happy. Who shall say this is not due to the magnetic conditions of those who care for them?

These facts are not new as regards human beings, but still they are not widely known. When they come to be recognized and acted upon, human suffering and crime will begin to diminish, but not before.

We believe it is the fountain-head of all misery. Persons may love each other, and yet one may be a deadly enemy magnetically to the other. Men and women every day wrong themselves and each other under the influence of bad combinations of magnetism. Ill temper, nervousness, impatience and sickness are its least objectionable offspring. The horrid details of daily crime should set the world to thinking on this awful element of good and ill that each is invested with.

M. PULSIFER.

A Silly Fashion.

[Olive Logan in Philadelphia Times.]

Oh, ha, ha! Just a little mention of a tiny absurdity before I append my valuable autograph. Will you believe that my Lady Frivolity and the Misses Brainless made me a morning call while I was out, and with their precious cards I found a bit of pasteboard, about an inch long and half an inch wide, which bore the name, duly engraved upon it, of "Mr. Shepherd Colly?" It was full one minute before this delightful joke dawned upon me in all its blinding luminosity. Mr. Shepherd Colly was their Colly dog who was accompanying them on their round of calls. Desiring not to be behind in the rigid etiquette of social life, I hied me to my stationer in order to cause to be engraved the same sort of card, with the names of my own canine family. "The Misses Poodle." But, bless you, the modish stationer keeps that sort of thing in stock. I found ready engraved, size, one and one-quarter inch by one-half inch, and done up in the usual visiting card packages of one hundred. "Miss Minnie Black and Tan," Mr. Suttie Pug," "Mrs. Willoughby Pug," "Mr. Frank Fox Terrier" and "many others," as the bill lists say.

WHAT A SECULAR PAPER HAS TO SAY.

[Oshkosh (Wis.) Times.]

Last Friday, Saturday and Sunday the quarterly convention of the Wisconsin State Spiritualists' Association was held in Milwaukee. The accounts of the proceedings published in the Milwaukee papers are somewhat meagre; but from what is published, and from the statement of those who were present, it appears that the meetings were well attended by disciples of the faith in this and adjoining states. The general drift of the speeches and discussions was in the line of claims of the great growth of Spiritualism in this country and of denunciation and criticism of the Christian church and its followers.

In the matter of the bearing of the advocates of Spiritualism toward the accepted theology of the day, there is a marked distinction between the line of argument and method followed by the Spiritualists in this part of the country and that adapted by their brethren in the East. In New England, for instance, a great proportion of the believers still adhere to much of the teachings of Christianity and their methods of conducting public meetings, as well as their methods of speech, much resemble those of regular church proceedings. But the Milwaukee meeting, which was a fair example of the proceedings of Spiritualists of the west and northwest, was marked by forcible and emphatic denunciation of the commonly-accepted idea of the Almighty and of all fealty to the Christian belief.

As stated in these columns, a few days ago, the Spiritualists claim to have a following in this country of 12,000,000 believers. Making all allowance for exaggeration in such a claim, it is patent that the number of believers in the doctrine of the recognizable return of disembodied spirits to this earth has grown very largely during the last few years. With the ordinary Spiritualist this belief has come to be a religion. With some of those who claim to be more "advanced," the belief takes the form of a science, and with others that of a philosophy; but the "advanced" disciples reject the term religion altogether, as applied to their faith.

Whether a man believe or disbelieve, a faith which attracts such a great army of followers is worthy of honest, unprejudiced investigation. Neither denunciation at the hands of theologians of "regular" schools, nor pooh-poohing and ridicule from laymen will settle the question which Spiritualism raises nor break the large and growing influence which the faith has in the community. When Spiritualism was in its infancy, its followers were often objects of suspicion and of ridicule, and no little of real persecution was meted out to some of them. Such influence, of course, aided its growth. But, with that charity which comes with greater liberality of thought and with its progress of a higher civilization, the community is ready and willing to let the new faith work its way in its own merits. The position of the general community toward the Spiritualists is agnostic. As a rule, thoughtful men, instead of decrying the faith, simply say: "We don't know," when asked whether there is truth in the doctrine of the return of spirits. There is no longer any fear of Spiritualism on the part of the great mass of the community, and, consequently, there is no more persecution for its followers.

With the removal of all that spirit which can place the believer in the new faith in the position of being martyrs, a powerful incentive to the work of the believer is removed. The result will be that unprejudiced minds will, hereafter, view the progress of Spiritualism with that interest which attaches to the growth of any other faith, whose workings are not feared; and, in such minds, the belief will be judged chiefly in the light of the answer to the question: "What practical good, if any, is wrought by Spiritualism toward bettering the condition of humanity?"

Victor Hugo's Politeness.

[Philadelphia Call.]

The great poet and novelist, who lately, said *au revoir* to his friends on earth, possessed among other charming traits a profound reverence for women. A writer, in speaking of Hugo, says: "He caught up, also, the grave courtesy of the Spanish manners and the chivalrous form which politeness to ladies takes in Spain. The Castilians, who are great for proverbs, say that 'what goes into us when we are in swaddling clothes remains until we are rolled up in the winding-sheet.' Victor Hugo thought that he had forgotten Spanish. But he spoke nothing else in the delirious crisis of his last illness. Every woman whom he met he treated as a lady, and he used to step on one side to let his Irish cook, who was old and ugly, pass. Like a true Frenchman, he probably had more admiration for a good cook than would have been inspired by any other domestic. His feeling toward the unfortunate Duchess of Orleans was of a most romantic character; but as he did not like to arouse the jealousy with which Louis Philippe and Marie Amelie were inclined to regard her, he paid them three visits for every call he made on her. The princess and the poet corresponded when the absences were long, and her secretary, M. Asseline, was often the letter-carrier. Victor Hugo worshipped the widowed Duchess as a good Catholic might venerate an image of the Virgin Mary."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Texas Judge fined a man for calling him a liar while Court was in session. The Judge, in explaining to the man's friend said: I know that I am a liar, but not while Court is in session, gentlemen."

"What distinguished people did you see when you were abroad?" was asked of Mrs. Dobbs, on her return to China. "Oh, lots of them. But the one that took my fancy was Wan Lung, the heir consumptive to the throne."

She was decorating her room with pictures and she perched his photo up on the up on the topmost nail. Then she sat down to admire her work and remarked quietly: "Now everything is lovely and the goose hangs high!"

Doctor—But do you think Bounce will take this? It's just what he needs, but it's anything but palatable. Fogg—Oh! never fear; I've known Bounce twenty years, and in all that time I never knew him to refuse to take anything that came in his way.

"How is Jim Bullard getting on?" asked a stranger at the railroad station of a Dakotian. "Jim kermitted suicide 'bout a month ago," replied a native. "Committed suicide? How did he commit suicide?" "He called me a liar, stranger."
—New York Sun.

The *United Presbyterian* remarks that "We are not now taking the position that a minister of the Gospel should never use tobacco, but we do say that the moral influence of a General Assembly would be greater—much greater—if every minister recognized the regulation approved for the student as a rule for himself."

"Yes," boasted an Englishman in the West; "I have Tudor blood in my veins from my mother's side of the family and Plantagenet from my father's." "Is that so?" said a citizen. "My grandfather was a Jersey tenderfoot an' my grandmother a Jersey Digger Indian squaw. We're both half-breeds, stranger. Shake."

Some Englishmen are in the habit of sending to friends in Russia the *Times* newspaper. As an instance of the censorship of the press which is exercised in that country, we may mention that whenever there is any matter of a political character which is calculated to give offense to Russians, it is very carefully smudged over with "official" ink, so as to make the printing wholly undecipherable.

Let us Help One Another.

[Social Drift.]

[It seems strange that merchants who rely on the custom of the wage workers, should not help those workers in a fight for fair wages. The merchants themselves are the sufferers when low wages are paid, for their sales are not large.—*Workingman's Journal*.]

Having expressed surprise that merchants do not do a certain something, our contemporary, of course, has an idea of what should be done by them and how it should be done, though he does not advise in these matters. Inasmuch as merchants cannot compel the building of more factories, or the paying of higher wages, we do not see what they can do without it is to build factories themselves and pay high wages whether they realize anything from the investment or not. During hard times no class have their hands fuller to fight their own battles than do our merchants. Their patrons at such times often need accommodations, and generally get them, when every such accommodation is a draft on their own credit. The same may be said in a general way of our manufacturers. The fact is, to use a homely expression, we are all tarred with the same stick—hard times—and can much better work our way back to good times by trying to help instead of trying to fight each other. We are sorry that wages are low but there is one consolation even for that; a dollar and twenty-five cents will purchase as much now, as a dollar and seventy-five would, a year ago. This, of course, does not help those who made debts at that time, but let us hope it will teach them not to run in debt in flush times and have to pay again in high priced money.

She Heeded Not the Warning.

[Texas Siftings.]

Her mother told her not to marry until she thought she was able to support her husband. But she heeded not her gentle mother's warning. She went and got civilly contracted to a man who was a fine, long-winded talker, who could sit around and keep a stove warm better than any one she had ever seen in her life. And then how proficient he was lying in bed snoring on a December morning, while she got up and made the fire, fed the horses, split the wood, swept the floor, boiled the coffee, blackened his boots, mended that hole in his coat, sewed on that button, laid a pipe full of tobacco and some matches along side of his pillow, and how loving she must have felt toward him when he got up at last, about 10 o'clock, cursed her for making a noise, and wanted to know why there was no beefsteak and eggs on the table, and why she had not pawned her watch (it was her dying mother's gift) in order to give him whisky money. And when, after three years of this, she left him and went to work as a sewing girl, people spoke of the depravity of a woman who left her husband.