

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

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## CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Concentration of Mind; Courtesy at Home; Questions and Answers; The Faith Cure; A Tonic; Ghost of the Engineer; Wear and Tear of Gold, etc.

SECOND PAGE.—From One of the "Old Guard"; Heredity; The Value of Danger; Woman's Political Rights; A Plague of Flies, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—Injustice to Mediums; Cannot Spiritualists Tell the Truth? Here and There; Spiritual Experience of Thomas R. Hazard; How About the Wives' Family Life in Siberia, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials): "Forbidden" Truths; A Disappointed Life; Our Mediums; Epidemic of Crime; Manly Admissions; What One Spiritualist Thinks; Mgr. Capel vs. Spiritualism; Work; National Labor Nonsense; What Some Farmers Need Most; Father Beeson; Dr. Harvey Discarded; Nature's Plan; A Mixed Dish; Mechanic's Fair; Editorial Notes; Encouraging Words, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—News and Other Items; Independent Slater writing; The Shasta Ghost, or the Psychic Girl of the Sierras; News Agencies; Notices of Meetings; Advertisements; "Forever Battling the Old," etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Gossip About Labor; Why Young Girls should not Marry; Burial Customs in Tibet; Independent Slater writing; Courage; Electric Fans; Napoleon the Third, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Psychometry; Shocking Depravity; Nature's Voices; Blue Blood; Professional Cards; Publications; Advertisements, etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—De Mortuis; Nightfall; My Own shall Come; The Spirit's Longing; After Death; Religious Intolerance vs. Spiritualism; Anecdotes of Mormonism; A Ghost in the Car; Materialized Hole; Saying a "Good Thing"; A Haunted House in Dublin, etc.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Friends are the very riches of life.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie.

Alms are the golden keys that open the gates of heaven.

We must make what we are to be out of what we are already.

There is no substitute for thorough-going ardent, sincere earnestness.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl of all virtues.

One loving word may drive away the darkest shadows that encompass a life.

They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth.—*Lowell*.

A holy act strengthens the inward holiness. It is a success of life growing into more life.

Ease of manner and self-reliance are among the choicest jewels in the casket of manhood.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

Happy the man who, studying nature's laws, Though known effects can trace the secret cause, His mind possessing in a quiet state, Fearless of future and resigned to fate.—*Dryden's Virgil*.

It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realms of knowledge. That which we feel here as beauty, we shall one day know as truth.

A man should inure himself to voluntary labor, and should not give up to indolence and pleasure, as they beget no good constitution of the body nor knowledge of the mind.—*Socrates*.

"We are looking to-day through dim shadows; hence, we only get partial views of each other. To-morrow we shall see in a clearer light—a more glorious sunshine—yes, in the white light of charity, which thinketh no evil."—*A. B. French*.

When we would fix the just estimate and real worth of a man, we should view him divested of his wealth and dignities, and of all the illusions incidental to fortune; it is his mind and character only that we should consider.—*Seneca*.

To be happy in old age it is necessary that we accustom ourselves to objects that can accompany the mind all the way through life, and that we take the rest [i. e., other things] as good in their day. The mere man of pleasure is miserable in old age; and the mere drudge in business is but little better; whereas, natural philosophy, mathematical and mechanical science, are a continual source of tranquil pleasure, and in spite of the gloomy dogmas of priests and of superstition, the study of these things is the study of true theology; it teaches man to know and admire the creator, for the principles of science are in creation and are unchangeable, and of divine origin.—*Paine's Age of Reason*.

## CONCENTRATION OF MIND.

[The Altruist.]

Among the powers of the human mind that seem of themselves to make life worth living, that of concentration occupies a prominent place. To be able to fix the thoughts or the attention exclusively upon one subject, and to keep them there without wavering, as long as is necessary, is a most important element of success in every occupation. It is a common mistake to think that although this ability is essential in professions, in literary pursuits, in the management of large enterprises, or in any position involving the laying of plans or the carrying out of systems, for the ordinary and commonplace worker, especially if his work be chiefly manual, it is of little consequence. This is one of those fallacies which lie at the root of much of the poor, inefficient, and inferior quality of work which is offered to the world in quantities far exceeding the demand. It is a well-known fact that while hundreds of unserviceable men and women stand idle, waiting for employment which does not come, every one who is able and ready to do superior work in any department, is eagerly caught up, and may almost command his own terms.

One of the most radical differences between these two classes of workers is this very power of concentrating the energy and strength of both body and mind upon the work immediately at hand. Two men, working side by side in the field or the factory, may be equally competent, as far as knowledge, or physical strength, or previous training go, to perform the labor before them. They begin with equal promise of good success, but in a short time, while one is persisting, the other is relaxing in effort. One pursues his work with unremitting zeal; the other spasmodically, with intervals of wandering thoughts and flagging attention. It is already an assured fact that the one who has acquired the habit of concentration will be the successful competitor. He will be anxiously sought for and re-engaged, while the other will soon go to swell the ranks of the unemployed. It matters not what is to be done,—from the simplest mechanical work to the most abstruse and complex mental operation,—the power of putting all the thought, energy and attention on that and nothing else for the time being, will very largely determine the quality and amount of labor performed.

To some extent this is a natural gift. We see children at play who, without other motive than their instinctive tendencies, persist continuously in any effort they make, or purpose they form, with a perseverance and earnestness which may well shame many of their elders, while others will be distracted by every passing object, and forget their determinations as soon as they are formed. Yet here, perhaps more than in most tendencies, culture and practice come in to strengthen what is lacking. The discipline of the schools is most valuable in developing the concentrative power in the province of thought, and it would be a blessing to every child if, in some way, a like discipline helped him in the work of his hands. Like every other faculty, this, too, is strengthened by exercise. Each time we recall our scattering energies and wandering thoughts, and force them resolutely in one direction, we increase the power and develop the habit, and the exertion, at first painful and laborious, becomes in time easy and agreeable.

## Courtesy at Home.

There are many ways of teaching children to remember their manners, but we know of none more effectual than the following, only a child must be very careful not to correct its elders in a forward way, or in the presence of visitors. Bear in mind the Golden Rule, "Do as you would be done by."

If a child is brought up in the constant exercise of courtesy toward brothers and sisters and playmates, as well as toward parents and uncles and aunts, it will have little to learn as it grows older. I know a bright and bewitching child who was instructed in table etiquette, but forgot her lessons sometimes, as even older people do now and then. The arrangement was

made with her that for every solecism of this sort she was to pay a fine of five cents, while for every similar carelessness in her elders she was to exact a fine of ten cents, their experience of life being longer than hers. You may be sure that Mistress Bright Eyes watched the proceedings at the table very carefully. No slightest disregard of the most conventional etiquette escaped her quick vision, and she was an inflexible creditor and a faithful debtor. It was the prettiest sight to see her when conscious of some failure on her own part, go unhesitatingly to her money-box and pay cheerfully her tribute to the outraged proprieties.

## Questions and Answers.

[Given through the mediumship of W. J. Colville, in Banner of Light.]

Q.—Will there be any changes of great importance in the political life of this country in the near future? If so, of what nature will these changes be, and by what kind of men will they be brought about?

A.—We are not aware that there will be any great changes in the government of the country; except that we certainly do perceive that woman will have in coming time a very much larger share in the national affairs than she has ever had in the past history of politics. We certainly do behold the time very near at hand when the suffrage shall be extended to women; when women shall have the same privileges in the election of legislators and statesmen as their brothers, fathers and husbands. We discover that the time is near at hand when there will be political agitations. These political agitations will rather tend to the purification of the administration of the Government than to the alteration of its form. The men who will be the most instrumental in bringing this change about will be of two classes; one will be the philanthropist and humanitarian, who is earnestly striving for the betterment of human conditions; the other will consist of those who are on the side of everything that tends to keep the minds of the people generally in bondage under the dictation of a few. You may untie union with freedom, provided that the union be a union for the rights of the people in perfect equality. You may have a freedom from tyranny, from the abuses of power, at the same time you may have a perfect union in the nation. We conceive that there is no difference except an intellectual difference between the two representative parties. As there are good men in all parties, the real difference is between the opinions of these good men, that they cannot see eye to eye, with reference to the best methods of accomplishing the greatest good, which they all desire. It is not a question of party strife, it is not a question of sectarian limit; it is rather a question of conflict between the powers of light and darkness, the struggle for a licentious Government on the one hand and a moral government on the other. The moral will undoubtedly prevail; but that there will be a struggle between contending forces, one desiring equality and justice, the other desiring bribery and favoritism, we cannot doubt.

Take a slip of paper and place thereon, in figures, your age in years, dropping months, week and days. Multiply the sum by two; then add to the result obtained the figures 3,768; add two, and then divide by two. Subtract from the result obtained the number of your years on earth, and see if you do not obtain figures you will not be likely to forget.

Dr. Leonard, the great prohibition leader says that he "would vote for a fountain at every street-corner from which should flow a continuous stream of whisky, free to everybody, and furnish tin cups from which all who desired should drink their fill, rather than vote to license the traffic in intoxicating drinks."

Dora White, a Western advocate of additional rights for her sex, demands that divorce shall be made easier for woman and entirely impossible for men. Only by such a reform, she thinks, would feminine helplessness be made equal to masculine perfidy in courtship and marriage.

## THE FAITH CURE.

[Dio Lewis in his magazine, *The Nugget*, speaks as follows of the faith cure:]

The faith cure is interesting a great many persons. In New York city there are several establishments where it is practiced. We have one church drawing immense crowds, in which the special object is to pray for the sick. Thousands of the sick visit this church seeking cure. We hear of many wonderful cures. If one ventures to express a doubt he is denounced as a person without faith in God. Every good person must rejoice over the reported sudden cures, without drugs, if he can believe in them. For myself, I believe there are thousands of discouraged people cured in this way. Organic diseases are never cured in this way, I think, but those maladies which consist in low spirits and nervous prostration are. A lady has recently assured me that when she went to this faith cure church for prayers, she was so weak that she had to lean upon two friends. An hour later she came home without assistance, and has enjoyed better health ever since. I do not doubt it. Another assured me that she had suffered for some months with rheumatism in her hips, and was scarcely able to attend to her household duties; she visited the prayer-room and was immediately cured. Upon inquiry I found that she had not been quite free from pain or stiffness since, but had been performing the duties of housekeeping, which seemed to her impossible before she was prayed for. Did not excited hope and imagination lift her into the new life? I believe there are many persons crippled with rheumatism that might be helped in the same way. One is asked, "Do you not believe that God may cure disease, and do you not believe that the prayers of His saints may move Him?" I believe He who made man can cure him of disease, and that our Father in heaven will hear the cries of his children. Whether He will contravene the law which He has Himself established that a hand thrust into the fire shall burn, that one who steps off a precipice shall fall, that one who outrages his health shall suffer, is another question. The only God-ordained management in these cases consists in keeping the hand out of the fire, keeping away from precipices, and observing the laws of health. Whether a woman who has corseted herself into various dislocations and nameless sufferings may look to God for the sudden removal of the results of her folly, is the question. One gentleman assures me that he took to this faith cure church a friend with an organic disease of the heart, which hourly threatened his life. The sufferer was prayed for and immediately cured. I do not believe it. Another gentleman assures me that he saw at the faith cure church a man with an immense goitre. The swelling was so large that it could not be concealed. Several Christians gathered in a circle about him and prayed for him with great passion. When they opened their eyes and looked upon the man, who had carried the large neck-swelling for thirty years, lo and behold, it was gone. This I do not believe. We are fond of the marvellous, and delight in nothing so much as telling of wonderful things. Out of this passion came most of the miracles of the faith cure.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

## A TONIC.

Some one says: "The broom excels as a tonic. This is not a jest, but recommended in all sober earnestness. If 'women who sit around from one year's end to another, musing imaginary ills, were to take once a week a dose of 'sweeping, mild, of course, at first, they 'would soon begin to feel the salutary 'effects from the use of the broom, and 'would save themselves many a dollar for 'medicine, broken china and battered 'furniture.'"

It is not quite clear whether a man or woman wrote the above lines, but it is safe to say it was a man, for he of all creatures, knows the least about the true nature of the broom. The truth is, that most women who are sick, are made so by over-work, and no work is harder for a delicate person than sweeping.

Why is this remedy not recommended

to men when they are sick, or imagine themselves so? No, indeed! What a man must have if he is ill (matured) is a change of air, rest, and perfect quiet, so he must get far away from his family to recuperate his exhausted mental and physical being; while his poor, patient wife stays at home with the babies and takes her daily instead of weekly, tonic of sweeping. Too much tonic will counteract itself, and we know of none that is fruitful of more harm than this so-called broom tonic. We have seen just enough of its effects to bless the fortune that places so many women above its use, and we wish the number was increased a hundred to one. We don't think there would be half the battered furniture and broken china; that the necessity of sweeping now makes, and far less women would have ills of any kind.

It is not our intention to deplore physical exercise, but it is best taken in the open air, while the broom hangs quietly on the wall, or is being wielded by stronger arms and a stouter back than God gave to woman.

M. PULSIFER.

## Ghost of the Engineer.

[The Morning Journal, New York.]

Ever since the killing of a colored engineer by the explosion in the mill of the Bibb Manufacturing Company, Atlanta, Ga., the negroes in that locality have been excited by what they believed to be repeated visits of his ghost. According to them, the ghost of the dead engineer is in the habit of appearing near the northeast corner of the factory inclosure on moonlight nights, and of promenading in grim silence around the grounds just outside of the brick wall.

One morning lately, Police Officers Long and Thomas, on Oglethorpe street, in front of the mill, saw a large man approaching them from the northwest. He walked slowly, and seemed to be examining the brick wall which incloses the grounds. They continued their walk, wondering what the man was doing on the street at that hour. When quite near him he suddenly turned around and disappeared. They knew that he could not have climbed over the walls, and considering his sudden disappearance suspicious, at once began to search for him. They looked everywhere in the neighborhood, even beating up the tall grass in the factory reservoir inclosure, but they could not find the mysterious promenade. The question which agitates the officers is, Was the man flesh and blood, or was it the ghost of the dead engineer?

WEAR AND TEAR OF GOLD.—The annual loss of gold by attrition, shipwreck, fires, etc., is very small, not quite two tons, or £280,000. According to Jevons, gold coin loses two per cent in 100 years—that is, £147,000 per annum on the actual amount, £736,000,000. The loss by shipwreck can not possibly be higher than one-sixth of the ratio of loss in sea-borne merchandise—say, £2 for every £1,000 shipped; and as the quantity of sea-borne gold in 1871-80 averaged £50,400,000 per annum, the loss by shipwreck would be £101,000. If we allow £32,000 for loss by fires, we make up a total wear and tear of £280,000, or two tons, the existing stock being a trifle under 11,000 tons. McCulloch used to reckon for jewelers, loss, wear and tear, etc., about ¼ per cent, which would be nearly £4,000,000 a year of our present stock. The "consumption" by jewelry is probably even more now, but this nowise affects the question of a possible gold famine, since the jewelers' consumption goes to swell the uncoined reserve. It would appear that eighty years ago the uncoined reserve was better understood than to-day, for I find in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1803 the following passage: "The precious metals have a twofold use—for manufactures and coin. If there is a deficiency of coin, the plate will be melted and coined. If there is a superabundance of coin, it will be melted and manufactured."

A great big dog was roaming about the yard muzzled, when a little girl rushed into the house in terror. Her sister, younger, but more valiant, coolly surveyed the situation and reassured her by remarking: "He can't bite; he's got on his bustle."



## FROM ONE OF THE "OLD GUARD".

[The following spirit message from that grand old pioneer of Spiritualism Wm. Fishbough, was given recently at the *Banner of Light* free circle room, through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer. It is full of thought for all Spiritualists to consider.]

The old workers, Mr. Chairman, in the ranks of Spiritualism, who have answered to the call from a higher life, and ascended from the earth-plane, have not so far departed from the physical as to ignore the relations existing between them and the conditions of struggling humanity on earth; indeed they are constantly thronging back to your homes and your places of assembly, not only to listen to the words given forth there, and to participate in your ceremonies, but also to infuse into your mind some thought, some aspiration, some intellectual idea that will take root and grow.

It is not always given to returning spirits to express to you in eloquent language the thoughts that they receive in their homes above. Sometimes they are not only fortunate enough to find a fitting instrument through whose lips they can voice the lessons of the spheres, or those truths which they gather on high, but often spirits can come close to your hearts, in moments when you are at peace with yourselves and the world, when conditions of life are harmonious, and infuse such an influence within your minds as will quicken and stimulate the mental power, bringing it into action, so that you can elaborate ideas for yourselves, and perhaps clothe them for others. To my mind, this is a grand work, perhaps even grander than delivering lectures to you, or reading you lessons which perhaps you will lay aside without thought, or power for digestion. That is like learning a lesson for another. The one who learns reaps the benefit; the one who is contented that it should be learned by another is the loser. He may feel contented for a while, because he has not been obliged to bestir himself—his indolence being gratified—but in the long run he will find he has greatly lost by his indifference.

Therefore, while I am glad that spirits can at times come to mortals and speak their thoughts in their own language, presenting truths which they know are of vital importance to mankind, yet, when I realize, as I sometimes do, that they look upon them in the same light that one gazes upon a beautiful picture, admiring it for the time, but forgetting its details, neglecting the beauty of shadow and of sunlight, then I am glad to know there is also a mission for spirits to fulfill—that of infusing into your minds an influence and a sort of spiritual magnetism that will work upon the thought within, that will quicken it and force it up into outward action and expression, and thus make you do your own thinking and become students of life's manifestations.

I have witnessed this operation many times. I have been privileged to come into contact with the minds of those whom I once associated with, and to impart to them a little of my influence. No external expression was given; they did not know of my nearness to them; no message from the spirit-world was delivered, but a new train of thought was started in their minds. They seized upon it, turned it over in their thoughts, and at length were obliged to speak of it to some one else, who again caught it up, emended it with suggestions of their own, and again sent it forth.

In this way truths are born into the world, great thoughts are started, and spirit-workers—some of them high and powerful, whom you think of as silent and indifferent to the world's interests, having, as you may suppose, traveled on so far or are so engaged in their upward march that they have no time or thought to give to mortals—are close by your side, looking into your hearts, ascertaining who is the one to be inspired or to be stimulated, or who has thought enough, if quickened, to arouse the attention of others and give them the needed information they have to impart; and whenever they find that one, they exert an influence over him that is as the breath of life, and cause him to send forth ideas and suggestions for others to make use of.

I am attracted here to-day, Mr. Chairman, and as one of the Old Guard of Spiritualism, one of the workers who sought to disseminate truth as best he could, feel the courage to speak. I say courage, for in this day, when there is so much of criticism abroad, when the spirit of intolerance is creeping into our ranks, when the hue and cry is raised constantly concerning this message, or that form of manifestation, from the spirit-world, and against the honesty of mediums or some other workers for the higher life, it takes courage for such to stand forth before the world as mouth-pieces for the spirit-world; and also it takes courage for a spirit to present himself, giving his own name, and declare that, in spite of adverse circumstances and conditions, he has appeared to speak to his former friends and give them greeting, as well as to express the thought which stirs within his soul.

I am not unmindful of the interest of Spiritualists; I certainly am not unmindful of the interests of spirits and Spiritualism. I wish to see the cause flourish and spread, until like a green bay tree it shall give shelter and shade to the weary hearts of every land. It to me is like a great rock in a dreary land, giving rest, comfort, shade and something to cling to, that no

storm or tempest can tear away from me, and I wish it to be the same to all humanity.

I am sad in contemplation of the work in some respects. I know Spiritualism cannot be stayed; it will move on and on, in spite of all obstacles and difficulties; but I do not wish to see these obstacles raised in our own midst and by our own people. It seems to me we have enough to contend with outside our ranks; that in them there should be such harmony and concord as will beautify the spirit within.

I cannot take up the issues and side questions that seem to puzzle Spiritualists and to make them almost ready to war with each other because the opinion of one differs from another. Why can we not be honest in our opinions, and when we disagree, do so in harmony—do so because we feel our convictions are swayed by the truth as we see it? And if we hold to our opinions, we must permit our fellows to hold to theirs also. We can certainly do this, and I hope my brother and sister Spiritualists will come into that condition of harmony, so that when they find they are differing upon any question, they will, with good feeling, investigate and endeavor to find the real truth. In many cases they will find they do not differ so much after all in spirit—it is only their method of expression.

I must say a few words about the disposition which I find among many Spiritualists to ignore that which to me is the grand fundamental part of our system. As I go here and there, I find brothers and sisters discoursing eloquently upon the beauties of Spiritualism—and none can desire to see them displayed in life more than myself—but they turn their back on that part of the structure which is really the substantial basis by declaring that there is no need of the *phenomena*, and assuming that it has had its day, done its work, and must now be laid aside.

It should be understood that the spirit-world is wide open, and that an influx of inspiration can be showered upon mortals everywhere, so that they can universally be made to feel the influence of the spirit-world.

"Let the word go forth that men and women can be inspired by the Great Spirit of all, and that will lift them into a realm of happiness and harmony as nothing else will," say some of our philosophical brothers and sisters. But human nature refuses to be satisfied with such an assertion, and demands substantial, tangible evidence of the existence of loved ones.

I want my friends to know I live, and I trust they wish to know it for themselves. I desire that they will not pull away the grand pillars that support the system of Spiritualism. Our philosophy, with its ethical teachings, may be likened to a magnificent temple, with its stained windows, beautifully frescoed walls, rare pictures, and everything, in short, that tones and softens the light, and makes the place beautiful for those who worship in it. But what would it be without the foundation pillars? And what is Spiritualism, with its philosophy and ethics, without its phenomena? The whole world has been steeped in philosophy; through all the ages grand thinkers have arisen, discoursing learnedly upon ethics, moral culture and spiritual perception; but never, until Modern Spiritualism came with its evidence establishing immortal life, did mankind begin to be better satisfied with it than with all other systems of philosophy. And so, friends, if you wish your cause to stand and to grow, you will have to acknowledge the importance of its every part, and especially of that upon which it mainly rests, the *phenomena* produced by returning spirits, whether produced through the utterances of trance mediums, which establishes the identity of the returning spirit, through the physical movements known as table-tipping and rapping, through materialization of spirit-forms, or through any one of the many other phases. These are the foundations of our structure, and those who ignore them will find that they have turned their backs upon the best part of the cause.

I will not tarry longer. I should not have spoken at such length, but that I feel earnestly upon these matters, and I am impelled to express my thought to my friends in New York, in Brooklyn and other places—for my spirit goes out to different parts of this country with a feeling of love and friendship to many whose hands I have grasped in the past, and shall clasp in the future, and who will know me as William Fishbough.

Mrs. Frank Leslie claims to have "the smallest foot of any lady in the United States." Mrs. Leslie publishes a dozen newspapers and magazines, and this information concerning the size of her foot will prove encouraging news to those poets who are in the habit of offering their poetical effusions personally. —*Norristown Herald*.

A clergyman in Central Illinois is reported to have startled his flock a few Sundays ago by the announcement: "Remember our communion services next Sunday forenoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning services and the Bishop in the evening."

A man in New Mexico caught the bronchitis riding a pony. He first caught the broncho.

## HEREDITY.

[Banner of Light.]

This word in its strictest significance means simply that like begets like, the concise statement of a doctrine universally received. Experience in all directions establishes its truth by endless illustrations. No one illustration is more conclusive than that of race. Everything produces after its kind. In that fact is practically expressed the law of heredity. Various values are attached to this law, according to the side on which it is viewed. It has one meaning commercially, a different meaning scientifically, and the largest meaning spiritually; yet the fundamental truth is the same in each instance. The human spirit it appears to most of us, should be as absolute and independent in its derivation as anything we can name or think of; yet it is necessarily so allied to earthly and material conditions that it is unable here to throw off its affiliations and modifying conditions and come to the birth free from the operation of the law of heredity which is illustrated in wholly unspiritual ways. We do not know the subtle operation of this law beyond the limits of our own observation, and therefore are unable to trace it except for a little way.

Nevertheless, observing its operation and thus recognizing the law itself so far as it is allowed us, we are enabled to solve many problems and resolve many perplexing questions in life that would otherwise remain unanswered to our intelligence. The law asserts the fact that things are not left to chance, that we exist and continue existence for others by statutes that are fixed and unalterable. We are taught by it that badness in humanity is just as much the result of a failure to combine good constituents under favoring conditions as sour fruit is the result of a similar faultiness of origin. We learn from it that we cannot expect a virtuous and noble character as the result of vicious and ignoble conduct. We see that in order to produce a race of pure and sweet men and women, or even single specimens of such, the conditions cannot possibly be those of sensuality, intemperance, unrestraint and passion. It invariably requires right elements and right conditions to yield right results. Having lived so long in a chance way, why should not humanity at length obey the law which it has discovered to be the inflexible one?

We have none of us learned this law of heredity, that like causes beget like results, without paying the exacted price for it. In fact, we never could have learned it in any other way. When we go wrong we are thwarted, and thus compelled to go right. If we think we can cheat nature, or get the better of the law in some way, we never fail to discover our mistake sooner or later. Nature, in and through which the creative purpose is continually manifest, ever means to work out beneficent ends; therefore we are sure to be right when we work with nature, and as certain to incur rebuke when we attempt to contravene her statutes for selfish and wrong purposes. She has but one established law, and she constantly invites us to find it out in order that we may effectually co-operate with her in wisdom. The purpose being a divine one only, how are we to expect anything but defeat when we would thwart it for blind and petty purposes of our own? And as the law governs all things in nature, it is obvious that the moral kingdom must be subordinate to its operation likewise.

In a published discourse on this subject by Reed Stuart, to whose thoughtful and eloquent discourses we have before made allusion, we recently read that theology had made a fiction of the moral aspect of this principle of heredity having coined the word "imputation," and read allegory as if it were history in order to make out its case. It confused the idea of hereditary taint by *natural generation* with the idea of *transmitted guilt*, because of a supposed covenant made with the progenitor of the race. We have had to wait, said the discourser, until secular knowledge could come and teach us the truth underlying this theological absurdity. Theology insists that all come into the world alike depraved, and that this natural depravity can be removed only by the sudden intervention of supernatural power. But common sense insists that there are *degrees* of depravity, and that the child which is well born has all the odds in its favor. If the blood of the child has an immoral flow, it is because the blood of its ancestors had long had a tendency in the same direction.

If, continued Mr. Stuart, the child comes loaded with a tendency to vice, it is not because of some transaction in the far-off past, by actors so shadowy that their outline is barely discernible, and which historic criticism is about to dismiss to the land of myth, but because its more immediate ancestors were vicious. Its tendency in any direction marks the amount of virtue or vice which, as principle and interest, had accrued in both branches of the family up to the date of its birth. We do not see how the matter could be any better or more clearly stated, or how it could be more concisely summed up than in the assertion that every newly arrived soul is the result of a long line of influences. Impressions, thoughts, experiences, wrought out in other lives, have left their marks on the child. The budding tendencies of the mind reveal the ancestral type which it represents. Body and soul, says our dis-

courser, are woven of the threads spun by ancestry. If the stream is bitter, it is because the fountain was bitter. The running out of a vice-practicing aristocracy through the channel of inanity and insanity furnishes one of the most striking illustrations in the history of the law.

All this being once seriously recognized by us, what pains ought we not to take to put ourselves and our posterity in the most harmonious relations with this universal and inflexible law. How quickly ought we to begin and base all lasting reforms upon it. We do not go to the bottom in our reform projects. We begin half-way up instead of striking at the root. Plastering with prayer, sweetening with pleasant-tries, and tinkering with half-inch experiments and theories, is but doctoring the symptoms while we let the disease work on. We must go back to the foundation and fountain if we would achieve improvement that shall be both radical and permanent. We must attack the germ-life itself. The most hasty study of any crowded district of a great city will teach the lesson in a way that we can never forget. Vice is seen to be constitutional in humanity, just as disease is; and the first thing to be done is to change the conditions of life and thus of the birth of new beings. A pure atmosphere does not breed coarse and corrupt men and women. The sooner we recognize the law, and conform ourselves to its precepts, the sooner will earth yield the fruits of joy and peace which are now only awaited on the plains of the Heavenly Land. That is the divine purpose, and we shall best work with it.

## THE VALUE OF DANGER.

[Given by Mrs. Seip at Albion Hall, on Sunday, Aug. 23d.]

We value danger for many reasons, but three of which we shall present to you to-day. 1st, Because it develops and unfolds the mind, and teaches us how to aspire. 2nd, Because it protects the body. 3rd, Because it awakens the soul to its surroundings and lifts up the soul to God in prayer to that responding spirit who denies us not, and who, in that moment of extremity, fulfills his promise—"I will be with you to the end of time."

How often, or how many of us would lift up our hearts for the blessing and protection of God, and the enlightenment of our soul, had not we felt that fear of approaching danger near? How many times have I heard said: "Oh, yes, there must be a God, for I was in fearful danger of my life when at this point, or at that place, but I chanced to think of, and ask God to protect me from all danger, and set me free, this time, and I never would commit a wrong or permit myself to incur the same exposure to circumstances again, risking so imminent a danger."

Now to take the first of the three points—unfolding and developing of the mind. The mind is expanded the minute it perceives the danger; it knows the necessity of refuge. The natural instinct makes a sudden and instantaneous appeal to God. That proves that God exists. (At our late Wednesday night meeting, a member asserted that there was no personal God; but I hope he did not succeed in making any one believe it.) The very necessity of God proves the existence of a personal and omnipresent God.

All our afflictions of the spirit, of the soul, are individually and personally felt and suffered; also our human bodies are all individual and personal organizations; therefore, we value danger because it awakens us to the presence of a personal God; or gives us, so to speak, a personal evidence of God, in his immediate power of succoring us; in his immediate though invisible power of contest in our favor; in the immediate sense of personal safety, and escape, and refuge; in that power which can not be accounted for in any other way than by the existence of a powerful and protective God.

The second point is, that danger protects the body. It inspires within us the sentiment of caution and the ability of contending in defense. Nay, more the quality of watchfulness is implied in danger, as in the injunction: "Watch ye, and pray." What will give that watchful power to prayer so intensely as the immediate sense of danger?

Now the third point; because danger awakens the soul to its surroundings. What are the dangers surrounding the soul? We have seen that the danger of the body may simply create suffering or physical destruction, which overwhelms us with fear; the same correspondence exists in the surroundings of the soul. There is a veritable spirit of evil, which, whenever we dare to contemplate in doubt or dismay, overwhelms us again with fear, besetting the soul, and entailing upon it the exercise of as great a spiritual contest as any waged by the body.

There is no relief, dear friends, from this spiritual danger, except in that power, the sympathy of a loving and compassionate God, who, in that same moment of spiritual necessity, extends over us the infinite power against which no evil or danger can ultimately succeed. Therefore danger awakens within us that which nothing else can.

So we are actually indebted to danger in many instances, for the first means by which we are brought into the overshadowing presence of a loving and a living God.

## WOMAN'S POLITICAL RIGHTS.

[We copy the following from an able address delivered by Prof. J. R. Buchanan at the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting of Spiritualists, Aug. 5th, and reported for the *Itligio Philosophical Journal*.]

Why should not America teach the world that woman has the same political rights as man? The men alone have managed government, for the Lord knows how long—perhaps a hundred thousand years or more, and they have so mismanaged, that in every country on the earth political life is filled with corruption. In nearly all countries political life is a cruel, cold blooded despotism. In nearly all countries the people are enslaved by war, war debts and standing armies. In nearly all countries, the bayonet is the sole foundation of authority, and if this is barbarism, there is not in the old world a single truly civilized nation. Therefore, I want to see the better half of humanity come in, among whom we rarely ever find a defaulter, drunkard, or a murderer. I want them to come in to purify politics, to put benevolence into every department of the government, and to put an end to war forever. I want to see women ennobled by thinking great thoughts and doing great deeds, for which they are as competent as men, for they appear to be equal to men in college life and in medical practice; and when the freedom and equality of women are established in this country, I know that we shall go on with increasing wealth, power, harmony and prosperity, to the dominion of the world, for all history shows that the only nations that flourish in progressive civilization, are those that give woman some degree of honor, and that every nation that degrades and dishonors woman, degrades itself until it falls behind and below others, and either perishes from its own rottenness, or is conquered by its neighbors and blotted out from the map.

All Asia is to-day a monumental ruin—a half-civilized people continually mowed down by famine, pestilence and wild beasts—a monumental ruin, to record and prove almighty fiat, that whatever nation tramples on woman shall itself be trampled down in blood and filth, if not exterminated from the face of the earth, leaving behind such ruins as in Asia mark the graves of perished empires. Thank God there will never be such monumental ruins here, for we have a civilization in which woman is honored as she never was honored before, and in that honor we have the promise of immortality. The Caucasian race or white race has generally honored woman, and the dark races have not; hence the white race has greater beauty and strength and wisdom and growth. Two hundred years ago the whites were a feeble race in numbers—not more than one tenth of the world's population. Now the white race is the master of the world, and in one more century there will be 600,000,000 of the great Anglo-Germanic race, and our language will be the dominant language, and our nation the leading nation, and in our nation woman will be in full equality. Woman is destined to vote and to hold office in this Republic, and I would like to see the law that if a man is President, the Vice-President shall be a woman. But even this does not complete political freedom. We have not true freedom when a large portion of the population is composed of half-educated and unskilled laborers, living from hand to mouth at the mercy of a corporation or an employer, often afraid to vote their own sentiments, and feeling but little interest in the government since whoever rules, they expect only toil and poverty for themselves. A true democracy requires, too, that all gigantic monopolies of land, or anything else shall be broken up, and that every citizen shall be well educated, and shall have a fair start in life by being made a thorough master of one or more skillful occupations, in which he can be safe and independent, so that we shall have no miserable poverty, and no pauperism, but a commonwealth of manly, independent citizen, who understand their rights and their duties. America will not be a true republic until we have *industrial education for all*, and that I believe is coming soon, and that will be the rock on which the temple of liberty can stand forever. Therefore women's rights and the toiler's rights shall make the largest planks in the platform of any honest political party hereafter.

## A Plague of Flies.

The village of Emsworth, in England, was recently visited by a remarkable plague of flies, which simultaneously covered an area of one mile. At some places it was impossible to move without closing the eyes and mouth. Around every lamp in the town, the spectacle was most curious. Attracted by the light, thick swarms abounded, and their buzz resembled that of a hive of bees. At the Postoffice, where the upper portion of the door is open for ventilation, and where necessarily the light is kept burning till the early morning, the insects covered the sorting boards, letters and bags, and had to be continually swept off with brushes. At one lamp they simply hung down in clusters. —*New York Sun*.

Time is always represented carrying a scythe, and we suppose he will continue to carry this primitive agricultural implement until time shall be no mower. —*Boston Courier*.



## INJUSTICE TO MEDIUMS.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There is, perhaps, no class of persons in the world that has suffered a greater amount of injustice at the hands of a skeptical public than Spiritual mediums. This has ever been so. It is so to-day. This injustice comes oftenest from Spiritualists themselves; and very frequently it is inflicted by one medium upon another, of a different or of the same phase of mediumship.

In the times of Moses (not Moses Hall, nor Woodhull, but "Moses the Ancient Law Giver") there were mediums of different classes, and different phases of mediumship, called by the names of Witches, Wizards, Necromancers, Soothsayers, Consultants of Familiar Spirits, Seers, Prophets, etc. Between these different classes of prognosticators and showers of wonders, signs, omens, etc., there arose a spirit of rivalry, jealousy, envy, hatred and revenge, so that those, most in favor with the powers that were, secured, as against those least in favor, the passage of the following law, be it said to their shame, to wit: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"; and so on, including all classes of mediums except Seers and Prophets, notwithstanding they claimed to have received, just before that, a law, "hot from the finger of God," that reads as follows: "Thou shalt not kill!" Here is a nut for somebody to crack: "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

From that day, and possibly long before, to this, have jealousies, envies, heart-burnings and every evil work been indulged in between persons of the same endowments and professions, as well as by partisans, outside of "my circle," "my clan," "my society," "my church," "my clique." So anciently and modernly, many mediums have been put to death, persecuted and driven from their homes, friends and families for what they could no more avoid than could Sigourney and Longfellow avoiding poets; or Raphael a painter, Mozart a musician, or Sherman a mathematician. Mediumship is just as much an endowment of nature as is painting, sculpture, poesy or music.

The records of crime, in this direction are shameless and barefaced upon the Books of Isarel; of Salem, Massachusetts; and in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, upon the court records of Mexico, etc. And while it is true, we, in the United States, no longer burn or hang that class of our fellow-citizens called mediums, "the tongue of slander," and of the traducer, is whittled against them often, and they are ostracised and sometimes maltreated by skeptics, even unto death. Miss Wastie of Cleveland, Ohio, with her sensitive nature, sank into an early grave through the unreasonable conditions imposed on her, by an unreasonable and skeptical public; and Mrs. Wilson, of New York City, No. 4 Grand street, who is a sister of Miss Wastie, came near being killed one night while she was lashed to a heavy cross made of wood, to which indignity, were I a medium, I should never submit.

But that phase of injustice, which I wish more particularly to call your attention to, can be best explained by giving the following facts: On last Wednesday evening two parties, whose names I will not mention, went with other parties to test the mediumship of Mrs. Wilson, at No. 4 Grand street, N. Y., and secured what they said were entirely satisfactory conditions and results, and even requested the medium and her husband to refer to them on any future occasion, paid the fee and "retired in good order." The next day one of the parties said to me, "Mrs. Wilson is the most barefaced humbug of the age." Having heard her mediumship highly spoken of by many intelligent, far-seeing and impartial ladies and gentlemen, I determined to test the matter in a manner that would preclude the possibilities of a doubt as to the question of her claims to mediumship. So I took with me a pair of heavy woolen mittens, a needle and thread, and when all was ready, put the mittens on her hands and stitched them fast to the sleeves of her dress, placed six thicknesses of adhesive plaster over her mouth and face, and in this condition she entered the cabinet—a simple box, set out near the middle of the room—in the midst of the glaring light of a lamp, by which the finest newspaper print could be read with ease, and in a few moments three or four hands of different sizes appeared with that peculiar transparency, often observable in these manifestations, the fingers rapidly moving, and the hands motioning to different parties present. Then appeared five different faces, and, in the meantime, the gruff voice of "Ben," the old sea captain, was heard rapidly talking to those in the circle. All of a sudden he shouted, "Open the doors, you skeptics, and examine the condition of my medium." Immediately the door was opened and the medium found just as she had seated herself, and in a profound trance, with mittens on, and the adhesive plaster dry and tight over her mouth as when she entered. And as we stood, examining the medium, the voice of "Old Ben" kept on talking. It was like the occasion of St. Paul's conversion, "We heard the voice but saw no man." Finally, in less than forty seconds,

"Old Ben," the controlling spirit, tied the medium's hands with a cord, over the mittens, in a manner that took an expert seven minutes to untie. Fifteen parties witnessed the foregoing.

The lesson I would inculcate is, secure test conditions that are absolute, and then do justice to the medium.

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.

## Cannot Spiritualists Tell the Truth?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am induced to ask the above question for the following reasons: Whenever, in a secular or religious newspaper, there is a narration of unusual or startling phenomena, which look as though they might be produced by unseen intelligences, the narrator almost always says: "I am no Spiritualist, and have never believed in modern spiritualistic demonstrations." Or if the story is second-hand: "Our informant is not a believer in modern spiritualistic phenomena," etc. Spiritualists themselves in relating facts bearing on this subject, received from others, very often say: "The person giving these facts is not a Spiritualist," etc.

Suppose in every one of these cases, the narrator was a Spiritualist, is he or she therefore a liar, or to be disbelieved? Because a person believes the evidences of his senses and the logical deductions of his reason, must his statements be discredited?

Does the belief in the statement that Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were thrown into an intensely hot fire and came out unscorched, make a person a better observer or more worthy of belief than the belief in independent slate-writing? Does the belief that Joshua stopped the earth in its diurnal revolutions to allow a couple of barbarous armies to do a little more butchering, make a person a more careful witness than one who believes in raps and table-tippings? Does the belief in the fables of Genesis, which are disproved by science, make a man a better philosopher or more truthful person than one who believes in evolution or clairvoyance?

The fact is there is altogether too much moral cowardice in the world, and Spiritualists are not entirely free from it any more than other people. It is silly and cowardly to apologize for a fact. It is from the observation and classification of facts that all sciences have been built up. In relating facts the belief of the observer has nothing to do with the matter, if he is truthful and clear-headed. The world is full of occult phenomena which cannot be ignored or pooh-poohed away. Why not fairly and honestly face them, examine them, reason upon them, and, if possible, explain and classify them; if not, honestly acknowledge their existence and their inexplicable character. Facts can never injure the world. E. A. CLARK.

## Here and There.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The following sentence was given through the inspired lips of Mrs. P. W. Stevens in an address at the late camp-meeting in San Jose:

"Man moves in this world collectively, in the Spiritual world he moves individually." So it would seem!

Here we hold meetings, listen and learn without considering ourselves responsible, save to approve, criticize or condemn. In the Spiritual world each one tries his best to do something that shall be of benefit. Here we pass judgment; there they wisely refrain from expression, knowing that words cannot be recalled. Here we dogmatise and drive; there they lead and love. Here is arrogance; there the simplicity of preferment preferring one another. Here the boldness of assumption; there the meekness of wisdom. Here the condemnation of mediums; there the desire to give knowledge through any channel—and would no more think of abusing a medium than we would of whipping the telephone. Here "we try the spirits," as a babe tries and tires its mother without apprehending her superior wisdom; there they seem not to notice our abuse, but patiently hold gems of truth near our darkened vision. Here we seek to hide thoughts; there they read and know them. Here we are human while they have passed on toward the divine.

"Man moves in this world collectively, in the Spiritual world he moves individually," knowing the necessity of selfhood in divine progress.

WALTER HYDE.

Edison has a rival to his electric light, if we may credit the Norristown Herald, in an invention of Prof. T. S. Lowe. His incandescent light, which is not electric, is produced by allowing a light jet of cheap fuel gas to come in contact with a spiral of the metal, whose composition has not yet been made public, but which is said to be indestructible. This is heated to a white heat, becoming brilliantly luminous, the gas meanwhile burning apparently without flame. There is positively no flickering of the light, as is the case with gas. The cheapness of the gas used in producing the light may be indicated by the statement of the inventor that a light of 20-candle power will cost the consumer but one-quarter of a cent per hour for gas.

## SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF THOMAS R. HAZARD.

[We give below the principal portion of Mr. Hazard's sixth contribution to the Philadelphia North American.]

Table-tipping as a method of communicating with spirits was much in vogue during the early years of my investigations. Any wooden article standing upright on the floor having a smooth board top surface will answer for a spirit battery. I have seen wooden chairs, heavy pianos, and even empty flour barrels used successfully. Tables, however, with a solid thick board surface, especially round centre-tables, seem to be most convenient and best adapted for the purpose. To illustrate: The medium sits with her hands lying flat on the surface of the table; one person or a circle of sitters are at or around the table holding their hands flat upon its top waiting for spirit communications. The table tips several times, thus announcing that some spirit is present. One of the sitters asks, "Is it for me?" The table makes three tips on one side, or rises on one or more of its legs and strikes three times with the others sharply on the floor. This number, as with rapping mediums, means yes; two tips, doubtful; one tip, no. The alphabet is now resorted to, either by pointing at printed letters or calling it over. A negative no or silence is accorded to each letter until, for instance, the letter H is reached, when three tips of the table follow. The alphabet is resorted to again. All the letters are passed without motion of the table until I is reached, when three tips are made. So again a negative answer until the letter L is reached, when three more tips of the table occur, and after a short pause three more still, thus spelling "Hill," the name of the communicating spirit. By this slow method I have received messages enough from spirits to fill a large volume.

During the first years of the civil war I was in the practice of holding for many months, in company with several congenial friends, sittings with a medium in Newport who possessed the three spirit gifts of magnetic healing, table-tipping and automatic writing, all in a remarkable degree of perfection. The medium was controlled by a very powerful spirit, formerly a physician, whom I was intimately acquainted with, who had made electricity an especial study whilst in earth-life. For some time we were greatly amused by the singular evidences of occult power the doctor would bring to bear on the table—especially in the dark—which was a very heavy round centre-table, with massive crow feet. This table would sometimes rise under the medium's and our own hands and float about in the air as if it were a feather. Finally a rival of the doctor's appeared on the scene, who claimed to be the spirit of the renowned Gen. Israel Putnam. One evening, after the doctor had given evidence of his powers by raising the table to the ceiling and bringing it down again on the floor with a thud that shook the house, the General took control of the medium, and, raising the table aloft, pitched it, as if with the force and strength of a giant, into the further corner of the room, breaking off one of its feet, beside making a large rent in a sheet-iron, steam-heating drum in its descent. We paid four dollars for repair of damages, and were satisfied with this proof of the occult power of the spirits in the way of damaging furniture, without eliciting from the spirits any more such expensive evidence.

The General, for our gratification, sometimes beat the morning reveille, without visible hands or sticks, on top of the steam drum alluded to, as artistically as any professional army musician could do. General Putnam also on one occasion gave us a capital illustration of the *modus operandi* of thought and mind-reading. In the course of that evening he warned me to beware of a certain person I had conversed with on that day; who meditated doing me an injury. I asked him to name the person, which he refused to do (lest it might make mischief, no doubt). Said I, "If I write the name of each person I have conversed with to-day on slips of paper, and hold each one in succession in my hand folded up, so that neither the medium nor any of the circle present can see the names written, will you indicate to me the right one when reached?" which the General said he would do. So, unseen by all present, I wrote down as required the name of every person I remembered to have conversed with on that day. To my surprise all these names were rejected by the General as being the proper name. I could not for my life think of any other person I had talked with on that day, except those I had written, and so gave up the matter and sat in silence, whilst the other members of the circle were conversing with their spirit-friends. Suddenly the name of one other person whom I had conversed with, but forgotten, flashed on my memory. "That's it," wrote the medium, as he hastily struck me on the front part of my head with the pencil, which was immediately followed by a short, written communication from Putnam, in which the forgotten name I had just thought of was so cunningly introduced that it was not possible that any other person than myself should detect what it was. The warning was not inappropriate!

A thousand such sheets as I am writing upon would not furnish sufficient space to record one half of the wondrous phenomena we witnessed at those seances, especi-

ally in the way of automatic writing, the coarse, big sheets containing which used to suffice for kindling the morning fires of our host for weeks and months. Osceola, the Seminole chief (a faithful and dear spirit-friend of mine), was an habitual attendant of our circles, and, in fact, seemed to be a necessary adjunct and assistant of the Doctor, who especially controlled the medium, whom Osceola always called the "machine man," asserting that the Doctor always had a machine with him that he kept up against the ceiling in one corner of the seance room. Indeed, this assertion did not seem to be without some foundation. One evening the Doctor came to the circle and expressed himself in writing as being in a very bad humor, on account, as he said, of somebody having disarranged his apparatus. This was sought to be explained by our host, who told us that it being the May yearly house-cleaning day, the seance room had of course been thoroughly washed, dusted and swept from floor to ceiling, thus perhaps deranging Osceola's "machine man's" machine in the corner. Once in three or four weeks the Doctor always required us to sit back from the table in a circle for some minutes, whilst its pores and interstices were being cleansed, as he said, of the debris of the electric power used in making the manifestations. On these occasions the table would shake, and seem to undergo a good scrubbing, as really as if several mortals had been at work upon it—the contact and motion of which are plainly felt and heard—although we could not see anything of the kind. I was in the habit of taking to the circle many little articles concealed in my pockets, which I would, without looking at them, hold severally in the dark under the table, when the medium under Osceola's control would correctly draw each one on paper. This could not certainly be charged to mind-reading on the part of the medium acting in conjunction with Osceola, for neither of them could have seen the objects by any natural vision before they were drawn. I was also in the habit of sending Osceola out to my house, six miles away, asking him in the meantime, to report to me what was passing there. This he would do with surprising correctness.

Osceola, acting probably in conjunction with the doctor, was an excellent weather-prophet. Long before the Signal Bureau was heard of it was my practice, when I was going abroad, to inquire of Osceola, through the medium, what the weather would be on the next night and day. This he would tell me with wonderful accuracy, even to the falling of a few drops of rain. Nor did I ever know him to make a mistake, and always went or stayed as he advised. The doctor told me it was possible that the calculations through which this was done should be extended to a week in advance. On a clear, bright morning, just after a light fall of snow, I called at a friend's house, who was then under magnetic treatment of the medium doctor, to be present at a proposed sitting for healing. The patient had provided a table with each of its four feet placed in tumblers, from which parts of the sides had been broken, the object being to confine the electricity or healing aura, whatever it might be, in the battery, and prevent its escaping from the feet of the table into the wood of the floor. We had hardly seated ourselves before Osceola came in great glee. The bright sun lay low in the southern horizon, and shone directly through the windows under the table. Osceola wrote through the hand of the medium, "Me do something this morning." The thought occurred to me that in his sportive mood the Indian contemplated breaking one or more of the tumblers, so I asked him not to do such a thing. Osceola answered in writing, "Me do that." Directly on hearing a snap we looked down and saw that one of the tumblers was cracked across its bottom. I said: "Osceola, you did not break that tumbler, for my friend says he thinks one of the four was already broken." Osceola again wrote, "Me break another." "No," said I, "don't break another, as they are needed for healing purposes, but," continued I, "you may break off some pieces from the sides of the tumblers if you want to show us what you can do." Osceola again wrote "Me do that." Directly we heard a crackling and snapping under the table, and on Osceola writing "Me did him," we looked down and saw countless slivers of glass, some of considerable length, lying around one of the tumblers. On my asking Osceola how he did it, the medium, doubtless under Osceola's control, held out the upturned palm of his left hand whilst he made quick circles in the air with his right, having his forefinger extended and pointed all the time at his left palm, until he struck the latter sharply with the end of his projecting finger thus indicating that an electric current was set in motion in the shape of a spiral circle, which was suddenly discharged on the tumbler in the form of a whirlpool, cyclone, whirlwind or tunnel, with the small end at the point of contact.

It was not many months or weeks ago, that I read in some newspaper of a theory concerning the origin of earthquakes, in which the writer argued that they did not commence within the earth's crust, but from without, in the form of a spirally shaped current of electricity that was discharged upon some point, and caused the rupture in the earth, very much after the fashion that Osceola described the breaking or disrupting of the jagged sides of

the tumbler, which may have been done by one of the theorist's described earthquakes of infinitesimal small dimensions, striking and entering the side of the tumbler spirally like an auger or gimlet.

It is not uncommon for spirits to return to earth and communicate with mortals before they are aware of being separated from their earth bodies, of which I witnessed a notable example in the presence of this medium. A sea captain, with whom I was acquainted, took a sudden cold and died very unexpectedly. A few evenings after his decease he manifested his presence at our circle by writing automatically. On our welcoming him and addressing him as a returned spirit, he manifested surprise, and denying our allegation that he had left his mortal body, contended in automatic writing that he was still alive in the flesh. "Why," said he, striking the medium's hand against what he supposed to be his own breast, "ain't this me?" The spirit made his appearance at our circle several times before we could convince him that it was the medium's body he was inhabiting instead of his own, which was in the grave.

## How About the Wives?

[From the Sunday Oregonian.]

The Waltham (Mass.) Free Press, in an article on labor-saving appliances for the masculine half of humanity, stops to inquire, "But how about the wives?" and adds:

We hear men talk about the work their grandmothers did, as though the women of the present day did nothing. Bless you, gentlemen, the wives of nine out of ten laboring men work more hours per day than you do, and do far more than your grandmothers thought of doing or could have done. The trouble is, they are doing too much. They become old when the bloom of youth should still be with them. They go to bed tired, and wake up the next morning, unrefreshed, to get your breakfast.

To this the New York Herald adds its comment, saying: "The Waltham paper does not overstate the case, and it need not have restricted its remarks to the condition of the wives of laboring men. Women in good circumstances—deceptive term—are to-day caring for large houses, whereas their grandmothers lived in little cottages; their children, trained to other work, allow mothers to be the slaves of incompetent servants; yet the 'lady of the house' is expected to be always ready to receive calls or company. 'How about the wives?' is indeed a timely question."

Thus it is for the cities; for the rural districts "woman's work" is equally unrelieved. There is as much labor in taking care of the home, in doing the family washing, in cooking for the family and the farm hands, in milking the cows and in taking care of the milk, in making the butter, in keeping the clothes mended, in looking after the thousand cares, great and small, of the farm and household—to say nothing of the demands of maternity through it all—as there ever was, and in many cases far more. The simplicity that would suffice in earlier times will not do now. More pains must be taken and more must be done; and yet women have found no labor-saving appliances to correspond with the increase of duties. It is no wonder, therefore, that the number of broken-down women is increasing, particularly in the rural districts, where so many go into premature graves. Oregon furnishes no exception to the rule. How many men, both in city and country, act as if they regarded woman-flesh as infinitely cheaper than horse-flesh, it makes one shudder to think.

## Family Life in Siberia.

[Popular Science Monthly for September.]

My village chief was silent, and shook his head doubtfully. The fact was, the nearest village was ten miles away. The man was satisfied with himself and his family, satisfied with his live stock and his crops, and satisfied with his taxes, and over-population was apparently the only thing which he and his peers conceived needed to be set right. On this point we should remember that not nearly all the land is yet taken up, and that many of the farms are as large as, and sometimes larger than, the most extensive German manors. Even a spoiled American farmer would be satisfied with such an area. In the midst of these extensive estates, stands the spacious log-house, surrounded with barns and sheds, which, possibly, are not large enough. Hardly anything is large enough for the Siberian. I have made personal confirmation of this greed for extension and space in the towns, where it is often carried to excess; thus I have seen parlors where the mirrors and sofas could be counted by the dozen. In bright contrast with the stereotyped complaints of the farmers concerning the too thick population, is the fact that they are all proud of having a numerous progeny. The farmer loves his land, his cattle, his Summer and all, but he loves above everything a large family, while, notwithstanding his prejudice against strangers, he lives in the perfect conviction that the country needs men, and he governs his conduct accordingly. In every other country in the world, there are founding hospitals; in Russia they are numerous, but in Siberia there are none. If a mother is not able to take care of her child, she will offer it to the nearest farmer, and he will be as glad to have such an increase in his family as if it were a fine colt foaled to him.



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

## "FORBIDDEN" TRUTHS.

No intelligent religionist will any longer deny the essential phenomenal facts of Spiritualism; but they insist that any investigation thereof is fraught with danger, and should be avoided—that it is forbidden of Scripture, is subversive of morality, and hence wholly pernicious—in short, that it is the work of the devil!

These are the charges made against Spiritualism by those of the religious world who refuse, or are afraid, to investigate its phenomena; charges without proof, and not founded in reason or common sense, as we think we shall be able to show.

In the first place, let us consider the physical phenomena. Here we are brought face to face with certain manifestations showing an intelligent source and purpose, and yet wholly independent of our own volition. Here is a natural fact, but one that is no more of a miracle than life, or death, or the growth of a blade of grass, or many other facts of nature that are familiar to our senses. What is there—what can there be more immoral or improper in the investigation of these phenomena than there is in the study of botany or physiology? Shall we shrink from the study of navigation because a knowledge thereof may lead us into dangerous seas? Does it not also teach us how to shun them? All truth is sacred; and no secret of nature is too sacred for human research or investigation. It would seem that no argument were required on this point.

We are evidently just in our infancy concerning our knowledge of the powers of the human mind. Clairvoyance, psychometry, the marvelous manifestations of mind and of spirit power, are realms and resources of knowledge yet but little explored. We have scarcely made a clearing and erected our log cabin along the borderland of this new world. Shall we stop here in obedience to the demands of an unreasoning superstition? Shall we be driven away by the bugbears of a childish fear? Not so. There is nothing on this earth, or under the earth, or in the heavens above—nothing that concerns man here or hereafter that man has not the right to know.

Now, let us consider the teachings of spirits—the religion of Spiritualism. Coupled with the fact of spirit existence, which of itself is an inspiring hope—an anchor to hold man to his allegiance to duty—are the messages of love and encouragement that come from the angel world. Can there be any danger in aught that brings to man the highest and purest lessons of human duty? Their messages are freighted with good will to man. They are invariably, as far as our experience goes, ever pure in tone, and breathing charity and humanity.

In the light of their teachings and gentle ministrations, life is brightened and sweetened. Man is made the arbiter of his own destiny, and taught that there is no mediator upon whose shoulders he can shift the burdens of his own sins; but that he will have to bear them all, until, through their weight of woe, he acquires a knowledge of the "better way," and ceases to sin. Even then the scars of sin will be left to mar the beauty and symmetry of the soul.

It is true that all Spiritualists do not shape their lives in accordance with spirit teaching; neither do all believers in Christianity live up to the best standards of their faith. These shortcomings must be set down, in either case, to the imperfections and undeveloped spiritual condition of humanity.

As Christianity should not be judged by the evil practices of its believers, so, neither should Spiritualism.

We conclude that there are no "forbidden" truths in the universe—none that man should hesitate to investigate.

## A DISAPPOINTED LIFE.

In the trunk of a young, beautiful and talented lady, who committed suicide in Louisville, Kentucky, the other day, was found a letter from which the following extract was taken:

I have no defense against lying and misrepresentation. I could defy the world to prove that I have ever done an immoral act of any kind. I have loved righteousness and all that was good with all my heart. Yet I have been in the last few weeks insulted to my face with the insinuation that I was not a true woman. I have never found that God helps me in the hour of trial or gave me any help in trouble. Still I believed and never dishonored him before man; but he has utterly forsaken me and left me no recourse but self-destruction.

Had this misguided and unhappy woman possessed a knowledge of the Spiritual philosophy, she would have known that death was no escape for her troubles. She would have realized that her path of duty lay in facing the world, and bearing up under the burden of wrong, determined to struggle on until called hence in nature's own good time. And in this struggle she would have had the helping hand of her angel friends, who, as she furnished them with the proper conditions, would

have poured into her wounded soul the balm of their holy presence, and comfort, and nerved her heart with hope and strength to endure to the end. When men and women shall learn to open their hearts and souls to the heavenly influences and let the angels in, there will be no more suicides.

## OUR MEDIUMS.

In reply to a correspondent, who will understand, we desire to say that the GOLDEN GATE is ever pleased to be able to say a good word in behalf of our physical mediums; at the same time we realize that we have other and higher work to perform than that of devoting much time or space to the defence of any medium concerning the honesty of whose mediumship there is a divided opinion among Spiritualists themselves.

There are some excellent mediums for certain forms of manifestation, who are suspected—and not, we fear, without cause—of aiding the "influences," at times, when their spirit controls are weak, or unable to manifest their powers. No medium who has ever thus given cause for suspicion, can reasonably complain if he or she is occasionally suspected unjustly.

Mediums should so exercise their God-given gifts as to be above suspicion. If they cannot, or refuse to do this; or if their controls, as is no doubt sometimes the case, by personation or transfiguration, subject their mediums to detection in what only the most charitable and enlightened concerning spiritual phenomena would naturally conclude to be a fraud, we know of no other way for them but to suffer the consequences.

There is scarcely a materializing medium in the country—not excepting such splendid mediums for full form materialization as the Eddys, the Blisses, Mr. Mott and the Holmes—who have not been "exposed," and in some instances repeatedly, and with surroundings of such evidences of deception as scarcely to admit of a doubt. And yet they are all known to be mediums of marvelous power, and have been so conclusively proven by thousands of investigators.

We are charitable enough to believe, that in some instances of these alleged exposures, if not all, the mediums may have been unconscious of wrong—that possibly they were the victims of overpowering evil influences, either on this or the other side of life. This is an open question concerning which we are disposed to keep our minds open for further evidence. At the same time, all such mediums must stand or fall by their work. Investigators must judge for themselves.

While we shall not undertake to condemn, except in cases wherein we have personal and positive evidence of fraud that will admit of no explanation or palliation, neither shall we presume blindly to defend. Certainly, we must have positive evidence of genuineness, which can only be had under absolutely test conditions, before we could speak positively of the mediumship of any medium.

This is all, in this direction, that can reasonably be expected of this journal.

## EPIDEMIC OF CRIME.

Some one wrote a book years ago, the author expressing the belief that suicide is a disease and frequently takes an epidemic form. He might have extended the opinion to all manner of crime, for it is surely the most malignant disease that afflicts the human family, and in all its multiplicity of forms sweeps in epidemics over this land. Crime has been raging its fiercest during the past three years, while there is apparently no means of staying its ravages. It is accounted for by various theories: One says it is a phase of lunacy; another that the system is thrown out of balance by the dull, unceasing pursuit of "one idea;" someone else says it is due to the electrical and magnetic conditions of the elements, and still another that the planetary relations are the cause of all of it, and the other pestilence as well. There is yet a plainer and more rational cause that most persons prefer to overlook—that is alcohol. We venture the assertion that nine out of every ten crimes committed is directly due to its influence, and the remaining tenth in greater or less degree. Whiskey arouses every evil passion in man, and so long as he drinks it, there is no possible chance to help him modify the accidents of his birth, the appetite for liquor often being the most deplorable of all. If alcohol were at once banished from the earth, most of the crime would go with it. If this is impossible, it is equally possible for parents to bring children into life with normal appetites.

**MANLY ADMISSIONS.**—The editor of the Philadelphia *North American* referring to the appearance of Thomas R. Hazard's narrations of Spiritual phenomena in the columns of his paper, says that "Spiritualism, whatever may be thought of it, must be recognized as a fact," and further on, avers that that fact "is deserving of a more serious examination than it has yet received." He rejects at once and in toto the hypothesis of universal fraud and deception on the part of the media as being an "explanation almost as difficult of belief as the occurrences" whose cause it seeks to fathom. He thinks "testimony on the subject is in order," and therefore bespeaks for Mr. Hazard's articles the impartial consideration of the readers of *The North American*, regarding him as a witness whose "statements are entirely sincere and honest."

**WHAT ONE SPIRITUALIST THINKS.**—An earnest admirer of our paper writes as follows: "Your GOLDEN GATE is a glorious good paper. I have distributed every copy, including my own, where they will do good. If my time was my own, I would canvass for you a month for nothing, as I am a success in that line. I 'devour every word in your able paper, and now realize the long-felt want of just such a journal. Why didn't you start out on this grand work twenty years ago? My own heart has been 'hungry for just such rations as you are generously donating.'"

## MGR. CAPEL vs. SPIRITUALISM.

The word "Catholic" means "true"; so does the word "orthodox," as "heterodox" means false. "My doxy is the true doxy, and all other doxies are heterodoxies," says each sect in turn. Hence the attitude of the Catholic Church on Spiritualism; theirs is the only genuine article, while all other branches are spurious!

Mgr. Capel, a prominent member of the Roman Catholic Church, tells us with a confidence and assurance that would have been perfectly paralyzing in former ages, but which, in the light of the present century, is simply absurd, that the word "spiritualism" belongs to the Catholic Church, and that what is known by that word outside of the Church is "spiritism," not spiritualism. This is an interesting bit of information—instructive and gratuitous!

We have never seen a man more off his guard than is Monsignor Capel in San Francisco. He seems to leave his statements around loose in all directions, as if he only needed to utter them, and there were nobody worth noticing in this obscure end of the world, to prove their falsity.

His very air in the pulpit, toward the audience, is so ex-cathedra—as though what he says were sure to be accepted without question, that one is full of admiration at the sublime cheek of the man. He had, too, the goodness to give the audience the meaning of "biology" and other terms, saying: "You will understand me better if I say animal magnetism,"—his whole manner and tone being, "You are such an unschooled lot of American greenhorns that I have to treat you as ignorant if not stupid." At other times he put on this tone, as when he told us, "I-er-have read Allen Kardec's works in the original French. I don't think you can get them here; they are not translated, I believe."

(Both Oakland and San Francisco Public Libraries have them—no less than five or six different works—in English.)

We give this to picture the man's conceit and affectation of knowledge and "culture." Why, the average common school educated American citizen is beyond him in a knowledge of these topics. We concede that he excels in the more snobbish and really useless ways of what are called "upper classes," which, thank goodness, we got through with in Europe before coming to this country. It was what we came away from the fatherlands to get rid of.

Our distinguished visitor and lecturer should confine himself to topics with which he is more familiar, and leave the subject of Spiritualism to those who are better posted.

## WORK.

In an address to the students of Worcester Free Institute, Gov. Robinson said that the teaching of handicraft should begin at home. Boys should learn "girl's work."

Of course there is a great deal of work performed by men that would be impracticable for women; but if there was a greater degree of sameness in the knowledge possessed by both sexes of all kinds of work that is to be done in the course of a life, there would be much less difficulty in finding positions. There is a great deal of work that has generally been assigned to women that should be and is, these latter years, being done by men, and the women think it a most fortunate innovation. If women seek employment heretofore given to men, then the men should do the opposite, and all would be well.

The idea that there is sex in work is pretty well eradicated from most minds. Men and women are learning that there is no robbing or encroaching, but simply an interchange and exchange of labor, by which both find that which each can best perform; men who have taken up women's work are no longer thought ninny, neither are women who are filling men's places called immodest and masculine.

The training should begin at home, the boys and girls sharing in all the household work of whatever kind. Boys should be independent of their mother and sisters when it comes to replacing missing buttons, mending their trousers, darning socks and keeping their own apartments in order; and the feminine portion of the family should be just as independent in the matter of those small jobs always left for "father or the boys" to do. At the same time they should be ready always to join hands and assist each other, or one do the work of the other if required. The home should be the world in miniature, wherein the interest and welfare of one is that of all, whether so regarded or not. When the world comes to believe it, and act upon it, it will be a better place for all, especially women, who will get more help from the great, general household.

## NATIONAL LABOR NONSENSE.

We have received an invitation to attend the Ninth Annual Congress of the National Liberal League, to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October, with a request to publish a notice of the call.

We shall do neither. In fact we are heartily disgusted with all manner of "leagues" against labor; for that is just what all of these labor combinations amount to. It is simply a futile and foolish attempt to compel capital to invest in losing enterprises. Capital naturally refuses; hence, the stagnation of manufacturing industries of all kinds, and the nightmare of unemployed labor that has settled down upon the country generally.

There is work enough for every unemployed laborer in this nation, if he will only work cheap enough to warrant capital in employing him. If capital can not afford to invest in his labor, it certainly can not be compelled to do so. So the laborer goes unemployed. He may bloat, or organize labor leagues, as much as he pleases, but he can not change the fact. What he wants is work; and he had better work for a half loaf than go to bed hungry.

But if he was willing to work for small wages he would not be long compelled to put up with a half loaf. For his labor would soon reduce the price

of bread, as it would reduce the price of everything else that enters into the necessities, or even luxuries of life. Cheap labor gives employment to everybody. With everybody employed, abundance of everything would follow; and with abundance would necessarily come low prices. Hence, the laboring man would soon come to live better on his low wages than he does now on high wages—and only half the time employed.

We are aware that this position is not in harmony with that of the average labor reformer; but we see the result of his kind of teaching working such disaster upon the industries of the country that we are forced into our present convictions on this subject.

## WHAT SOME FARMERS NEED MOST.

The statement that the farmer is the most independent of men, is not so true as it should be. True, his living is not influenced by the condition of the stock market—mining stocks,—and the farm generally gives him each year all that is essential for his table. His clothing is mainly plain and easily supplied. But he often has to buy when he would not, and sell at rates that pay nothing for his crop, leaving out all labor. California farmers have a faculty of getting into debt, that makes the farm anything but that stronghold of independence it is painted.

He may not pay rent, but he very often pays interest, which is worse; and although he can not be turned out of his house, he often finds himself obliged to see his lands fall into creditor's hands, while he is left to begin anew or commit suicide. Failure in prices will sometimes bring about this state of things, but it comes, in too many cases, from too fully patronizing wayside and corner groceries, as all may guess who are at all observant.

Now, if any class of persons need temperance and total abstinence more than another, it is the farmer, whose legitimate expenses are very frequently enough to embarrass him.

## FATHER BEESON.

That aged patriarch, philanthropist and champion of the rights of the Indians, John Beeson, of Tallent, Jackson county, Oregon, who, though long past the allotted years of man, is still in the vigor of his intellectual powers, and still, as ever, in every possible way, seeking the welfare of the deeply wronged red man. He has given his life and much money to this work, and suffered great hardships at times. Through his intercessions and efforts many lives have been saved, as well as large sums of money saved to the Government, of which ample proofs can be given. Now, in his extreme old age, finding himself destitute, his friends are moving in his behalf to induce Congress to afford him relief. All who know Father Beeson, or are at all familiar with his work and his sacrifices, will say that such relief is due to him, and most eminently just. The matter will come up before the coming Congress, and it is sincerely to be hoped that our representatives from California, and of all the Pacific States, will stand solid for the bill that shall ease the burdens of this grand old man's life in his journey to the tomb.

**DR. HARVEY DISCOUNTED.**—The world has been taught that the circulation of the blood was discovered by Harvey about two hundred and sixty years ago. But the Chinese step in and claim to have known the same two thousand years ago. This over-ripe nation lays claim to much that has come to light in modern times, and yet they are so-called heathen in religion, and surely the epithet is justifiable when applied to their manner of life in the United States. The mere possession of knowledge is of no consequence until made practical, and the Chinese seem to have laid all their wonderful learning away like precious relics, but it slipped from their keeping into the light of the Nineteenth century.

**NATURE'S PLAN.**—"Thrice fortunate he to whom circumstance is made easy; whom fate visits with gentle trial, and kindly heaven keeps 'out of temptation.'" We wonder who conceived that paragraph? Perhaps there are such persons, but we never saw one. Life is not got up on such a plan, and if one is thus favored, he or she must be a helpless being. Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passion, temptation and resistance are educators, if overcome. We acquire the strength we have subdued. The man or woman who never fought and won a battle with self is too weak for an angel, and not bad enough for a saint who has "conquered the world, the flesh and the devil."

**A MIXED DISH.**—A noble friend, and subscriber for many extra copies of the GOLDEN GATE, sends us the following flattering words of encouragement: "I like the GOLDEN GATE better than any other paper of the kind in the world. I think it is splendid. You do not tire one with the subject of Spiritualism, great as it is; but mix it up with other matter of common interest to all. Any big thought, no matter what, is good. We do not want all 'dessert'; pies and cakes are good in their place, but we want other kinds of food as well. I would have Spiritualism the chief dish, but put 'in, as you do, other kinds as well.'"

**MECHANICS' FAIR.**—The Twentieth Exhibition by the Mechanics' Institute of this city is now in its second week, to be continued three weeks yet. The immense Pavilion, now the permanent property of the Institute, is thronged daily and nightly by well pleased and well instructed crowds. The man or woman, boy or girl, who cannot get the value of his money by visiting this exposition must have something else than brains where the brains ought to be. It is a miniature world of art, skill, mechanism, fruits, flowers, and a variety of other things. Our friends, visiting the city will surely take in the Fair, and go home with something to remember.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mrs. F. A. Logan has suspended her meetings for the present, in Albion Hall, for the purpose of visiting interior towns in the interest of the GOLDEN GATE, *Prophetic Visions*, and other Spiritualistic literature. She will give Stockton and Sacramento a call in the near future.

The attention of the afflicted is called to the advertisement of Dr. R. P. Fellows, on our fifth page. A manly soul in a manly body can only be attained through a wise obedience of nature's laws. Whoever sins through ignorance, suffers as keenly as though he sinned willfully. Dr. Fellows claims to have valuable information from the spirit world for suffering sinners against the laws of their being, that will place their feet on the road to health.

All Spiritualists interested in the maintenance of a weekly paper on this Coast creditable to the cause of Spiritualism, should aid us in circulating the GOLDEN GATE. They should present the paper to their friends, and if able to do so, should subscribe for more than their own single copy, and have the same sent to their order. We are giving our life to this work, and are making a paper which all Spiritualists admire. May we not ask in return the hearty co-operation of all?

**ENGLISH CIVIL SERVICE.**—The British civil service seems a good life for women. The competition for one hundred and sixty-five places in the postoffices, two thousand five hundred and thirty-four women entered. We do not hear of English women being "turned out" to give place to men, who are perhaps more magnanimous than to clamor for positions that their sisters can fill with equal competency. The English working-men who have so late experienced an extension of the franchise, are yet in too much sympathy with their wives and sisters to be mean in their political aspirations. It is to be hoped their experience may ever serve to keep them generous.

**SUAVITIES OF HOME LIFE.**—Compliments and congratulations are always kindly taken and cost nothing but pen, ink and paper, in society; but they are rare luxuries in too many homes, in some are never heard. Too much is reserved for society and society occasions; while the home is regarded mainly as a school for disciplining tempers and tongues. True, we should control them here of all places, if necessary, but there should be no occasion. Our homes should be the best society, wherein no one thinks of speaking rudely or frowning and commanding. The home and its inmates is a distinct world to each, and should be the dearest place on earth in spirit as it is in name.

**THE DOMESTIC HEATHEN.**—The *Missionary Review* wants to know why more persons do not go to the heathen. One reason may be, that there are too many heathens at home for most persons to give much thought to those in foreign lands; in fact, it is a life business to all and every one who undertakes to civilize and spiritualize them; then it is not done, but left for other self-sacrificing and humane men and women to take up and carry on to the extent of their strength and means. Ah! no; those who think more of the heathen than of notoriety, will devote their energies to those at home, knowing that the Christian sum exported to those abroad would give them a worse enemy than idolatry to contend with.

**FIG LEAF SUBSTITUTE.**—The *Napa Register* says the leaves from the fig tree, cut down a day or two ago in the old Stillwagon yard, were sold for \$2.50. The purchaser wanted them to convert into goods labelled "tobacco." Why not? A few persons will be less injured while that supply of fig leaves lasts. The earth abounds in aromatic vegetation that could be converted into "fragrant" tobacco, besides which the best "Havana" would be offensive even to the most seasoned nose. It seems to be mainly the smoke that the smoker enjoys, and we think all would prefer incense to the injurious aroma of tobacco. Those who desire to quit the habit, and believe in the tapering-off process, could try smoking fig or some other leaves.

## ENCOURAGING WORDS.

The GOLDEN GATE, an 8-page paper comes to us from the Golden State and is published at No. 21 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco, Cal., by J. J. Owen, editor and proprietor. The mechanical make-up is above criticism, and the matter, whether original or selected, is of the choicest variety. After the demise of the *Pacific Leader*, we expected that the Golden State must ere long produce something worthy of a great State in the paper line advocating our philosophy. Under the head of "editorial notes" we find the following: "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." May the GOLDEN GATE ever be, not only ajar, but may it swing wide open and let in to the darkened soul, the glorious light of gospel truth to all in darkness and sorrow.—*The Rostrum*.

Hon. J. J. Owen, formerly editor and proprietor of the San Jose *Mercury*, has sold his interest in that paper and established a journal entitled the GOLDEN GATE, in San Francisco. The new publication is devoted to "practical reform, the elevation of humanity in this life, and a search for the evidences of life beyond." The first numbers are what one might expect from so finished a writer and competent an editor as Mr. Owen; they are filled with matter of an high literary merit, ranging over a wide and interesting field of thought. But if Mr. Owen makes a success of a journal devoted exclusively to such matter, he will have accomplished what few men have before him. Typographically, the GOLDEN GATE is as pretty as its name.—*Quincy (Ill.) Journal*.

Hon. J. J. Owen, original founder of the San Jose *Mercury*, makes his bow to the public in San Francisco in a new publication, the GOLDEN GATE, "a journal of practical reform, devoted to the elevation of humanity in this life and a search for the evidences of life beyond." The initial numbers before us are fine specimens of typographical excellence and marvels of editorial independence. We wish the new venture the fullest measure of success and bespeak for it the wide patronage it eminently deserves. Address No. 21 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco.—*New Northwest*.



## NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

It is now thought that the sales of Miss Cleveland's book will reach about 50,000 copies.

In Garfield county, Colorado, there are 737 single men and only 68 unmarried women.

Nine monuments to Grant will be erected in this country unless some of the present projects fail.

The new census gives Massachusetts a population of 1,940,000, a gain of nearly 160,000 since 1880.

New York's million-dollar monument is progressing finely. Nothing is needed now but the million dollars.

It is a notable fact that the inventor of the Gatling gun peacefully resides in the same city with Mark Twain.

The right of women in Kansas to vote at district school board elections, has recently been affirmed by the Attorney-General.

The English high-church guide-book gives a list of 2,858 churches in which the high-church notions appear in ritual practices.

Edinburgh is probably the most thoroughly Presbyterian city in the world. Out of a total of 181 churches 124 are Presbyterian.

During all seasons of the year, it is said, the earth at Yakutsk, Siberia, is frozen from the depth of fifty feet to that of about 1,000 feet.

The Hon. Levi P. Morton has resumed business at his old New York banking house. He says he has had politics enough for the present.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached in Edinburgh last Sunday to an audience as vast as that which greeted him in London on the Sunday previous.

A son of Spurgeon, the famous preacher, has a church in Auckland, New Zealand, where he delivers sermons almost as sensational as those of his father.

Wiggins, the weather prophet, seems to have gone into the coal business. He predicts a Winter that will bury last year's record under ten feet of snow.

Boston's famous lawyer, Sidney Bartlett, is eighty-six years old, and estimated worth \$12,000,000, chiefly derived from excellent railroad speculations.

There are now 110,000 miles of submarine cable stretching under the ocean, although it is less than thirty years since the first ocean cable was successfully laid.

Boston has made a contribution toward the culture of the Congo country by sending out a cargo of liquor, said to be so vile as to be unsalable in New England.

The Connecticut River, once a navigable stream for a considerable distance, is said to be drying up because of the destruction of the forests along its watershed.

Some buildings in Virginia, Nev., which cost \$20,000 to build several years ago, without the lots on which they stood, were sold recently for \$1235, including the ground.

Muscad grapes are selling for \$9 per ton, Mission for \$10 and \$11, and foreign varieties for \$13, at Los Angeles. The low prices have caused many new private wineries to be built.

The Mayor of Plattsburg, Mo., issued a proclamation, designating a day for fasting and prayer, during the stay of Sam Jones, the great Methodist revivalist, in that town.

A lady of Richmond, Va., has a son twenty months old who cannot speak a word, but sings himself to sleep nightly, with the airs that he has heard sung, played or whistled during the day.

Episcopalians in New York have seventy-three pastors; Presbyterians, fifty-eight; Methodists, fifty-three, and Baptists thirty-three, the whole number of evangelical ministers in the active pastorate being 284.

The Sacramento river is so low that a large amount of land is left high and dry which was formerly river bed. A large number of claims 40x160 feet in size have been located on these lands at Sacramento as town lots.

The odd fancy of a Michigan man is to build his summer residence in the shape of a huge lantern. The site is on a bluff overlooking Lake Huron, and at night when the house is well lighted up, the effect is curious.

Dallas, Tex., claims to be the most striking example of growth in the Southern States. In 1872-3 it was only a clump of unpretentious warehouses and shanties on the Trinity; now it is solidly built over an area extending back two miles from the river, and has a population of over 35,000.

Allen Thorndyke Rice, the proprietor of the North American Review, has a fortune of five millions. He is a young man, not thirty-five, it is said, with olive complexion, dark brown hair, large hazel eyes, a good straight nose, and a well-brushed, close-cut beard, overhung by a long mustache.

A house to be used as a hall of residence for women intending to enter the profession of teaching will be opened in Cambridge, England, next term. The design of the promoters is to give women a more technical education for the profession of teaching than can be obtained at existing institutions.

The latest method of swindling the Government was concocted by the whisky distillers and is called the "funny" barrel. They put a thick stave where the bung hole is, and another thick stave just opposite on the other side. It took the gaugers a long time to discover that the Government was being swindled from one to two dollars on every barrel.

The longest respite on record has been granted by the Governor of Delaware, in the case of Lewis List, who was sentenced to death for a murder committed in Wilmington. The law prohibits the Governor from commuting a death sentence, so he overcame the legal prohibition by respiting List until Friday, May 20, 1940—over fifty-four years. He is now in his twenty-fifth year.

There seems to be a great rivalry among Southern cities in regard to the erection of expensive buildings for Young Men's Christian Associations. Atlanta leads off with a hall costing \$100,000, Nashville and Chattanooga are trying to raise \$50,000 apiece for this purpose, and Selma, Ala., is barely content with \$25,000.—Chicago Times.

If these young Christians would only content themselves with halls costing one-half the foregoing princely sums, and invest the other half in homes for the poor, to how much better purpose could they not serve their Divine Master.

## THE SHASTA GHOST.

## Or the Psychic Girl of the Sierras.

Mr. John Allyn, of St. Helena, recently visited the scene of the occult disturbances in Shasta county, and on Sunday last gave the result of his investigations before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall in this city.

The disturbances commenced at the Fisher residence, July 23d, and were substantially the same as those heretofore published in the *Chronicle* and copied into the *GOLDEN GATE*. After the family were driven from their home through fear, the disturbances followed them to Millville, nine miles distant, where they were witnessed by many people of that place. They had ceased just before Mr. Allyn's arrival, after continuing for a period of about four weeks.

Mr. Allyn interviewed a number of eye-witnesses, and took down their statements in writing. He found the Fisher's plain, well-to-do farmers, of good reputation for veracity and integrity. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fisher, a son, William J., aged 14; a daughter, Annie, aged 11, and two smaller children.

Annie Fisher, who is conspicuous in these phenomena, Mr. Allyn found to be a bare-footed, plain country girl, with bright blue eyes, but nothing remarkable in her appearance.

The Fisher's are not religious people; neither are they Spiritualists, never having witnessed any of the phenomena usually attributed to Spirits; but were inclined to doubt the existence of the soul; nor did they know of any mediums or clairvoyants among their ancestors.

The house where the disturbances first occurred is located in an open plain, without a tree or shrub for several hundred yards, the nearest being a peach orchard about 200 yards to the south. Three watch-dogs were kept about the house, rendering it impossible for any stranger to approach without his presence being known to the family.

We will now give Mr. Peter Fisher's statement as taken down by Mr. Allyn and signed by Mr. Fisher and his wife:

## STATEMENT OF MR. AND MRS. FISHER.

July 23d, the first day of the disturbance, rocks were thrown onto the roof several at a time, commencing at seven in the morning, and continuing at intervals through the day. The older children were up the creek fishing, when a stick eight inches long was thrown into the front door, and the mop pitched in through the open window, and the broom thrown out of the front door. The shears, eight inches long, were found standing points downward on a table, but the points did not penetrate the wood sufficiently to support them. A number of feats were repeated several times during the day.

The second day a rocking-chair was put into the seat of another, and some children's clothes thrown into them. These things were not seen to move, but found in this condition in the sitting-room, while during the time that they were so placed a sharp watch was kept on the children to see that they did not do these things.

The bedroom was done up, beds made, and the one window fastened down with a ten-penny nail over the top on the inside, leaving it open four inches for ventilation at the bottom. Half an hour after the bed was made up, the window was shoved up full height, the nail was twisted off, the bed appeared as if a man had tramped over it. Mr. Fisher was sitting in the sitting-room in front of the only door entering the bed-room, and felt sure that no one entered it through the door. Rocks from one to three inches in diameter were thrown onto the roof, and into the kitchen through the open window; no glass was broken.

Two sacks containing feathers were hanging on a nail in the porch off the kitchen. These were put on a chair in the yard, and moved back, and put into a basket in the girls' bedroom off the kitchen—these sacks were moved back and forth up to the time we left the house.

A small clock four inches high was taken from a shelf in the girls' room and hid. Afterwards it was found and put in a cigar-box, and the lid nailed down and put into a satchel and locked, and the key was hid under the tablecloth. After that the satchel was found unlocked, and tied with a string, and the clock hid. Afterwards it was found in the fire-place in the sitting-room, covered with ashes and rubbish—the remains of a fire. Afterwards it was found hid in a mattress of a bed, and this was repeated many times. During most of the time a sharp watch was kept on the children to see that they did not do these things.

Two pictures 12x16 inches hanging on the wall in the girls' room were found in the bed between the mattress and the slats on which the mattress rested. The girls had not been in the room during this time.

The boy's school-books were thrown under his bed and covered with clothes.

Saturday the beds in three different rooms were thrown into disorder, the covers doubled over from the foot and the head; in the boy's room the straw mattress was rolled off the bed. During this time Mr. Fisher kept a close watch, sitting where he could command a view of both of the doors to these rooms, but detected no one doing these things. They were repeated until Sunday towards evening when the family left the house to escape the annoyance.

I asked Mr. Fisher if he was much alarmed. He replied that he did not lose much sleep, but Mrs. Fisher said she did; and while lying awake one night her youngest child was jerked from her arms to the foot of the bed.

The family then moved into a cabin across Cow creek, a large-sized mill stream. They went as a refuge from these annoyances, concluding the house was haunted. They were afraid the children might be hurt with flying rocks and missiles.

On Thursday, the bed in the cabin was thrown into confusion, the covers rolled up on the center of the bed. There was no one in the cabin, the family sitting under the trees outside, in full view of the cabin door.

Next, the family were cooking outside the cabin, when sticks from six to eighteen inches long of old timber, that appeared to have been drifted wood, were thrown about the camp. One, a forked one, eighteen inches, went directly over Annie's head within six inches, rising for fifteen feet, and then dropped on the ground. After this Mr. Fisher took the family to his brother-in-law's, about six miles distant, and returned with his boy, William, to the cabin.

On Thursday the family returned to the cabin, except Annie, who remained. On Sunday Mrs. Fisher's sister-in-law returned with Annie, and with Annie went to the house, when rocks were again thrown onto the roof of the house as before. Then they went to the camp over the creek.

On Monday rocks and sticks were thrown about the camp and cabin. Mr. Fisher saw a satchel locked and the key put into Annie's dress pocket, soon afterwards the key was thrust down

the neck of her dress, making her cringe, and dropped down on the ground.

On Tuesday, Mr. Fisher and a neighbor, Mr. Marsh, went to the house. Mr. F. went to feed a pig, leaving Mr. Marsh and the family, including Annie, sitting on the back porch, when sticks and stones were thrown into the kitchen over their heads. Mr. Marsh gathered these up, but could see no one, although there was nothing to conceal anyone who could do the throwing.

The same day they went to the peach orchard and were gathering peaches, when a stone nearly as large as a goose egg fell with a rustle through the peach trees, hitting Annie on her ankle causing a sharp pain—her ankle had been previously sprained and was tender.

Afterwards three rocks fell on the roof of the barn where some peaches were spread out to dry. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher saw the stones.

On Wednesday Mr. Marsh's family were present when rock-throwing occurred, but nothing else.

The same evening eight men came from Millville, when all with the family repaired to the camp. At candle light they built a large fire. Annie was sitting by the bright light when a stick of stove-wood and a piece of pitchwood, three feet long, were thrown, hitting Annie's lame ankle, causing her to cry out, but producing no permanent injury.

At the same time a cane was thrown from Annie's hand with a jerk, about ten feet; and her hat was thrown from her head about thirty feet, lighting on the crown. Mr. Fisher saw these things as well as the visitors from town. The hat which was thrown many times, was uniformly thrown against the wind, although the breeze was light at the time, and always lighted on the crown. When the children were undressed for bed the clothes were thrown violently against Mrs. Fisher and a little nephew, who was present at the time.

Mrs. Fisher said that Annie told her that when in the peach orchard she saw a spirit child go before her, climb over the fence and disappear.

On Thursday forenoon the family and Millville people were at the house, when Annie's hat was thrown out about sixty feet into the yard several times, no one saw her hands move, and she was requested to hold her hands together, which she did, and still her hat went as before. Then a boy put his hat on her head, putting her hat on his own head. She held her hands on her head over the hat, but still it flew off into the yard as before. But her hat remained on the head of the boy. Rocks were thrown on the roof as before.

At 12 M. the Millville people returned home, except Mr. D. King and his son, fourteen years old, who remained with the family. They then went to the camp, when a butcher knife eleven inches long was seen standing point downwards on Annie's right shoulder. Then Annie was hit on the lame ankle by a rock weighing about ten pounds, causing her to cry out, but producing no serious injury.

Then a fence plank seven inches wide and seven feet long was seen on Annie's shoulder, one end tipped up above her head; it then slid off on to the ground. This was seen by Mr. Fisher and Mr. King of Millville, as the latter told me in Millville. Then Annie was sent into the cabin and was sitting in a rocking-chair, and Mr. King requested to watch her. He was sitting in the cabin when the pillow started to move off from the bed. Mr. King caught it; Annie was entirely out of reach of the bed. Then Annie was sitting in the rocking-chair in full sight of Mr. King, when the flat slat between the legs of the chair dropped out on the floor, hitting the inevitable ankle.

Then a small black hand valise, which Mr. Fisher saw on the floor beside of the room, was next seen hanging on a nail on a rafter of the cabin too high for any one but a tall man to reach. It was then taken down and placed on the floor, and soon disappeared. It was found in a corner of the cabin with a carpet-sack thrown over it so as to hide it.

A box 12x6 inches, containing knives, was standing by a tree in the camp, when Mr. Fisher saw it covered by a mat ingeniously braided with roots, and a dish-cloth. He called Mrs. King's attention to it, when they heard a noise of moving furniture in the cabin. They looked into the cabin. Annie was standing in the door; the large rocking-chair was on the bed wedged in under the rafter so as to render it difficult to remove it from its position.

After dinner, about 3 P. M., the family were sitting by the table. Annie was drinking coffee out of a saucer when it flew out of her hand on to the bed, about five feet away, without spilling the coffee. A tumbler flew from the table to the bed; also a plate was thrown in the same way.

There were many other mysterious things done which were not thought worth while to write out in detail, as they scarcely add to the significance of what is above written. The above is true in substance and detail, and is rather understated, and nothing exaggerated to the best of our knowledge and belief.

PETER FISHER,  
NANCY FISHER.

Written at Fisher's residence, Aug. 16, 1885, by John Allyn.

## TESTIMONY OF J. L. NICHOLS.

After the family were driven from their home, they took up their residence with Mr. David King, a blacksmith of Millville. Following is a statement of J. L. Nichols, a druggist of Millville, as to what he witnessed at the King residence. (We may add that Mr. Fisher, after leaving his wife, Annie and the two young children, with Mr. King, went back to his ranch.)

He said he paid close attention to the mysterious phenomena for two hours, at the house of David King, August 14, 1885, in the presence of Mrs. Fisher and Annie Fisher and Mrs. King. Saw several articles move swiftly through the room, from points where no one could reach them. When they struck, there was a noise like that produced by a sharp blow on a table, with the knuckles.

Saw the feather duster a moment before it started lying on the sewing machine. It went feathers foremost through the door of the house and porch, and about twelve feet into the yard and alighted with the aforesaid detonation.

He saw Annie fall on the floor in a trance condition. Felt of her wrist, it was pulseless for about a minute, then it was more rapid than in the normal condition. When I had hold of Annie, felt something resembling electricity pass up my arms.

Watched closely but could detect no trick, and was unable to explain the mystery. Did not see the beginning of the movement of articles, but saw a moment before they started, and Annie was entirely beyond reach of them. Saw the mattress lying down smooth on the bed; a few moments after, it was raised up in a ridge sixteen inches high in the middle. No one was near it. I looked under the bed and assured myself there was no one there. Several billets of wood and stones flew about generally alighting on Annie's lame ankle, with a gentle touch. She would exclaim, "Oh!" but did not appear to be seriously injured.

## STATEMENT OF DAVID KING.

The next and last statement is by Mr. King, who is vouched for by his neighbors as a thoroughly reliable man:

Mrs. King and Annie Fisher were sitting on the front porch, when a hand axe, or large hatchet, was thrown by an invisible power eighteen feet

from the kitchen porch, hitting Annie on the sprained ankle which was inflamed and swollen. She cried out, but was not seriously hurt.

A boy's hat was on the head of the bed which was in the sitting room, Annie sitting on the foot of the bed out of reach of the hat, when the hat moved rapidly across the room, angling from corner to corner, and was wedged in between the table and the wall of the room.

Mrs. Fisher's child's stocking flew from an isolated position around Mr. King's arms and dropped in the woodbox.

A feather-duster was lying on a sewing machine in the sitting-room. We were watching Mr. L. Nichols' hat placed on Annie's head. She was standing just outside the front porch on the ground when the feather duster flew past us through the front door, feathers foremost and struck the ground twelve feet from the porch in the yard.

A hat flew from Annie's head on to Minnie Winegar's head, and then hit Mr. Nichols.

A rocking-chair was setting near the kitchen door out of the reach of Annie, when the cushion flew and struck Minnie Winegar, a girl of fourteen summers, in the breast. Annie was thrown down on the floor when Mr. King placed a pillow under her head. She was then set on the bed by Mrs. Nichols who placed her arm around Annie, when she was jerked away and laid on the floor in the middle of the room.

A piece of a barrel stave, ten inches long, was thrown from the woodbox on the back porch, and struck near the front door. The stick was then put back and flew out and struck the table with a loud slap, and fell at Mrs. King's feet.

A piece of stove-wood rose out of the woodbox and struck Annie on the lame ankle with a gentle touch.

Saturday things were moved much as before. The mattress was rolled up with the pillows. It was unrolled and thrown against the wall. A rock, large as a man's fist, rolled off from the main onto the shed roof which was not so steep and stopped.

Annie's hat was thrown off as before, she was then thrown upon the floor. Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. King took hold of her but could not lift her from the floor. Mrs. King said it appeared as if some invisible power held her to the floor. Mr. Fisher then took hold of her and said she appeared as heavy as a large man. Annie said there was something holding her to the floor.

Then a valise was moved from near the door and was laid on a desk; all was entirely out of reach of Annie. Mrs. King placed a hat on a bed-post—it was thrown off three times—they were closely watching it, and were sure no one touched it. A bread-pan was thrown across the kitchen with a crash, and several other utensils were thrown about. A clothes-brush flew from the bureau across the room. A butcher-knife flew from its place in the kitchen about twenty feet. A parol came off the bed and stood up on the floor until Mr. King took it. The feather duster was laid on the bed by a lady visitor, who started for home—soon the duster was seen ten feet from the bed standing on the floor, feathers uppermost—it stood until Mr. King took it away.

Many other similar things were done before they left Sunday evening for home.

Mrs. King said that after the phenomena she was walking with Annie to a neighbor's house. Annie had a cane and was limping, as her ankle was still swollen. Suddenly the cane was jerked away flying twenty feet; she walked off without limping and suffered no more from the sprained ankle. Annie told her she saw a spirit walking by the side of her who told her they would not be troubled any more with the strange proceedings.

## "FOREVER BATTLING THE OLD."

(Spiritual Offering.)

Is the expression of a distinguished Spiritualistic writer of New England, in a private letter to the editor of the *Offering*. And we ask is not the feeling becoming quite general that the time has come for proclaiming more prominently the divine teachings of Spiritualism? The iconoclastic work has been required and perhaps to some extent is yet, but tens of thousands who have been convinced of the falsity of old orthodox Christian views, are ignorant of the spiritual philosophy. Mention Spiritualism, and hundreds conceived it to be nothing more than the tipping of tables, etc.

Recently at a reception given by the editress at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, a large company of ladies and gentlemen being present, half of them church members, while under control the medium walked across the room, approached a strange lady, and taking her by the hand gave her a poem of a personal character, and referred so truthfully of her past, present and future that she was deeply affected even to tears. The lady has since visited Mrs. Fox, and a lengthy conversation expressed a desire to know more of Spiritualism, although previously greatly prejudiced, admitting that she came to the reception on the invitation of a friend expecting to be merely amused but instead she had become deeply interested. She had seen only one class of Spiritualists, the extreme radical element, composed mostly of those who are satisfied with the phenomena, and there rest. We repeat, the time to more emphatically present the philosophical and religious teachings of Spiritualism, has fully come. Thousands are ready to identify themselves with the movement, if they can but go where they find something to satisfy their spiritual nature. We need more of the spirit of fraternity, of divine and human love, less of the iconoclastic spirit and more of the spirit of charity that shall draw us together; no outer form of belief, however mildly expressed will utilize—it must come from within the heart. This wholly iconoclastic work tends to segregation, separation. Are we not all brethren? Hath not our Father created us? We confidentially believe that soon.

The dawn will break—

The dawn of brotherhood and love and peace,  
The light of a new time, when strife shall cease,  
When Spiritualists will sadly say,  
Why were we foes? why did we hate and slay?

There is nothing in the teachings of Spiritualism, when rightly understood, to cause dissension and strife. A large number, in fact a host, within our ranks, are exclaiming with one of olden time:

Oh, spirit of love! thy children are athirst on the desert of life.  
"Oh, spirit of love! thy children murmur amid hatred and repinings."  
"Oh, spirit of love! save us from distrust."

Aspirations like these, ascending from even a part of the great multitude who now believe in spirit communion, will certainly bring the conditions necessary for harmony and unity of action.

*This is the spirit with which the Offering will be conducted through the new year upon which it has entered.* The majority of its contributors are imbued with the same spirit. We do not ignore the importance and necessity of discussion if conducted in the right spirit, but articles that contain unfavorable personal allusions, will be as much as possible avoided.

We invoke the spirits of our ascended brothers, sisters and former associates, to aid us in the good work in which we are engaged.

We invoke, too, the aid of earth friends; without their help we can do but little. Nothing has imparted more courage and strength to do our work through the past year, than the inspiring words and kindly, appreciative letters of friends. The *Spiritual Offering* seeks peace, and will avoid everything that tends to inharmony, division and strife. While it will be a fearless advocate of Spiritualism and defender of its mediums, it will seek to present Spiritualistic views without the use of language that would offend persons of opposite views, remembering

"That what thou wilt,  
Thou shalt rather enforce it with thy smile,  
Than to hew it with thy sword."

To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny.—  
Washington.

## INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING.

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

## NEWS AGENCIES.

The *GOLDEN GATE* may be had of the following news dealers in San Francisco and Oakland:

Summer C. Blake, 503 Kearny St.  
H. F. Smith & Co., 225 Kearny St.  
J. C. Scott, 22 Third St., and cor. Market and Geary  
H. C. Cooper, 746 Market St.  
Hook Bros., 20 Sixth St.  
Macowsky Bros., 600 Market St.  
Chas. Foster, Ferry Landing.  
O. C. Cook, cor. Tenth and Broadway, Oakland.  
T. R. Burns, N. W. cor. Ninth and Broadway, and  
S. W. cor. Seventh and Broadway, Oakland,  
Edward P. Taylor, 857 Broadway, Oakland.

## DIED.

CARRIER—In this city, Sept. 1, Irene S. Carrier, wife of A. E. Carrier, M. D., of Detroit, Mich., and sister of Mrs. M. B. Dodge, of San Francisco, aged 37 years.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, will be resumed next Sunday, September 6th; answers to questions at 11 A. M. Subject of lecture at 7:45 P. M., "Our Platform and Principles of Faith." A reception will be tendered Mrs. Watson by her friends, in the lower hall of Metropolitan Temple, Friday, September 4th, at 8 P. M., at which time subscribers can procure their monthly tickets from M. B. Dodge, business manager. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all. The Children's Progressive Lyceum will resume its services September 6th, at 12:30 P. M.

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


The first hour will be devoted to instrumental music, songs, recitations and social intercourse. Second hour—conference. Subject, "Mediums and Mediumship," opened by Mrs. Harris, followed by other excellent speakers. The music is in charge of Mrs. Carrie Miner. Mrs. J. J. Whitney will occupy the platform during the last half hour.

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.

LAUREL HALL, 34 O'FARRELL STREET  
School of Psychic Culture at 11 A. M., conducted by Mrs. Anna Kimball; 8 P. M., lecture by George Chalmey.

**DOCTOR FELLOWS**



Is an Independent and Progressive physician and the most successful, as his practice will prove. He has, for twenty years, treated exclusively diseases of the Sexual Organs, in the cure of which he stands pre-eminent. Spermatorrhea and Impotency as the result of self-abuse in youth and sexual excesses in mature years, causing night emissions by dreams, loss of sexual power, rendering marriage improper and unhappy, etc., are cured permanently by an outside application in sixty days. No Stomach Medicine Used. It is one of Dr. Fellows' valuable remedies, which is entirely unknown to the medical profession. It was given to Dr. F. by his spirit physician, and has been a boon to thousands. It cures where all others fail. Send five 2-cent stamps for his "Private Counselor," giving full information. Address, Dr. R. P. Fellows, Vineland, N. J., and say where you saw this advertisement.



## GOSSIP ABOUT LABOR.

[The Santa Barbara Press, of a recent date, contains, under the above heading, a long, chatty, but thoughtful and deeply interesting article on the labor question, from the pen of that clear-headed capitalist and philanthropist, Col. W. W. Hollister. It is a paper that should be read by every laboring man in the country. We copy such extended extracts as our space affords.]

He who assigns as a reason of present hard times, a "general overproduction," the not uncommon assertion, appears to me to make about as big a mistake as the man who said that his pig had so much corn that he could not get fat.

Can any man be so stupid as to say that the world is too rich, that suffering comes because man has too much of worldly goods to make him contented and happy? Obviously there is no sense in such an assertion. Then where are we to look for the cause of the general cessation of business and consequent complaint of the laboring masses.

I say simply and entirely in the breaking of the natural laws of trade. Trading means commercial exchanges,—among people and nations. This trading, if it is not embarrassed by some kind of restriction is governed by law, as absolute as the law which regulates the revolution of the planets—immutable and eternal. He who dares intercept or obstruct the operation of these laws, does it at great peril—this intervention and obstruction is attempted and is going on now.

Not content to allow full liberty of action to the laws of trade, the muscle of this and of all countries, by means of labor leagues and unions, has so antagonized the natural law, that we now find ourselves in this terrible stagnation and paralysis of industry.

The contract between brains, capital and muscle, has been broken by the exorbitant demand of muscle, one of the partners in the concern. The demand of higher wages than the business will bear, has caused brains and capital to retire from the firm, and hard times come as a certain consequence. Who is to blame? Can muscle or brains or capital run the concern alone? Can all together run it, unless there is a fair division of the profit gained by the united effort of the three? Brains says I retire for I am not paid. Capital says I get no interest, and muscle says I shall quit the concern unless I have what I think is my share, and now to enforce my opinion I shall strike, and no one inside or outside shall work till my demand is complied with. So enterprise is crushed, industry perishes, accumulation of that upon which we subsist ceases. We become poor from idleness, and men wonder why it is so.

There never can come a time when the world can have too much. Inequality of distribution can only exist under conditions growing out of broken law. Secure equality or approximate equality of distribution of the profits gained by the partners in business, and there never will come a time when either will say, I want to withdraw from the firm. There never will come a time when production shall cease or want come. Poverty comes only by idleness, and you invite crime with poverty.

At a certain price for labor, all industries are prosecuted and idleness is unknown—at a higher price no business is done and men cry for bread.

Commencing with the cry, "The Chinese must go," you prevented the natural adjustment of prices of labor by an abundant supply of workers from China. None came from other sources, high prices prevailed in consequence of the restriction, and now, when languishing industry appeals for cheaper help, you strike and refuse to work at a price employment justifies. You will lose very heavily. You close the workshop and eat the bread of idleness. Not long, but too long for you. Why stop production at all? Why not create indefinitely the things upon which we live? Why is it better to pay one dollar for your dinner than a less sum? As labor is creator of your dinner, why not have it so cheap that you could buy it for the tenth of a dollar? Are you worse off with a dinner equally good, which costs you ten cents, than with one costing you a dollar? If you can live as long and as well on ten dollars a month as on twenty, why strive for the twenty? The law is, at ten you can find employment, at twenty none at all. You are only part of the firm; if the other members retire, you are lost. You can only find employment when the business which you all carry on is successful. By your unreasonable demand business is now a failure. You break the law and are being punished.

There is now just as much to be done as there ever was. There are as many hungry mouths to feed and as many naked bodies to clothe as ever. You can feed and clothe them now easier than ever before in the world; but you must work to do it. You can do it better than ever before, and that is your gain; but you are more luxurious than ever; you want more to satisfy you. All right, let it be so; that is not to be set down to your discredit, but work to enjoy the added luxury. Don't strike and hurt yourself and others. You cannot get along without your partners—the brains and capital. Do not drive them out of the concern, for they are, like yourself, struggling for a living.

No doubt we could get along without

the Chinese, but it would be slow work, and much loss would be sustained before business could be revived. There was not enough of laborers of all kinds to keep business in a healthy condition, and by stopping the Chinaman from coming you placed an embargo upon all enterprise. There were not enough of all combined; more was needed to bring down the price of labor low enough for us to carry on our business. You stopped them, and prices were not only sustained at the high figure, but grew higher and higher until now. Where is the man who will embark in any business which he cannot carry on alone?

If you had let the Chinese come as they would have come in obedience to the law which brought them, your competition with them would have ceased, for in the abundance of work which would have followed successful industries, you would have found places far above them, and more than you could have filled at far better prices than the Chinamen would have received. On the plane upon which you now stand you have forced yourself in direct competition with John. If you had let more come he would have been forced to stand on the first round of the ladder below you. He would have been the mud-sill, and thus removed from his competition you would have occupied the higher places to your greater comfort and satisfaction.

Some one has got to stand in the mud. Why not let John do it? Could you not let him build the ditches and you distribute the water and manage the farm and own it too? If cheaper ditches were made, would you not buy cheaper land? If cheaper railroads were built, would you not get cheaper freights? With cheaper rates would you not get a wider market? With a wider market, more fruit-raisers—more fruit-raisers, more demand for workers to secure the crops. No idleness, no poverty, less crime.

Let wages rise and fall by operation of natural laws, unimpeded by social restriction upon their free operation, and abnormally high or low prices will be prevented by operation of these very laws.

You cannot antagonize a natural by a social law without suffering. Quit your leagues and unions and be free, and let the law work for your best interests. Work under, not against law.

Taking into account the cost of your productions to-day, the purchasing power of money is too great. Cheapen your labor and it will be a fair measure. In all things there is an eternal struggle for adjustment; obedience to natural laws makes adjustment easy.

There is no reason, no good reason why hard times exist. There is plenty of work to do at a fair price. At a fair price your offer to work, induces some man who has money to invest, to try some business which he thinks has money in it, the coin locked up in the bank is drawn forth and being employed you add to your own and the country's wealth. If you ask him more than he thinks he can afford to give, justified by the promise of the business, he shuts the door on his coin, and you go further in vain search for work. Think of the many homes in this State now, where not a single man is employed as laborer. Think of the activity which would prevail if all now here, and more should come and work at fair prices. Suppose every man who has money now idle, could find something to do with it, which would yield an interest, not necessarily in money but safely stored in valuable improvements of any and all kinds. What activity, what growth of wealth and what content, which is better than all, would come. This is an ideal state of things, which all can see would follow, if by any means you could get the idle to work.

As I said, there is no end to the work which might be done. I could hire a hundred men, if there was any profit in doing it; but at the present price I cannot hire a hundred but dismiss the thirty which I have now.

There are about a million of people here in our State, a State capable of sustaining and enriching ten millions. Now is our opportunity—with such a wide field, there is nothing to do but set our brains, and capital, and muscle to work and that million, because of our opportunity, might become the richest million on the face of the earth. But you don't want to get rich out of the work of Chinamen at ten dollars a month, you prefer rather poverty with twenty-five, for American workers, who won't work—you are the bosses—have your own way.

When muscle thinks, Napoleon's muskets will plan campaigns.

I see no good in this unequal fight. Muscle votes, it is the majority—it don't think but it rules, opposing natural law, it can and does bring great suffering to itself. There seems no cure but bankruptcy, and that is a bad plaster for a bad sore; but it will cure at last. How many will go through the mill which is about to grind us, and come out with anything, remains to be seen. There was and is no good reason for what we are about to suffer—for if all men had quietly gone on with business on a lower plane with lower wages, no great trouble would have come to us. Always in a period of transition from one plane to another lower one, there will be some suffering, till the balance is struck—then all is plain sailing again, and men progress

in proportion to what they do. Don't forget that the progress of the man and nation is in exact proportion to the amount of work intelligently done. If on any plane you won't work, you will be poor.

Nothing can save a lazy man or nation. The law is, work and win. If you don't want to work, go to the tropics—be a savage, and nature will feed you from a tree. Don't stay here, we don't want you.

Just as sure as sunshine and shade, as sure as light and darkness, so sure do we thrive in obedience to natural laws, and suffer when we break them.

If I was dictator, I would let every worker from every part of the world—white, black or party-colored—come here without stint or limit. I would cut off the head of every lazy one who dared to come. I would lift the burden from the weak and weary woman of the household and put it on the back of a strong Chinaman. Then I would say to the woman: "You like silk dresses; all right. I like them too, when you wear them. Now, go to work with that industry that produces them; I will find a Chinaman to pick the leaves for you, but it needs your clear head and cunning hand to care for the busy, voracious little worm that spins the beautiful fiber. Do your part, and I will see that you do not have to wrestle with the pots and kettles of the kitchen." Fair work for fair hands, and together we will save to the country many, many millions. There shall not be a woman in my domain but whose life shall be better than ever before was brought to her by the cunning of great statesmen.

## Why Young Girls Should not Marry.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A very young girl is certainly not capable of choosing a husband. She takes it for granted that men are always as she sees them in society—polite, friendly and on their good behavior. If she marries early in life the man who happens to please her fancy, she learns to her sorrow that in nine cases out of ten a man at home and a man in society are widely different beings. Five years at that period of life produce a great change in opinions and feelings. We frequently come to detest at 25 what we admired at 16. We advance from the taffy-candy and peanut age to the era of gumdrops and marionettes, and even in later years lose our yearnings for those dainties. Similar changes take place in the moral and physical nature. Why should we feel the same toward persons in life, when we have learned to distinguish between the false and the true, the bad and the good, any more than we should like dime novels after we have become acquainted with Dickens, Thackeray and Shakespeare? How few, comparatively, of the school-girl friendships extend into later life! How few of our companions in society do we love as well after twenty years have passed!

How few even of our own brothers and sisters in whom we do not see faults we could wish eradicated! Considering all this, how is it possible for one to feel surprised when a couple who marry in their teens grow to love each other less as years roll by? When both grow alike, whether it be rapidly or slowly, backward or forward, there is some hope of their ever seeing each other with the same eyes; but when one progresses and the other retrogrades, a difference springs up between them, and in time one looks down upon the other with a feeling of superiority, perhaps unconfessed, but still there, while the other, unable to perceive the real cause of the trouble, grows to dislike what was once loved. And thus it happens that those who loved at 16 are indifferent at 25, and sometimes divorced at thirty. One great cause of early marriages is the pernicious habit of calling a girl who remains unmarried until 25 an "old maid." This is done by many well-meaning but thoughtless persons, who would be sorry to think that any act or expression of theirs had ever caused one an hour of misery; yet this very dread of being called an "old maid" has driven more women into marriage and lifelong misery than any other thing, excepting, perhaps, poverty. It is a mistake to think that single life is any less noble than married, especially if the spirit of discord is permitted to inflict its horrors upon a whole household.

## Burial Customs in Timor.

[Chicago Herald.]

The burial of a relative in Timor is a very serious and expensive business. It involves a gift to the deceased from all his blood relatives, and in return, a burial feast. If the deceased is a man of rank, this feast is a matter very often of ruin to the family. The festivity must be given, and at the same time the hospitality is expected to be extraordinarily lavish. Consequently it often happens that the day of the funeral is indefinitely postponed for months, and even for years, until the family has had time to accumulate sufficient wealth of cattle and substance. In the meantime the corpse is inclosed in matting, and housed either in a tree or a hut, and left to itself. Then for days there is a savage banqueting and reveling, and the interment at last is carried out. Among the more savage races of the Timor Lant islands and Timor the skull of an ancestor is severed after burial and kept as a relic in a place of honor within the house.

## INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

[Mrs. Dr. Taylor, late of San Jose, but now of the Glenn Haven Home for Invalids, near Santa Cruz, writes us as follows:]

I will send you the message we received three weeks ago, three of us holding our hands upon a pair of slates tied, with but a crumb of pencil between, (this sister has been thirty years in spirit life), and although I have had hundreds of sittings with the best mediums in the United States, yet never have been able to get a word in any way before, so you can imagine my joy. I had the slates photographed. It read as follows:

"My own precious sister Nellie:—It is with joy unspeakable, that I am permitted through the aid of others, to thus come into close communion with you; to give you a token of my continued love and affection for you. All our dear friends and loved ones are here to-night, and all rejoice in their power to manifest, and above all, that you so recognize and appreciate our efforts. We are so happy when you feel and realize our presence. Dearest sister, do not be discouraged; the darkest cloud has a silver lining. What though the storms of earth may come, they but purify your spirit and the time will be but short, at best, however long it may seem to you, when you will come to us and be forever blest. Remember we are always with you. Can you not trust the loving ones who will bear you up in their arms and shield you from all harm? Brighter and better days are before you, and we are all so happy and glad that the change is coming that will lead you into broader fields of usefulness. Accept all my old-time love a thousandfold. I will come again and again, thankful for this precious privilege.

MARY."

## Courage.

It is courage that makes a man dare face all the problems of the world. How it is needed to-day to look through these great questions upon which human destiny depends! What a lack of faith in the universe; the lack of this courage reveals! It seems to me—let me speak with all reverence—that, if God sits on the throne of the universe, if he possesses those qualities which we think are highest in man, he surely must have some contempt, and contempt alone for those who fear to stand and look the world and heaven in the face and demand an answer to the great questions which thrill the thoughtful man. It seems to me, he must have an added respect for him who dares to look into the sky and frankly say:

"I wish there were a God. I wish I could find some evidence of his existence, but I cannot. The universe is not governed as I would govern it"; and, it seems to me, there can be no king upon the throne. I say, then, that it seems as though God must respect a man who dares to look him even in the face, and speak the deepest truth of his heart. I certainly never could find it in my soul to worship a God who would hold it a crime deserving punishment, a man to be thus courageous and true.

M. J. SAVAGE.

## Electric Fans.

[New York Tribune.]

"What is this?" asked a broker, as he sauntered into a Wall street banking house on Saturday, and fixed his inquiring gaze on a curious little machine from which there came a subdued whirr and a strong current of air. Then he put out his hand to investigate. There was a sudden snap, and he drew it back with three fingers cut half-way off.

While the clerks were binding up his wounds previous to starting him off for the family doctor, they explained that the thing which he saw was an electric motor, while the part that he felt, but hadn't seen, was an eighteen-inch fan, making 2,200 revolutions a minute. The broker went home with his curiosity satisfied, and the clerks decorated the machine with a huge placard, "Hands Off!"

There are now over fifty of these fans in use in the downtown district alone, the Stock Exchange and most of the leading banking houses having them. The rent for a machine is \$15 a summer, and they are run by the current which supplies the lamps at night, the cost for either being 1-5 cents an hour. The fans can also be bought outright. A large one will create a current of air that can be felt at a distance of fifty feet. They are made of two kinds of material, metal and fiber. The latter is not as durable, but it isn't so hard on the fingers of inquisitive spectators.

HE GOT IT AT LAST.—Widow to medium—"Is my husband happy in the spirit land?"

"Yes, perfectly so, madam. He has everything his soul desires."

"Then, thank Heaven, he's got it at last!"

"Got what, madam?"

"A postoffice."—Chicago Ledger.

"What pains a father more than the cry of his infant child?" asks some one. We don't know unless it is the cry of his infant twins.

## NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

A Dreamer Who Did Not Even Awake at Sedan.

"Napoleon III.," says Houssaye, "lived in a perpetual dream. He was born to dwell in silence and solitude rather than in the din and splendor of the Tuileries. I have seen him at the Elysée at St. Cloud seeking out a tree and not a man. On many days he never awoke at all; he was a somnambulist, and subject to hallucinations. This is why when people stood in his presence they asked of themselves if he was still there. Often he appeared not to hear because he answered not. But on the morrow he proved to you that he had heard distinctly. He thrust the cup from reality, even when the cup was not tinged with bitterness. He loved everything from afar, even womankind. When he was at table he ate heartily and drank tolerably, but without knowing whether the cooking was good or the wine of genuine stock. When he went to the Bois de Boulogne it always seemed as if he were there for the first time, so few faces did he recognize. He saluted with his hands, but not with his mind. Hence it was those about him often said: 'What can he be thinking of?' His political enemies wrote that he only thought of betraying France. On the contrary, he only thought of making France great and invincible. He desired that everybody should be rich, and that the fowl in the spot spoken of by Henry IV. should be a chimera no more. For the tyrant had a heart of gold. The dread of reality, while it raised him in the cloudland of reverie, kept him away from truth. Therefore it was that after the celebrated congress of Paris he committed none but capital errors. Therefore it was that, having declared that the empire was peace, he waged war for the sake of others. He fancied himself still a Carbonaro when he made Italy a nation. He was still a believer in the strength of the Latin races when he wished to have an Emperor crowned in Mexico. He did not perceive, so blind was he, that while he strove to govern the world he sacrificed France. That everlasting dreamer, who did not even awake at Sedan, was a sort of ice-bound hell, paved with good intentions. He partook of De Saint-Pierre's longing for perpetual peace. He gathered inspiration from all the reformers who planned the happiness of nations. He retained in his soul the generosity of Queen Hortense and of Josephine, his mother and grandmother. He never refused aught except to himself. That man who had so many enemies was not his enemy's enemy. Two days after the coup d'etat he thought of the amnesty. He read 'Les Chatiments' without faltering in his admiration of Victor Hugo. He desired to enrich Lamartine—another dream. He forgave the acts of treachery of those who surrounded him because he made allowance for a proportion of evil while he wished that good should prevail. People spoke of his leaden eye, and even of his stupidity, which was at one time legendary, but beneath a mask of impassiveness he concealed the fire that consumed him. He was hardly ever the man of action on guard at the gates of the Louvre as at the gates of France. As has been said, he believed in his star, in the superior government of things, as Bossuet puts it. That man who loved adventure and feared nothing bore not audacity on his face. At first sight he was not thought capable of filling an important part. He was small, he walked badly, he did not shine; nothing about him appeared endowed with life, neither his hair, nor his eyes, nor his mouth. Yet when speech or a smile animated him you felt that he was a man. On horseback particularly he broke his bonds and acquired some majesty. At table, too, he looked well, for he was all bust. When he donned his uniform he had somewhat the air of a conqueror. No one doubted his bravery. In that strange life of his one scarcely detects here and there his will, so much did he waver between yes and no. Like a painter impressed with the idea of grandeur and beauty, he aspired to everything. But he stopped short at the sketch, not being gifted as are the masters of the world. Hence his personality, which he wished to be glorious, will remain in half-tint; history will only devote to him pages wherein the shadows will cover the light."

"There is no real life without justice," he said. Many fancy that charity is the greatest virtue of all. It is a mistake. We have all the charity in the world that we need. We give away too much for charity already. I don't care if we build no more charitable institutions. We don't need them. What we do need is justice toward our fellowmen. A little more justice and a little less charity and there'll be immeasurably less suffering in the world. Some will say: "But don't charity bind up the bruised heart?" Yes; but injustice breaks it. "Don't charity feed the poor and needy?" Yes; but put justice in your commercial dealings with your fellows, and there will be no hungry mouths for charity to feed."—Rev. Dr. Lorimer.

The man who picks up an empty pocket-book on the first day of the fourth month, is called an April fool, but the man who expects to fill an empty pocket-book by investing his money in lotteries, is a fool all the year round.—Norristown Herald.



## PSYCHOMETRY.

[By J. Rhodes Buchanan, M. D.]

I am presenting in all its dignity and force a doctrine of scientific progress, which will shake the foundations of the literary world and all its Universities as they stand to-day; and I do not think it will require as many years as the doctrine of the land and the people did to agitate all civilized nations. This overturning power is PSYCHOMETRY.

It would seem very rash and presumptuous in any single scientist, and especially in one of so little influence as myself, and so unfit to be a leader, to think of overturning the established order of thought, principles of philosophy and methods of intellectual progress established throughout the world, and unquestioned from the beginning of civilization; but it is not a question of personal talent, influence or power, but simply a question of truth. It was nothing to the inventor of the steam engine that all nations ignored it. It was nothing to Copernicus that all the civilization of his age ignored the Copernican system. It was nothing to Pythagoras that all astronomers ignored the heliocentric system. It was nothing to Columbus that all European intelligence was against him. It was nothing to Harvey that all physicians and colleges in his day, misunderstood the heart, and were too stupidly conservative to accept his palpable demonstrations, for the man who really discovers a truth is master of the situation, and the slow-moving world must in time come to him, see what he sees, and walk in the path he has discovered. If I have discovered and cautiously demonstrated psychometry; if it is satisfactorily practiced by all who possess the psychometric faculty, becoming a cause of wonder to all who witness it, no more doubted in its application than the science of chemistry, then it is an established science, the right arm of enlightened physicians, and destined to become the right arm of all enlightened scientists who become acquainted with it. The establishment of psychometry is the beginning of a revolution which introduces endless and unlimited progress. In the presence of psychometric revelations of the origin of ancient religions, old superstitions fade out and libraries of old theology become useless lumber. Under the guidance of psychometry, therapeutic science will be remodeled, and medical diagnosis will attain scientific precision, rendering the medical art an unquestionable blessing to mankind, for a psychometer sitting in Boston or New York may diagnose a case in London or Paris, discovering its interior condition as correctly as the medical faculty residing in those cities.

Under the guidance of psychometry history and biography will be re-written. Cromwell, Napoleon, Caesar and other leaders will receive historic justice, and Jesus Christ and Judas Iscariot be understood as they really were. Geology, paleontology and astronomy will become new sciences by enlargement; psychology will be revolutionized and the whole palm of social thought be changed.

## Shocking Depravity.

Life in a New Hampshire village is presumably somewhat slow to one born and bred amid the wild freedom of the Pacific coast. A young and lively lady, a native of San Francisco, was visiting her husband's relatives in a town of this description. The even current of daily life afforded nothing very spicy in the way of subjects for conversation, and it was therefore with something of agreeable excitement that the guest noticed, during the visit of a neighbor, that some very thrilling bit of gossip was evidently on the feminine tongues present. Mysterious hints of something dark and dreadful in the conduct of a certain married man, during his wife's absence, at last incited her to ask what on earth the man had done. She felt considerable delicacy about making the inquiry, so evident was it that something highly improper was involved. But curiosity overcame discretion, and then the wickedness and immorality of this New Hampshire Lothario was revealed in all its hideousness and an awe-struck whisper: "Why, do you know, almost every day since his wife has been gone, he has been in the court after dinner, playing lawn-tennis till almost dark." One can imagine the effect of this thrilling communication on a resident of this frontier city, where we are accustomed to consider a temporarily widowed husband, so long as he keeps himself anywhere in sight, a model of domestic virtue.

## Nature's Voices.

[H. Holbrook in Spirit Offering.]

Nature speaks in many tongues and languages; life is reflected in every nook and corner of the grand old earth, and mortals consider all these manifestations that yield knowledge in abundance. Study well the chemistry of nature, look within for the interpreter of its various strivings, and in time pierce the mystery of thine own being; life exists in the precious stone, the lesser herb; learn then the equality of natural gifts. None are so pure and good that they have cause to boast, or so low and vile they need to despair, for on the thorny bush we see the roses bloom and on the stubbed oak the little acorns grow. Learn from this true feeling for all man-

kind, only look at nature and there is the all truth that shall sustain and build and cause mortals to grow wise.

Then when true to nature, she will bless thee with all treasures found in her storehouse, giving strength to the brain of mortal wherein he may utilize her forces for benefit and in unity of action will be enabled to fathom the domain of the soul region, which is only an outgrowth of these lessons when faithfully learned and obeyed.

**BLUE BLOOD.**—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry beer from a warehouse, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and, after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing was dropped, and Hyde was recommended to the young woman as a skillful lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterward Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who afterward became the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.—*London Echo.*

"Oh, dear me, how can I get my poor man to reform and lead a sober life again, sir?" said an Iowa woman to the old doctor who was trying to pull him out of a bad case of jimmies. "You must get him out of a prohibition State at once, my dear madam. The only safety for a man like him is to live some place where whisky is hard to get."—*Chicago Ledger.*

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This friend now—a month or so only  
Ago and you smiled in his smile;  
And when he grew weary or lonely,  
You jested, to cheer him the while.  
He prized the sweet solace you proffered,  
When for gloom you gave laughter instead;  
You are glad of the gift that you offered,  
Because—he is dead.

And because he is dead shall we gather  
The humanest relics there be,  
(All tenderer, dearer, the rather?)  
And pile up a pagan stuttee?  
Shall we speak of him, brows bending lowly?  
Shall we whisper his name under breath?  
Is not life, in its living, as holy  
And solemn as death?

As death? What is death, but the ending  
Of all that the mortal can claim?  
The drop of the mantle descending  
From the soul's mounting chariot of flame!  
Who wept for the prophet when guerdon  
So grand was requiting all loss?  
—Only grief for the left! with the Jordan  
Of trial to cross!

Ah! surely the angels who love us,  
Must yearn with an ache of desire,  
To point us the pathway above us,  
Till bright with the trail of the fire—  
Must burn with compassion to urge us,  
As hopeless we gaze on the tide,  
To smite, till the faith-smitten surges  
Of doubt shall divide.

So—speak to our friend who is walking  
In his chorister-garments of white,  
With the calm that would mellow your talking,  
If he sat in your presence to-night;  
Yea, name him with gladder elation,  
With prouder contentment—and shred  
No brightness from out the narration,  
Because he is dead.

—Margaret J. Preston.

## NIGHTFALL.

I stood on the hill as the sun went down,  
Flooding with glory the cloudland West,  
While lengthening shadows crept over the town,  
And night descended with peace and rest.

Soft tinges of violet, crimson and gold  
Crowned the far hill-tops, then faded away.  
And the sentinel ranges of years untold  
Were wrapped in a mantle of somber gray.

The wearying hum of the spindle and reel  
Below in the village at last was still;  
And down in the dungeon the water-wheel  
Slumbered under the silent mill.

And I heard the sound that the twilight brings—  
The myriad voices of eventide;  
The chirping of crickets, the rustling wings  
Of insects fluttering far and wide.

A cloud-like mist from the shadowed stream  
Sailed over the lowlands of grass and grain,  
And shapes grotesque in the moon's weird gleam  
Moved to and fro in a mystic train.

I heard the cry of the bird of night—  
A flute-note sadder than words can tell—  
And a clear, low voice—did I hear aright?  
Or was it only a strange, sweet spell?

An influence born of the scene and hour—  
That wakened remembrance from her sleep?  
Perhaps, high up in the tree-top tower,  
Among the boughs where the south winds sweep.

Some marvelous harp, by the breeze caressed,  
Answered and echoed the low refrain,  
While darkness shadowed the hills of the west,  
And night, incarnate, came down again.

For the beautiful singer who sang the song—  
The beautiful one with the brave, sweet eyes—  
In dreamless slumber, the whole year long,  
Through all the day and the darkness lies.

—Our Continent.

## MY OWN SHALL COME.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up the fruit of years.

The planets know their own, and draw;  
The tide turns to the sea;  
I stand serene 'midst nature's law,  
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The dew falls on the lea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

## THE SPIRIT'S LONGING.

There comes a time to every mortal being,  
Where'er his station or his lot in life,  
When his sad soul yearns for the final freeing  
From all this jarring and unlovely strife.

There comes a time when, having lost its savor,  
The salt of wealth is worthless; when the mind  
Grows weary with the world's capricious favor,  
And sighs for something that it does not find.

There comes a time when, though kind friends are thronging  
About our pathway with sweet acts of grace,  
We feel a vast and overwhelming longing,  
For something that we cannot name or place.

There comes a time when, with Earth's best love by us  
To feed the heart's great hunger and desire,  
We find not even this can satisfy us;  
The soul within us cries for something higher.

What greater proof need we that men inherit  
A life immortal in another sphere?  
It is the homesick longing of the spirit  
That cannot find its satisfaction here.

—Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.

## AFTER DEATH.

'Twas in that other land across  
The seas of death they met again;  
Their features wore a sign of loss,  
And gleams of unextinguished pain.

"And do we meet again," he said,  
"In this strange spirit-peopled space;  
This long-imagined land of shade,  
Still with thy Eastern pride of face?"

"Alas! I suffered much," she said,  
"I loved, but could not speak for fear;  
I did not dream that thou wert dead;  
Good-bye; I can no longer here."

He saw her pass, and wild and rife  
Ran olden memories in his heart;  
The pride that severed them in life  
Still kept them in that place apart.

—Boston Transcript.

## RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE VS. SPIRITUALISM.

[John Edwards in Religion-Philosophical Journal.]

Bishop Foster, of M. E. Church, in a recent discourse, advocated free discussion of all religious questions. That is a commendable step in the right direction. Truth cannot suffer from investigation, while error should be eliminated, for it is the truth alone which makes one free indeed. We all believe that certain dogmatic creeds have in the past been incorporated in different churches as articles of faith, which the test of time has more or less proved to be erroneous.

Modern spiritualism has been before the world for nearly forty years. It has permeated all classes of society, and numbers millions of adherents. Like all previous reform movements in their incipient beginnings, it has met with formidable opposition, especially from many of the so-called orthodox churches.

The Methodist organization in the days of the Wesleys, and for a long time after, passed through the same ordeal of opposition, contumely and reproach, that Spiritualism is at present undergoing. It does not offend Spiritualists to be called by harsh names, for they have become accustomed to it. They demand honest and sincere investigation of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. We know full well that it has been assailed from the pulpit and press by persons who have never investigated it, therefore such critics. Methodism, standing on the more liberal basis of the Armenia doctrine, was just the opposite of the Calvinistic creed. It was but natural then that Calvinists should wage a bitter crusade against Armeniaism; the result was that Methodism on its more liberal platform wonderfully enlarged its borders. The doctrines of John Calvin, severe, narrow and cruel, could not stand the test of investigation. It is, therefore, rapidly on the decline. No one can doubt the great ability of John Calvin. His theories, however, were false, and engendered a spirit of intolerance and cruelty to those who honestly differed with him in opinion. About the time of Calvin, another great thinker lived and wrote in favor of the Unitarian belief, which so incensed Calvin that he caused Michael Servetus to be burned to death by a slow process of burning green wood. Calvinism then had its seed planted in blood, and, therefore, naturally became the most unrelenting persecutors of persons of other modes of belief, down to the present day. That same spirit persecuted the Quakers, and mediums whom they declared as witches, and caused them to be put to death or driven out of Massachusetts.

Every one who has carefully read and reflected over the utterances of such Calvinistic divines as Prof. Phelps of Budover, Joe Cook, Talmage and many others, too tedious to mention, who have grossly maligned Spiritualism, can but see the same intolerant spirit prompting them, which governed the founders of their faith towards Servetus. But as we live in a day of enlightened reason, they dare not resort to physical punishment of those who may differ with them in opinion. Spiritualism invites them to a war of words, for if it cannot stand the probing of the Calvinistic orators, it ought, and will, go down. It is an easy matter for even a tolerable investigator of the phenomena, to discover if any of these assailants have made the subject of Spiritualism a sincere investigation. It is to be expected that Spiritualists look for their share of opposition and misrepresentation. The Calvinists undertook to stifle scientific investigation in the geological discoveries made by Hugh Miller. They worried the old man to such an extent to have him reconcile his theory, that the world had been in existence for millions of years, with the Bible theory of only six thousand years, that the grand old sage took his own life rather than stifle the truth; and there it stands in his writings, a monument against those who would have him perform the nonsensical task of squaring his own theories with the Bible record, which, in connection with its truths and inspirations, contains many errors and silly fables unworthy the credence of scientific and learned research.

It is within the recollection of your correspondent, how Calvinists persecuted and contemptuously treated Universalists as heretics, for preaching universal salvation, and ignoring an endless hell, of literal fire and brimstone, and asserting that a correct translation of the Scriptures of the term hell, was in the Greek Sheol, and in the Greek Hades. Let an honest public-to-day judge between them, who was right then, Calvinists or Universalists.

The Calvinist theory of the doctrine of foreordination of election and reprobation, is completely swept away by Universalists and Unitarians, backed by the young giant, modern Spiritualism, under the law of unfolding progression in the grand future, of eternal spiritual existence.

People are not so easily frightened to-day as of yore. They breathe freer, and with heads up, move forward, with larger veneration, and love to the creator for His wise and beneficent plans unfolded to His children for the life beyond.

Jonathan Edwards, one of their ablest and prolific Calvinistic writers, tries to show God's wisdom and justice, in reprobating a vast majority of the human family, to the torments of an endless hell, paved

with infant skulls, not over a span's length. They now say they do not preach those doctrines they did a few years ago. Well, then, to be honest and consistent, they should expunge their creeds from their books.

The organization at Chicago of a society for Scientific and Psychical Research is a good move. If modern Spiritualism is put in the crucible and cannot endure the test let it go to the wall.

## ANECDOTES OF MORMONISM.

[New York Tribune.]

The Rev. G. M. Pierce, of Salt Lake City, a Methodist clergyman, and the editor of the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*, spoke to a crowded house in St. James's Methodist Episcopal Church, at Madison-ave. and One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth-st., on "Life in Utah." Mr. Pierce has been fighting Mormonism in that Territory as an editor, minister and teacher, for the last twelve years.

"It is very difficult," he said, "to speak satisfactorily upon Mormonism in a mixed assembly like this, for the worst phases of the institution cannot with propriety be dwelt upon in detail. I will, therefore, give you a few anecdotes of my life there, illustrating the character and life of the people. When I went there twelve years ago as a Methodist minister, they all said to me, from Brigham Young down, 'We want you to understand that we consider you and your like our bitterest enemies; ministers and teachers are our worst foes.' I met many apostate Mormon women, and they all, without exception, said that as soon as they left the Church the leaders and people, through the press and by every other means tried to blacken their characters. One young woman told me that before her change of faith she was a pet of Brigham Young's, but that afterward he did everything in his power to blight her reputation. Such is the spirit of terrorism and persecution that is constantly held over the women. Knowing all this, I was not the least surprised to see in the newspapers that the Mormons had threatened to expose the private history of every Congressman who opposed their scheme.

"I knew one bishop who married three of his nieces, sisters, and all on the same day. Another high dignitary of the Church who had three wives, brought up a little niece until she was sixteen years old, and then he married her. Brigham Young wished to send a young man to establish a Mormon colony in Arizona. He asked him if he was married. He was not. 'Well,' said Brigham, 'Brother Jones, who lives three doors from you, has three daughters. Go to his house, tell him I sent you, and have him bring his three daughters into the room. Take your choice for a wife.' Brigham was obeyed, as he always was.

"Where the Mormon's interests are concerned, you cannot place a particle of dependence on what they say, even under oath. Their moral sensibilities become so blunted that they have not the slightest hesitation in taking other people's money, if they can get it. At one time, a bishop was on trial for murder. Many witnesses swore that they had seen him deliberately and in cold blood shoot a man, yet a Mormon jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The leaders in the Church are great braggarts, but are nevertheless the most abject cowards, and if there is ever a direct issue between the Government and the Mormon Church, the latter will yield at once. All over Utah there is the most complete system of espionage, so that a Mormon cannot enter a Gentile meeting without being warned not to do it again. The missionaries and teachers can take care of the children, but they cannot touch the thousands that flock to Utah every year from all quarters of the globe. It is against these that Congress must use its power, and the only way it can do so is to disfranchise polygamists, take the legislative power out of their hands, and give it to a commission appointed by the president. There are in Utah now twenty-six Gentile churches, forty-three ministers and 1,218 church-members. There are forty-six missions schools with ninety-four teachers and 3,761 scholars, 3,000 of whom are children of Mormon parents.

First Doctor—"Do you know I am beginning to suspect Slathers?"

Second Doctor—"You surprise me. He seems to be quite a gentleman."

First Doctor—"Oh; certainly; but I mean—well, I hate to say it, but I suspect he is not a regular practitioner."

Second Doctor—"You horrify me!"

First Doctor—"In fact, I feel certain of it."

Second Doctor—"Upon what do you base your opinion?"

First Doctor—"Upon facts, sir, facts. All his patients recover."

Young and ambitious people would do well to pin this sentiment in their spring bonnets and plug hats: "Mrs. Grant says that the happiest time of her life was when, a quarter of a century ago, the General and she were living in Galena on \$40 a month."

Lawrence Barrett carries \$120,000 insurance on his life; Edwin Booth, \$85,000; and Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, \$60,000.

Beginnings and endings pertain to worlds, but not to an illimitable universe.

## A GHOST IN THE CAR.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Billy, the driver of one of the two night cars that run on Chestnut and Walnut Streets after midnight, protests that he is not superstitious, but declares that he is beginning to have a sincere belief in the existence of ghosts. Several nights ago he declared that a man had boarded his car whom he knew to have been dead for the past five years. At first he supposed it to be a case of close resemblance, but when he approached the supposed passenger the latter smiled blandly and nodded to the driver just as he had done in life.

"I felt rather squeamish," continued the driver in telling his story, but as I never took any stock in ghosts I kept on walking towards him and never took my eyes from his face. He was leaning against the back dasher and there was no one else on the platform. When I got within three or four feet of him his face began to fade away. I stopped for a minute and then made a spring for him.

"Instead of grabbing a man I got a handful of air and came near going over the dasher, head foremost. This was on the three o'clock trip and we were just climbing the eastern slope of Chestnut Street bridge. I looked up and down the bridge. There wasn't a soul in sight. I went back to the front platform feeling pretty queer, but I didn't say anything to the two or three passengers on board. This occurred on Monday morning and I have seen nothing of the apparition since."

The ghost story was related by Billy to a regular passenger on Wednesday night and Billy assured him that he was convinced that the apparition would appear again. "I don't want to stand good for a ghost story on my own testimony," he said, "and I would like to have this thing sifted down, and if you will ride around with me a couple of trips every night I know we will strike him again."

In consideration of the fact that Billy is one of the oldest night drivers in the city and is considered a thoroughly trustworthy man by his employers and hundreds of West Philadelphians the passenger consented. The passenger last night in the presence of Billy told the story in these words: "Wednesday and Thursday nights nothing in the shape of a spook boarded the car and I had about reached the conclusion that I had been 'guyed' and concluded to abandon my investigations. On Friday night, however, I was detained down town and was compelled to ride out with Billy on the three o'clock car. I was chatting with the driver on the front platform when the car passed Twenty-third Street.

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Chief Justice Morris said the affair suggested the performances of the Davenport brothers or Maskelyne and Cooke. It was quite inexplicable from the absence of motive, and remained shrouded in the mysterious uncertainty of the Man with the Iron Mask, the authorship of "Junius's Letters," or "Why Anderson Left Dyer's." The jury found for the defendant.



## DE MORTUIS.

This friend now—a month or so only  
Ago and you smiled in his smile;  
And when he grew weary or lonely,  
You jested, to cheer him the while.  
He prized the sweet solace you proffered,  
When for gloom you gave laughter instead;  
You are glad of the gift that you offered,  
Because—he is dead.

And because he is dead shall we gather  
The humanest relics there be,  
(All tenderer, dearer, the rather!)  
And pile up a pagan suttee?  
Shall we speak of him, brows bending lowly?  
Shall we whisper his name under breath?  
Is not life, in its living, as holy  
And solemn as death?

As death? What is death, but the ending  
Of all that the mortal can claim?  
The drop of the mantle descending  
From the soul's mounting chariot of flame!  
Who wept for the prophet when querdon  
So grand was requiring all loss?  
—Only grief for the left! with the Jordan  
Of trial to cross!

Ah! surely the angels who love us,  
Must yearn with an ache of desire,  
To point us the pathway above us,  
Till bright with the trail of the fire—  
Must burn with compassion to urge us,  
As hopeless we gaze on the tide,  
To smite, till the faith-smitten surges  
Of doubt shall divide.

So—speak to our friend who is walking  
In his chorister-garments of white,  
With the calm that would mellow your talking,  
If he sat in your presence to-night;  
Yea, name him with gladder elation,  
With prouder contentment—and shroud  
No brightness from out the narration,  
Because he is dead.

—Margaret J. Preston.

## NIGHTFALL.

I stood on the hill as the sun went down,  
Flooding with glory the cloudland West,  
While lengthening shadows crept over the town,  
And night descended with peace and rest.

Soft tinges of violet, crimson and gold  
Crowned the far hill-tops, then faded away,  
And the sentinel ranges of years untold  
Were wrapped in a mantle of somber gray.

The weary hum of the spindle and reel  
Below in the village at last was still;  
And down in the dungeon the water-wheel  
Slumbered under the silent mill.

And I heard the sound that the twilight brings—  
The myriad voices of eventide;  
The chirping of crickets, the rustling wings  
Of insects fluttering far and wide.

A cloud-like mist from the shadowed stream  
Sailed over the lowlands of grass and grain,  
And shapes grotesque in the moon's weird gleam  
Moved to and fro in a mystic train.

I heard the cry of the bird of night—  
A flute-note sadder than words can tell—  
And a clear, low voice—did I hear aright?  
Or was it only a strange, sweet spell—

An influence born of the scene and hour—  
That wakened remembrance from her sleep?  
Perhaps, high up in the tree-top tower,  
Among the boughs where the south winds sweep,

Some marvelous harp, by the breeze caressed,  
Answered and echoed the low refrain,  
While darkness shadowed the hills of the west,  
And night, incarnate, came down again.

For the beautiful singer who sang the song—  
The beautiful one with the brave, sweet eyes—  
In dreamless slumber, the whole year long,  
Through all the day and the darkness lies.

—Our Continent.

## MY OWN SHALL COME.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years.  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up the fruit of years.

The planets know their own, and draw;  
The tide turns to the sea;  
I stand serene 'midst nature's law,  
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The dew falls on the lea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

## THE SPIRITS' LONGING.

There comes a time to every mortal being,  
Where'er his station or his lot in life,  
When his sad soul yearns for the final freeing  
From all this jarring and unlovely strife.

There comes a time when, having lost its savor,  
The salt of wealth is worthless; when the mind  
Grows weary with the world's capricious favor,  
And sighs for something that it does not find.

There comes a time when, though kind friends are thronging  
About our pathway with sweet acts of grace,  
We feel a vast and overwhelming longing,  
For something that we cannot name or place.

There comes a time when, with Earth's best love by us  
To feed the heart's great hunger and desire,  
We find not even this can satisfy us;  
The soul within us cries for something higher.

What greater proof need we that men inherit  
A life immortal in another sphere?  
It is the homesick longing of the spirit  
That cannot find its satisfaction here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## AFTER DEATH.

'Twas in that other land across  
The seas of death they met again;  
Their features wore a sign of loss,  
And gleams of unextinguished pain.

"And do we meet again," he said,  
"In this strange spirit-peopled space;  
This long-imagined land of shade,  
Still with thy Eastern pride of face?"

"Alas! I suffered much," she said,  
"I loved, but could not speak for fear;  
I did not dream that thou wert dead;  
Good-bye; I can not linger here."

He saw her pass, and wild and rife  
Ran olden memories in his heart;  
The pride that severed them in life  
Still kept them in that place apart.

—Boston Transcript.

## RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE VS. SPIRITUALISM.

[John Edwards in Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

Bishop Foster, of M. E. Church, in a recent discourse, advocated free discussion of all religious questions. That is a commendable step in the right direction. Truth cannot suffer from investigation, while error should be eliminated, for it is the truth alone which makes one free indeed. We all believe that certain dogmatic creeds have in the past been incorporated in different churches as articles of faith, which the test of time has more or less proved to be erroneous.

Modern spiritualism has been before the world for nearly forty years. It has permeated all classes of society, and numbers millions of adherents. Like all previous reform movements in their incipient startings, it has met with formidable opposition, especially from many of the so-called orthodox churches.

The Methodist organization in the days of the Wesleys, and for a long time after, passed through the same ordeal of opposition, contumely and reproach, that Spiritualism is at present undergoing. It does not offend Spiritualists to be called by harsh names, for they have become accustomed to it. They demand honest and sincere investigation of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. We know full well that it has been assailed from the pulpit and press by persons who have never investigated it, therefore such critics. Methodism, standing on the more liberal basis of the Armenia doctrine, was just the opposite of the Calvinistic creed. It was but natural then that Calvinists should wage a bitter crusade against Armeniaism; the result was that Methodism on its more liberal platform wonderfully enlarged its borders. The doctrines of John Calvin, severe, narrow and cruel, could not stand the test of investigation. It is, therefore, rapidly on the decline. No one can doubt the great ability of John Calvin. His theories, however, were false, and engendered a spirit of intolerance and cruelty to those who honestly differed with him in opinion. About the time of Calvin, another great thinker lived and wrote in favor of the Unitarian belief, which so incensed Calvin that he caused Michael Servetus to be burned to death by a slow process of burning green wood. Calvinism then had its seed planted in blood, and, therefore, naturally became the most unrelenting persecutors of persons of other modes of belief, down to the present day. That same spirit persecuted the Quakers, and mediums whom they declared as witches, and caused them to be put to death or driven out of Massachusetts.

Every one who has carefully read and reflected over the utterances of such Calvinistic divines as Prof. Phelps of Budover, Joe Cook, Talmage and many others, too tedious to mention, who have grossly maligned Spiritualism, can but see the same intolerant spirit prompting them, which governed the founders of their faith towards Servetus. But as we live in a day of enlightened reason, they dare not resort to physical punishment of those who may differ with them in opinion. Spiritualism invites them to a war of words, for if it cannot stand the probing of the Calvinistic orators, it ought, and will, go down. It is an easy matter for even a tolerable investigator of the phenomena, to discover if any of these assailants have made the subject of Spiritualism a sincere investigation. It is to be expected that Spiritualists look for their share of opposition and misrepresentation. The Calvinists undertook to stifle scientific investigation in the geological discoveries made by Hugh Miller. They worried the old man to such an extent to have him reconcile his theory, that the world had been in existence for millions of years, with the Bible theory of only six thousand years, that the grand old sage took his own life rather than stifle the truth; and there it stands in his writings, a monument against those who would have him perform the nonsensical task of squaring his own theories with the Bible record, which, in connection with its truths and inspirations, contains many errors and silly fables unworthy the credence of scientific and learned research.

It is within the recollection of your correspondent, how Calvinists persecuted and contemptuously treated Universalists and heretics, for preaching universal salvation, and ignoring an endless hell, of literal fire and brimstone, and asserting that a correct translation of the Scriptures of the term hell, was in the Greek Sheol, and in the Greek Hades. Let an honest public today judge between them, who was right then, Calvinists or Universalists.

The Calvinist theory of the doctrine of foreordination of election and reprobation, is completely swept away by Universalists and Unitarians, backed by the young giant, modern Spiritualism, under the law of unfolding progression in the grand future, of eternal spiritual existence.

People are not so easily frightened today as of yore. They breathe freer, and with heads up, move forward, with larger veneration, and love to the creator for His wise and beneficent plans unfolded to His children for the life beyond.

Jonathan Edwards, one of their ablest and prolific Calvinistic writers, tries to show God's wisdom and justice, in reprobating a vast majority of the human family, to the torments of an endless hell, paved

with infant skulls, not over a span's length. They now say they do not preach those doctrines they did a few years ago. Well, then, to be honest and consistent, they should expunge their creeds from their books.

The organization at Chicago of a society for Scientific and Psychical Research is a good move. If modern Spiritualism is put in the crucible and cannot endure the test let it go to the wall.

## ANECDOTES OF MORMONISM.

[New York Tribune.]

The Rev. G. M. Pierce, of Salt Lake City, a Methodist clergyman, and the editor of the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*, spoke to a crowded house in St. James's Methodist Episcopal Church, at Madison-ave. and One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth-st., on "Life in Utah." Mr. Pierce has been fighting Mormonism in that Territory as an editor, minister and teacher, for the last twelve years.

"It is very difficult," he said, "to speak satisfactorily upon Mormonism in a mixed assembly like this, for the worst phases of the institution cannot with propriety be dwelt upon in detail. I will, therefore, give you a few anecdotes of my life there, illustrating the character and life of the people. When I went there twelve years ago as a Methodist minister, they all said to me, from Brigham Young down, 'We want you to understand that we consider you and your like our bitterest enemies; ministers and teachers are our worst foes.' I met many apostate Mormon women, and they all, without exception, said that as soon as they left the Church the leaders and people, through the press and by every other means tried to blacken their characters. One young woman told me that before her change of faith she was a pet of Brigham Young's, but that afterward he did everything in his power to blight her reputation. Such is the spirit of terrorism and persecution that is constantly held over the women. Knowing all this, I was not the least surprised to see in the newspapers that the Mormons had threatened to expose the private history of every Congressman who opposed their scheme.

"I knew one bishop who married three of his nieces, sisters, and all on the same day. Another high dignitary of the Church who had three wives, brought up a little niece until she was sixteen years old, and then he married her. Brigham Young wished to send a young man to establish a Mormon colony in Arizona. He asked him if he was married. He was not. 'Well,' said Brigham, 'Brother Jones, who lives three doors from you, has three daughters. Go to his house, tell him I sent you, and have him bring his three daughters into the room. Take your choice for a wife.' Brigham was obeyed, as he always was.

"Where the Mormon's interests are concerned, you cannot place a particle of dependence on what they say, even under oath. Their moral sensibilities become so blunted that they have not the slightest hesitation in taking other people's money, if they can get it. At one time, a bishop was on trial for murder. Many witnesses swore that they had seen him deliberately and in cold blood shoot a man, yet a Mormon jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The leaders in the Church are great braggarts, but are nevertheless the most abject cowards, and if there is ever a direct issue between the Government and the Mormon Church, the latter will yield at once. All over Utah there is the most complete system of espionage, so that a Mormon cannot enter a Gentile meeting without being warned not to do it again. The missionaries and teachers can take care of the children, but they cannot touch the thousands that flock to Utah every year from all quarters of the globe. It is against these that Congress must use its power, and the only way it can do so is to disfranchise polygamists, take the legislative power out of their hands, and give it to a commission appointed by the president. There are in Utah now twenty-six Gentile churches, forty-three ministers and 1,218 church-members. There are forty-six missions schools with ninety-four teachers and 3,761 scholars, 3,000 of whom are children of Mormon parents.

First Doctor—"Do you know I am beginning to suspect Slathers?"

Second Doctor—"You surprise me. He seems to be quite a gentleman."

First Doctor—"Oh, certainly; but I mean—well, I hate to say it, but I suspect he is not a regular practitioner."

Second Doctor—"You horrify me!"

First Doctor—"In fact, I feel certain of it."

Second Doctor—"Upon what do you base your opinion?"

First Doctor—"Upon facts, sir, facts. All his patients recover."

Young and ambitious people would do well to pin this sentiment in their spring bonnets and plug hats: "Mrs. Grant says that the happiest time of her life was when, a quarter of a century ago, the General and she were living in Galena on \$40 a month."

Lawrence Barrett carries \$120,000 insurance on his life; Edwin Booth, \$85,000; and Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, \$60,000.

Beginnings and endings pertain to worlds, but not to an illimitable universe.

## A GHOST IN THE CAR.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Billy, the driver of one of the two night cars that run on Chestnut and Walnut Streets after midnight, protests that he is not superstitious, but declares that he is beginning to have a sincere belief in the existence of ghosts. Several nights ago he declared that a man had boarded his car whom he knew to have been dead for the past five years. At first he supposed it to be a case of close resemblance, but when he approached the supposed passenger the latter smiled blandly and nodded to the driver just as he had done in life.

"I felt rather squeamish," continued the driver in telling his story, but as I never took any stock in ghosts I kept on walking towards him and never took my eyes from his face. He was leaning against the back dasher and there was no one else on the platform. When I got within three or four feet of him his face began to fade away. I stopped for a minute and then made a spring for him.

"Instead of grabbing a man I got a handful of air and came near going over the dasher, head foremost. This was on the three o'clock trip and we were just climbing the eastern slope of Chestnut Street bridge. I looked up and down the bridge. There wasn't a soul in sight. I went back to the front platform feeling pretty queer, but I didn't say anything to the two or three passengers on board. This occurred on Monday morning and I have seen nothing of the apparition since."

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Evidence for the plaintiff was to the effect that every night from August to January his hall door was continually being knocked at, and his windows broken with stones which came from the direction of the defendant's premises. Mrs. Waldron swore that one night she saw one of the panes of glass in the window cut through with a diamond, and a white hand inserted through the hole so made in the glass. She caught up a billhook and aimed a blow at the hand, cutting one of the fingers completely off. The hand was then withdrawn, but on her examining the place she could find neither the finger nor any traces of blood.

On another occasion the servant, hearing mysterious knockings, fell down with fright, upsetting a pail of water over herself. Mr. Waldron armed himself with a rifle and revolver, and brought a detective into the house, while several policemen watched out side. They, however, could find nothing. Kiernan's family, on being accused of causing the noises, denied it, suggested it was the work of ghosts, and advised the Waldrons to send for a Roman Catholic clergyman to rid the house of its terrors. A police constable swore that one evening he saw Waldron's servant kick the door with her heels at about the time the rapping usually commenced.

Chief Justice Morris said the affair suggested the performances of the Davenport brothers or Maskelyne and Cooke. It was quite inexplicable from the absence of motive, and remained shrouded in the mysterious uncertainty of the Man with the Iron Mask, the authorship of "Junius's Letters," or "Why Anderson Left Dycer's." The jury found for the defendant.