

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

[From Robert G. Ingersoll.]

Progress is born of courage.

Every man should endeavor to belong to himself.

I do not believe that Christians are as bad as their creeds.

The time is coming when men will be rated at their real worth.

A good way to make children tell the truth is to tell it yourself.

Custom meets us at the cradle and leaves us only at the tomb.

In the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

A believer is a bird in a cage, a free-thinker is an eagle parting the clouds with tireless wings.

Men are oaks, women are vines, children are flowers, and if there is any heaven in this world it is in the family.

There is more human kindness and a greater desire to help one another in America, than in all the world besides.

There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and the hope of a serene old Age, that no other business or profession can promise.

When women reason, and babes sit in the lap of philosophy, and victory of reason over the shadowy host of darkness will be complete.

Every human being should take a road of his own. Every mind must be true to itself—should think, investigate and conclude for itself.

When you go home fill the house with joy, so that the light of it will stream out of the windows and doors, and illuminate even the darkness.

I want to tell you this, you can not get the robe of hypocrisy on you so thick that the sharp eye of childhood will not see through every veil.

Surely it is sublime to think that the brain is a castle, and that within its curious bastions and winding halls the soul, in spite of all words and all beings, is the supreme sovereign of itself.

Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The Queen is clad in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius.

No day can be so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with the hand of fire, oh, weird musician, thy harp, strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch the skies, with moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering on the vine-clad hills; but know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh.

THE DANGER SIGNAL, OR LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

Delivered by W. W. McKaig, Before the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday, September 15, 1886.

Travelers in the Old World usually fall into a vein of pensive musing as they depict the waste and desolation of ancient cities. The splendid palaces and temples of Thebes and Memphis, for instance, where kings were crowned and religion had its altars, now the abode of bats and owls; the jackal and hyena sneaking around the melancholy ruins of Babylon and Nineveh; the Alhambra, the finest production of Moorish architecture, the hiding place of thieves and beggars. They often complain that at Rome, Florence, Venice and other places they find some of the fairest and noblest works of art are permitted gradually to perish. Dirt and grime fast obliterating the grand frescoes of Angelo, and mildew and rust eating up the finest paintings of Raphael or Leonardo de Vinci. We all have a kindred feeling when we hear how a terrible conflagration has swept over a city, or a storm has covered the ocean with wrecks. What a pity, we exclaim, that such massive commercial blocks and palatial homes should be swallowed up in a sea of flame, and all this vast mass of wealth and property become a heap of ashes. How painful it is to see a noble ship pounded and stamped to pieces by the winds, stabbed and torn by rocks and waves, slowly filling with mud and sand, or warped and seamed in the sun. But there is one sight more painful than all of this. It is a human being in ruins—the throne of reason abdicated, the altar lights of conscience gone out, and all the debasing passions, appetites and lusts holding riot and carnival in the temple of the soul. Were all the ships of sea engulfed in one terrible maelstrom and all the splendors of architecture and masterpieces of art, all the glories of science and literature, consumed in a wave of flame, the aggregate loss would not be so sad a spectacle as that of one poor shattered mind.

The brain, with its wonderful system of nerves and fibres, has been aptly compared to a delicate and finely-tuned harp upon which the soul plays the music of life. If but one string is broken, or too much depressed, or too tense, you will hear a wail, a cry, a crash of stunning dissonances. Insanity is the generic term that is used to gather up all the multifarious phases of disordered mental and moral action. I will make it the pivotal word of this lecture upon which to hang a few practical reflections. Our wisest medical writers have long tried to find the exact condition of the intellectual and moral powers during, as Coleridge would say, "the mind's own revolt upon itself." Our ablest law writers are just now very busy trying to determine how far an unsound mind is responsible for its actions. But there is one feature of the case that seems to have been generally overlooked. It is this: How can the awful fact of insanity be reconciled with our belief in an all-wise and benevolent system of the universe? What good can come of a wrecked mind? It seems to put a stop to all the moral aims and uses of life. The idea of God, duty, love, home and immortality fades into a dim and hideous spectre. Life becomes an awful blank. Should the unfortunate one recover there is a dismal chasm in his history over which memory springs no bridge. Should he never recover, then, for all practical purposes he is as good as dead. He may go on in his mad frenzy pursuing phantoms, cheated by hallucinations, fighting illusions, but to his friends and society he had better be in the grave. Death would be a merciful relief. Now, is such a fact reducible to any theory of benignant law? Nature is full of irreducible anomalies. There are many dark places into which the lamp of science casts no ray; many depths where the sounding lead touches no bottom. This may be one of them. Still there may be a clue to this labyrinth of perplexity. As a dim coronal of light is seen to break out around the edges of the sun in a total eclipse, so it may be, we can find a glimpse of meaning in the ruins of a mind. There was a picture on

exhibition some years ago in the Mechanics' Fair which created considerable attention, called the "Danger Signal." It represented a passenger train just coming in sight, rushing along through a dark, rainy, tempestuous night. A solitary man stood on the track waving a red lantern. A whiff of wind might have blown it out. And yet the lives of hundreds of people hung on that frail light out there in the storm. Now it may be, that in the appalling fact of insanity, we have caught sight of Nature's great danger signal, the warning light she hangs out on all paths that lead to the abyss. We will follow this hint and see what comes of it.

Let us first notice the fact that Nature has a penal code and enforces it; that her laws all speak in the imperative mood. Do this and you shall be healthy, happy, prosperous and have a serene and tranquil old age, and death come like the ripe and mellow fruit that drops into the lap of Autumn. But if you fail in your obedience, pain, misery, disease and premature death shall be your certain doom. These laws must be obeyed or they will cut, burn, crush and kill. They are no respecter of persons. The lightning will hit a saint as quickly as a sinner if he gets in the way, and the avalanche will slide over the pavilion of kings as indifferently as the hut of beggars. They can not be placated by prayers, baptism and good promises. They permit no one by a vicarious sacrifice to go your bail and pay the forfeiture of your bond. The soul that sins must suffer. Whatsoever any one sows that shall he also reap.

Take a few illustrations of the punitive workings of Nature's laws. Begin with excessive eating, usually regarded as the mildest of sins. You have a few moments of gustatory pleasure and then comes the lash of the nemesis. The stomach kicks up a rumpus when imposed upon and the brain fires off a whole pack of artillery when irritated. The witty Dr. Holmes has defined the sin against the Holy Ghost after two thousand years, at last to be discovered as dyspepsia. It may be an irrelevant definition, but you may rest assured there is a grain of truth in it. The man who ate half a mince pie and went to bed and dreamed that the devil came and sat cross-legged upon his stomach holding the Bunker Hill monument in his lap had a glimpse of it. Every physician knows that a large part of what we call the blues, horrors, nightmare, hypochondria, insomnia and nervous irritations that worry so many people, often making life a dismal burden, come from too heavy a strain upon the digestive functions. Many who pass as very good people, pious people, who never forget the communion table, prayer-meeting or missionary society, people who would regard it as a sin to take a ride or gather a handful of ferns and wild flowers on Sunday, go every day to their physician complaining of vertigo, headaches, torpid liver, cutaneous eruptions, depression of spirit and illusion of the senses, only need to eat a little more regularly and abstemiously to be all right. Many a stroke of apoplexy, paralysis or heart disease is directly traceable to simple gluttony. Charles Lamb somewhere expresses his amazement at the good priest who asked a blessing over a table loaded with all sorts of provocatives of appetite when he could see a variety of diseases lurking in ambush among the dishes.

Take another illustration of the fact that Nature will not allow her laws to be disobeyed with impunity. Akin to gluttony is the immoderate use of strong drinks. The brain consists of innumerable cells connected by the finest filaments and the minutest blood vessels. Within these cells, nourished by these blood vessels, is generated the nerve-forces upon which all mental phenomena depend. The vital energy which gives to these brain-forces all their activity is fed and fueled far away in the heart and lungs. In a healthy state this brain activity is exactly balanced by the vital, exciting nutriment. Consumption and supply are equal. But you can readily see that whatever pours upon the brain an excess of the exciting influence must disturb this nice adjustment. Too hot a fire kindled in the blood scalds the brain. The doctors call it congestion. And there is perhaps no one cause that tends to produce so much of this kind of unnatural excitement as the immoderate use of narcotic drugs and alcoholic stimulation. The consequence is inevitable. Sooner or later there comes a break down.

There comes a silent decay of the mental powers; the will becomes vacillating and unsteady, the memory poor, the nerves are enfeebled, there is an incapacity for vigorous exertion, the headaches, there is a sense of numbness in the limbs, the appetite is irregular, there is a strange restlessness and startings in sleep. These are some of the indications that the day of judgment is coming.

Take again the vice of overdoing in business. This is a vice peculiar to our times when so many are smitten with the inordinate passion of making money fast and becoming rich. What is the consequence? Why, the body is put under whip and spur. It is driven from morning till night, year in and year out, at its utmost speed. After awhile the overworked laborer, the anxious speculator, the driving man of business, begins to feel a little worn, a little worse for the wear; his sleep is disturbed, he awakens tired, cloudy, irritable. He has no appetite. He takes to using tonics, bitters, appetizers, morning cocktails, to brace up his flagging energies. A few tough natures, with nerves like a whip-cord and a digestive apparatus equal to a quartz-crushing machine, may stand this sort of strain, but the great majority break down, and the finer the organization the sooner it is likely to give way. You can all look around among your acquaintances and point out many who in this and other ways have fallen victims from a reckless expenditure of their life-forces.

Now, bearing in memory this law of retribution, we may study some of the moral uses of that most pitiable spectacle in the whole realm of human woe and misery, a crazed and disordered mind. Reason is the consummate flower of humanity. No lower nature possesses anything akin to it. The bird sings, but it never composes music. The bee and beaver build, but they invent no system of architecture. The cattle graze in herds, but they never organize themselves into any form of government, home or religion. But it is only by way of contrast that we learn to appreciate our blessings. The beautiful is more clearly seen when painted on a dark background. The sweet value of health comes to us after a few weeks of illness. In like manner we are not likely to comprehend the full value of a sound mind in a sound body till we see reason, conscience, love and imagination all huddled in one awful ruin.

Take a short walk with me through the wards of yonder asylum, if you have the nerve for the sad spectacle. The first one we meet is a gentle, sweet-voiced girl, of eighteen Summers, gathering flowers for her fancied wedding hour, and warbling an insane ditty. We will call her Ophelia, one of the marvelous creations of Shakspeare's brain. Watch her as she comes tripping along, fantastically wreathed in weeds and wild flowers. A vague, unshaped thought, like a light cloud, suddenly passes over her light gaiety, awakening faint, distant echoes in her memory; and she sings:—

"He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head, a green grass turf,
At his heel, a stone."

But this great magician of the human heart knew its workings too well to paint this flower all stainless and pure, and the next moment an unchaste allusion escapes the lips of this fair creature.

Pass on a few steps further and you will see a middle-aged man crouching in a corner of the room, his face buried in his hands. No voice of man, nor woman, no song of birds, nor rippling brooks, delight him more. What a vacant stare he gives you, then drops his head as if lost in some awful abstraction. Yet that man's oratory once charmed legislative halls, shook the forum, and held a vast audience fascinated by the spell of his words. Go along a little further. Here is one who thinks he can regulate the weather and restrain the rage of the dog-star. There is one who fancies he is a king, and strides about with the airs of a monarch. Another believes he is made of glass, and has a nervous fear of getting broke. All sorts of frenzies, all sorts of illusions you will see. Men raging mad, howling day and night, wallowing in their filth, and pouring out torrents of vulgarity and blasphemy. And now, as you emerge from this tomb of the living, can you help exclaiming, in the language of the old collect, "I thank God for the right use and exercise of my reason!"

But you need not go so far to learn that lesson. There are places within sight of this Temple where you will find men made in the image of God, heirs of eternal life, drinking, carousing, reeling in debauch, and drowning reason and conscience in the slum of animalism. You need not go to the madhouse to hear obscenity and see brutalized humanity. Right here in the heart of our great city, in the light of our boasted civilization and era of progress, you may find men and women whose coarse features seem never lighted by a thought of God and immortality; where every sweet flower of love and hope seems long ago to have withered and died. Men and women whose blood was once as pure as yours, whose youth was as rosy with joy and hope, who now can quench the sublimities of the universe, the light that comes from the spirit world, in the thrill of a nerve or in a maudlin sleep. Souls soaking in the death-rot of decay and corruption.

Have you ever seen a man whose nervous system has culminated in a delirium from strong drink? Have you heard him mutter, and jabber, and leer and rave? He sees horrible creeping things on the floor, on the walls, on the chairs, on his bed. He moans, cries, shrieks, curses, and tries to hide under the bedclothes. That man is in hell, and you can see the horror of the damned in his eyes. And now what does all this mean? One thing it certainly means, that the laws of our being can not be trifled with. That if men, in their greedy excesses and passionate indulgences, will not heed the warning of the twitching nerve, the aching brow, the fever that burns hotly in the blood, that these laws will not parley long with them; they will crumble into mad crudities, fly to pieces in the whirlwinds of horrid dreams and hallucinations, or be dashed into a shattered wreck on the black rocks of dissipation as a warning signal to the world.

The hideous fact of insanity, with all its kindred alienations, may teach us the danger of surrendering our power of self-control and self-guidance to evil agencies and influences. To a very large extent, man is crowned king over himself, and begins to fall the moment he allows any agency of darkness to help hold the scepter. In our voyage over this wild, tempestuous sea, we call life, reason is the pilot that should guide, conscience the compass we should follow, whose needle dips toward the divine polarities. This power of self-guidance is the chief and crowning glory of our nature. No animal has ever come into the conscious possession of such a power. It is always under a law of impulse not its own, that impels it in the way it should go. Hence no animal ever went crazy. No animal ever constructs bad habits or cherishes a hatred that may lead to murder. No animal ever becomes tired of life and commits suicide. It has no power to stray from the path it was made to travel in. But man may let go the helm of his self-guidance, renounce his regal power and become possessed by other influences that may get the mastery and guide him for ill. For instance, in his eager greed for the possession of money, money may get possession of him, and instead of being its master he becomes its slave. His shop, office or store may bridle and saddle him, and ride him day and night, through all seasons and weather, till it rides him to death. Society, too, with its icy conventionalisms, its frigid etiquette, its despotic fashions and love of airy displays, its strife for social precedence and ambition to make a breezy sensation, often goads its votaries to the brink of destruction. One's better taste, judgment of what is fit and proper, and sense of economy, are often overborne, and the poor victim drifts about on currents of chance and venture till he comes in sight of poverty, dishonor and bankruptcy, real or imaginary, and leaps overboard to drown his troubles.

Men often fall under the fell enchantment of their clubs or circle of friends. The contagion of bad example infects them. The desire not to seem odd and eccentric tempts them. They take to gambling, drinking, all sorts of reckless exercises, because it is the custom and fashion of the place. Once self-possession is gone, demonizing influences come in. Habits of industry are broken, health is impaired, all the bloom, the

(Continued on Third Page.)

TRUTH AND ITS MANIFESTATION.

An Essay read before the Gnostic Society,
324 Seventeenth Street, San Francisco,
Sept. 16, 1886.

Nothing is permanent but truth, and to know the whole truth is to know all things. To love the truth above all else for truth's sake, is to relate ourselves in mind to, and be loved by, those who understand truth. When we have recognized the truth, intellectually and intuitively, through a manifestation of it in our lives, we will be healed. To manifest truth is power, and to express it in its fullness gives us universal power, and to attain immortal truth and express it gives us universal divine power. Material wealth perishes, intellectual accomplishments vanish, memories fade away, desires and opinions change; what is accepted to-day is considered absurd in the great to-morrow; and the things that are tabooed and laughed at to-day, will be accepted by, and as a basis of, science in the next generation.

Where and how can we find truth? If we go within ourselves and seek the soul, aye, the very *atma*, the God that illumines the soul will be revealed to us; each one of us may know our own soul, we may send a ray of intelligent thought accompanied with questions into the depths of the soul, and return heavy laden with gems of great price. If we seek deep enough we may enter into the inner sanctuary of our own being and see the God within unveiled that will illumine the whole of our interior world.

To lose the power of perceiving truth, to know, or to live it, is to be separated from the immortal in consciousness. The voice of the soul and real being is the still small voice that speaketh. It may be heard in the heart, and when permitted to speak, will grow into a power that can alone free us from the bonds of sense, and all that enslave us, for truth is the powerful word, and the perfect way that will lead to the kingdom of heaven within. It is the way, the power, and the light.

The principal of truth is a great spiritual sun to every individual whose consciousness opens to its rays and absorbs it into their outer life; it clears away the clouds, mists, and veils, that the senses cause, to appear before the mind to pervert the divine thoughts that flow therein from the real and immortal self. We should keep the outer vestures and mortal mind as polished as a crystal, so that the sun rays, from the divine within, may radiate through the mind and entire system, uncolored, unobstructed in its original shade and purity. Truth is self-conscious and self-sufficient. It stands above all the senses. Truth asks not the opinion of others, it does not mingle with doubt or fear, it knows no weakness, it can not be changed, but reposes in the tranquillity of its own supreme nature. Absolute truth can not be grasped by mortal man, or mind alone. Mortal mind can only see dimly the rays of truth that radiate from the immortal sphere. But if we bid our senses "be still," and evoke the *atma*, and command that our intellect be not deluded, and rely solely on and in spirit, we may stretch out to broad expanse of interior life, and perceive and know the truth. We may safely use the finer feelings of the heart to examine all conclusions arrived at by the brain, and use the brain as scales in which to weigh the decisions of the heart. When we reason from external appearances, which seems necessary in consequence of our material organization, it is like a shell that prevents our direct discovery of truth in the world of reality. It seems that we must learn to view the truth and all the realities in the immortal realm through the shell, or veil of matter, and bring it to our outer consciousness. When our senses are subdued and our minds are open to receive from the soul, or higher consciousness wherever it may be, our bodies will then be the instrument for which they were intended to reveal eternal wisdom. Then we are sufficient in power to extricate those yet entombed by the sensuous mind and desires.

If we wish to read a man or woman truthfully, according to the highest unfoldment in psychometry, what do we do? We certainly do not read them from the clothes that cover their body, or even their physical body and mortal mind, and take that for a true reading of the real man and mind; but we look at him and go down into his real being and real world, and if we are able to read what we see there we are able to read the truth. Anything short of this is external; belongs to appearances, which are delusive and are not what they seem, but are good and divine when placed in their proper place and truthful relation to the absolute. Words, sound and sight may deceive; but when soul speaks to soul from behind the veil of matter they are as one and the truth is made clear.

The perfect state to which we all aspire is the mastery over matter where soul can see, speak and act from soul through matter without being limited or deluded. The attainment of such a state of perfection is the "great work" to be accomplished through our connection with matter; and, as I understand, our connection with matter will not be ended until we accomplish this mastery. Though it require thousands of years to accomplish this work yet it may be accomplished in a short time, for the mortal mind, with its

limitations, which sometimes become a negation of the divine, as great central will is suddenly dethroned and consumed by the holy heat of aspiration and the burning fire of spirit, and the immortal part of the mind, then unrestricted, can soar to the source of life and, purified thereby, descend radiant with truth. Thus the mortal mind and physical energies of man may be transformed into spirituality, for those whose consciousness opens to their souls, and the influence of the sun of truth perish not in darkness, for they live now in the eternal light. If we wish to rise to the celestial state of thought we must not limit ourselves or others in thought or action with doubt or fear, or become the object and subject of thought and feeling. The celestial state must be gained during our earthly lives. This state of mind is open to the absolute, for it is receptive to the great central will, and with the simplicity of a child is willing to be led wherever truth leadeth.

Innocence is receptive and relies upon the universal; has perfect trust; is cheerfulness, and is happy and content with all that comes, be it little or much. We can all conceive of such a state; and the fact that we do is sufficient within itself that we can and will attain it. When we can bask in the divinity of this state of mind greater will be our reception of truth and goodness from the absolute and nearer will the divine sun appear which illumines the path and lights the way to all truth and power. The difference between the master spirit and one who has not yet attained to that high altitude is that the master is not any longer obscured or limited by the submission of the mind to the fallacies of sense; they have unfolded a consciousness absolutely above being perverted by sensuous things. The more completely we are brought within the sphere of harmony the more yielding will all sensuous objects become, for they will yield to a well-ordered state of mind; and as all states of mind do externalize themselves and bear their fruit in the body, so all divine thought through perseverance and an elaborate indulgence will externalize and make the mortal mind and outer body every whit whole. M. E. C.

A Scientific Basis of Belief.

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

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

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

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

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

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

AGITATORS—PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.—

The great enemy of knowledge is not error, but inertness. All that we want is discussion, and then we are sure to do well, no matter what our blunders may be. One error conflicts with another; each destroys its opponent, and the truth is evolved. This is the course of the human mind, and it is from this point of view that the authors of new ideas, the proposers of new contrivances, and the originators of new heresies, are benefactors of their species; whether they are right or wrong is the least part of the question. They tend to excite the mind; they disturb the public sloth.—*Buckle.*

FANATICS are to be feared more than cranks.

From the Sun Angels Order of Light.

[By my Guardian Angel.]

In the distant past all the inhabitants of our planet were Deific sparks, thrown off from the central sun, twin sparks, soul mates from eternity. All souls are dual—male and female—and are attracted to mother love on all planets. The twin souls, or soul mates, dwelt in the love atmosphere of the Father; and when they left the home of the soul, or the love atmosphere of the Infinite, in response to an earth call, they were not separated, but together sought the valley of incarnation to receive together the first baptism in matter, without which they could never have been separated, and would have remained Deific babes throughout the eternities. After the first incarnation they developed power that enabled them to make the earth pilgrimage alone. The magnetic cord that bound them in the eternity from which they came never separated, but transmitted by its unseen power the positive good attained to by each; one being in earth land and the other in the land of souls, being but babes at their first incarnation. They ever after, as a general rule, made the earth journey alone, and it was but natural they should forget that they were ever united; nevertheless each received the good the other had gained, over the magnetic cord that through the ages yet unborn was to grow stronger, until it at last reunited them in the bonds of an understood and acknowledged matchhood, by which their power as individualized spirits would be greatly increased.

The messengers, unto whom special perceptions were bequeathed for a special purpose, were always conscious of each other in the land of souls, where at each tarrying they dwelt together during long periods of time uncounted in years; but aside from the messengers the majority of twin souls have many times crossed the line of the unseen to be seen without the consciousness of the actual relation that existed between them. They have often met in the better land and felt the attracting power; they have also many times dwelt together in the same spirit home, and labored together for the good of the earth children, though the knowledge of matchhood came not home to their souls. The necessity of repeated incarnations is taught in the higher spheres and understood by the twin souls, that through repeated incarnations and experiences in the higher spheres, and through the experiences in nature's great school for the unfoldment of the soul, they in time would unfold their divine natures and possibilities, and reach angelhood and become a law unto matter.

Matter in its own legitimate right has power to govern and make positive impressions on whatever it holds in its embrace, and through those impressions the spirit held by it must build its own bridges, pave its own highways back again through matter to the home of the soul before it is superior to matter and has earned its heirship to a position of godlike power in the home of the soul where it did exist prior to its baptism in matter, because of its purity and immortality. It has no conception of the innumerable worlds that find their center in unlimited space, and can have none until it loses its position as babe Deific and weds itself to matter, and through matter, again fights its own way back to the very tops of the eternal hills, where the love of the Infinite greets it in every breeze that blows, and in every bud that blooms. It is then that it has fully deified itself and becomes the masterful power that can watch the birth of a world, and attend in its unfoldment. All this is very true of every soul, who, with its mate, has been cast from the central sun; and this is why incarnation, like a loving mother, holds her hands forth showing therein the radiant possibilities that diamond-like flash back the hidden rays of truth, and had it not been for incarnation, the ever-existing savior of mankind, all spirits would to-day be as babes and still inhabitants of the central spheres with their possibilities yet undeveloped.

It was not the special province of Deity to establish a nursery and forever watch over tender babes, finding supreme contentment in their glorified smiles. There were innumerable worlds to be born and inhabited, and matter, which is the dual mate of Deity, had its own rights, could and did make its own demands. Thus every new world that has been born in space, and unfolded until it could make and hold an atmosphere that could support life, has attracted to it those tender immortals, folding them closely in its embrace, hushed them to sleep on its bosom and then wakened them and started them on their long journey over hill, valley and plain, with their faces ever turned towards their Father's house. No matter how far at times they may seem in the false judgment of the world to stray, the voice of the Father calls them, and through the winding paths that lie before them over which they must pass and are ever hastening homeward, where for every soul awaits the crown that their brows could never wear if they could not prove their undoubted right to every star therein set by the victories won through wedding with matter.

The individualized existences of the universe number no more and no less than they have ever numbered. Each child born to-day into earth life is not the advent of a new soul fresh from the hand

and heart of the Infinite, but simply the return of one, who, from the field of the forever, has heard the call of Mother Nature, and responds to the imperative demand and comes again in obedience to the voice that reached in the land of souls. We must clear the way and cut down the underbrush of long held false ideas, and pave the way with solid facts quarried fresh from the heart of the Infinite. These higher ages of progressive thoughts are needful to the army of thinkers whose mighty tread is shaking the underground rooms of Catholicism, and unpillaring all isms and bigotries.

Man exists to-day, and has ever existed, and will ever exist, and will ever and anon touch the shores of earth land, gathering from the sand-strewn shores of life's river the shells that to him seem fairest, selecting from the thorny way blossoms that to him seem most fragrant. Then again returning to the land of souls, and thus in response to the ticking of the clock of time, he comes and goes until he can claim his heirship to courts celestial when is ended the battle, when matter is conquered and he stands a full-orbed angel, with the powers that have governed him subservient to his master spirit.

J. B. FAYETTE.

President and Corresponding Secretary
of the Sun Angels Order of Light.
OSWEGO, Sept. 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Home, Sweet Home."

What hallowed memories cluster around that sacred name! Who that has experienced its happy loving influences, its tender and harmonious relations, and its comforting and abiding impressions that seem to grow brighter and dearer, and to cling more and more closely, as we drift farther and farther from its gloomy realities, can but pity those who have been denied this most precious boon that is bestowed upon mortal.

How, in later years, when we have passed the stage of happy, careless childhood, as well as the bright expectant age of early man and maidenhood, when the glorious future, laden with its golden prospect, lies before us, assumes less brilliant and promising features, when the cold, bare and irksome side of life presents itself, and our shoulders are heavily laden and our hearts sore oppressed with anxious care, like a bright, sweet dream, does the memory of this early, blossoming spring-time of our lives, replete with loving associations steal over us, soothing us into calmness and quiet resignation. The circumstances and events of later years slip from our recollections, more recent associates fade into forgetfulness, but the scenes and affections of our childhood's home are indelibly impressed upon our memories, scattering refining and cheering influences all along our earthly pathway. How the unpleasant features of childhood's activities are forgotten, and how brightly conspicuous are the happy ones! How like an anchor, holding us to that which is moral and honorable, like a bright guiding star ever inviting and directing our uncertain footsteps toward the best, truest and safest in life, and, like a loving, abiding benediction of our devoted parents, comes this sacred remembrance!

How many times, when a thoughtless, careless girl, and maiden, yea, even in recent years, has the memory of an earnest, loving parent's instructions and exhortations, their upright and conscientious example, been a check upon many otherwise unfortunate misstep. All hail the dawn of a spiritual day, that has dissolved into a brightness, real and ever increasing, all the doubts, and hopeless speculations as to the reunion of home ties, and the renewal of its happy associations, when earthly scenes shall have passed from my view and I see revealed, in this glorious light of Modern Spiritualism, those dear ones who were of my earthly home and fireside, now with still purer emotions, and intensified affections, preparing, with loving hands, amid happier and abiding delights, another home, where, in unbroken numbers, the family circle shall finally gather, forever mingling, forever loving, without fear of future sad partings!

There are many, many of our fellow-beings who have never known the benefits and blessings of a parental abode, hallowed and brightened by that kindred love that is enduring and eternal, whose youthful lips have never uttered that sweet, sacred name of "mother," whose childish sorrows were unhealed by her tender sympathy, and whose tears were undried upon her loving breast, but whose barren, orphaned lives budded and blossomed under strangers' care. Let such forget this loss in the full knowledge that in the glorious, eternal future, under cloudless skies, amid undisturbed and unobstructed pleasure, is in loving preparation an eternal home, where those who are nearest and dearest by the sacred ties of kindred are longingly and lovingly awaiting your home coming! Oh, the found welcome! Let us add to its fullness, by a daily life of virtue and loving, unselfish deed, and thus be fully prepared for its highest and happiest enjoyments!

ELLA L. MERRIAM.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

THERE are many people who falter and tremble as long as there is any mixture of doubt in their minds as to what they can or what they ought to do, but who, the moment that doubt ceases, have power and will to dare anything.

Ex-Convicts.

BY JOHN ALLYN.

In Howell's last story of the Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker he gives an account of an attempt to give a "reformed" ex-convict employment which proved disastrous. Barker had risen to be steward and general manager of a second-class hotel. Through his influence the landlady allowed the tramp, who earnestly solicited the job, to run the elevator, as the elevator boy had left. Soon after a fire broke out in the elevator which endangered the building and scattered the guests. The convict tramp was caught well loaded with valuables he had stolen from the guests. This is fiction, but fiction that will be read by thousands, and is well adapted to cater to the prevailing sentiment which, no doubt, has some foundation in reality. But when facts occur which illustrate the other side of human character, would a not be well to give them publicity? Such is the following story which is true in every particular:

About ten years ago a stranger, whom I shall call Mr. Gardner, because that was not his name, met me on the street. He said he wished to rent an unfurnished room, and in two months he would want two as his wife was coming on from New York. His face and bearing seemed frank and not unpleasant, and, without requiring a reference, I allowed him to occupy a room in a wing of my residence which had been used for a school. A few months his (betrothed) wife came on; they were married in San Francisco, and occupied two rooms.

He was a landscape gardener, and followed his occupation industriously. He joined the Methodist church and led a blameless life. He occupied these rooms about four years and then sought another tenement so as to be nearer his work.

During this time I learned that he had spent a term of years in the penitentiary for a high-grade crime. While there was no doubt of his guilt there were mitigating circumstances. I made no difference in my treatment of him, or in any way alluded to it. At length he was smitten with a disease that proved fatal. I drew a check upon a savings bank for his savings, in favor of his wife, which he signed to prevent probate expenses from eating it up. He soon passed on to the land of souls where we are seen as we are. He lived an industrious, blameless, Christian life, and left a widow and two promising boys to mourn his loss. These are facts and comment is unnecessary.

Human nature is many sided, and if we conduct ourselves to that end we shall often draw out the better side, and the other treatment will not develop, as the following story will show, which is also true in every particular:

During our civil war, a man came to me and said he had discovered a valuable gold mine just as Winter was setting in so that it could not be worked until Spring; also that he was destitute of means to live through the Winter and open the mine, when he was sure he could make his fortune. For this reason he wished to sell a fourth interest in the mine. In my short acquaintance I had formed a favorable impression of him, and, solely on his own representations, I bought the interest. It proved a total failure. There is nothing remarkable in the failure of a mine, and I put the amount to the loss side of the profit and loss account. I became satisfied that he had deliberately misrepresented the mine, and so took advantage of my disposition to help him in time of need. He felt the matter keenly, and said if he ever made money in California he would make my loss good. This I took as an expression of good will and passed the whole matter by.

About six years later this man came to me and said he had made a speculative investment in some unimproved real estate in a growing city, and he could now make my loss occasioned by said mine transaction good, and offered to give me a deed to a lot of said land. This he did, and I afterwards sold it for three times as much as my loss, thus more than covering both principle and interest. Are not such cases worth recording?

Nettie Pease Fox.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The people here the past few Sundays have been treated to some very interesting lectures through Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox. She has been spending a few weeks with her parents here, was delighted with California, and liked the people her short stay brought her in contact with. Her intentions were to visit your city and from more acquaintances, but was suddenly called away, much to our regret. We were expecting more of her eloquent and logical lectures, also more of her acquaintance. We were making preparations for a reception, which always creates harmony and makes our hearts beat as one. But we won't forget it on her return to our beautiful city one year hence. She thought it possible she would visit our golden State another Fall. We will welcome her back with all her inspiration and sweet manners, and wish her health, prosperity, and happiness. A lover of truth,

MRS. MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, Sept. 26, 1886.

ALL the ex-Governors of Oregon are still living.

(Continued from First Page.)

freshness and joyousness of the soul fades and withers. They soon begin to feel the sense of approaching decay, loss of manhood, the feeling of shame, but have no longer the power or inclination to resist. You may find many in every community who are reeling round and round the maelstrom of some social vice, that would give all they own could they leap out of the fatal vortex, but it is too late. They have lost the power of self-control. They are in the hands of a murderous and mutinous crew. Take as a very common example of the loss of self-control, that of a poor wretch trembling and stammering in the delirium of strong drink. All that is manly, noble, pure and good, has been swallowed up by that raging, burning, consuming passion. Tell him of a God, a heaven, and he drowns it all in a drunken slumber. He would pawn his soul, his hope of immortality for the intoxicating thrill. Tell him of the wife who gave him the fragrance of her young love, of his children, of the dear graves where the birds sing and the wild flowers grow, of the sweet voices of departed loved ones, in the air, saying, "Look up higher," and he madly cries, "Drink! drink!! drink!!!" That man is driven by a demon habit that has become his master.

And now, all along this way of transgression, stands a ghastly array of diseases, mental aberrations, ungovernable tempers, paralyzed noble powers, and horrid illusions, to warn men not to give up their powers of self-guidance. And at the end of the road stands insanity, surrounded by its hideous progeny, bloody homicides, frantic suicides, bloated lusts and skulking felonies, saying with a voice of thunder that the way of the transgressor is hard. Insanity is the most emphatic warning that nature can give. As the lighthouse, upon some surf-beaten rock, throws its rays far out to sea, warning the distant ships where lie the dangerous reefs, so stands insanity among all the evil habits that come of giving up one's self-guidance, and cries aloud, "Stand off! spread every sail! take no risks! come no nearer this seething, boiling gulf!"

But this is not the most baleful feature of the case. This danger signal throws its awful red glare of warning over the whole community in which you live. Society, to a great extent, manufactures its own fallen ones. Talk as loudly as we may about the power of self-control and free will, it is still a fact that men are largely the creatures of their environment. They take on the hue of their set, circle or neighborhood, as the chameleon does the color of the leaves of the tree upon which it feeds. It is easy to be good when goodness is in fashion. A bad man, with feeble moral powers and a low-toned conscience, may be kept within some degree of propriety when the social customs and restraints are propitious, but the moment he goes into homogeneous company all the latent fires of his nature break forth. The magical power of evil association in leading the young, the inexperienced and unsophisticated, astray, is a matter of daily observation. The fact is, no one can live in a malarial atmosphere and feel perfectly well. Look over the list of the ruined and lost you have known or heard of, and you will find very few who planned such a disastrous career. How many in the poor-house, the hospitals, asylums, and prisons of crime and shame, do you suppose, in the halcyon days of youth, and dawning manhood, expected to come to such a dismal end? Who in this mighty army enlisted for such bounty? Who sailed for such a port? Perhaps not one.

It is certain, at least, that the majority are the victims of social habits and customs. It was the hospitality of the glass, the magnetic fascination of boon companionship, the merry, light-hearted charm of perfumed lewdness, that lured that young man, fresh from a home of love and purity, into the gilded saloons and parlors of lust, where he was shorn of manhood and virtue. And nowhere is the contagion of bad example so potent as in the excited and intense life of the city. Nowhere are the features of depravity made so fair, its voice so winning. Nowhere do the plausible and fashionable laxities, follies, foolish and dangerous excesses, so silently and insidiously weave the soft and silken web of habit from which so few ever escape.

Talk of flowers of gorgeous hues in tropical forests that feed with delight upon putrid miasma, and drink the death mist that sweetens their charms! Talk of majestic oaks, strangled by noxious vines and dying in their amorous clasp! Talk of animals armed with tooth and claw, beak and talon, hunting for prey through the forests, sea or air! Talk of the poor old devil who used to frighten the saints as he went about as a roaring lion! Why, society is full of devils. There are men and women alert for prey by daylight and gaslight who surpass all these symbols of horror, and make the very words of the Bible true to the letter when it says, "There are those who devour men as they do bread." True, they do not eat their flesh and drink their blood as cannibals. They do worse, they devour souls, they glut and gorge upon wasted honor, deflowered chastity, ruined homes and bleeding reputations. They spin their webs of flattery, deceit and seductive guile in every niche and corner of society they can get, and then slyly watch till the innocent, the thoughtless and unwary are caught in the meshes. They go out to hunt for honor, purity and

virtue as men hunt for game upon the mountains. They lie in wait and study the weak points of a character, as a burglar does the weak points of a house. They are drilled and disciplined in the arts of deceiving and leading a fellow-creature to destruction. They use all the lure of the free lunch, the charms of music, sumptuous furniture, splendid mirrors and pictures, and the bewitching smiles of beauty. Is it any wonder that so many of our boys and girls are led into evil ways? Is it not a wonder so many of them escape? And yet how many in their comfortable homes seem oblivious to the plague that is in their midst. It is said that Lord Palmerston seemed never to be aware of the want, woe and wretchedness of the poor in London, till his only daughter died from poison stitched into her garments by a diseased needle-woman. That unfortunate incident taught him he was akin to humanity however lowly, and was the inspiration of the noble charities that adorned and crowned the latter years of his life. In like manner, how many seem to be under a spell of inaction or indifference to the gin-mills, dives, dead-falls, opium dens, bawdy houses, lechery, disease and death-rot in their midst, till some noble son or lovely daughter is led astray, pillaged of honor and virtue, and cast as a wreck upon the stream. And in the center of this hell-dance stands insanity, the capital punishment of nature's penal code, surrounded with its 135,000 licensed saloons, its 750,000 drunkards, its 800,000 paupers, its 30,000 of raving madmen and drooling idiots, and the nation's grog-bill of \$900,000,000 per annum. There it stands at the door of our prisons, penitentiaries, almshouses, and morgues, pointing to the fact, that the root of this deadly upas tree is in our social forces, our customs, habits and saloon politics, that would pawn the honor of our sons and the virtue of our daughters, barter heaven and covenant with hell in the greedy lust for office and spoils.

But this problem of evil is so near us that it is hard to fully realize it. What we are in sight of every day we are in danger of growing indifferent to. Surgeons and nurses gradually accustom themselves to sleep soundly amidst the wails and groans of the hospital, and soldiers on the bloody ground of a battlefield. It would not be difficult to find many very philanthropic sort of people who seem to be unconscious that thousands of souls are afloat on a sea of shame, crime and intemperance, whose tides reach the very doorsteps of their homes and surges around the place where they worship on Sunday. Indeed, many are troubled with what the occultists call presbyopia or farsightedness. They can not see the evil that is near them, but are dreadfully worried about the salvation of the antipodes. Talk of savages prowling in the wild jungles of ignorance and superstition, where will you find men and women more benighted and imbruted than within a few minutes' walk of every pulpit in this city? True, they are not tattooed and armed with war-clubs, but they are blotched and burnt with passions and appetites quite as brutal. True, they do not bow and grimace before some ugly idol carved out of wood and stone, but is not the idolatry whose fetich is the gambling club and whose Golden Rule is the multiplication table, as apt to be as dangerous to good morals? True, they do not pour out human blood upon sacrificial altars in order to propitiate some grim and hideous god. But is not the annual sacrifice of thousands of little innocent children, our young men and maidens upon the altar of the Moloch of fashion and the glittering sideboards of wine banquets quite as painful a sight? And yet how many seem oblivious to all this. It is so near and common.

Sometimes the whole community starts up aghast and rubs its sleepy eyes, when some one in a fit of jealousy or delirium blows out the brains of one well known and respected. The report of the pistol that killed young Eugene Guindon sent a thrill of horror through the whole city. But were I to take a slow poison that I knew in a few months would terminate my life, would not that be suicide? Were I to sell poison to another that I knew in the course of time would certainly destroy his life, would not that be murder? And yet how many everyday are taking their own lives, or that of others in this way. But it makes no noise. It is done in conformity with a polite custom. It is done under the protection of law. But were the souls of all those murdered by custom and social habits to come back and shriek the story of their fall and ruin upon the night winds, were the ghostly forms of the homicides, the suicides, the insane, the idiotic and melancholy to be seen gliding along the roofs of the houses into which they were enticed and ruined, where reason reeling in fire went down to kennel with the brute, and home and love were sacrificed in frenzy and rage, who would visit such places? Were it possible to see the ghastly faces of misery and despair staring out of the frescoed pictures and mirrors on the walls of the drinking palaces and parlors of shame and dissipation, who would enter, who would stay?

But the dead have no votes to conjure with, and their names are stricken from the register, and the sad story of their lives is soon forgotten. Take but one item alone from the mighty census of woe and misery. Sixty thousands lives are yearly destroyed in the nation from the use of strong drink, one hundred thousand men and women are sent to prison, and two hundred thousand chil-

dren bequeathed to the poor houses and charitable institutions. Now suppose a bell could be made large enough and swing high enough to be heard over all this land, and it could be tolled every ten minutes for the death of a drunkard, its mournful dirge would ring in our ears day and night the year round. Its sepulchral tones might arouse the whole community to a realization of its responsibility for so many untimely and frightful deaths. It might cause every one to pause and ask the question whether he had any personal agency in this horrible work of blasting the hopes and lives of so many of our fellow-creatures. But no such bell tolls its mournful requiem upon the air, and the storm of fire sweeps on.

A pretty girl, driven by the harpies of want, hunger and poverty, is at last wrecked upon our Barbary Coast. Haunted by remorseful memories, by the withered possibilities of what she might have been had the world been more propitious, and feeling that she is lost to love, home, society and sympathy, she becomes lonely, wretched, tired of life, and in a moment of frenzy hurries along the street under the gaslight of the great city, by many a home that echoes with song and sunny laughter, out upon the cold, windy downs, and seeks a resting place in the depths of the sea.

"Oh, it was pitiful
In a whole city full
Home she had none."

A great banker driven by the lure of gain, or the fiend of speculation, is at last wrecked upon the gold-reefs, and seeing only ruin and humiliation before him, he, too, in a paroxysm of despair hurries to seek a hiding place in the bosom of the sea. One comes down the marble steps of affluence and luxury, the other comes up from the depths of poverty and want. Both meet on the same road, bound to the same destiny. Both of them

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery.
Swift to be hurled anywhere—
Anywhere out of the world."

This is not an extreme case, and overwrought picture. It is just what is happening in some shape every day in this land. And it is a strange and alarming fact that the fateful forces which hedge one class in squalor, poverty, want and wretchedness, and another class in the arena of strife, hot rivalry, fierce ambition, wild adventure, bad luck and despair, grows more intense and irresistible as our civilization advances, driving all alike, the rich and poor, the old and young, men and women toward the same gulf of dissipation, crime, ruin, disease, suicide or premature age. Now we are especially called upon to consider this problem. The men and women who live in rural homes may be excused if they are a little indifferent. But the inhabitants of our large towns and cities, where the tides of vice, folly and temptation, surge most violently can not safely neglect it. Sleep, when the great ship creaks and groans in the storm like a wounded thing! Sleep, when the hurricane of fire sweeps through the city, dashing fortunes into smoke and blazing cinders against a red-hot sky! Sleep, when the demon of pestilence pours its vials of death upon the air, dead wagons jostle each other in the street and there is a coffin in every house! But what shall we do? We have tried preaching, lecturing, revival meeting, temperance songs and moral suasion. But still the mad agony rolls on and on, filling brothels and bridewells, state prisons and state lunatic asylums, or breaks out in the maniac yell of mobs, murder, robbery, arson, all sorts of mischief. Doctors of divinity suggest a season for fasting and prayer. Doctors of the law are at their wits' end. The governors and mayors issue proclamations and read the riot act. But still the deadly plague travels on with its black rheum and murrain through the markets, through the courts, through the churches, eating at the very core of our civilization.

A company of young men were making merry over their wine until a late hour at night, when one of them became wild with drink. He suddenly started from the table, leaped through the window and fell upon the sidewalk, sash and glass rattling down after him. It was a terrible fall and his companions hastened to his relief. He was sober now, but a mass of bruises and broken bones. And, oh! with a pleading look he said as they came around him, "Boys, why didn't you hold me, why didn't you hold me?" Men of church and state, honorable school boards, honorable city councils, honorable legislatures, judges and juries, well-to-do citizens, there are thousands right here in your midst looking up from the social depths, from madhouses, from prison cells, from homes of desolation and hunger, and wildly ask why you did not hold us. Hold us by your customs! Hold us by your example! Hold us by your votes! Hold us by your laws! On every breeze, along every path of sound comes the cry of lost and ruined millions, Men and brethren why did you not hold us!

"SHE did wrong to look back, didn't she, Bessie?" "Yes, mamma." "And what do you think Lot thought when he saw his poor wife turned into a pillar of salt?" "I don't know, mamma; I 'spect he wondered where he could get a fresh one!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

FAITH may rise into miracles of might; faith may sink into credulities of weakness.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

On the Attitude of Science Toward Spiritualism.

The present attitude of science toward Spiritualism, while not flattering to those who entertain this latter-day belief, gives them no cause for alarm. The vague apprehensions as to the length to which science may go, in demonstrating the purely physical and mental origin and evolution of all traditional beliefs in the existence of an inner self, that will survive the death of the body, that gives such uneasiness to good people who can not bear the thought that individuality ends at death, are not felt by Spiritualists; not even by those who understand and appreciate the full length to which science has gone. Their beliefs are not inherited, are not derived from traditions of doubtful origin.

The philosophy of mind and matter has, in the past thirty years, been reconstructed on a new basis. This was rendered possible by the data that has been accumulated by men during past ages, and the natural evolution of the human mind to a state of greater heterogeneity. The philosophy of Spiritualism, or of spirit and natural continued existence, has only sprung into existence during the past thirty years, and is being constructed on a new basis. This is rendered possible by no accumulated data of past ages, although it offers the only hypothesis by which traditional statements may be understood as having some basis in fact, the only theory by which wise men can understand their ancestors as anything but the mos: consummate liars or egregious asses; but is rendered possible by the evolution of human intelligence, aided by the most recent and highest systems of logical inference from sensually observed phenomena, and from cause to effect; data has yet to be accumulated on which to found a careful system of philosophy. The science of Spiritualism, as compared with other science, is extremely attenuated, and scarce as yet deserves the name; presenting, as it does, but a few phenomena, and even these so rare that the fact of their existence is an open question with all but a few; and even these phenomena, rare as they are, can not be presented at will, even when all the known conditions, claimed as necessary, are carefully fulfilled. This is one of the sides presented by Spiritualism to men of exact science; but since, in the domain of science, are accepted theories whose data are far more rare, and whose conditions, necessary to observation, are far more obscure, no serious objection to it, on these grounds, can be logically raised.

The weakest point in Spiritualism that is presented to scientists, and about the only one on which they base their arguments against it, lies in the fact that the mere belief in spirit has been traced back, theoretically, to its inception, and found to be a necessary corollary to the uneducated human mind; a belief arrived at long before civilization is attained through the laws of the principle of anthropomorphism. This belief in spirits, arrived at by savages, is inherited by their progeny, and a distorted statement, as all statements must be while language is in a crude state, is passed down to future generations; these, having conceived the mystic idea, add to it, from time to time, such mysteries as, from their limited knowledge of natural laws, appear to be of supernatural origin. Scientists, judging Spiritualism by other spiritual beliefs whose foundations it has proved to be illusions, have little or nothing to say concerning the phenomena on which alone it is founded, except that the belief in such phenomena is inherited and traditional; the mere relation, by brother scientists whose statements on any other subject would be received as evidence, of phenomena ascribed to spirits, being received with scorn.

At the present time, Spiritualism stands at a greater disadvantage with scientists than it would in any past time. There have always been atheists and materialists, but it is only of late, since the laws of evolution and anthropomorphism have attained their present standing, that materialists have been able to show logical and conclusive reasons for their disbelief in the traditions on which alone all beliefs, save Spiritualism, are founded; and the sudden acquisition of this knowledge has proved a trifle overbalancing; has created a little of bigotry in a direction opposed to the belief in spirit. But those who understand how fair and impartial the study of science causes the human mind to become, feel no alarm for the scientific future of Spiritualism.

In the foregoing is presented a number of reasons why so few great scientists are Spiritualists, provided Spiritualism is true; and, did space permit, many more of like nature could be added. But if it can be shown that these scientists who declaim against Spiritualism have no adequate conception of what the word implies, judging from their own words, it will be a self-evident fact that their mere opinions about Spiritualism are entitled to no more weight than their opinions on any other matter with which they are totally unfamiliar. And if it can be shown from their manner of expression regarding it, that they are prejudiced against it, it follows that their opinion about this matter is of less value than that about a matter that is merely unfamiliar; and further,

that the present attitude of science toward Spiritualism is not caused by actual knowledge of any physical principle underlying genuine manifestations of so-called spirit power, or even any logical hypothesis whatever.

In an article headed "Science and Spirits," written in 1864, John Tyndall describes his first and last attempt to investigate—what? Not Spiritualism, but the physical principle underlying so-called manifestations. To say that he was prejudiced against the matter is altogether too mild; he could not even entertain so preposterous an idea as the investigation of spirit power; and, though on diametrically opposite grounds, placed himself on a level with his orthodox combatants, in his attitude toward Spiritualism. His own words are: "Absolute unbelief in the facts was by no means my condition of mind. On the contrary, I thought it probable that some physical principle, not evident to the Spiritualists themselves, might underlie their manifestations." The thought of investigating for the purpose of finding whether spirits might, under certain conditions, communicate with man, was foreign to his purpose. That such manifestations as he observed on this occasion were fraudulently produced by a possibly genuine but certainly dishonest medium, there is no reason to doubt; the medium asserted that the presence of a magnet in the room would make her "terribly ill," and that at the time she was feeling "particularly well," yet in Mr. Tyndall's pocket, six inches from her person, was a magnet. Again, such raps as were heard came from a certain part of the table, and though requested to appear at some other point, did not comply; and when Mr. Tyndall got under the table to watch the suspected point, the raps ceased, and did not begin again until he arose, a quarter of an hour later. He was told that "no human power could prevent the table from moving when they (the spirits) moved it," and proved this to be a lie by holding the table firmly in place with his knees when the next "pull" came. The fact of the matter is, that if, at this seance, Mr. Tyndall could have been converted to Spiritualism by the proved falsehood uttered, and the proved incapacity of the operators to produce any phenomena that could be consistently ascribed to independent and unseen intelligences, which were all he observed, Mr. Tyndall would not have been converted to Spiritualism, but to blind fanaticism. His remarks at the end of this article, in summing up the result of his observations at this fraudulent seance, should be read and pondered on by all Spiritualists; more especially those who are better described by the word "phenomenalists," and who constitute an immense majority of those who claim to be Spiritualists. The article alluded to is to be found in a work called "Fragments of Science," by Tyndall.

If further and final proof of the point of prejudice raised against Mr. Tyndall's article is needed, it is to be found in his statement that he acted dishonestly toward his generous host, who, though most undoubtedly a fanatic in believing to be of spirit origin, mere movements and sounds that could be at least equally well supposed to be of purely physical origin, was certainly honest. He produced fraudulent so-called manifestations by inducing a vibration of his leg. This was ascribed by his credulous friend to spirit power; and the great scientist departed, leaving him the subject of an additional delusion. G. F. B.

Explanation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In answer to an alleged criticism by "G. B. C." on an article headed "Scientific Belief in Immortality," in which "G. B. C." intimates his inability, even after reading the article three times, to see any sense in it, the writer begs to state that in his humble opinion the ideas therein advanced must of a necessity remain open to adverse criticism and the charge of ambiguity, by all who are not somewhat versed in the late scientific conclusions from which those ideas are drawn. To explain for the benefit of "G. B. C." who, although an excellent writer on popular subjects, as is evinced by ideas elsewhere advanced in the same "criticism," has perhaps fallen a little behind in regard to the lengths to which science has gone in untangling the mysteries of mind and matter, and to which particular branch of science the writer has for some time devoted all his spare hours, and for a definite end, mainly, that he may be enabled, by the acquisition of the so-called materialistic methods of reasoning, to confute the ideas of materialists on their own logical grounds. To show that such conclusions as that "man, dog and cabbage" have a common origin, that the intellectual powers of man and dog have a common origin, the mind of the former differing from that of the latter only in degree of evolution; or that the human soul, so-called, is something very different from what it has been and is popularly supposed to be, do not point to materialism as a necessary corollary, as they are supposed to do by those who have not been, as the writer has to a remarkable extent, brought face to face with phenomena which not only are insusceptible of any physical interpretation on any hypothesis however vague, but assert in plain language that not only is the theory of continued existence true, but so also are the leading conclusions arrived at by science. G. F. B.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

CONCLUSIVE TESTIMONY NEEDED.

Spiritual phenomena, to be of any use to the world, must be so conclusive in their certainty as to place their genuineness beyond reasonable question. Nothing that comes of conditions favorable to deception—nothing that does not appeal to the unclouded senses and to the better judgment of careful observers, because of its absolute fairness and freedom from all taint of suspicion,—is really of any weight, in a scientific sense.

Hence, we believe it would be better for the cause of Spiritualism, pure and undefiled—better for all honest mediums,—if our Spiritualist journals would cease to publish accounts of alleged phenomena not given under such conditions as to render the facts most palpable.

Especially should this be the case with all phases of manifestations that tax, and overtax, the credulity of all reasonable skeptics. To assert as a fact such wonderful manifestations as those certified to by Baron Hellenbach, Profs. Crooks, Wallace, Varley, and scores of other careful investigators, is worth nothing to the general reader unless the assertion is accompanied with such proofs of genuineness, deduced from such careful methods of investigation, as those prominent scientists were wont to require.

But instead of this, our Spiritualist journals contain a large amount of undemonstrated assertion concerning various mediums and various phases of phenomena—accounts of seances, often, where nothing is proven but the readiness of the writer thereof to accept what may or may not be a shameless deception.

Speaking for ourselves, we are in the receipt of much matter of this kind, which we deem it unwise to publish. It may be all genuine, but lacking in the all-important element of proof, we are constrained to consign it to the waste basket, or hold it in reserve for further evidence of genuineness.

If this course was generally pursued by all journals of this class, the effect, it seems to us, would prove most satisfactory. It would assist immensely in separating the true from the false in mediumship, by compelling all mediums to adopt such conditions as would render the manifestations of occult power occurring in their presence above suspicion. Only this class would then be entitled to public notice, and no others would be regarded as worthy of respectful consideration.

The demand of the times, in the matter of Spiritual phenomena, is for facts based upon scientific research. We have no business with facts that will not stand the scrutiny of careful investigation. At least we have no right to give them to the world as facts unless we are prepared to furnish all reasonable corroboration thereof.

A REMARKABLE SLATE.—We have procured, under absolutely test conditions, through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, the most remarkable slate-writing, without doubt, that has ever yet been produced by independent spirit power. The slate contains writings in twelve languages, as follows: Chinese, Japanese, Hebrew, Greek, Old Asiatic, Egyptian, Norwegian, German, French, Italian, Spanish and English. The writing was all obtained at one trial, in broad daylight, on Sunday last, at a seance not exceeding fifteen minutes in duration, the only persons present being the medium, the writer and his wife. We had had two previous sittings on preceding Sundays, the first of which was for the purpose of consulting with Spirit John Grey, the medium's psychographic control, concerning the matter of preparing this slate, as we wished it for a purpose. He entered heartily into our plans, and advised us to sit regularly for a few Sundays, at a given time, and he would see what could be done. At the third seance the above-mentioned result was obtained. We shall have this slate engraved, and translations made of the writings, as far as we are able to do so, for publication in our holiday number, together with a full account thereof.

MR. COLVILLE IN SACRAMENTO.—The *Record-Union* of Tuesday contains a long notice of Mr. Colville's lecture in that city on Monday evening. It says: "W. J. Colville, the inspirational speaker, had a large audience at Pioneer Hall last evening. J. M. Avery presided. Mrs. Wilbur Smith sang in excellent voice and with much feeling 'Departed Days' and 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' Mrs. Abbie Genung accompanying. For a quarter of an hour before rising to speak Mr. Colville improvised at the piano, playing with what might be termed the abandon of feeling. The subject of the lecture was 'The Origin and Destiny of Man.' He spoke, rapidly, fluently and with eloquence of earnestness for over an hour, holding his audience in the perfect quiet of profound attention." Then follows a half-column synopsis of his discourse, which closed with a ten-minutes' improvisation on the subject of happiness.

THE MESSAGE OF SPIRITUALISM.

The message of Modern Spiritualism to the world can have no other meaning than that of man's enlightenment and spiritual unfoldment. To imagine that unseen powers of evil are permitted to dominate the good in the world, and overwhelm the ignorant and the weak, as well as the wise and the strong, is to place a demon upon the throne of the universe.

The human race was rapidly sinking into the woful negation of materialism. Thoughtful men and women were fast coming to deny the myths and miracles of tradition, upon which they had been taught to believe in a continued existence beyond the grave. They buried their dead out of their sight, and they were lost to them forevermore. And in the gloom of this cold philosophy the world was becoming filled with breaking hearts—of mothers wailing for their lost babes—of earthly bonds stronger than death, sundered, and to be nevermore reunited.

The outcome of this belief was beginning to tell in a most pernicious way upon many lives,—of those who had thrown off the yoke of old beliefs and superstitions, and had come under far more cruel trammels, the yoke of cold, unfeeling atheism—a belief that led down to the silent valley of annihilation. "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die," shouted the unthinking sensualist; and amid the mad whirl of human passions, the fierce pursuits of unholy pleasures, and the wild struggle for possession of the perishable things of earth, men lived their little day and passed out into the unknown—into the starless night of oblivion.

The church was powerless to stem the tide of this widely sweeping thought. Science, with its new unfoldments in geology and anthropology, was slowly but surely undermining the very foundations upon which the Church had rested for so many centuries. Not that it was wanting in the "evidence of the spirit," for to a vast multitude it was still the living hope and stay of the soul, in its journey through the world—its solace in affliction and its only comfort in the hour of death. But those who were no longer contented with tradition demanded the proofs whereof the church taught of the existence of the spirit after death, and it was unable to give them. It even denied the possibility of the evidence to the modern world, of the existence of those who had passed on,—evidence which their scriptures unmistakably chronicled as having been given to the world in the past.

Then came the new revelation so much needed—the positive proof that "if a man die he shall live again," but the church rejected it, first as a delusion, and next as a demoniacal influx of spirit power to the world. But that makes no difference, the proof is there all the same, and millions of earth's children accept it.

The intelligences from the other side of life have taught man the fallacy of the old idea concerning heaven and hell—a terrible abode of souls eternally lost, and a wonderfully appointed and equipped heaven for the everlasting abiding place of the blessed. They have demonstrated to the satisfaction of millions that spirit life is a counterpart of this life, and the spirit world a place peopled with the ignorant, the wise, the good, the same as in this world, and that progress, growth and spiritual unfoldment are a law of spirit life just the same as in this.

All intelligent Spiritualists have learned that the messages from the unseen world are necessarily mixed with error, ignorance, and sometimes with mischief, just in proportion as the spirits communicating are good, wise, ignorant, or mischievous. This fact being well understood they accept the messages for what they are worth, exercising their own reason concerning them, and never surrendering themselves to the dictation of any influence that has not the approval of their best judgment. And thus they have learned to obey the injunction of the Great Teacher to "try the spirits," holding fast only to that which is good.

It is well known to all experienced minds that our firmest convictions are often dependent on subtle impressions, for which words are quite too coarse a medium.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Impressions, silent messages from the invisible beings who would guard and shape our destiny. Yet, how little we heed them; not until we have suffered the folly of our inattention do we begin to consider what this and that "strange feeling" that arrested for a moment the execution of some plan we had designed, might have meant. We go stumbling a long way in the dark before we learn to be guided by these impressions that come like a wave of light, and for a moment illumine our understanding and the way that lies before us. The human mind is not constituted to take council during its early growth, but is wilful through its ignorance, and assured in its blindness. It is claimed that experience is what develops character; then why these restraining admonitions that would save us pain, sorrow, and regret? We have all been offered the fruit of wisdom, governed by others, but we reject it, and take the consequences.

"DANGER SIGNALS."—We publish elsewhere a grand lecture by Dr. McKaig, which no reader of the *GOLDEN GATE*, who had not the good fortune to hear it, should pass by unread. It was delivered before the Golden Gate Religious and

Philosophical Society on Sunday morning, September 19th. It is a most powerful presentation of the dangers resulting from certain abuses to the "house we live in," and especially of indulgence in alcoholic poisons. Indeed, it is such a temperance lecture as all the world should hear. It is something out of the usual line of thought, and stamps the author as a most vigorous thinker.

ENCOURAGING.

While it could hardly be expected that any political or moral convulsion would be likely to occur, between the present time and the coming election, to so change the hearts of the voters of this State as to secure the success of the Prohibition ticket, yet it is nevertheless morally certain that the ticket will receive a much larger support, in this election, than it has ever before received in this State. We have heard several Republicans, and some of them hitherto leaders in the party, express their intention to vote with the Temperance people this Fall. They have come to this conclusion because of the continued cowardly truckling of their nominating Conventions to the rum power. We doubt not there are many Democrats who are alike disgusted with the action of their own party in its submission to saloon dictation, and who will come forward to help along the car of reform.

In the ranks of each of the old parties is a multitude of thoughtful men who fully understand and deeply deplore the moral danger and social devastation of the rum traffic. They understand that the burdens of taxation are vastly augmented, and crime and misery greatly increased, by the licensed and promiscuous sale of intoxicating drinks. They see the two great prisons of this State, together with scores of lesser penal institutions, filled to their last cell with the fruits of this traffic in ruin and death. They realize that the two immense Insane Asylums are overflowing with physical and moral wrecks, most of whom have been brought to such hopeless straits by indulgence in the cup that inebriates—the fiery draught that "stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder."

These thoughtful and sober classes, recognizing that there is no issue of principle involved in this approaching election, and that the whole contest is confined to a struggle simply for the loaves and fishes of office, can see no good reason why they should not, for once at least, give their influence to a cause that has their heartfelt sympathy, and thus by making a goodly showing of political strength, force the old parties to some certain recognition of temperance principles.

They need this lesson, one party quite as much as the other, as the platform of neither party contains the slightest reference to the important question that ought to engage the thoughtful attention of every good citizen.

The Republicans, in the recent Legislature, could, if so disposed, have shown their respect, at least, for temperance principles—had they entertained any such respect—in their choice of a United States Senator; but instead thereof, in defiance of the temperance sentiment of the people, they selected a representative of the liquor power—a wholesale dealer in alcoholic poisons—to represent them. And the Democrats are alike utterly reckless of a reasonable regard for the proprieties in their submission to the domination of one who sends forth his mandates from a whisky mill, and before whom the rank and file of the party bow down in servile submission.

And so the time has come, in keeping with the labor movement, for temperance men of all parties to "strike," and make their influence felt for the good of the cause they cherish. They can certainly accomplish nothing until they make the effort.

NOT THE ONES.—By observation it has become apparent to Rev. Leonard Bacon that not the right people are resting in this world. He finds the most persistent fishermen at the mountain trout streams, the most conspicuous dawdlers at the mountain resorts, and the most numerous class of loungers on the seashore to be clergymen—clergymen of rich city churches, whose labors are almost nominal, and have no need of such prolonged recreations. He does not approve of it, and informs his brethren, so idling their time away, that they are not only making mistakes as to themselves, but setting a bad example to them. We are not sure that rich clergymen are more reprehensible in seeking the beauties and grandeur of nature to the exclusion of their poor brethren, than are other rich persons who thus spend their money and time forgetful of the throngs of city poor forever pent up in its dust and heat. The charity that in a few instances provides transportation for poor clerks, weary mothers and suffering children to rural resorts is one that should be so extended as to include all unable to go on their own account.

A CHANCE FOR WOMEN.—Everywhere in these times there is not only a growing interest in the condition of the working men and women of the world, but practical measures are taken for the insurance of their improvement. The French Academy of Science is the recipient of a large fortune, the possession of Madame Pinsen, of Mono, for the purpose of founding a prize, to be awarded every five years, for the best work on political economy especially adapted for the benefit of the working classes. Some might object that the wealth thus devoted might have been more directly applied to the benefit of toil. But we think it is wisely given since the elevation of labor must be wrought through intellectual effort.

THE CORNER GROCERY.

While the traffic in intoxicating liquors is bad enough, in all conscience, when stripped of all guises, and practiced in its naked hideousness, it is infinitely worse when sugar-coated and mixed in with the sale of groceries.

There is scarcely a corner grocery in this great city—we certainly know of none—where liquors are not sold by the glass. True, there is usually a faint attempt to separate the two traffics, but it is only a separation from sight and not from sound—a screen door, or a low partition being all the separation usually found in such places. Thus, women and children, who are the principal patrons, and necessarily so, of the grocery, are compelled continually to listen to the ribald joke and loud profanity of half-drunken and besotted men.

It would seem, surely, that the law might spare us this curse, if nothing more. If men must be licensed to traffic in disease and death,—in that which produces insanity, wretchedness and crime,—they should be compelled to confine themselves to that business; and especially should they not be permitted, at the same time, to deal in the necessities of life, and thereby subject the young and innocent to the polluting influence of promiscuous whisky drinking.

And yet there is not a politician in this city—not a man who expects to be elected to office—who would dare to raise his voice against even this mode of public mischief, to say nothing of the licensed traffic in intoxicants generally. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party, in their local nominations, would dare to pledge their candidates to the Legislature to the support of a law that would drive the liquor traffic from its skulking places among sugar-barrels and soap-boxes—in other words, for a law that would prohibit the groceryman from making a whisky den of his place of business.

In view of these terrible wrongs against society, and the wrongs of the whisky traffic generally, why should good men of all parties longer withhold their support from men and measures pledged to reform upon the temperance question?

Where is the sense in prohibiting or restricting the sale and indulgence in opium, or of other and worse forms of vice, while the greatest vice of all is given free run, and left to work its fearful havoc upon society. Let us be consistent, and give all forms of vice free swing, or else close the whisky dens. There is as much sense in permitting one kind of pernicious individual freedom as another.

THE GRAND WORK AT THE TEMPLE.

Mrs. Watson was in her happiest mood and most charming inspiration—the charm of a sweet tenderness which always seems nearest akin to her own beautiful spirit—in her lecture of last Sunday evening. She had a fine audience, which left the lecture hall with new and fond desires for better things. This is the work of every true teacher to awaken into active life the current of good in all. There is the touch divine in the humblest of earth, as well as the highest, and it is the kindling of this spark into a glowing flame that shall reveal to the world who its real redeemers are.

There are so many hard experiences in life, which are calculated to make anything but the gentler chords of our being are played upon—that we do not wonder we so often fall far short of what we might be. Human nature must be taught and led up to higher planes of thought and action; it can never be driven. We can never reform a person by continually telling him what a miserable scoundrel he is. We are only helped on when our angel-side is appealed to. The keynote of reform is love; and the greatest reformers or teachers are those who can arouse the slumbering soul into a perfect realization of its divine purpose.

Mrs. Watson, like all whose mission it is to elevate the masses by teaching, gives us her best lessons when she stands on the heights and shows us the picture of our sublimer selves—our highest possibilities. It is this side of the picture of life we should all strive to see and cultivate more.

The subject of Mrs. Watson's discourse for next Sunday evening will be "The Gods of Tradition versus the God of Nature," to begin at 7:30 o'clock. In the morning she answers written questions from the audience. The audiences are increasing in size, and during the Fall and Winter evenings we expect to see no vacant seats.

WATER.—It is apparent all over the earth today that inland water is growing rapidly less, so that a few weeks drought occasions much suffering to man and beast. This diminution of water is mainly attributed to the ruthless destruction of forests, but it does not seem reasonable that in the Old World, where such fearful examples of tree-felling still confront the people, such wholesale cutting would be permitted. Russian geographers report that numerous lakes in Siberia, mainly in the Tobolsk and Tomsk provinces, are rapidly disappearing; that villages now occupy ground that a hundred years ago, and less, were covered by extensive bodies of water. One lake in particular is instanced. Tchibalky presents the most remarkable change. A century ago it occupied two hundred and fifty square miles, but now is shrunken to three small ponds. The greed manifested for watery possessions in these latter times may come of an instructive sense of its growing and future scarcity. All present indications point to a time when a sheet or stream of the aqueous fluid will be as valuable as a gold mine.

"LET THE BEGINNING AND THE END ALONE."

—If we only could, we dare say the present would be fruitful of more satisfactory results. But the world doesn't do it, and neither can an individual. Something or somebody in the long ago is always agitating the present, causing dissension, bitterness and strife. The best man of whom we have any record has been the cause of wars and persecutions down to the present time; and after all some are struggling with interpre-

tations to prove that no such person as Christ lived upon our planet. Thinking beings must project their thoughts into the future, but from the past alone can they bring forth materialized events. The one is mainly a realm of fancy, because unrealized; but the other is a repository of facts, though not unmixed with error. Mind can not live in or upon the present alone, though if it were possible it might live better. The past holds ties of affection strongly welded in affliction's fires; the future hopes and anticipations of all we have here aspired to and failed, of all we have loved and lost. Memory and hope must die ere we can narrow our existence down to the fleeting present.

CLOSING SERVICES.

Mr. Colville is certainly a living example of his doctrine, that the spirit can so transcend matter as to be entirely impervious to either sickness or exhaustion. He has labored incessantly for the past four months, in San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda, delivering an average of from eight to ten lectures a week, and yet he does not give the slightest indication of weariness. He speaks with the same ease, ready flow of thought and fluency of language that marked his first efforts. The interest is unabated in all that he says, as is evinced by the very large attendances on even his week-day services. His last evening discourse in this city was given on Wednesday evening in Assembly Hall, to an audience of eight hundred or more. As it was the Jewish New Year, the exercises were in harmony with the spiritual ideas connected therewith. The decorations for this occasion were both tasteful and elaborate—the back of the stage, in large letters, were written, "Happy New Year," under which appeared, in smaller letters, "God bless our work." The platform was one mass of flowers, arranged in elegant profusion. The music was excellent, consisting of solos by Messrs. Colville, Campbell and Maguire, and a duet by Mrs. Clark and Mr. Maguire.

Before the lecture, Hon. Amos Adams was introduced, and presented the resolutions of appreciation of Mr. Colville and his work, (which appear in another column of this paper) which were unanimously adopted. Mr. Colville expressed his thanks in a few well-chosen phrases, and proceeded with the lecture for the evening, the subject being, "Behold, I Make all Things new; A New Year; A New Heart; New Heavens, and a New Earth."

Mr. Colville has been the recipient of many expressions of esteem, both publicly and privately, during his stay on this Coast. His Oakland class presented him, at his last meeting in that city, with an elegant gold watch and chain, a handsome plush hand-embroidered desk cover, and other little tokens of remembrance. He expresses himself as more than satisfied with the reception that has been given him by the warm and loving hearts of California; he hopes, at no far distant day, that his face may again be turned toward this beautiful land of flowers.

There is a whole-souledness in the hospitality of Californians that is rarely met with elsewhere. We speak of it in all humility of spirit, and due respect for our unfortunate brothers who are less favored with the smiles of Providence than his children of the "Golden West."

Miss Young, too, has been most gratefully remembered for her fidelity to duty. The classes of Oakland and San Francisco presented her with a handsome gold chain and seal, together with other fancy articles from individual friends. A host of good wishes will accompany them to their Eastern home, and prayers from many hearts that circumstances may soon return them to us to continue the grand work already begun.

POSSIBLY.—Scientists who have studied the phenomena of earthquakes are finally pretty well agreed that they do not know the cause that produces them. We think, however, all persons living in earthquake countries are individually convinced that their nature is electrical. No one living on this coast, who has experienced an earthquake of any degree of severity, could have failed to note the change in temperature, either immediately or directly after the convulsion. Nothing but an earthquake or thunderstorm causes the mercury to fall so suddenly as it does invariably in either case. The terrific storms that sweep over the face of our planet may not be the only ones that desolate the globe. If the earth is hollow, as is believed by many, why is it not supposable that there may be internal tornadoes and cyclones whose awful force with their giant, thunderbolts rend the earth to its circumference causing it to quake in the fearful strife of its hidden elements? Wherever there is life there must be air and water, and where these exist there will be storms. The inner world may be more beautiful than the outer shell, but we do not believe it is more peaceful.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

There are no Protestant missionaries among the million and a half of people in Tripoli, North Africa.

There are 7,000 Esquimaux converts in Greenland under the care of the Danish Missionary Society.

It is estimated that in 1784 there were 420,000,000 of pagans, and that these had increased in 1884 to 835,000,000.

The Pope, in an encyclical to the Bishops of Hungary, condemns neutral and mixed schools, and opposes the bill in the Hungarian Diet to legalize marriage between Jews and Christians.

It is said that the Italian government last year sold ecclesiastical property of the value of \$1,700,000. The total value of the property originally confiscated was \$130,000,000. Of this about \$10,000,000 remain to be disposed of.

An orthodox preacher in Storm Lake, Iowa, thinks that the Universalist preacher of the same place is objectionable. So he prayed, the other day in church, that the Lord would either change the heart of the Universalist or kill him. Storm Lake citizens are watching him closely and curiously.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The hour of the evening meeting at the Temple hereafter will be at 7:30.

—The grand old *Banner of Light* has closed its sixtieth volume. Like wine, it improves with age.

—The *GOLDEN GATE* has long since reached that point in its circulation where its advertising space has become valuable, and yet our rates are remarkably low. No paper is more thoroughly read.

Our forthcoming double-sheet holiday number will not only be a grand exponent of the spiritual philosophy, but it will contain some of the best thoughts of the best minds of the age on a variety of interesting topics.

—The admirable discourse of Mrs. Schwartz, of San Jose, on "What Spiritualism has done for Me," delivered before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, two weeks ago, will appear in our next issue.

—The *Carrier Dove* for October contains an interesting biographical sketch, with portrait, of Andrew Jackson Davis, from the able pen of W. N. Slocum. It also contains an excellent address on "Practical Spiritualism," by the editress, together with much other interesting matter.

—Mrs. Leland Stanford is adding to her noble deeds in behalf of humanity by establishing a Kindergarten school at Redwood City. Her work in this direction can not but result in lasting good to the thousands of little tots now being taught in the schools of which she is the sole almoner.

—All interested in the spread of spiritual truths, and in the uplifting of humanity, should subscribe for the *GOLDEN GATE*. We are so far removed from the great hives of humanity that we must naturally look to the liberal minds of this Coast for support. Our list is gaining steadily, but there is room for many more names.

—There is probably not a medium in existence who has not at times been suspected of trickery; certainly there is not one whose powers do not occasionally fail. While deception should be condemned at all times, and the perpetrator thereof forced to abandon his or her heartless trade, we should nevertheless step cautiously lest we do injustice to the innocent.

—There is nothing like an inducement to set men to moving. A bonus of five thousand dollars is offered for the establishment of any sort of a manufacturing enterprise at La Camas, Washington Territory, that will give employment to twenty men. Here is a capital chance for some person of means who is afraid to risk it in an independent venture. A new country is full of possibilities, and Washington Territory is about the most fully awake and alive spot in all the enterprising West.

—Rev. Dr. Willis, of San Francisco, seems to be inclined to transpose the mission of the gospel, in its application, to the Indians. We think Mr. Willis is correct, and would suggest that the opinion be extended to all evil-doers in civilized life, and that they be treated accordingly. The gentleman ignores the revised term "sheol," and boldly says that the Apaches "must have a gospel—not a gospel that will get the Indians out of hell—but a gospel that will get hell out of the Indians." A few more years of preaching and we shall probably have the gospel presented in its true light.

—Not all men who voluntarily risk their lives in feats of danger do it for glory or gold either. William J. Kendall, who lately swam the whirlpool at Niagara, was in a desperate state of mind and cared not whether he lived or died by the performance. He had just been discharged from the Boston police force, and, worse than all, deserted by his wife whom he loved, because of his bad habits. Now, it appears to us that this love should have led him to do more likely things than casting his life upon the raging waters of Niagara. Could he not have so mended his evil ways as to regain the confidence and companionship of his wife? We think so.

—The position of those missionaries in China who are sixteen hundred miles from the coast, and being expelled from their homes by the heathen Celestials, is a sorry thing to contemplate. Some of our exchanges ignore the idea that the American outrages upon Chinamen have anything to do with it, but we do not see how they can set aside so plain an inference. Retaliation must be the spirit that is now persecuting those innocent persons, and what less could be expected of barbarians? The shame is on the side of a Christian nation that permitted, with little protest, the destruction of life and property of an inoffensive people.

—Arizona is jubilant that it has got rid of Geronimo and his tribe—three hundred and eighty-five wretched creatures that have exercised the greater part of our United States' military to get under control. What of Florida? These Indians are to be placed upon a reservation somewhere in that State, and who can say that they will not give the same trouble to their new neighbors? or, to reverse the question and get at its right side, will these savages be treated with any more fairness and honesty in their new surroundings than they were in Arizona? "Why did they not hang Geronimo?" Because others were more guilty than he that "they" did not want to hang.

—The meetings of Rev. Mr. Ravlin, at Hamilton Hall, Oakland, continue to increase in interest and attendance. In his discourse to the young, on Sunday evening last, Mr. Ravlin depicted, in vivid colors, the evil influences of pernicious literature, tobacco, and intoxicating drinks. At 11 o'clock to-morrow (Sunday), an effort is to be made to organize a children's meeting, not exactly a Sunday School, nor yet a Progressive Lyceum, but something (under whatever name may be chosen) that will be attractive and edifying. In the evening Mr. Ravlin will, by re-

quest, speak on the same subject recently given at Metropolitan Temple, "Stones or Bread for Earth's Starving Millions." We hope the Liberal people of Oakland, for their own good, will sustain these meetings and build up a permanent society.

New Era Camp-Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Spiritual camp-meeting at New Era has been a success; in fact, the best meeting we have ever had in Oregon. It seems that the old spirit of harmony and good will has been fully restored, and that really the good time coming had come. I speak of the progress of the meeting thus far, as it is still going on, and does not close until next Sunday. I quote as follows from the editorial correspondence of the *New Northwest* of this date:

"In the morning, when we climb the Delectable Heights to the camping ground, we greet a large assembly of personal friends, who are advocates of liberty, equality and justice for all people, temporally, physically and spiritually. The meeting, which is to last ten days, was in full blast. There were many lecturers and mediums present. The speaking was, for the most part, of a high order, and the psychic manifestations were often remarkable in character, being quite inexplicable except upon the hypothesis that the Bible doctrine of demonstration in spiritual things is true.

"We were especially struck with the remarks of Mr. Colby, a famous 'shut-eye' speaker, on the temperance problem. In reply to a question as to how it would be solved, he said: 'If the Willamette river were a current of whisky, and at every interval of five feet there were a post with a dipper attached by a chain, that all might drink who chose, there would be less drunkenness in Portland than now. The primal cause of the increase of drunkenness is the tobacco habit. If a savior were to come to redeem the world who had the power to destroy every tobacco seed, and would do it, he would accomplish more for the reformation of humanity in a single decade than the crucified Savior had done in nearly two thousand years. If every species of taxation were removed from the drink traffic; if no restriction whatever were imposed upon its sale, and liquor drinking, or drunkenness, rather, were held to be a crime, punishable by hard labor at so much *per diem*; if the lawyers, doctors, preachers and merchants, when getting drunk, were served exactly as the common laborer, so none could escape a personal penalty on account of riches, and if there were factories or workshops where all offenders would be compelled to work out their fines for drunkenness, allowing the families of married men to share their earnings with the State or municipality, drunkenness would soon reach its minimum.

"The young man claims to speak in the unconscious or trance condition. He is eloquent, logical, kindly and often witty, and readily draws large audiences.

"It is useless—aye, criminal—for the press to ignore the uprising known as Spiritualism. It has its absurdities, and so has the church. But it is accomplishing an infinite amount of good in teaching mortals by practical demonstration that 'there is no death; what seems so in transition.'

The closing remarks of the *New Northwest* has the right ring to it, and I have often thought it strange the editors of papers could not see it in this light; and all we need is thorough organization to make the press everywhere speak out in our favor. It is fully true that we were taking steps in that direction. I do not mean that we should formulate a creed or attempt to bind the consciences of men, but that we should organize for concert of action and for mutual protection and work in the promulgation of the cause; much good could be done. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OR., Sept. 23, 1886.

Re-Incarnation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The following are extracts from a letter of William Emmette Coleman in *Carrier Dove* for October:

"My denial is based upon many years patient study and analysis of this dogma; and as I have published a number of long articles (each consisting of many columns) in demonstration of its absurdity and untruth, founded upon the teachings of the spirit world, and upon reason, science, philosophy, and common sense, I think that my statements of disbelief in it amount to more than a 'simple denial.' So far as my knowledge extends, I think that I have published, during the last sixteen years, much more matter in opposition to re-incarnation, consisting principally of solid, hard-pan facts and logical demonstration, than any other person on our globe. Therefore, least of all persons, I think, should I be credited with a 'simple denial' of its truth. It has always been an excrescence, a fungus growth, having no vital connection with genuine Spiritualism. If certain so-called 'spirits' say that they know it to be a fact, on the other hand we have the positive statements of the best-attested and the most intellectual spirit teachings, that re-incarnation is an impossibility and never did nor ever can happen."

If the idea of re-incarnation is thousands of years older than Modern Spiritualism, and still retains its vitality, does Mr. Coleman imagine he can crush it out in the brief space of "sixteen years"? On the contrary, if it is a modern "delusion," "an excrescence," "fungus growth," which will soon pass away, why does he oppose it?

Why fret and stew and call hard names Because John Jones was once King James?

If John Jones' idea "has no vital connection with genuine Spiritualism," why need Spiritualists care how absurd it is? If re-incarnation is a fact we can not destroy it by argument; if it is not a fact it isn't worth worrying about. W. N. S.

We intended to copy an article from *GOLDEN GATE*, on "Perverved Mediumship" in this week's issue, but it is unfortunately crowded out. We will publish it in our next. No better spiritual paper in America than the *GOLDEN GATE*; always reliable and a perfect gem in every way. Send for a copy, friends; you will not regret it.—*New York Beacon Light*.

The wheat crop of Russia is reported 30,000,000 bushels short. The United States can make it all up and not miss it.

W. J. Colville.

[The following resolutions, presented by the Hon. Amos Adams, were read and unanimously adopted by the large audience in attendance at Mr. Colville's lecture, at Odd Fellows' Hall, in this city, Wednesday evening, Sept. 29th:]

WHEREAS, The ministrations of Mr. W. J. Colville, as a Lecturer and Teacher being about to terminate for the present, on the Pacific coast, after four months of arduous and most successful labors; and,

WHEREAS, We, the attendants upon his teachings being desirous of expressing our heartfelt interest in him and his noble work, do hereby unanimously agree to the following resolutions:

Resolved, That as an inspirational speaker, Mr. W. J. Colville stands, if not the foremost one, at least in the front ranks of teachers in this or any other country. The purity of thought, the high morals he teaches, the masterly logic he uses, the total absence of denunciation of other forms of belief, his convincing arguments in favor of the higher phases of Spiritualism, attract to his meetings, the intelligent, the thoughtful and the seekers after truth from all creeds and from no creeds.

Resolved, That in the public lectures and private teachings of Mr. Colville we have ever received the highest spiritual and moral lessons—lessons embodying the broadest charity and the sublimest truths in the spirit of the *Golden Rule*; and therein have obtained valuable aid to a higher and better life.

Resolved, That we recognize, and hereby affirm our belief, that in all the grand utterances of Mr. Colville, we are indebted to the noble band of invisible intelligences that inspire and illumine him while speaking.

Resolved, That in his departure to other fields of labor, we feel that we are called upon to suffer a great deprivation. But we console ourselves in the belief that the time is not distant when his footsteps will again be turned to these western shores to remain with us as a permanent teacher.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be furnished to the *GOLDEN GATE* and *Carrier Dove* for publication.

Something Spiritual!

[The kind of evidence which the editor requires to convince him that departed spirits return, are seen, and converse with the living.]

Our Spiritual friend of the *GOLDEN GATE*, of San Francisco, Cal., with whom we occasionally have pleasant conversations on his singular philosophy, informs us that he would like to know what evidence we require to become a believer in Spiritualism. We will now briefly answer his question by relating a scene which occurred in this city about a dozen years ago.

Dr. Henry F. Gardner, a prominent Spiritualist at that time (but now deceased), was one Sunday evening giving a lecture in Paine Hall, on his favorite subject. Being acquainted with him and knowing his ability, we attended his lecture; and the Doctor, happening to see us in the audience, kindly said in his pleasant way, as nearly as we remember,—

"I am very glad and feel highly complimented to see my good Bro. Seaver of the *Investigator*, in the audience. [General applause.] I am sure that we would all like to convert him from his Materialism, for we think it an error; and I am certain that all my hearers would be gratified to have him state, if he will, what is the nature of the evidence he needs to convince him that departed spirits do actually return to their surviving friends and communicate with them." [Prolonged applause.]

A profound silence for a moment or two followed, and then upon the friendly hint of the Doctor, we responded by saying, that we thanked him for his courteous invitation, and would frankly and cheerfully give him the test that we required. It was this: That the spirit of some departed friend, whom we could recognize and identify as plainly as we could Dr. Gardner, should appear on the platform with him and stand by his side. We thought that in case we were perfectly sane or not in the least hallucinated, this kind of evidence would probably be enough to produce conviction. [A sensation.]

Some one in the audience remarked in an undertone: "He asks too much at once; the proper way is to attend the circles and comply with the conditions."

The Doctor here came to our relief. Said he: "The request of Bro. S. is perfectly reasonable; I myself used to be skeptical until I got the evidence which he requires, and I think if he will come here next Sunday evening he will see on this platform the spirit of some friend he knew in this earth-life, and whom he will be able to recognize."

We thanked him, said we would surely attend, and did; but for some reason unknown to the Doctor and ourself, too, the "spirit" failed to appear.

Our friend of the *GOLDEN GATE* will see, by the foregoing account, the evidence that we need to make us a believer in his philosophy, and we are unable to perceive why we should not receive such evidence, provided Spiritualism is true.—*Boston Investigator*.

We sincerely hope our friend may obtain the proof he seeks, as we have no doubt it would greatly sweeten existence to him, as it has to millions of others who have had all the proof they require. We have no doubt the proof positive will come to him some time—if not in this life, surely in the next.—ED. G. G.

Prohibition in Maine.

[Mr. Neal Dow, in a letter to the Chicago Inter-Ocean under date of September 13th, says:]

The Maine law in Maine has been a great success from the day of its enactment; it has never been a failure in any sense of that word. During the first year of its operation it reduced the liquor traffic to very small proportions, driving it out entirely from all our rural districts and from our smaller towns and villages. There is not a distillery or brewery in the State, because the manufacture of intoxicating liquors is prohibited under such pains and penalties that distillers and brewers respect

the law, or rather they fear the fines and imprisonments with which it threatens them.

It is quite true that the quantity of liquors now sold in Maine in violation of law is not one-twentieth of what it was before the law was enacted. Our share of the National drink bill, in proportion to population, would be about \$13,000,000, but half a million will pay for all the liquor smuggled into the State and sold in violation of law, but we call it in round numbers one million. The indirect cost of the liquors would be as much in addition. At the least we save annually \$24,000,000, directly and indirectly, as the result of prohibition, which but for it would be spent and wasted in drink.

Life Beyond the Grave.

[Banner of Light.]

At the conclusion of an eloquent lecture on "The Invisible Police," at Tacoma, Wyoming Territory, the Hon. Thomas Fitch said: "In the interests of social order, in the interests of a government of law, in the interests of liberty and property, it is necessary that the general belief of mankind in a supreme intelligence and a life beyond the grave should not be taken away. If materialism is a truth, we may as well strike such words as sacrifice, and integrity, and unselfishness from our vocabularies. If there is no hereafter, no moral accountability, no conscience, no innate perception of right and wrong which come to us from the other life as moonbeams come through rifts in the darkening clouds; if all these are but sounding phrases invented by priests and used by politicians, then should not every man help himself to whatever may contribute to his comfort, without regard to the rights of others? "There is surely another life than that of earth. Those who have gone before still live in our consciousness, though no more living in the flesh than the radiant children of the stars. We need no priest to tell us this, nor scornor to deny it, for there is ever before each of us the testimony of his own soul. We give our dead not to the grave and the gloom, but to the hope of the dawn which dwells beyond the sunset. The intellect, with its endowments of knowledge and its attributes of power, goes out with the tide. But the tide which ebbs here flows elsewhere; and even so the spirit, with all its garnered riches of earth-life in its arms, with its personality beautified but not absorbed by the new light, sails out of this earthly into the radiant morning of another life. . . . We are mariners upon life's stormy ocean, waiting for the message of relief and cheer. Not in the gloom or the depths will we find it. It is about the horizon; it is among the stars. Fix your eye there and wait. Wait, weary heart; wait, desolate soul. The midnight will soon pass, and joy cometh with the morning."

Words can not adequately express the conception of the other life which awaits the mortal spirit at its exit from the body. There is no eloquence known to mortal lips that is equal to the height and rapture of the thought. Immortality is a theme for the human spirit alone to contemplate. It is full of inspiration, lifting the weights from the present existence, and flooding the soul with the incoming tides of a new experience. The human spirit instinctively embraces the belief. It needs no priest or interpreter to guide it in the right line. And Spiritualism comes to verify the faith, to sustain the native instinct, and to bring immortality to light for every one.

The closest estimate of the corn crop makes it 350,000,000 bushels short of last year. But we still have in sight 1,586,000,000 bushels. The crop in Indiana stands at the head of the list, with Ohio second.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

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TITLE PAGE:

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This Company is duly incorporated under the State laws, with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each.

The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent., payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

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Any one ordering stock (only a few hundred shares are now for sale), will receive a certificate containing a guaranty of free subscription in accordance with the above plan. Trustees: Amos Adams, I. C. Steele, R. A. Robinson, M. B. Dodge, and J. J. Owen.

FORM OF REQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the *GOLDEN GATE*, the following form of bequest is suggested: "I give and bequeath to the *GOLDEN GATE* Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, ——— dollars."

GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. A. KERRY, No. 1 Newgate Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the *GOLDEN GATE*, during the absence of J. J. Moore, receiving subscriptions therefor at 12s 6d per annum, postage included.

From San Francisco to Eureka.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Some three hundred miles overland and about fifty miles less by water, north of San Francisco and immediately on the coast, is the city of Eureka, the destination of the writer, since the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE. Having no railroad connection, the quickest and decidedly the most comfortable way of reaching here is per steamer, the short season of sea-sickness being preferable to the two days' staging required to make the trip by land from Cloverdale. It is said that, in days gone by, such was the class of steamers plying between San Francisco and Eureka as to make the "hurricane-deck of a cayuse" the quickest, safest, and, indeed, the most comfortable means of transit. Of late, however, all these difficulties have been obviated by a few men of enterprise, who, seeing that the travel would justify it, have placed upon the route steamers that will compare favorably with any of the same size upon all the lines of the Pacific Coast. This is especially true of the new and elegant steamer, "Humboldt," recently rebuilt at an expense of over forty thousand dollars and largely the property of Mr. W. J. Sweasy and son. Mr. S. has had in his mind for several years to build a vessel adapted to the requirements of travel between the two places, but has not been quite able to do so until this season, when, some two months since, the "Humboldt" was withdrawn and rebuilt under his special supervision, resulting in one of the neatest, most comfortable little boats that it was ever the good fortune of the writer to take passage in. Staunch and sea-worthy in every particular and ably commanded by an experienced and reliable seaman (Capt. Howard), Mr. Sweasy may be justly proud of being able to present to the traveling public a steamer in which they are assured at once of safety, comfort and speed.

Leaving San Francisco at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, the 10th inst., we touched the wharf at Eureka at 10:45 the following morning, and could have made it in several hours less time but for the dense fog prevailing, making very careful sailing necessary.

Though there may be every comfort, and all kindness shown passengers on board ocean steamers, there will not always be an absence of sea-sickness unless one is a closer student of Mr. Colville's class, or of "Mind Cure," than the present writer. It is our opinion that old Neptune can "use up" any metaphysician, Mr. Colville not excepted. However we have great faith in the effectiveness of mind cure in all things, possibly, save that of a voyage at sea. Having come to the northern part of the State as an itinerant minister of the gospel of Spiritualism, and determined to give ourselves wholly to the work, your readers may expect occasional notes by the way, should they prove of sufficient interest to publish.

Hastily yours,

PAUL A. SMITH.

FERNDALE, Humboldt Co., Cal.

Mesmerism and Spiritualism.

From a report of Prof. A. E. Carpenter, the famous American mesmerist, we make the following extract: "One night some years ago, I was operating in Westboro, Mass., and had among my subjects a young lady who had manifested wonderful powers as a sensitive, and I thought I would make her see clairvoyantly. So I directed her attention to a certain place that I wished her to describe, but instead of seeing what I wished her to, she became deeply agitated, and said: 'I see my sister Annie. I thought she was dead; there she is; don't you see her,' (addressing me). 'Oh, Annie I am so glad to see you!'—and she rose from her seat, advanced a few steps, and, putting her arms about the invisible presence, lifted her face and impressed a kiss upon the lips of her angel sister. It was an affecting scene, and the whole audience was moved to tears. Then she says: 'And there are so many other people here that I thought were dead;' and then described several that she saw, and gave their names, all of whom were recognized by members of the audience. This young lady was not a Spiritualist, and knew nothing of mediumship. The whole scene was as surprising and unexpected to me as to others. The fact is, in endeavoring to excite clairvoyance, I had opened her spiritual sight, and, behold! the inhabitants of the spiritual world became visible to her. Paul says: 'Spiritual things are spiritually discerned.' Similar experiences have occurred repeatedly in my operating. So I conclude that seeing-mediumship is often nothing more than the opening of the soul senses to the perception of our spiritual relations; it may occur from mesmeric experimenting, or be developed by sitting in circles, or suddenly manifest itself at any time when the mind may happen to be in a condition to express it. I have in my memory a fact proving the entrancement by a spirit, and the manifestation of spiritual sight by a physical fact, which I can not do better than relate. Some years ago I was sitting in a room with my wife, when she was entranced by what claimed to be a spirit, who commenced a conversation with me. After talking with the alleged spirit for awhile, I said to her: 'Now, I would like to have you some-

thing outside, and independent of the medium, that would prove that you are a distinct identity from her.' The spirit said: 'All right; what shall I do?' We were seated upon a sofa, and across the room, which was some twelve feet wide, was a mantel, on which stood a vase with a small bouquet of flowers. I said: 'I would like to have you bring me one of those flowers.' The spirit said: 'If you will turn down the light, I will try.' The gas-burner came out from the wall near us, and I said: 'Very well; I will see that the medium doesn't do it.' I took both of the medium's hands in one of mine, and, reaching the other, turned down the gas, but did not turn it entirely off. Directly, the medium, who seemed to be in the spiritual state, said: 'The room is light; I see a hand over there by the mantel; don't you see it?' I replied that I saw nothing, and the room to me was as dark as ever. 'I see it plainer now; it goes up to the bouquet of flowers; it takes them. Oh, don't you see it?' Now it comes this way and drops the flowers at our feet.' Immediately I turned up the gas, and there lay not one of the flowers, but the whole bouquet, just by our feet. The manifestation itself was of little consequence compared with many others I have seen. But there were three important points brought out,—the one proving the other. In the first place, the spirit said, using the organism of the medium: 'I will try to do what you ask?' Secondly, the medium, seeing with eyes certainly different from mine, or I should have seen the same, says: 'I see a hand take the bouquet, and drop it at our feet.' Thirdly, the physical fact of the flowers being there proved that she saw correctly. Of course, I held firmly to the medium's hands all the time, and were alone in the room, with the door locked. The trance was demonstrated by the spirit doing what she said she would, away from the medium. The spiritual sight was demonstrated by the spiritual fact, proving conclusively that the medium saw what I could not.

A Physician Learns a Lesson.

In this State of Colorado (writes a correspondent of the *Woman's Journal*), married women control their own property; that is, if the title be vested in them. They are responsible for their own debts. A married woman can make conveyances of real estate quite independent of her husband, and is subject to the same restrictions in making a will that bind her husband, an no more.

There is, in one of the flourishing towns of this State, a certain physician who is a strong opponent of suffrage or any other privilege for women. He looks upon all women as hopelessly inferior to men—"made for the man and for the good and increase of the world." Woman's place is at home. Her business is to wait upon her husband and bear children for him. He opposes higher education for woman. A woman needs to know nothing more than how to cook well and mend stockings. So far does he carry his prejudices that he can hardly be civil to an intelligent woman. He is especially virulent on the subject of woman's controlling property. The husband is the head, and the money should be his.

A man who lived in the same town with our M. D. disappeared suddenly one day, leaving many unpaid bills behind. Among them was one to this physician for attendance upon his wife during two confinements. This wife had, when married, a handsome property which the husband had mostly spent, a house having been saved for her from the wreck by her friends. This house was all she had left by which to support herself and two children.

Dr. P—attached the furniture in the house, which was of the utmost value to the poor woman, for she hoped to make a living by "keeping boarders," and brought suit against her for the amount of his bill.

The judge ruled that, since the children did not belong to the mother, since she had no claim upon them or their earnings, she could not be held responsible for the expenses of bringing them into the world, and Dr. P—lost his case. He was much chagrined at his defeat. He felt that he had been unjustly treated, but it was only the logical outcome of his own views. Still, in his case, as in others, it "made a great difference whose ox was gored."

CLERICAL WIT.—Mr. C. was pastor of a Baptist church in a certain town in one of the Western States. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired he received the appointment of Chaplain at the State Prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with their presence. Great was their astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the Rev. gentleman chose for his text the following words: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be, also!"

THE administration of government, like a guardianship, ought to be directed to the good of those who confer, and not of those who receive the trust.

A Remarkable Case.

A Rochester dispatch to the New York *World* of September 28th says that five weeks ago Arney Westvier, the twelve-year-old son of a respectable paper hanger, was seized apparently with a form of St. Vitus' dance, and for fully fifteen minutes was unable to control the muscles of his lower limbs. The fit passed off and no other symptoms appeared until he retired in the evening. After getting into bed he was seized again with a shock which apparently affected all the muscles in his body. The boy cried for help and his parents entered the room. As they did so they were astonished to see the chairs and other furniture moving up and down seemingly in unison with the movements of his muscles. The chairs would rise six or eight inches, while the bed and bureau would shake perceptibly. Finally the shock passed away and the motions ceased, only to be followed, as the family state, by noises or rappings, which seemed to come from the walls and ceilings of the room. The rappings also soon died away.

Since that Arney has had fits or shocks at intervals of two or three days. They are now increasing in frequency, and hardly a day passes without one, though they do not increase in violence. In each instance the shocks are accompanied by the moving of articles in the vicinity of the boy. Visitors to the house have almost daily witnessed strange phenomena. Among those who have called are Rev. Peter De Beuyn, pastor of the church which they, the Westviers, attend, and Rev. Meivama of the German church. The physicians are all puzzled by the symptoms. They say that he is not troubled with St. Vitus' dance or epilepsy. Drs. Kemp and Schuchart are inclined to believe he has heart disease, but Dr. Stilwell says that his heart is in a normal condition. The victim of this strange malady is perfectly conscious when under its influence, and can converse. He is, however, entirely powerless to control himself, and can not move a muscle until the trouble passes off. Occasionally articles in another room from that in which he is affected, but only when the spells are very violent. The articles nearest him move more than others.

THE daily life of every one of us teems with occasions which will try the temper of our courage as searchingly, though not as terribly, as battle-field, or fire, or wreck. For we are born into a state of war; with falsehood and disease and wrong and misery, in a thousand forms, lying all around us, and the voice within calling on us to take our stand as men in the eternal battle against them. And in this life-long fight, to be waged by every one of us single-handed against a host of foes, the last requisite for a good fight, the last proof and test of our courage and manfulness, must be loyalty to truth—the most rare and difficult of all human qualities. For such loyalty, as it grows in perfection, asks even more and more of us, and sets before us a standard of manliness, always rising higher and higher.—Hughes.

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The Consolations of Religion.

[William C. Waters in the World's Advance-Thought.]

Religion, to afford any real consolation to the mind should rest on a rational basis. It should include absolute confidence in the Universal Soul, and ultimate well-being of humanity. A lack of confidence in God leaves one about where the Hibernian found himself in praying for help during a violent storm at sea. He prayed a part of the time to God, and a part of the time to the devil. Being questioned for his reason for pursuing that course, he replied that he could not tell whose hands he would fall into, and thought it prudent to be on good terms with both parties. If there is a power opposed to God, and strong enough—as so many think—to gather by far the largest portion of humanity in his net, then it may be good policy to follow out the practice of some Asiatics in burning incense to please Him. But a religious faith that includes two great powers—one good, and the other bad—ever contending with each other for the mastery in governing the human family, can't free the mind from painful anxiety about the future. Why should any man presume to think himself safe, if so much the larger part of humanity are to sink in endless woe? What sublime egotism to feel, or claim to be, an accepted saint! So much as Paul had sacrificed and suffered for the cause of Christianity, yet he confesses the possibility that after having preached to others, he might become a castaway. If such a robust saint could fall into that very tropical country at last, how thin the prospect of future glory for the multitude who seek the church as a popular resort—really sacrificing nothing for the cause of religion, but from a worldly point of view, making a good thing out of it!

The character of the ideal Divinity presented to us by the popular churches is much better calculated to excite fear than affection. An object to be loved, must be lovable, in order to command a response from us. We fear many things that we do not love. Love and fear don't walk together in good fellowship.

A man once said to me: "My boys have gone West. They hated me—fled from me. I was too severe with them. I know it now." I knew a young woman who said of her father: "If I should come home from work at night, and find him dead, I should be glad." I presume about every child who has a drunken father might say the same thing. The coarse brutality of a drunkard will crush out the love of a child for an earthly parent. But the follies of a drunken parent are a mere bagatelle compared with that charged by churchmen against our Heavenly Father. We are told that he builds a fire in his wrath that burns to the lowest hell—that at least nine-tenths of the humam family He will immolate in torment forever. I can understand why a man from a sense of fearful apprehension should admit that he loves a Divinity capable of such monstrous injustice—a character, in moral attributes, so utterly repellent. Fearing to give offense to an ideal tyrant, he admits before the world that which is not true in fact.

Such an erroneous conception of God will never give more than an uncertain, feverish peace to a human soul. We need to hold in our minds not only a Deity that can be good to a good man, but also to a bad man. The causes that produce bad men, we know, in innumerable cases, are not under the control of the unfortunate parties; and could we lift the veil, we would most likely find substantial reasons for the conduct of all men, good and bad. The ancient prophets held to the opinion that Jehovah was responsible for good and evil. The Creator of laws must know their natural results. A man coming into the world morally and intellectually poorly made up—is he at fault? He did not select his crooked organization. He is the unfortunate victim of causes with the creation of which he had nothing to do. A combination of circumstances to which he was not a party, may, at any time, fall upon his path, crushing all his earthly expectations. To a great extent, man is a creature of circumstances, tossed backwards and forwards by waves he can not breast. How few of us have been able to carry out our cherished purposes in life. Obstructions have stood across our way. We could not be masters of the situation. We do not censure ourselves, and should not censure others for their failures. Most mothers are obliged to regard some of their children as being out of the religious "ark of safety," and daily living exposed to the wrath of an offended Deity. Not a few live to follow all their children to the grave—all dying outside the pale of Christian grace. From the view that the mother or father takes of the future, they must hold that their children forever exist under the hot displeasure of God. Where is their consolation to come from? They know their children are no worse than other people's children. Knowing all their short-steppings and over-steppings of the moral law, the parents would not place one of them in misery for one hour. How can they entertain confidence or love for a Power so much less forgiving and considerate of human frailties than themselves? If the creed of the parents would allow them to adopt Starr King's conclusion, that the last two weeks of eternal punishment would be dropped off, that might lighten the load of sorrow for the parents. But the true Orthodox believer

is not permitted to entertain so merciful a thought as that—so far as possible they are held firm to the idea that finite errors deserve and will receive punishment without ending! If the believers in this dreadful dogma could escape from mental slavery long enough to exercise their own better judgment, they would readily discover that this would include the greatest departure from justice that could take place. The most vicious and corrupt imagination could think of nothing to equal it in enormity. The wildest of all savages would do no such wrong. And yet millions assume to be happy, and look forward to the future hopefully, though such a large portion of the human family are doomed to eternal ruin! How shall we account for such a phenomenon? How can the mind bear such a strain, and escape insanity?

Some tell us that the spiritual philosophy is too good to be true; but I have never heard of anything that is too good! If human souls flow from a divine fountain—if God is incarnated in humanity, and working through His own children to carry out his purposes, how can there be anything too good for humanity in the future? Infinitesimal the spark of the Divine in us may be, but it is enough to leaven the whole loaf. It doubtless is strong enough to do its office, and produce an ultimate of wisdom and righteousness far beyond our present ability to think or understand.

Dr. Mary Walker's Early Life.

Eccentric as she undoubtedly is, there is probably no woman in the whole world who was ever more persistently misrepresented and ridiculed than Dr. Mary Walker. The following plain recital by Jennie L. Wilson, in the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) *Gazette*, of her early trials and the manner in which she overcame them, will therefore be of peculiar, even pathetic, interest to those generous souls who are quick to appreciate pluck under the most adverse circumstances:

"About twenty-five years ago a young woman was a student at the medical college in Fulton, N. Y. This was before the period of enlightenment concerning woman's fitness for the medical profession, and, as she was the only woman in the school, it can be imagined that that fact alone would have made the path she trod neither a smooth nor an easy one; but added to her audacity in seeking a medical education was a peculiarity in her mode of dress that served to increase the sneers and jeers which were showered upon her unsparingly by her fellow-students. This young woman was known as Mary Walker. It was also known that she had previously been married, but for some cause had separated from her husband. She is described as having been at this time a delicate, gentle, womanly woman, with nothing to distinguish her from others of her sex except her unconventional garments, which she certainly had a right to wear if she chose to do so. Her school life was a hard one, for the reasons given above, and for the additional reason that she was poor and labored against the disadvantages of poverty. These are the facts in her history as related by an intimate friend who knew her well and esteemed her highly while she was a student in Fulton; and it was at this school that she acquired her right to the title of M. D."

The Ohio Altar Mounds.

The curious discoveries in the exploration of the altar mounds in Anderson township, Ohio, says the New York *Sun*, are made all the more interesting by the fact that native gold has for the first time been found in the mounds. Among the numerous ornaments unearthed, including those of mica, shells, bears' teeth, stone, copper, iron and silver, was one small copper pendant, covered with a thin sheet of gold. Other copper ornaments were covered with hammered sheets of native silver, and the hammered metal bracelets, the large spool-shaped ear-rings, the terracotta figures revealing the peculiar methods of wearing the hair, show that the fashionable young woman of Madison Square is not so far apart in ethnologic interest from the mystic maidens of the altar mounds as she might suppose. Moreover, in thousands of objects of interest obtained in these mounds there are ornaments which in point of novelty are not now rivaled, for there are ear ornaments made of meteoric iron, plated with iron. A serpent cut out of mica, an animal carved from stone, three hundred astragoli of the deer and elk, apparently collected for some important reason, and unique objects in micaceous schist, obsidian chalcedony and chert were found upon these quaint altars. Bit by bit, as the leafy mold is taken off the footprints of time there seems to come out of darkness glimpses of a cultured race that passed over this continent before the North American Indians came here, burying their dead in stone boxes along the Ohio, where they are now being unearthed.

A PHILADELPHIA detective is reported as saying that bunco men and that class of thieves rarely, if ever, approach red-headed persons, because red-headed men, as a rule, are quick-tempered and are apt to make considerable fuss as soon as they know that they have been robbed, and of all things the bunco man detests a fuss the most.

TIPPING THE WAITER.—At some Summer resorts an exasperating custom is the reserving seats at the table by certain guests who have tipped the waiter for this purpose. Sometimes a stranger will find half the chairs turned up at the tables and seats difficult to procure. One military guest who was exasperated at this state of things calmly took a seat which had been tipped up. The waiter hurriedly came, saying, "This seat is engaged." "To whom?" "To a gentleman," replied the waiter. "He's come!" said the new guest, and remained at his dinner undisturbed, to the amusement of all witnesses to his audacity.

FORGIVENESS.—The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave. It is not his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and serenity, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

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—OR,—

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN,

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

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Life's Temple.

BY J. J. OWEN.

I stood by the mystical altar
Of my wondering, worshipping soul;
While from my being's deep center,
O'erarching and crowning the whole,
A temple in majesty lifted
Its dome like an infinite scroll.

With columns of marvelous whiteness
And patterns of strange design;
Its walls wrought of purple and crimson,
All cunning and beauty combined;
And here by the soul's silent altar
I stood—in this temple of mine.

'Twas morn, and the scintillant splendor
Of morn's flash over my way,
Like the tide of the orient sunbeams
Rushing in to embrace the new day—
Enfolding the earth in its glory,
And driving the shadows away.

Around me were groups of strange faces,
And forms that intruded between
The light that streamed in at the windows,
And flooded with dazzling sheen
The altar, whereon there were written
Life's lessons, all plain to be seen.

The faces were those of the demons
Of evil, that lurk to betray—
Of Pride and of selfish Ambition—
Of Indolence—eager to lay
Their snares for the feet of my spirit
While traversing life's rugged way.

And yet did they seem to my vision
Transfigured to angels of light—
Fair tempters, of ravishing beauty,
Beguiling to gentle delight;
As the rose-tinted glow of the sunset
Entices to darkness and night.

Then I turned me away from the altar,
With its lessons of Truth, for awhile
To list to the voice of their pleading,
And dwell in the light of a smile
That was cruel, and cold, and false-hearted—
That lured evermore to beguile.

And ever the altar remaineth
Emblazoned in letters of gold,
To lighten the pathway of duty
To pleasures of being untold—
All time and the mighty hereafter
Its teachings forever unfold.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Looking Beyond.

BY FRANK A. FELLOWS

Just behind the cloud-capped mountain,
Where the sun fades into gold,
Where the purple twilight gathers,
Wondrous visions there behold.

Wondrous visions of a city,
With its towers and walls so grand,
And its temples so majestic,
Fashioned after God's own hand.

If the veil were only lifted
That obscures our mortal sight,
We could see this star-gemmed city
With its jasper walls so bright,—

See our loved ones while they gather
In the holy churches there,
And could hear God's grand old organ
While they chant their evening prayer.

But not to-day—Oh! be contented,
Though the way seems long and far,
We soon shall see this heavenly city
Looking through the gates ajar!

OAKLAND, Sept. 22, 1886.

It Might Have Been.

Full often in our lives has come a day
When pausing where two paths diverge lay,
We pondered deep and long, which one to choose,
Fearful that, either followed, we might lose
The rare enjoyment of a happy hour,
Or grateful incense of a fragrant flower,
Or glimpse of some fair land where shines the sun
On giant groves, and where the rivers run
Through furrowed fields, and through the shadowy ranks
Of cypress trees that weep upon the banks.
We fear to lose so much, but knowing not
The changeable chances of our future lot,
We set out boldly on the chosen track,
And then so often comes the looking back,
The baffled strife our cherished goal to win,
The mournful, hopeless cry, "It might have been."

Sometimes the soul, when with great sorrow wrung,
Recalls a time, long-fled, when lightly hung
The course of future years in Fate's great scale,
And sees how, all unwittingly, an influence trail
As morning dew that on the grasses gleam
Destroyed the even balance of the beam—
Unknown to us the deep decision made—
And turned our path from sunshine into shade.
A passing thought, a look, a trifling deed;
A word unspoken in an hour of need,
Or spoken when 'twere better left unsaid;
Some written line that we by chance have read—
All these can shift the scene with subtle hand,
And round our future draw an iron band.

We never think that such a little thing
Can ever such tremendous sequence bring,
Until too late, and then we backward turn
The page that we have filled, and dimly burn
The light of other days in vain regrets
For opportunities gone by. The spirit frets
Against its destiny, and deep within
Our hearts we mourn for what we "might have been."

Ah, soul! look upward, trusting; kiss the rod,
And know there is no "might have been" with God.
From Him, whence lowly we draw near,
We learn of love that casteth out all fear;
We find a Faith that, in oblivious sea,
Whelms every dread and doubt eternally;
A Hope unfaltering to us is given;
A tender Charity, as broad as heaven;
A perfect Peace, a calm, untroubled Rest—
Through these, all things seem right and best.
We rise triumphant over death and sin,
All pain and sorrow in our joy forgot,
And looking backward on our "might have been,"
Thank God that it was not.

One of Us Two.

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb;
And morn's will fade, moons pale, and shadows darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must some time face existence
Alone with memories that will sharpen pain,
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance
Like dreams of Summer dawns in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
Shall read long-treasured letters thro' salt tears;
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token
That speaks of these love-crowned delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty—
O God! O God! have pity on that one!

—ELLA WHEAT WILCOX.

At Last.

[Woman's World.]

Here now at last—at last, O man,
comes the dawn of a truth that dims all
past truths. It says to us, "Ye are soul
and not body. Ye are, each one, the in-
carnate expression of the great All Soul,
to whom weakness and sickness and sin
are impossible in proportion as ye be-
lieve."

Believe in whom? in what? In your-
selves, I say. Believe in yourself as the
indestructible expression of all the good in
the universe. Do not think of your body
apart from your soul. Remember, the
body and the soul are one, and that one
the soul, and soul is of God or Good, and
can not be diseased or sinful or old.

Do you not see how this belief con-
nects us with the Great First Cause? Do
you not see how it brings us within the
line of law? Do you not perceive how it
rescues us from the no-law of chaos and
the blind, irresponsible action of the dead
force of matter, and how it makes us in-
dividualized expressions of the eternal
ocean of All Thought? Do you not feel
the greatness which a knowledge of this
fact confers upon us? Why, I am one with
the eternalness of things, no longer a drop
of spray thrown by the great ocean of All
Soul upon the barren shore of deadness
and nothingness to perish in an hour,
but a part of the great ocean itself; nay,
verily, I am the great ocean; the all in all.
How I grow, expand, exult in my new
greatness! But—let me be thankful—I
am not alone. I am surrounded by my
peers; you are as great as I am. Only
believe, and find it true; believe and live.
Doubt alone has power to kill.

"But," you say, "I do not want to
sink my individuality in any power; I
must be myself or nothing."

There was a hollow in the rock on
which the storm-swoolen sea beat until it
was filled with water; then the hollow
said, "Behold, I am a sea." It made no
account of the fact that it was broken
from the great body of water; it was glad
to be thus separated, and called itself
individualized. But the air absorbed it in
a day. There is but one way to be in-
dividualized, and that is to become min-
gled with the life of the All Soul. You
do not thereby lose your little all; on the
other hand, you gain the whole. What
Christians call "losing yourself in God"
I call finding yourself by your connection
with, and your appropriation of ALL.
There is strength in this belief. It is
the strength of life against the no-strength
of death.

This idea which I am trying to make
clear to you is not new. It is as old as
the hills. Wherever a man or woman
has risen above his or her fellows, wher-
ever a person has handed his name down
to posterity, he has been impelled by the
thought I am now trying to make plain;
the more this idea entered into his con-
ception the greater he became. It was
left to Christ, the greatest of all, to say
"I and the Father are one." I am at
one with the divine law, was what he
meant; I am working in the line of law,
and not at cross purposes with it. Back
behind all things lies the purpose. It is
hidden from us, but we are a part of it.
To hold ourselves nobly passive to its
influx, to be upborne by it, and impelled
onward and upward by it is the position in
which all strength is developed.

Prayer? To many people prayer is
mere shifting of responsibility; the piling
cry of selfishness. But when prayer grows
into co-operating with the eternal purpose,
who shall measure its power? This is
the translation of religion from a formula
to fact, from its aerial to its practical
basis. This is taking it out of the cold
chambers of the brain, and planting it in
the warm, fertile soil of the heart.

I recall a lonely gulch at the foot of a
great pine-covered mountain, where, dur-
ing moments stolen from hard, unrequited
toil, I used to go and kneel in prayer.
Such agonized prayer! It seems to me
now but the cry of extreme weakness. I
think, perhaps, nearly all prayer is just
such crying. It is the child's hand
stretched out in the dark feeling for its
mother.

We go apart from our fellows into silence
and loneliness with our souls full of ques-
tions. We stand appalled before the mag-
nitude of these questions. Their answer
becomes a matter of life and death to us.
So great are they, of such momentous im-
port they burn the brains that project
them, and prostrate us in utter helples-
sness upon our faces, with tears that drop
down, and aspiration that ascends—but
who can measure the result of those aspi-
rations?

I say that every earnest soul at last
climbs to truth. Why, a universe of truth
is pledged to meet every earnest soul even
in the beginning of its upward climb. It
met Mahomet in a desert of flying sand,
and showed him his relation to the great
first cause. As sure as the world stands,
Mahomet saw the moment, when, like
Christ, he could say, "I and the Father
are one." The flash of truth came to
him like lightning out of heaven, illumina-
ting his soul so divinely that before its
light had died out millions of men caught
sight of it, and their religious beliefs were
molded to the outer form of it, though
the soul of the idea escaped them. All
true religion is founded on this great truth
as it burst from the life of Christ. "I
and the Father are one," "I and the
Mother are one," it is the foundation truth
of all truth. It is this alone that can join

a chaotic and broken race with its source
of life, and make it a co-operative part of
the universal plan. It is this alone
that confers upon you and me and every
separate unit of all the people the com-
bined strength and integrity and virtue and
beauty of the whole. But it can only
confer it upon us as we believe in its power
to do so. "According to your belief so
shall it be unto you." "As a man be-
lieves so is he." Wonderful words when
translated from the realm of ideas to that
of practical, every-day life.

"Practical, every-day life!" These
words express all there is of newness in
the coming religion. To establish in deed
and in truth the great fact that you and I
and all of us are living souls, and not de-
caying bodies; to convince every child of
earth that sin and sickness and death are
the penalties we pay to the doubting part
of us, and that every evil may be banished
by a belief in our own indestructible great-
ness, based on a knowledge of our own
ubiquitous source, and go to work in our
thoughts this instant to connect ourselves
with the infinite, though unseen purpose,
is to banish anxiety and fear, and to feel
at rest on the bosom of the All Soul; nay,
it is to feel one's self to be the All Soul,
whose power for good is absolute, and
whom no vicissitude of time or eternity
can shake.

The Cultivation of the Spiritual.

[Banner of Light.]

In an address delivered at the Anni-
versary of the Spiritual Union of Norwich,
Conn., by that active and efficient Spiritu-
alist, Mr. Byron Boardman, who has
since passed on to a realization of that
life which he so much enjoyed and valued
in anticipation, he said, referring to the
strong desire of our spirit friends to make
known their presence in our midst, "They
are just 'over there' on the other shore,
working and waiting a response to their
call. They would rejoin the severed links
of the social chain, and demonstrate the
fact that they still live and love us as in
days of yore. They would come to our
homes and family circles, they would be
our counsellors and guardian angels; and,
through their experiences in the higher
schools of life, they would teach us how
to improve the passing moments as they
fly, that we may become, not solemn,
sanctimonious saints, nor winged angels,
but what nature designed, noble thinking
men and women."

He considered the object of meeting at
a spiritual seance to be not only to hold
communion with those of our friends who
have gone on before us to the higher life,
but to develop our own spiritual attributes,
to the end that while yet in mortal form
we may perceive our spiritual surround-
ings, and strengthen and invigorate our
interior life; so that when we graduate
from this primary school of existence we
may be qualified with fully matured spiri-
tual bodies, to take our places as sentient
men and women in the grand seminaries
of the higher life.

To cultivate our material life at the ex-
pense of our spiritual; to neglect the op-
portunities so abundantly provided in our
day to become prepared and fitted for the
state that so surely awaits us, will only
result in oppressing us with most poignant
regrets when the hour of transition arrives.
We shall enter the spiritual sphere as in-
tellectual infants—as helpless adult babes
—to be cradled and nursed into self-
consciousness and mental growth through
the kind care and tuition of pitying angels.

The more intently we cultivate our
clairvoyant and clairaudient powers, the
more intuitive we become here, the better
we shall be enabled when we enter the
land of the great hereafter to behold the
beauties of celestial scenes, and realize
the fact that we will live.

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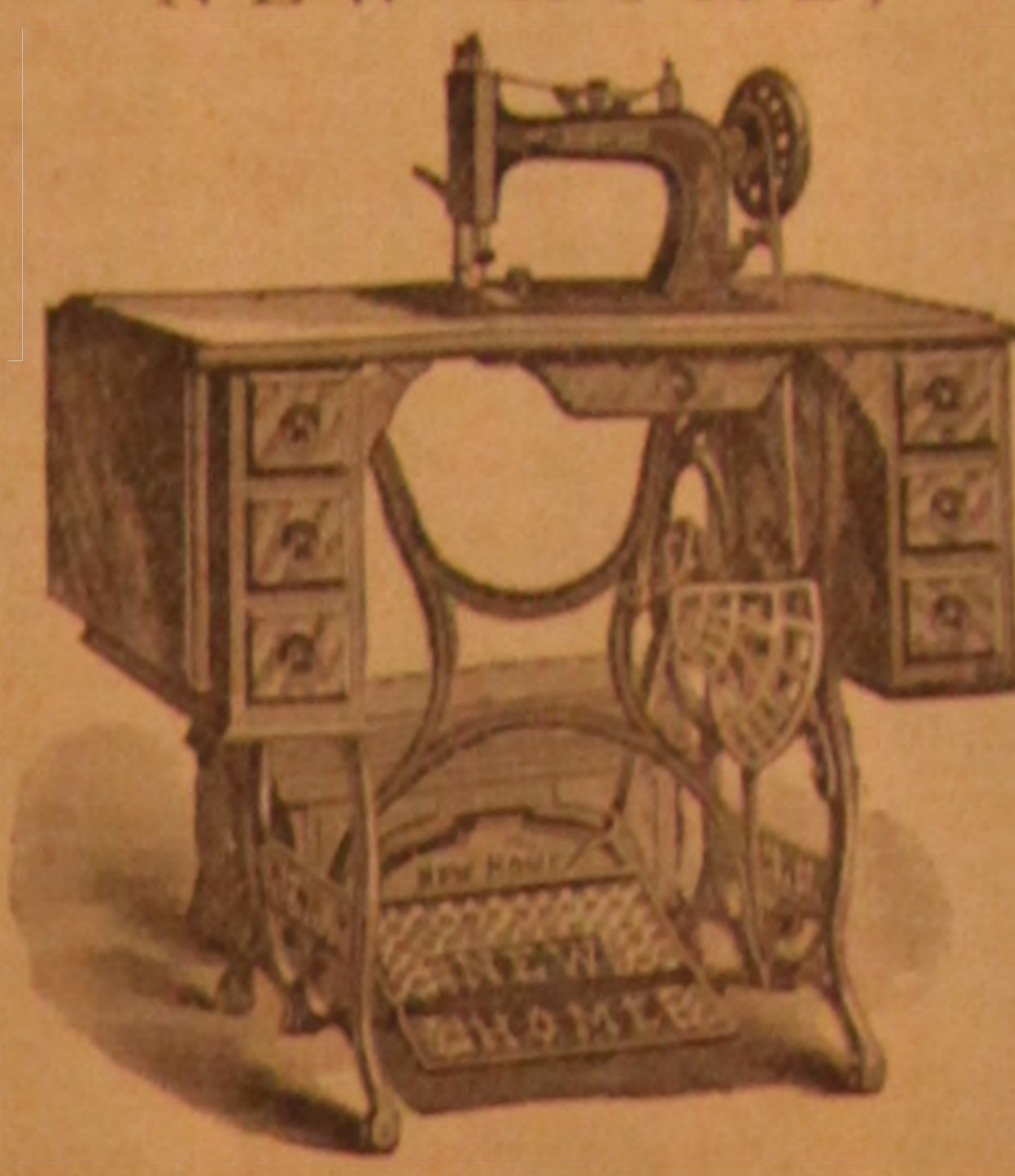
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