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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Patience is the art of hoping.

There are few things we love well.

Good sense is the master of human life.

—Boswell.

A poet is a world inclosed in a man.—
Victor Hugo.

The breaking of a heart leaves no traces.

—George Sand.

Conviction is the conscience of the mind.—Chamfort.

Little things console us, because little things afflict us.—Rascal.

Recollection is the only paradise out of which we can not be driven.

Prosperity unmasks the vices; adversity reveals the virtues.—Dunder.

Love makes mutes of those who habitually speak most fluently.—Mlle. de Scuderi.

The soul without still helps the soul within.

And its deft magic ends what we begin.

—George Eliot.

Alas! what does man here below? A little noise in much shadow.—Victor Hugo.

Glory, ambition, armies, fleets, thrones, crowns; playthings of grown children.—
Victor Hugo.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering.—
George Eliot.

Deep, unspeakable suffering may well be called baptism, a regeneration, the initiation into a new state.—George Eliot.

In eternal cares we spend our years, ever agitated by new desires; we look forward to living, and yet never live.—
Fontenelle.

There are moments of intense joy and grief, which everyone has, at least, once in his life, that illuminate his character at once.—Lavater.

There are profound sorrows which remain stored in our souls, and which we always find there when we are melancholy.—
Mme de Salm.

Always driven toward new shores, or carried hence without hope of return, shall we never, on the ocean of age, cast anchor for even a day!—Lamartine.

There are moments when by some strange impulse we contradict our past selves—fatal moments, when a fit of passion, like a lava stream, lays low the work of half our lives.—George Eliot.

There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and cultivate kindly charity than the most elaborate arguments.—George Eliot.

The strongest heart will faint sometimes under the feeling that enemies are bitter, and that friends only know half its sorrows. The most resolute soul will now and then cast back a yearning look in treading the rough mountain-path, away from the greensward and laughing voices of the valley.—George Eliot.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

Its Bearing on the Prevention of Crime.

[A Paper delivered before the National Conference of Charities and Correction, by Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D.]

The relation of the kindergarten to the problem of the prevention of crime can be stated in a word. Education is the true preventive of crime, and the foundation of a normal education lies in the kindergarten. It seems a waste of words to argue either of these points before the Conference of Charities and Correction. Here, at least, it will be conceded that education is the real preventive of crime, and here it will as certainly be conceded that the kindergarten lays the true foundation for an integral education, patterned after nature's own methods. These two premises being admitted, the conclusion follows inevitably that the kindergarten has a very direct relation to the problem of preventing crime.

All that I shall try to do is briefly to indicate a few of the special aspects of the kindergarten training in which this relation is strikingly seen.

Visitors in a kindergarten watch its occupations, and leave it with the somewhat contemptuous criticism, "Oh! it's all very nice and pleasant,—a very 'pretty play.'"

Were this all, the kindergarten might enter a strong plea on its own behalf. In the foul tenements and the dirty streets and alleys of our great cities, the tainted air is sapping the vitality of the children, poisoning their blood, sowing their bodies with the seeds of disease, and educating the helpless hosts who crowd every market place of labor, unfit physically to contend in the struggle for existence.

In the sad and sombre atmosphere of these homes, whose joylessness they feel unconsciously,—as the cellar plant misses the light, and shrivels and pales,—the inner spring of energy and its strength of character (the *virtus*, or virtue, of the human being) relax; and their souls become flabby and feeble. Lacking the sunny warmth of happiness in childhood, they lack through life the stored-up latencies of spiritual heat which feed the noblest forces of the being.

A veritable miseducation in play, this of our streets, as all who are familiar with the poor quarters of our cities too sadly know, copying the vile words and brutal manners which are the fashion of these sections, feeding the prurient fancies which, Mr. Ruskin says, are the mental putrescence generated of physical fifth in the overcrowding together of human beings.

If only the little ones in their most susceptible years can be gathered in from harmful surroundings, be shielded from scorching heats and chilling winds and warded from the wild beasts that lurk around the valleys where the tender lambs lie, though in pastures dry and by turbid waters; if only, fenced in thus from the hearing of harsh, foul words, and from the seeing of brutalizing and polluting actions, they can be left for the best hours of each day to disport themselves in innocent and uncontaminating happiness amid these "pretty plays,"—it will be an inestimable gain for humanity. For thus, in its native surroundings, the better nature of each child would have a chance to grow, and the angel be beforehand with the beast, when, not for an hour on Sunday, but *always*, their angels do behold the face of the Father in heaven.

The kindergarten plays form a beautiful system of calisthenics, adapted for tender years, and filled out with the buoyancy of pure sportiveness. The marching, the light gymnastic exercises, the imitative games, with the vocal music accompanying them, occupy a considerable portion of the daily session in an admirable physical culture.

Health is the basis of character as of fortune. There is a physiology of morality. Some of the grossest vices are largely fed from an impure, diseased, and enfeebled physique. Drunkenness, especially among the poor, is, to a large extent, the craving for stimulation that grows out of their ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, overworked, unsunned, sewer-poisoned condition. Lust is intensified and inflamed by the tainted blood and the overtasked nervous system. Purity of mind grows naturally out of purity of body. Physiologists understand these

facts far better than ethicists. Then, too, lesser vices are, in their measure, equally grounded in abnormal physical conditions. Faults of temper, irritability, sullenness, and anger are intimately connected with low health, the undervitalized state which characterizes the city poor.

The kindergarten plays form a most wise system of culturing the powers and dispositions which lay the foundation for successful industrial skill; and this also bears directly upon the turning out of good men and women, in which lies the prevention of crime.

Pricking forms of geometrical figures and of familiar objects on paper, weaving wooden strips into varied designs, folding paper into pretty toys and ornaments, plaiting variegated strips of paper into ingenious and attractive shapes, modeling in clay,—these, with other kindred exercises,—"pretty play," as it all seems,—constitute a most real education by and for work. By means of these occupations, the eye is trained to quickness of perception and accuracy of observation, the hand to deftness of touch and skill of workmanship such as a child may win, the sense of the beautiful is roused and cultivated, the fancy is fed and the imagination inspired, the judgment is exercised and strengthened, originality is stimulated by often leaving the children to fashion their own designs; while habits of industry are inwrought upon the most plastic period of life, and the child is accustomed to find his interest and delight in work, and to feel its dignity and nobleness. How directly all this bears upon the labor problem, the vexed question of philanthropy, is patent to all thoughtful persons.

But the labor problem is not only the dark puzzle of want; it is, in large measure also, the darker puzzle of wickedness. Want leads to very much wickedness with which our courts deal. The prevention of suffering will be found to be the prevention of a great deal of sinning. How much of the vice of our great cities grows directly out of poverty, and the lot which poverty finds for itself! Drunkenness among the poor is fed, not only from the physical conditions above referred to, but from the craving for social cheer that is left unsupplied in the round of long, hard work by day, and dull, depressing surroundings by evening.

To eke out the insufficient wages of unskilled work, there is one resource for working girls. To realize the day-dream of the fine lady, there is the whispered temptation of the spirit of evil. Society must not only teach the children to pray, "Lead us not into temptation;" it must train them so as to lead them out of temptation.

The kindergarten is a system of child occupation, a curriculum of play, looking straight on to the supreme end of all culture,—character; a child-garden whose fruitage is in the spirit-flowering induced therein, beautiful with the warm, rich colors of morality, fragrant with the aromatic incense of religion. It is essentially a soul school, reproducing, on a smaller scale, God's plans of education as drawn large in human society.

The little ones, just out of their mother's arms, are gathered into a miniature society, with the proper occupations for such tender years, but with the same drawing out of affection, the same awakening of kindly feeling, the same exercise of conscience in ethical discriminations, the same development in will, the same formation of habits, the same calling away from self into others, into the larger life of the community, which, in so far as civilization presents a true society, constitutes the education of morality in "Man writ large."

An order is established round about the little ones, environing them with its ubiquitous presence, constraining their daily habits, impressing itself upon their natures, and molding them while plastic into orderliness. Certain laws are at once recognized. They are expected to be punctual to the hour of opening, regular in coming day by day, to come with washed hands and faces and brushed hair, and to be obedient generally to the kindergarten. A sense of law thus arises within their minds. It steals upon them through the apparent desultoriness of the occupations, and envelops their imaginations in that mystery of order wherein, either in nature or in man, is the world-wide, world-old beginning of religion, while molding their emotions and im-

pulses into the habitudes of law wherein is the universal beginning of morality.

In this miniature society there is a school of manners. The little ones have before them daily, in the persons of the kindergartner and her assistants, a higher order of cultivation, all whose ways take on something of the refinement that naturally clothes the lady; and, seen through the atmosphere of affection and admiration which surrounds her, these habits are idealized before the little ones into models of manners, which instinctively awaken their imitiveness and unconsciously refine them and render them gentle,—a very different thing from *genteel*.

Among themselves, in the daily relations of the kindergarten, in its plays and games, the children are taught and trained to speak gently, to act politely, to show courtesy, to allow no rudeness or roughness in speech or action. The very singing is ordered with especial reference to this refining influence; and its soft, sweet tones contrast with the noisy and boisterous singing of the same class of children in the Sunday School, not only aesthetically, but ethically.

The importance given to music in the kindergarten, where everything that can be so taught is set to notes and sung into the children, is the carrying out of the hints given by the greatest thinkers, from Plato to Goethe, as to the formative power of music. One who knows nothing of these hints of the wise, and who had never reflected upon the subject, when watching a well-ordered kindergarten would feel instinctively the subtle influence of sweet music in softening the natures of the little ones, in filling them with buoyant gladness, in leading them into the sense of law, in harmonizing their whole natures. In manifold ways, each day also brings opportunities of impressing upon the little ones the mutually limiting rights of the members of a community, the reciprocal duties each one owes to every other one with whom he has relations, and of thus enforcing the lesson, "No man liveth unto himself." A sense of corporate life grows up within this miniature community, which floats each life out upon the currents of a larger and nobler life. Each action shows its consequences upon others, and thus rebukes selfishness. Each little being is bound up with other beings, with the whole society. Each child's conduct affects the rest, and changes the atmosphere of the whole company. Injustice is thus made to stalk forth in its own ugliness, falsehood to look its native dishonor, meanness to stand ashamed of itself in the condemning looks of the little community. Justice rises into nobleness, truth into sacredness, generosity into beauty, kindness into charming grace, as their forms are mirrored in the radiant eyes of the approving company. That very deep word of the apostle, "Let him that stole, steal no more, *for* we are members one of another," grows in such a child community a living truth, a principle of loftiest ethics; and, in the sense of solidarity, the feeling of organic oneness, the highest joy of goodness and the deepest pain of badness become the perception of the influence, mysterious and omnipotent, which each atom exerts on the whole body, for weal or for woe, in the present and in the future.

An atmosphere of love is thus breathed through the little society of the kindergarten, under which all the sweetness and graciousness of the true human nature, the nature of the Christ in us, open and ripen in beauty and fragrance. All morality sums itself up in one word,—love. "Owe no man anything but to love one another, for he that loveth one another hath fulfilled the law. For this, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet; and, if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law."

To teach children really to love one another, to cherish kindly, generous, unselfish dispositions toward each other, and to act upon those dispositions, is to write the whole code of conduct in the heart. And, plainly, this is not a matter for mere precept. It is not to be effected by the most eloquent exhortations of Sunday School teachers or of pastors. It is a spirit to be breathed within the very souls

of the little ones in their tenderest years, from an atmosphere charged with lovingness. The kindergarten is only a vicarious mothering for those whose homes lack this divine nurturing, a brooding over the void of unformed manhood and womanhood by a loving woman, bringing order out of chaos, and smiling to see it "very good."

I have thus touched lightly upon certain aspects of the kindergarten which relate this beautiful child-garden directly to the great problem of the prevention of crime. The gist of the whole matter lies in the one word with which I opened. Education is the real preventive of crime, and education lays its true foundation in the kindergarten. The State would find it a cheap investment to found free kindergartens as a pre-primary department of our public school system. What it would spend there it would save in our prisons.

Filial Fidelity.

[Cardinal Manning, in The Contemporary Review.]

A little while ago there might have been seen a small girl of nine years old, who had suffered greatly from her father's hand before she reluctantly told the tale which got him into prison, now standing at his prison door. It is the morning of her father's release. No one is with her; she is alone, and shivers as the cold April wind lifts her poor, thin garments and her hair, for she is without any covering to her head. She has loved and dwelt with him all her days, she will love and dwell with him still; perhaps nobody else will do so now, for he has been in there. At length the door opens, and she sees him coming through. Her pale little face lights up with a look that speaks welcome more than words—it is her father—such looks as win from true men their tenderest caress and tenderest words. As she steals up to him there is in her what could have burst upon him with shouts and leaps of joy. It longs to do so, but is sorely discouraged; the father looks so sullen. Yet, in spite of that, she slides up toward the fellow as he is leaving the doorway, with such a timid, pathetic little prayer in her uplifted, silent face. For a few seconds she is walking by his side. Then he half turns his head and looks at the face so full of gentle woe, which now has a half-born smile in it. Is he going to let her kiss him? "Be off!" he growls. He is a thick-set fellow, and he half lifts the arm next to her as if he would slap the pleading little face with the back of his hand if she continued another step by his side. The child stops instantly; the man goes on. She stands a moment, and then turns and goes meditatively and slowly back, sits down on a stone step and—"cries," you say. No, she does not cry; there are young eyes already tired of tears. They are too old to weep. Her heart has been silenced by a blow for the thousandth time; that was all.

There are little children reared in hunger and curses and blows, whose hands are ever ready to stroke the beard of the big men who have inflicted their sores and made them sick to death; they never waver in filial fidelity. It is with but a few of the deepest aches and pains of unfortunate children that the law can deal. The torture of sympathies, and trusts, and loves—this it is which makes bodily injuries all the more strange and hard to bear.

FAME.—The noble acts of our predecessors are as flaming beacons, which fame and time have set on hills to call us to a defence of virtue whensoever vice invades the commonwealth of man. Who can endure to skulk away his life in an idle corner, when he has the means of usefulness within him, and finds how fame has proclaimed the praises of persevering men? In weak and base minds, worth begets envy; but, in those that are magnanimous, emulation. Roman virtue made Roman virtue lasting. A brave man never dies, but, like the phoenix, others rise out of his preserved ashes.

COMICAL.—It sounds comical to hear an ordinary congregation singing: "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee!" Think of a woman with a silk gown on and a stuffed bird in her hat, standing up and singing, "Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shall be!"

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spiritualism.

BY JOHN ALLYN.

It is not strictly correct to speak of the mission of Spiritualism, since it is not something sent; but rather the result of the gradual growth of the spiritual faculties by which men still in the body are brought into more intimate and intelligent relations with men who have passed on to the purely spiritual condition. Although there have been hints and indications of this relationship all along down through history, it was not until the last half century that communications in definite language have been commanded at will. Reflective thinkers soon became conscious of the tremendous import of this great unfolding of the human faculties. It is the result of the laws of universal development. Every human bearing globe that glitters in space either has passed through the same transition period or is on the way to that inevitable unfolding. If the critic asks how I know this? I answer by the laws of universal correspondence by which we know that every egg contains the potency and prophecy of a chick,—and every acorn the potency and prophecy of an oak.

By keeping these general principles in view it will be easy to see why much of spiritual phenomena are obscure, unsatisfactory, and even contradictory. What is obscure in the early dawn may be plainly discerned when the sun is above the horizon. It is not surprising that in the early stages of this movement, when people believed they were put in communication with the wisest spirits of ancient or modern times, they should be so thrown from their mental and moral equilibrium, as to adopt teachings that were either absolutely false or so far in advance of our present conditions and growth as to be fraught with danger. It was in this as an English poet said of education,—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the pierian spring,
Shallow drafts intoxicate the brain,
Drinking deeply sobers us again."

We may safely say that the public ministrations of spiritual teachers maintain as high a standard of morality, benevolence and purity of life, as do the teachings of any sect or any religion upon the globe. It is true that we have so emphasized the importance of individual liberty of thought and action that we have not so effectually combined for working purposes as may be, but all of this that is necessary will follow when our foundation principles are better understood.

During the first half of the present century the orthodox theology taught the plenary, or full inspiration of the Scriptures, that the earth or world was created in six literal days—interpreting days to mean geological epochs was an after thought—that the progenitors of the race were created on the sixth day in the maturity of their development, in perfect physical beauty and health, and in sinless moral perfection. That in consequence of eating the forbidden fruit which grew so temptingly in the Paradise, where their Creator placed them, sin, disease and death entered the world, which, by the law of hereditary descent, cursed all their unfortunate posterity. In the terse language of John Milton:—

"Her rash hand, in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate!
Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost."

Thus man became alienated from God, and even the ground was cursed for their sake. To remedy this state of things it was necessary for God to allow his only begotten Son to be incarnated and to be crucified to provide an atonement by which a moiety of mankind could be saved and received back into favor.

The busy hands and brains of scientists were demonstrating that the reverse of all this was true; that the earth, instead of being created by the fiat of Deity in six days, had existed for millions of years, and by a gradual process of development had become fitted for the abode of civilized man. It taught also that man, instead of being created six thousand years ago in the perfection of development, had existed for untold thousands of years, and by a process of gradual development had progressed from a low savage condition, living in caves and obtaining his food by the use of stone implements in an unpolished condition, up to the present comparatively civilized condition, where machinery, steam and electricity are made subservient to his will and purposes. Finding that these basic principles of theology were groundless, thinking men not only became skeptical of the whole system of theology, but of a future life also. The clergy, who clung to this system of theology with the tenacity of despair, were powerless to arrest this growing skepticism.

It was just here that Modern Spiritualism became developed and attracted wide attention. It was a part of Nature which is equal to any emergency that may arise under her comprehensive and beneficent workings.

Scientists are unfair towards Spiritualism. They either ignore the phenomena, or deny the legitimate inferences that flow from them. Any day in the week they can get writings between closed and sealed slates, that give internal evidence of having been written by the invisible hand of some deceased relative or acquaintance. They are too indolent to get these writings,

or too prejudiced to give them their fair and logical significances, or too cowardly to acknowledge their convictions to a prejudiced and skeptical world. No explanation of these phenomena, adverse to the claims of Spiritualism, has ever been made public, that has even the inconclusive merit of plausibility. Some materialists, realizing that it is impossible to deny the occurrence of these phenomena, claim that they may be produced by some incomprehensible law of mind hitherto unknown. A little further examination would show them that this does not cover the facts, and is illogical and absurd.

Huxley, the great English scientist, says, "Even if the phenomena are true they do not interest me!" Dr. Carpenter spent one night in examining table-lifting and quit, claiming he had exhausted the subject.

Give the Truth time enough and it will vindicate itself, and Spiritualists can afford to be patient. Even the stars in their course are fighting for them.

In four months, in San Francisco, a young man, who is frail, physically, with no education, or training as a speaker but what has come through disembodied spirits, has done a great work in convincing skeptics, and elevating and comforting believers. It is safe to say he has done more lasting work than was ever done in an equal time by a robust evangelist with all the aid of music and magnetism.

Men of great abilities may direct that moiety of their minds which takes cognizance of physical objects, with such industry and energy as to dwarf or hold in abeyance those spiritual faculties which would, if developed, place them in cognizable relations with the spiritual world. Such are many of the natural scientists. Paul undoubtedly refers to such when he wrote, "The natural (scientific) man receiveth not the things of the spirit; neither can he know them for they are spiritually discerned."

Spiritualism is slowly but surely elaborating a religion which must, on this continent at least, absorb all others and become come the universally prevailing religion of the people. A study of the origin and development of religions will show that no system ever obtained a permanent and controlling hold upon the people that was not homogeneous with their modes of thought and life, and with few exceptions originated upon the soil where it prevails. Those apparent exceptions are seen honeycombed with fatal weaknesses.

Take for illustration Buddhism. About five centuries before the Christian era Gautam, born a prince of a petty kingdom at the foot of the Himalayas, became inspired with a desire to save his people and show them the perfect way to Nirvana, or spiritual peace and happiness. Born and reared in oriental luxury, he left his prospects,—his wife and child whom he tenderly loved,—and started out as a mendicant to preach the new gospel which glowed in his soul. He wandered to near the city of Benares where he lived in barracks in the rainy season, and tramped and preached during the dry season. He not only taught universal love and benevolence towards all human kind, but also that every thing that had life was sacred, being the offspring of the infinite soul of the universe. Slowly he gained converts, and after dreary waiting his wife and child joined him, and then his father. And now his teachings are accepted as the religious life and light by more millions of followers than any other religion upon the globe can number.

Suppose such a man should start out in New England or on the western prairies with a great mission. The people would call him a crank, a tramp and a mendicant; they would tell him to go home, take care of his family, and if he had any ideas for the benefit of the people to write them in a carefully prepared article for the *Century* or *North American Review*.

The intellectual status of our people is such that no religion can prevail that can not be verified by the principles of reason and logic accepted by the people. Our prevalent religion has not one principle or basic doctrine that can be so verified by their own methods. Spiritualism has at least one that touches us most vitally, to wit, the future life of the soul. Slowly, surely, is it spreading and making its way to the hearts of the people. Slowly, surely, is the popular theology decaying, wasting away, and approaching its extinction, when it will only be known as a power of the past.

BOTH SIDES.—Minister Deboy, at Pekin, China, writes to Mr. Bayard that Rev. A. A. Fulton, a Presbyterian missionary, was stoned by Chinamen and kept away from his mission house at Kwia Ping. The Chinamen burned the mission house because Mr. Fulton called them heathen, and told the people that God would punish the Chinese if they did not renounce their religion and believe in the new religion as taught by the Presbyterian missionaries. The Chinese said the American missionary spoke blasphemously. The authorities of Freehold county, (N. J.) arrested and locked up Govinda Row Satsay, a Hindoo clergyman or missionary. He was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in the Freehold jail. The Ocean Grove people charge that the Hindoo missionary preached against the religion of this country. He spoke blasphemously, saying that Buddha was as pure as Moses or St. Paul, or even as pure as Christ. The following day the Hindoo missionary was liberated, but if he continues to preach, the authorities say he will be locked up for blasphemy.—*Albany Journal*.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Is Spiritualism Old Enough to Stand Alone?

As man's mind advances in evolution to the comprehension of higher truths, such truths have always been and always will be presented. Giant intellects have always risen, and always will arise, hundreds of years before their ideas can be understood even by fairly educated men; and each great writer, who has reached far out toward the ultimate of knowledge and truth, and who, it seems, has reached the limit, is in turn superceded by another who digs deeper and reaches farther back into the reality of things, and is enabled to build on a better basis and still farther ahead. It has always been so since mind began to evolve; will be so until mind ceases.

Two hundred years ago, Locke wrote his "Essay on the Human Understanding," and, until Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" was produced, a few years ago, Locke's work was accepted as a standard. Now, though many of his ideas will long remain, even though most of his ideas may be said to be yet in advance of the ordinary ideas on mind, which is still slowly growing up to accept them, Spencer's work, starting in at the outset on a different basis, and presenting mind in a different manner, proves itself to the unprejudiced student as the best and most truthful explanation of the phenomena of mind that man is yet prepared to understand. And because Spencer has shown that mind is just exactly different from what it has been universally supposed to be, it has been concluded by materialists that mind can not exist independent of matter, and by agnostics that mind can have no conscious individuality apart from matter; and the latter of these conclusions, which is the higher and more logical, is based on such philosophical grounds that nothing but the observation of effects that can not be attributed to mind while it remains in connection with the material body, is sufficient to bring conviction of the truth of Spiritualism. And the fact that the phenomena of Spiritualism are continually producing conviction in the minds of professed agnostics, is one of the best proofs of its foundation on demonstrable scientific truth.

Just how little foundation there is for the claim that Spencer has found any ultimate facts in regard to mind, that are capable of either proving or disproving the theory of spirit, may best be explained by Spencer himself. He says: "Carried to whatever extent, the inquiries of the psychologist do not reveal the ultimate nature of mind any more than do the inquiries of the chemist reveal the ultimate nature of matter, or those of the physicist the ultimate nature of motion."

But one thing Spencer does prove, and that clearly; that mind is absolutely immaterial, and if on the materiality of the mind is based the belief in Spiritualism, then Spiritualism must go. Science can not, until the wheel of evolution turns backward.

Not until the argument for the materiality of the mind be given up, can Spiritualism claim to be scientific, or based on other grounds than inherited belief.

And can Spiritualism dispense with the belief in the materiality of the mind and remain Spiritualism?

It would seem not, judging from the average of spiritual literature. In fact, it appears to an outsider that the whole system is founded on illusions, when men called metaphysicians are also called Spiritualists.

We claim to be scientific Spiritualists; as such we must conform, in our beliefs, to the best admitted proved conclusions of science; and if the whole system of metaphysics is proved to be diametrically opposed to science and truth, then we must either renounce science or metaphysics, and no half way about it.

Now Spencer devotes, in his "Principles of Psychology," three whole chapters, to the explanation of what metaphysics really is, and to the final settlement of the question forever, so far as science goes, "using it up" so thoroughly, as to leave nothing further to be said. He shows that metaphysicians logically disprove their own logic, takes up their strongest points and clearly shows their utter nonsense, even granting all they claim.

In volume two, "Principles of Psychology," in a chapter headed "The Words of Metaphysicians" he says, "Language has, in fact, been, throughout its development, moulded to express all things under the fundamental relation of subject and object, just as much as the hand has been moulded into fitness for manipulating things presented under this same functional relation; and if detached from this fundamental relation, language becomes as absolutely impotent as an amputated limb in empty space," and closes the following chapter on the "Reasonings of Metaphysicians" as follows: "In one case we are told that what is to be denied in the conclusion is tacitly affirmed in the premises. Now transcendent mental capacity is made the basis for proof of mental incapacity; and disproof of our consciousness of a thing is made to proceed upon our consciousness of another thing which the same argument disproves. To escape from a difficulty of thought, half a dozen impossibilities of thought are offered by way of refuge. And once more, the tests of true cognitions, which is alleged to be final, is, without any as-

signed reason, assumed to be worthless in respect of particular cognitions." Elsewhere he alludes to metaphysics as a "disease of language." Such is the attitude of science towards metaphysics.

The attitude of science towards Spiritualism, so far as it is opposed to it, is based on its metaphysical claims, and on its professed ignorance of any other.

But to resume our subject, Can Spiritualism dispense with the belief in materiality of the mind and stand alone? It can.

Spirit never needed the interpretation of being mind alone, save before the slowly evolving mind of man could conceive it as ought else, and that day has gone by forever.

It is a weak argument against Spiritualism, that its belief in material mind was once a visionary dream, scientifically unsubstantial; even as it is a weak argument against science, that its belief in immaterial space was an equally unscientific, visionary dream. Science has since filled space with matter; now let Spiritualists divest mind of matter, and each has taken a step towards ultimate truth.

Science has proved by phenomena, that necessitate, the hypothesis, that space is filled with matter; and Spiritualism has proved by phenomena, that necessitate the hypothesis, that spirit must possess a materiality that does not pertain either to mind or empty space.

The question as to what spirit really is will be answered when the questions of what mind, matter and motion really are; and that will be—never. All attempts by the use of newly coined, or metaphysical words, to explain what is to all the senses of man in the flesh, simply unknowable, as unknowable as the essence of mind, matter and motion must remain forever a delusion; and Spiritualists, above all others, as having a basis of belief in the supersensual, should beware of all such inconceivable misinterpretations of what must be a simple, natural reality, or nothing.

The science of spirit no more needs the explanations of metaphysicians to bolster it up than does the science of matter, which has long since repudiated it.

One postulate the writer begs to present to all Spiritualists who honestly desire to remain Spiritualists, and stand on firm scientific grounds, and advance in their knowledge of spirit as fast as science, by its advance in knowledge of mind, matter and motion, makes possible for them to so advance.

Whereas we have only observed the phenomena of spirit exhibited in connection with matter or motion, or both, can only speak intelligibly of it in terms of either or both, and have never, in the home circle, where the question of fraud was absolutely negated, heard familiar and honest spirits speak of spirit in other terms; but have heard them iterate and reiterate the assertion that spirit was in much, if not all, analogous to mortal, or at least what mortal may become through evolution; and assert in broadest English that they possessed organizations, composed of a substance analogous to matter, if not what matter may come to be considered through the evolution of mind; through which, to them material organizations, their minds were enabled, in a manner analogous to the methods of mortals, to act on spirit or mind or matter, under conditions no more absolute or necessary than those absolutely necessary for mortal mind to act on mind or matter; and, moreover, since matter and motion are confessedly absolutely unknown in their ultimates, and since supposed empty space has been filled with a "shivering, jelly-like mass" of matter, is it not preposterous, in the face of this mass of direct evidence, to uphold such disproved and useless hypotheses, as that mind is material?

G. F. B.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Needs Among Spiritualists.

The great wants among Spiritualists as individuals and as co-workers is harmonious action in the glorious cause of freedom of thought. The pillars, or in other words, the platform, on which all great measures rest, should be broad and well-founded upon reason and common sense. Nature has done much for man. Education should add to the storehouse of knowledge. All forms of societies, well regulated, become a motive power through which good can be accomplished. Trusting to our several senses to prompt us in matters pertaining to the material world, should we not also allow our best impulses to control both physical and spiritual life? Methinks so, and whenever a leader or statesman of a country at any period in the world's history has allowed himself to be governed by high impulses, even so has he led the minds of his followers into channels of great truths. The subtle power of magnetic forces, when well understood and practiced in our home circles, will become a power for good unto all the members thereof; and its power will not stop at the individual hearthstone, but find lodgment among many hearts in many other homes. Time must necessarily pass before all this can be accomplished, but it can and will be, and as societies we shall be blest.

I. M. H.

"The weather is over me a little this morning," remarked recently a Frenchman, who is zealously studying the idioms of the English language. He had meant to say that he was a little under the weather.

Echoes from a Foreign Shore.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The pleasant memories of experiences had in our philosophy in leaving the "Dear Pacific Coast," are many, and as I feel that our mutual friends would be pleased to add testimony to their knowledge of spirit communion, my experiences are cheerfully given. During my stay in Onset, July and August past, I had many messages of cheer from loved ones gone before, giving me great encouragement and leaving no room for doubt as to their identity.

Among the many mediums, Mrs. Din Debar gave me a sitting in the afternoon of a bright, sunny day in an ordinary tent on the camp ground. There were present Dr. King and wife of St. Paul, Minnesota. I was requested by the medium to hold a cardboard between my hands for a short time and then to place it directly over my forehead, catching a very small corner with both my hands. At this time the medium was fully eight feet from me, and holding Dr. King by both hands. She became entranced and gave a message which my husband was very careful to write down. I sat in this position for a few moments, then removed the card from my head and examined it. There was no sign of anything to be found upon it. I again placed it in the same position, and before one minute had elapsed Mrs. King called out: "O, see! An anchor—a dog." The card had given *his* message and the medium was herself again. Ordering me to take down the card, I did so, and sure enough there was a beautiful crayon of a dog, three human faces and an anchor. One of the faces is that of a sailor, one other is that of Victor Hugo. It is symbolic of our journey in other lands. The dog, a beautiful, great St. Bernard, is lying quietly on a sea-wall, his feet resting on the wall, looking out on the billowy deep, while he is lying at the sailor's feet with a large anchor projecting itself right directly over his head. Underneath this drawing is written in a clear and distinct manner these words, "Safety and return," signed "V." The message given is an explanation of the drawing, referring to the dog as "Fidelity," and encouraging me in growth and development of latent power, while journeying in other lands, as well as a safe return.

To receive such assurances from departed intelligences in times of need, is not glorious? Surely, life, love and harmony are of the Infinite. My prayer is that we as mediums between mortal and immortal may strive daily to learn more of life, more of God and the requirement of good, that the soul germ may be developed, able to stand in full strength, that manhood and womanhood may lead to higher, broader and grander fields of action; that all may enjoy the immunities of the hour. Then onward, sister workers in the great field of usefulness. Onward, brothers, in diffusing the light of truth. Open wide the "Golden Gate," for God and the angels are with you. Let us frown darken thy brow, but catch the sunbeam which lies just outside the gate.

MRS. M. MOZART.

LONDON, Sept. 29, 1886.

ANOTHER ADVANCED THEORY.—An exchange says that Rev. Mr. Willets, of the faith cure persuasion, is creating considerable interest in the mining towns of Pennsylvania. In a recent sermon he made some remarkable utterances, and among other things took the radical ground that death could only come to humanity from sin before the allotted three suns and ten. He repeated with emphasis that all who die before they are seventy the devil takes them, and to illustrate his idea he said: "Now suppose a man dies at thirty-five or forty years, and goes up to heaven; the Lord will say: 'Why, what are you doing up here? Didn't I tell you to stay down there (on earth) seventy years? What are you doing here?' 'Oh, I got sick and died.' 'Well, you have sinned and broken My law; get out of room here for you.' Now, that's a pointed way of putting it, but I (Willets) believe it." Dr. Allen, of England, Prof. Muller, and several others were quoted as instances of men who have not dishonored God by sickness and disease. Continuing, he said: "If God lays you sick, be wicked, sinful, silly, nonsensical, and blasphemous it is to run for a doctor and medicine. Doctors and medicine come from an idolatrous people, and the profession is a useless piece of humbuggery."

A LACK OF ATTENDANCE.—A remedy to the lack of attendance upon Divine worship is thought by the *Christian Advocate* to be contained in the original commission of the church. That commission reads, "Go."—"We build our magnificent churches," says the *Advocate*, "sit down in our enshrined pews, and say to the world, come. Even this invitation is rather implied than expressed. The world doesn't come, and we cry out, 'How shall we reach the masses?' The word is 'Go.' If we want to reach the masses, let us go in search of them. Preach to the people where we find them."

Two clergymen once hotly disputed upon some knotty point of theology until it was time to separate, when one of them remarked, "You will find my views very well put in a certain pamphlet," of which he gave the title. To his surprise, his antagonist replied, "Why, I wrote that pamphlet myself!"—*The Churchman*.

Prayer.

As Satan passed through Heaven from
A walk on earth one day,
The Lord looked up and questioned him:
"Didst hear my creatures pray?"
"Ay, Lord; I heard their prayers resound,
And their meanings I understood,
But, my soul, not one of them
"Prayed for his brother's good."

Then looked Jehovah fire and flame,
And spoke this fierce decree:
"Who makes a selfish prayer is thine;
The others come to me!"
Then all that night on heaven's walls
The Lord and Satan stood,
To see how many sons of men
Would pray for brother's good.

Alas they watched there many an hour,
And yet there came no sounds;
The poor they prayed for pennies, and
The rich they prayed for pounds;
The ugly prayed for beauty,
The awkward prayed for grace;
The old ones prayed for youthful looks
To hide a wrinkled face.

The limping prayed for healthy joints,
The red-haired prayed for brown;
The short ones prayed for longer legs,
The long to be cut down.
The brown eyes prayed for blue ones,
The cross-eyed prayed for straight;
The fat ones prayed for melting down,
The lean ones prayed for weight.

The doctor prayed for sickness,
The undertaker death;
The captive prayed for sunshine,
The phthisic for breath;
The maiden prayed for lover's vows;
The soldier prayed for war;
The beggar prayed for horse to ride;
The drunkard prayed for "more."

The sick man prayed for break of day,
The thief for longer night;
The miser prayed for more of gold,
The blind man prayed for sight.
At last there came a fearful voice
Up to the star-lit sky:
"Oh, may my uncle's soul this night
Rest with the Lord on high!"

"There's one for me!" Jehovah cried;
"Not so!" the Devil said;
"He's heir to all his uncle's wealth,
Hence, wants the old man dead."
Just then there came another voice,
In supplicating tones:
"Oh, may the grave be late to close
O'er neighbor David's bones!"

"There's surely one for me at last!"
But Satan cried: "Not yet!
He merely wants the man to live
Until he pays a debt."
And so they waited till the stars
Went out at break of day;
Then Satan seized his bag of souls
And sped his homeward way.

Upon high Heaven's glittering wall
Long had they listening stood,
But not a mortal all that night,
Prayed for his brother's good!
—INGERSOLL LOCKWOOD.

From "Over The River."

[Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit W. G. Clayton,
through a private medium.]

It is almost impossible for the finite mind to comprehend that spirits are men and women just as they were on the earth plane; that they only experience a change of form, not a change of nature. We bring the same desires and characteristics that we had in bodily form, for we are the same spirit freed from the shell that portrayed us to one another's mortal eyes. That shell or semblance that we know each other by on earth is as intangible and shadowy to us, when we have left it, as ours seems to you. Matter is nothing to us—the spirit everything. We see what one really is, not what they seem to be; and so, after we experience the "new birth," you on earth are the "ghosts"—that is, your material bodies are. What makes your presence of any comfort or consequence is the spirit that is contained therein. Those whose spiritual sight is given them, while still encased in bodily form, see us in the same way that they do one another. This is of course necessary for recognition, and we all possess that desire to be known and recognized that we should in earth life, particularly when we are among friends. We call many "friends" to whom we were entirely unknown, previous to our passing out of the body, as we are attracted by similarity of tastes and desire for improvement, and are enabled to distinguish between affected and genuine tastes as we can not many times, while on earth, when there are means at command and a desire to simulate feelings one does not possess. We are known and attracted by what we are, not what we seem to be. We are in effect "thoughtful."

As I said before, it is almost impossible for finite minds to comprehend it. You know how many times you feel that you can almost see one to whom you are strongly attached by ties of friendship and similarity of tastes. The desire on our part brings us together, as magnet and needle are attracted, and those with whom we have no such congeniality fall away from us. There are no unhappy marriages here for instance; but each mismatched couple find their own congenial associates, and each truly married couple go on assisting each other in their life's work whenever they are attracted by the same object, as you do. No one can offend against nature's laws without paying the penalty. Very many escape it in mortal life, and the world at large looks upon them as favored of fortune; but the reckoning has to come, and if they escape it while in the body it comes to them with redoubled force when the scales drop from their eyes, and they discover that they are known beyond a peradventure for what they are, with no smoothing over of the rough, or covering up of the diseased places, and

"the last state of that man is worse than the first," for there is no possible way to prevaricate or cover up—the bare, uncovered sin or misdemeanor is revealed in all its just proportions, and the desire to make restitution and help others to escape what stands before them like the avenging angel is the first step toward the progression to higher grades.

Then there is uphill work for such ones, for they see how wide a circle has been made by what they thought was but a pebble that scarcely ruffled the smooth surface of their prosperity, and they must experience here the heartaches they caused there, if they did not begin the work of restitution while still in the flesh. Should they, then, indeed, they are blessed, that the awakening came while yet they possessed the power to carry on the work of ameliorating the condition of those that were affected (as always is the case) by their wrong-doing. Thrice blessed those to whom the light comes while there is yet time to take bodily advantage of it.

If those who scoff and draw their moral skirts away from those who have the hardihood to admit their belief in some knowledge of Spiritualism could only see how much they were shutting themselves out from in thus debarring themselves from the "truth as it is in Jesus," they would pause and consider, having done which the light would be revealed to them, to their everlasting good. Sow the good seed, all you who possess it, whenever the opportunity presents itself—not "in season and out of season," but by words dropped here and there, that may, without offense to any one, fall into good soil and help to swell the harvest return and help where you were unconscious that help was needed.

Women who are Always Complaining.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The egotism of the sex leads its members to be always balancing their sensations in a pair of scales, weighing them with the utmost nicety and exactness, or else to place them under a mental microscope to be carefully studied. Habits of introspection and self-analysis are most hurtful when too vivid imagination renders calm judgment impossible. The training that women receive, and their habits of living, are calculated to heighten emotional sensibility and nerve sensitiveness, and their love of excitement is a most dangerous element in degeneration of the organism. They yield easily to all passing, real or imagined, disorders without making any effort to forget them, belittle them, or rise superior to them.

To be fragile and frail in appearance, to have a look of extreme delicacy, is the consuming desire of our women. A small waist, hand, and foot, are desiderata; the lily must usurp the rose on the fair cheek; to avoid a coarse and blowsy complexion, a veil must be used during a promenade to protect from even a zephyr's gentle breath or the sun's kisses. The confinement in close school rooms during early life, and the artificialities and excitement of society later on, cause deficiencies of every kind in blood and bone, nerve and muscle. What wonder if tight lacing, the use of cosmetics, exposure in dress, lack of sleep and exercise, cause an impeded circulation, poverty in the quality and quantity of the blood, and all attendant evils. Women are reared like exotics in a green-house; and often they meet the same fate—flourish apparently for a season, bloom in beauty, and are gone.

It is a pity that a knowledge of physiology is not more generally diffused, and especially among women. Even the best educated of them are ignorant of some of the simplest facts, or have studied them to so little advantage as to make the greatest mistakes. Thus they try to make certain diseases fit certain pains, diagnose them as symptoms of heart, lung or liver trouble, or imagine they are threatened with some terrible sickness. Starting with an inherited feeble constitution, even this is deteriorated by a life of indoor inactivity in the best hours of the day and late hours at night. Though the complex mental and physical organization requires the most careful treatment, they do not even try to recuperate after a severe strain. There is thus given an aptitude to morbid degeneracy, with no reserve force to fall back upon. Fleeting pains, which in a more active life would pass unnoticed, are treated as cause for alarm, and drugging and doctoring are commenced; the high-keyed nature, which has the sensitiveness of the violin, broods over them until a morbid pitch is reached; from agitated apprehension they sink into mild-eyed melancholy or gloom, and become burdens to themselves and friends. Who can not run the gamut of the diseases of the valetudinarian? Malaria, biliousness, dyspepsia, neuralgia, what changes have been rung upon them; what furies written! Malaria (bad air) might not be heard of if constant and sufficient exercise were taken; biliousness and dyspepsia, names given by women to any manifestations of stomach trouble, would frequently vanish were proper attention paid to dietary rules; neuralgia, that *bête noire* in many a home, is often the indication of over-taxed nerves, weakened vitality, or exposure to cold. Of course these things may be, and sometimes are, serious matters, but in how many instances are they names given to passing disturbances and slight derangements of function, which would pass quickly away if left to themselves.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

What Spiritualism Should Teach.

If anything, it should teach the greatest of charity towards all differing from its own belief. That the true growth of spirit comes from *within* us, not only in thoughts but works, also. *Deeds* are crystallized ideas, making men nobler and nearer perfect.

They who think great thoughts do well, but he who performs noble works, who is willing to suffer for other's good, is a hero. Thus do many Spiritualists. They not only believe in what is an unpopular belief, but willingly bear the odium of reproach from society and friends for truth's sake. A true believer of Spiritualism never "hides his light under a bushel," but keeps it ever beside him, burning as a steady beacon unto all men, to show how pure, bright and easy a path his is into the life beyond.

It should be a religion of Faith and Hope also, willing and able to bear with views differing, patiently and cheerfully awaiting some golden opportunity to drop a word or fact that will lead those who oppose us into asking some question whereby a seed may be dropped, bringing forth future fruit. There should be training schools for the spirit, as there are for the body. If children were educated into a belief and knowledge of their spirit needs equally with their bodily needs education would take a great leap in advance of its present condition. Instead of wasting energy in tearing down old superstitions and beliefs, there should be a building up of all that is good, pure and true in the new faith, thus giving poor, starving humanity a living crust of the bread of life.

Let all who need the support of the churches and creeds, have them, in silence and charity, but show them by wise, pure and earnest lives, how true and perfect the better way to be. Let example, rather than precept, be the motto. If there be fraud, vice and deception practiced, *let it alone*. The right is mighty and will prevail. Ignorance and vice are but the perversion of good, and need leading upward and onward towards right and purity. Beware of all who are engaged in exposing evil doers. Expose wrong-doing, by showing the beauty of right; but they who do evil, if left *alone*, will soon receive a just and lasting punishment. L. P. J. HERRING.

LOS GATOS, California.

Culture in Home Life.

[From the Unity.]

In the well-balanced home life is culture, and each and all have a common interest; the growth is symmetrical. Thought, feeling, doing, all play their part. The stern duties are properly balanced with mirthful recreation. Every faculty of our nature is recognized and utilized, properly pruned and cultivated. Hope and Faith with faces to the front lead us on. While we live we live largely in the future. In childhood visions of brightness and joy lie in the "Sweet By and By" of youth. In youth we look hopefully forward to the glories of manhood and womanhood as the culmination of all promise. When that is attained we still face the future, the prospective of our children and the rest of a well-earned old age. When we begin to retrospect rest, assured that growth has ceased, and we are disintegrating,—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

"So take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strains o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

"Oh, live and love worthily, bear and be bold!"
Trust is the only sure foundation for love, whether filial or marital, and Trust comes only through Truth. Culture is the perfecting of the physical and spiritual nature, is the endeavor to embody Truth in the soul. Perform faithfully your part in the drama of life, and leave the rest to God.

Marry a Gentleman.

[Woman at Work.]

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen or not to marry at all. The word was used in its broadest, truest sense. It did not have reference to those who have fine raiment and white hands and the veneering of society polish merely, to entitle them to the distinction, but to those possessed of true, manly and noble qualities, however hard their hands and sunbrowned their faces. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no. A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, if he is a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior. There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character, which every where commands respect and makes its

owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen. Do not despair, girls, there are such men still in the world. You need not all die old maids.

A Manly Letter.

[The Jewish Times, of this city, having slightly referred to Dr. Louis Schlesinger, the medium, of Oakland, and one of the publishers of the Carrier Dove, that gentleman replies through the same paper as follows:]

Editor Jewish Times:—"Who is Dr. Schlesinger?" This question asked by you, I infer has reference to former religious opinions, and not to personal affairs, which can be of little interest to you or to your readers. I was born and brought up in the Hebrew Faith, which I still respect as the religion of my fathers, although I now consider it a "dead faith," and value it only as the stepping-stone to the more advanced truth which has been revealed to me. The time has been when the Jews were familiar with spiritual ministrations—when spirits walked with Abraham, wrestled with Jacob, and manifested in many ways to the faithful. The supreme spirit—the God of the Jews—was supposed to lead the "chosen people" to battle, and to enable them to triumph over their enemies. A belief in supernatural intervention in human affairs was common with the Jews, and then, as now, there were lying spirits, who misled those who trusted them. To protect the people against evil spirits it was deemed necessary in that ignorant age to prohibit spirit intercourse, and cruel edicts were issued against those who served as mediums of communication between the visible and invisible world. As a consequence the Jew, in time, lost his spirituality, and became a seeker after material wealth, sacrificing everything in his greed for gain. Modern Spiritualism is a revival of the ancient faith in spirit guidance, and to none does it appeal more forcibly than to the devout Hebrew who still retains the early fervor which inspired the Jewish people when they had some claim to nationality, and when their religion, now so cold and dead, was warm with spiritual life.

In answer to your question I will say that I am one of many Jews who, from the darkness and gloom which once enshrouded our hope of immortality have entered into the light and joy of a perfect knowledge of existence beyond the grave. This knowledge has come to me, in great measure, through the opening of my own spiritual sight, and I am glad, so far as I can, to give to others that which has been of so much benefit to myself. I do not do this, as you intimate, "for a coin consideration," on the contrary, no charge is made for my services at Washington Hall, it being expressly stipulated by me that the increased receipts of the association should be devoted wholly to charitable purposes. Since becoming a Spiritualist I have sacrificed a fortune by spirit direction, my "guides" affirming that, as their instrument, I must not be hampered with the care of a large property and the annoyances and deteriorating influences of money-making. As to "call up spirits," I do not make any such pretensions. Instead of commanding them, they control me by my own consent. Respectfully,

LOUIS SCHLESINGER.

A Glimpse of Heaven.

[Boston Herald.]

Miss Melinda Bailey, a young unmarried lady, has been for some time a resident in the family of Ralph Sargent, at what is known as the "Lower Corner," nearly half way between Merrimac and Amesbury. Since her residence with Mr. Sargent, Miss Bailey, who had just lost her mother, whose nurse she had been through a long and lingering sickness, has been very ill from complete nervous prostration, and has been under charge of a physician in Amesbury, who considered her situation as extremely critical. Last Thursday, the Haverhill Gazette says, she appeared to grow rapidly worse, and at her request a clergyman was sent for, with whom she conversed for some time, appearing perfectly conscious of her critical condition. Soon after she grew rapidly weaker, and at last lay peacefully back on her bed, and to all appearances seemed to be dead. As the doctor lived nearly six miles off, and her dissolution was momentarily expected, no attempt was made to summon medical aid. The limbs grew stiff, and except for the fact that the flesh retained its natural color to some extent, there was no unusual appearance. After the body had lain in this state for some time, neighbors coming in, the grave clothes were brought out and preparations made to prepare for the last sad rites. Soon a slight perspiration broke out on the body, and with a long drawn respiration the vital spark, which seemingly had long been exhausted, flamed up once more, and, to the surprise and horror of those gathered there, the supposed corpse sat up in her bed and surveyed with half-dazed eyes the mourners gathered around.

According to one of the neighbors, the first word uttered by any of the party came from the dead-alive, who, with tremulous accents, said: "Ah! heaven is a beautiful place, and I should have been so happy to have stayed there, but I so longed to see my brother and sister once more." As soon as possible the room was cleared of the wondering spectators and the doctor sent for, who found his patient rather better than on his previous visit the day before, and since that time she has, to all appearances, steadily improved. During the last two or three days Miss Bailey has been somewhat deranged.

The Inspired Teacher.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mr. W. J. Colville's lectures in San Diego are drawing to a close; and though the inspired speaker may not have been greeted by such large or enthusiastic audiences as have met him in other places, much good has been accomplished by his teachings. The more intellectual and refined portion of the community have heard him gladly. Many who are not Spiritualists—who have hitherto been opposed to it—have asked in amazement, "Is this the belief of Spiritualists? Do the Spiritualists hold and teach such a sublime and elevated morality as this?"

Many who before have ridiculed the idea of one being inspired in these days says: "Surely this man has some power beyond his own." One highly, intelligent gentleman said in our hearing this morning: "There is not, there can not be, another Colville in the world. I never saw any one like him; I never heard any one speak as he does. His teachings are truly wonderful."

He has certainly given thinking persons a great impetus and has set many hitherto careless ones to thinking. His class in metaphysics was composed principally of ladies, and though not large in numbers, the students manifested the most intense interest and the greatest desire to profit by his instructions. We know of several of them who have already given successful treatment.

Last night the lecture was on the "Lost Atlantis." It was listened to by a deeply interested audience, and we know that many are looking forward to this evening, when the subject treated will be "Pre-historic America." There will be three discourses on Sunday in the Opera House, the last one being by special request on "Re-Incarnation."

Mr. Colville will leave us next week, deeply regretted and followed by the sincerest regard and esteem of all who have been privileged to listen to words of divine wisdom that have fallen from his lips. May he long continue his glorious work of expounding metaphysical truth, and showing the divine purity and beauty of the true spiritual philosophy.

JEAN STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

SAN DIEGO, Oct. 16, 1886.

Existence of the Mahatmas.

[William Q. Judge, in the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

In the *Journal*, of the 25th of September, Mr. W. Emmette Coleman relieves his mind upon the subject of his personal desire to be convinced of the actual existence of the Mahatmas, and takes occasion to say that he is perfectly satisfied:

(a) That Mahatmas are the product of the Kalmuck mind of Madame Blavatsky;
(b) That this Kalmuck woman has had for nine years a vast conspiracy ramifying over the one million square miles of India; and
(c) That Mr. Brown, to whom he refers, saw one of the numerous and widely spread conspirators in North India.

"I am satisfied" that no amount of proof would satisfy Mr. Coleman, except a personal visit from a Mahatma. And it is to preserve themselves from him and his style, that the Mahatmas do not go out to prove their existence; that they will visit him is as yet unlikely.

Now the two first positions, *a* and *b*, are enough to disprove Mr. Coleman's conclusions, for any tyro in Indian literature or traveler in Hindustan, knows that the Mahatmas have been believed in by the Hindus from time immemorial; and it is a ridiculous impossibility that Mme. Blavatsky could have got up this immense conspiracy requiring such wonderful co-operation and expenditure of money as it would naturally demand.

As to Mr. Brown's evidence, I only desire to add my own, though not with the detail gone into by him. And not only is there Mr. Brown's letter, but I have seen hundreds of such letters received in various parts, both in Blavatsky's presence and away from her. And I can put my hand now on over fifty such letters that are owned by a friend of mine not one hundred miles from here, all of which were received in a manner which Mr. Coleman even would not cavil at had he been present.

But the object of the Theosophist is not to prove the existence of Mahatmas. Properly developed minds will know of that naturally. Our object is to spread the doctrines which Mahatmas have pointed to, and not to accentuate phenomena. As one of them said in a letter now in the United States, but not published: "You (Theosophists) must prosper by philosophical and moral worth, and not by phenomena." So we must in America try by all means to keep out of the arena of proof for the *locus in quo* of Mahatmas. But I would beseech all earnest, truthful inquirers, to bend their investigations toward finding out what a Mahatma's state is, and then direct their energies to reaching that state themselves; for even a very little of this practice is productive of much benefit.

We have a debt to every great heart, to every fine genius; to those who have put life and fortune on the cast of an act of justice; to those who have added new sciences; to those who have refined life by elegant pursuits. 'Tis the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called the fine society. Fine society is only a self-protection against the vulgarities of the street and the tavern.—Emerson's "Considerations by the Way."

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

AIMING HIGH.

It is thought by some that if the Prohibitionists would be less exacting in their demands in behalf of temperance—that instead of insisting upon absolute prohibition, if they would favor local option, or high license, or some modified form of restraint upon the promiscuous traffic in that which produces pauperism, crime, disease and death—that the cause would commend itself far more favorably to the consideration of the good men of all parties.

Well, the greater claim takes in all the lesser. It is well to aim high. No one believes that stringent prohibitory laws can be enforced in communities where the liquor elements predominate—that is, where the saloon is able to elect the judges and prosecuting officers. There must be a moral sentiment strong enough to enforce the law, or the law will be found to be of but little use.

No doubt the majority of those who will vote the Prohibition ticket in the coming election, while preferring prohibition, would accept local option, or even high license, in preference to the fearful condition of things now existing. Local option would close up every whisky shop in the State, excepting those of San Francisco and some few of the next larger cities. There would be no difficulty in the way of enforcing prohibition in the country towns, for the majorities there do not wear the brand of the rum-seller, and politics is not that slimy thing it is in San Francisco, where judges and jurors are often made and owned by the rum power.

The candidates nominated on the Prohibition ticket, from the candidate for Governor down, are all supposed to be men of good common sense, who, if elected, would act wisely and prudently in the administration of the duties of their respective offices. As legislators they would not be apt to pass laws in violation of the Constitution, but would first seek to amend that instrument, if so needed, to maintain a higher standard of temperance morality. They would move carefully in the matter, and be guided by the best wisdom of the State.

If the people can drive gambling from the public gaze, and compel it to hide away in secret places, as they have; if they can close up the opium joints, and prohibit other and more flagrant forms of vice, they can surely shut up the whisky mills, the fountain head of nine-tenths of the crime, and nearly all of the wretchedness and misery that exist in the world.

No one proposes to invade the home or the club and prevent the private use of intoxicants. No one proposes to interfere with the somewhat questionable right of a man to make a beast of himself in his own castle, provided he does not go forth therefrom to disturb his neighbors. The end sought for by Prohibitionists is to close up the doors of the saloons and stop the retail traffic in intoxicating drinks, just so far as they are able to do so.

While it is hardly to be expected that they will succeed this year, in electing their ticket, yet we apprehended they, and the people generally, will be surprised at the magnitude of their vote. In view of the large number of other tickets in the field, and the wide-spread disgust for all of them, there is no knowing what may happen. The improbable is sometimes the very thing most likely to occur. Who knows but what this is one of the times?

SOMETHING NEW.—When we would learn anything new and original of the great men and women of America, we should go to foreign journals and other publications for the desired information. Since Gen. Grant's death, an English periodical, the *Circulating Library*, comes out with the following statement which can not fail to interest all who have perused former sketches of his life: "Gen. Grant was the son of a farmer, who gave him a much better education than he had himself received. The civil war obliged Grant to become a soldier, in which capacity he served for fifteen years, when he again took to farming, which he had to relinquish on account of ill health. He then became, successively, estate agent, clerk in a store, and Senator. In this last vocation he distinguished himself so highly that he was elected President." There is a strong bond of intimacy between this country and England, but it does not seem to extend to that individual interest which prompts to a knowledge of accurate acquaintance of our noted personages. We know Englishmen better than they know us.

—The more one knows, the less he is apt to think he knows. And herein, as a rule, may be found the true test of knowledge.

SOUL GROWTH.

Spiritualism, in its higher unfoldments, teaches that we are all spirits here in this life, quite as much as we ever shall be in the next, with a difference only in environment. It also teaches that growth and progression are conditions and possibilities of the spirit, to enter upon which we need not wait until we pass on to the other life.

It is not only our duty to grow in knowledge and wisdom, in this life, even though that knowledge may largely relate to externals—to the temporal affairs of life,—and for which we shall have but little, if any, use in the next stage of existence; but we should also endeavor to unfold our spiritual natures, and grow more and more into the likeness of the ideal man—of the divine manhood.

We all have our ideals of better things. We realize how far we fall short of that perfection of character and grace of goodness of which we feel we are capable, and for which we should ever aspire. We know that, to attain to those supreme heights of spiritual grandeur and beauty, all groveling thoughts and low desires must be outgrown; that we must learn the beautiful lessons of forgiveness and brotherly love; that we must practice that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," and that thinketh no ill of a brother mortal. We all see many ways wherein if we should walk we feel that we should draw nearer to our ideals; and so it is by hints, suggestions, and especially by living examples, that Spiritualism in its higher teachings, would lead men out of error into truth.

Why wait till the summons comes that shall forever close the avenues of time and sense to the spirit's growth, ere we begin our work for eternity? Shall we save all our angelhood for another life, and practice none of it in this? Will the memory of neglected opportunities be likely to sweeten existence in the spirit world, or pave the way to the higher life of the soul in the infinite Beyond?

We look over the assemblages at our public halls, in our churches, and among men who have devoted the flower and fruitage of their years to business pursuits, and how many heads do we see whitened with the frosts of time—how many who have reached that period in life where they can count upon only a few more years at most. The man of sixty, though still in the enjoyment of all his faculties, must realize that his sun of life is slowly sinking in the west, and that the night is near at hand when he must lay aside the labors of the day and seek a couch of rest for his weary limbs in the bosom of Mother Earth.

Then why not now, if never before, begin to live for humanity, and for the unfoldment of the higher life of the soul, and thereby lay up treasures of character which shall constitute a royal bank account to commence business with in the life to come?

We write thus not for the cold materialist, with whom all of life and love,—all of memory, of hope and of aspiration,—are supposed to end in the grave; for what to him are the recompenses of a brief day of generous deeds that must end forever with the coming night; but to those whose once blinded eyes have been made to see, and whose souls have learned to comprehend something of the realities of another life, may we not appeal, as brother to brother, and urge them, by every consideration of happiness here and hereafter, to put off the old and worn habit of earth, and to put on the new, shining robe of the spirit.

There is a light that shineth upon the pathway of every soul to lead it safely onward through the mazes and shadows of time, and homeward to the Father's house,

"Where the many mansions be."

Let us follow the light through the darkness of this mortal night and all will be well with us in the morning.

"Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture."

EMERSON.

He who thus learns to see lives in two worlds at once, and what a glorious attainment for mortal mind to achieve! Whose life could ever grow dull, or whose hours grow long with the beauties and realities of the eternal life then reflected in this? When we can see grandeur in the storm clouds as well as glory in the sunshine; when we catch harmony out of discord, and take joy out of sorrow,—then we live and know the value of life. We will take all the gloom of our existence and make a fitting background for the glorious pictures it is possible for us to paint for one of those eternal mansions not made by hands. To look upon the beautiful forms around, and realize they are but dim copies of spiritual counterparts, is surely enough to lift one above the trials of our earthly enthrallment.

HAMILTON HALL SERIES.—A brighter day is dawning upon the Spiritualists of Oakland. All inharmonies are passing away, and all divisions are being healed. The various and hitherto conflicting elements have united upon the broad yet spiritual idea of the Golden Rule, and, forgetting the past, have resolved to go forward with the work of spreading the light. It is expected soon to incorporate a society under the laws of the State, and then as soon as possible secure a permanent place, in which to hold spiritualistic services. There is a determination to make Oak-

land the center of a mighty spiritual influence that shall contribute its full quota of spiritual power toward opening the eyes of the blind on the Pacific Coast. Higher ground is being taken; broader views are being entertained, more far-reaching plans are maturing and the holy Christ Spirit of beneficence and catholicity prevails.

RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

While a belief in the philosophy of Spiritualism does not necessarily affect one's moral or religious nature, any more than would a belief in the nebular hypothesis, yet there is that within the former that is well calculated to arouse the religious sentiment and unfold the spiritual nature of man, as can a belief in no other fact in nature.

The contemplation of the majesty and harmony of the universe—of the mighty sweep of planets and suns in orbits too vast for the mind to grasp—is well calculated to call forth the reverent worship of the soul for the Creative Power that wrought such stupendous wonders; but even that can not touch the emotions, and arouse the worshipful nature of man like the fond assurance that the dear ones whose forms we have followed in bitter agony to the grave, still live and love us, and that a way has been opened for them to return and make their presence known to us.

There follows the suggestive fact, as taught by all returning spirits, that death does not end the "sinner's" chances for reformation and happiness, nor launch the "saint" at once into the marvelous beatitudes of an ideal condition of bliss. Hence, the old idea of a future state, with its heaven and hell, with a wide and eternally impassable gulf between, is shown to be a mistake—a chimera that had its origin in the barbaric fancy of a remote antiquity.

And then, by proving the impossibility of the forgiveness of sin, in any other sense than that of gradual growth out of bad and into better conditions, by first ceasing to do evil and learning to do well, we learn that any vicarious atonement for sin is simply impossible.

These teachings, coming from the spirits themselves, who must know whereof they affirm, naturally suggest thoughts of a religious nature. The spirits teach that an upright and worthy life here is conducive of happiness both here and hereafter, and that man must suffer the consequences of, and pay the full penalty for, every evil act committed here.

What other effect can such teachings have than to prompt one to deal honorably with his fellows, to live nobly and wisely, and to practice every virtue that adorns the human character?

Thomas Paine said that to do good was his religion. Can anybody suggest any better religion than that involved in the practice of goodness? Suppose everybody believed in, and demonstrated in his life and conduct, that kind of religion, would not all crime and misery disappear from the earth?

And so, to the thoughtful Spiritualist at least, religion becomes a necessity. He can not be true to his honest convictions—to the facts of spirit existence that have been demonstrated to his senses—without endeavoring to square his life in accordance therewith.

This is the religion of humanity—the religion of the Golden Rule—the religion taught by the gentle-hearted Jesus. It is a religion that means all good to all humanity. And this will be the universal religion of the future.

THE HOME.—There is no independence that can come to a man like that he finds in his own home, and no happiness either. When the day's work is done, its sweetest reward is found beneath his own roof with his own abode for whom he toils. A house does not always make a home, but when it has a home-maker, it is the dearest spot on earth. We pity the man or woman who does not find there his or her chief attraction. To go out from it occasionally is to teach both its value, when the heart remains behind. Many young persons are drawn away from the home circle by the outside allurements of the world about them, and not infrequently become estranged therefrom. But oh! if they could be made to realize the shortness of the time that father and mother will be the center of the golden circle; that when they are gone, the old home and its pleasures so lightly valued, will too be gone forever—how they would cling to the beloved spot so soon to be no more to them! The love of home often comes too late.

DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.—Rochester has a twelve-year-old boy, who, in the estimation of the press and physicians, is unaccountably afflicted. Inanimate objects are said to be moved by his sufferings. The boy is seized with muscular convulsion, during which time the chairs, table, and other furniture of the room he may be in, are moved as if in unison with the boy's muscles. These fits or shocks are increasing in frequency, and the doctors, as usual, can not agree as to what the trouble is. They say it is not St. Vitus' dance or epilepsy. One thinks it is heart disease, while another pronounces that organ to be perfectly normal in its functions. During these attacks the lad is conscious and talks as usual. He is one of a German family, who do not seem to have heard of that power called spirit influence, but we dare say they will get a pretty clear idea of it by the time strange sights and sounds are seen and heard, and perhaps messages received from their supposed dead friends, through their "afflicted son."

HARDLY PROBABLE.

Z. Roberts writes to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* as follows: "Your paper has met my hearty approval in the matter of insisting upon 'test conditions.' For eighteen years I have been hunting more or less for evidence of a continued life, and in not an instance have I had 'any manifestations in which fraud was not possible under the conditions insisted upon by the medium. Can a medium be found through whom reliable manifestations can be had? If so, I shall be glad to make a pilgrimage to have a 'sitting.'"

Were we to answer the question of Mr. Roberts, we should say that it is hardly probable that he will find what he seeks, though he continue his "hunting for evidence," for eighteen years longer.

Thousands, yea, tens of thousands of others, however, have had, and can have at any time, with any honest medium, all the evidence that Mr. R. would require. That he has not had that evidence, in all his long search for it, indicates that the trouble is with himself and not with the mediums.

We would suggest that he change his methods, and as a commencement that he stop insisting upon "test conditions," but to sit passively and accept what comes for what it is worth, unquestioningly, until his spirit friends can break through the strong barrier of positive magnetism, which he interposes between himself and the spirit world. He must lay aside all arrogance of opinion, all self-conscious "smartness," so to speak; in other words he must approach the sacred altar of spirit communion with his heart in the right place—prayerfully, trustingly, and in a spirit of child-like simplicity—and not be perpetually looking for and expecting a trick.

If he seek for the evidence in this spirit, we apprehend it will not be long before he will be made glad with all the proof he needs. He will have test after test, and they will come to him in ways he little dreams of. At any rate such is the writer's individual experience, as it is with many that we know.

The investigator who is always looking for, and expecting a trick, is very apt to encounter the reflex action, of his own mind—the child of his own creation—embodied in the sensitive aura of the medium. He should remember that thoughts are veritable things, palpable to the sensitive; and that in "exposing" a supposed fraud,—especially in the case of some well-known and reliable medium,—he may possibly be simply exposing his own ignorance of spiritual laws.

NEW ORDER OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

There never was such a breaking up of old modes of religious thought as in these last few years; and never were the convincing evidences of another life so potent in reconciling men to the new order of things as now.

The power of the deniers of another world to make known their presence to mortals is increasing on every hand. New channels of communication are being opened up, and the great truth of immortality is being brought home to the hearts and consciences of men in many marvelous ways.

Within the past year, in this city and Oakland, scores—and we think we may safely say hundreds—of the best minds in the community, have been convinced of the truth of the fundamental facts whence Spiritualists derive a knowledge of a future life. And the work is by no means confined to the cities named; it extends throughout the State, and indeed throughout the civilized world. The various evangelical religious denominations will be forced, ere long, to restate their creeds, and strike out therefrom all relics of barbarous thoughts, or else close the doors of their churches. They will be compelled to supplement the preaching of the terrors of the law and a lost world, by the beautiful lessons of love and humanity taught by the gentle Nazarine. For man under the condemnation of the law, doomed to an eternity of unutterable woe, they must preach hope and salvation for all—not through a vicarious atonement for sin, but by growth in knowledge, wisdom and spiritual unfoldment. For original sin they must preach original ignorance; for a God of anger and hate, one of infinite love and goodness; and for eternal life through faith in Jesus Christ they must accept the facts that point with unerring certainty to a life beyond.

They need not call themselves Spiritualists, if they do not wish to, although it is one of the most suggestive and beautiful names in the English language; but the principles and philosophy underlying the higher teachings of Spiritualism are surely destined to become the permeating power to quicken and beautify all spiritual life.

PERVERSE.

The most priceless things in life are the least considered. Gems are estimated for their rarity and beauty, but when it comes to the essentials of human life, they are valueless. The imprisoned, cold sunlight of the diamond we treasure as a jewel, but shut out the same light of to-day from our homes and lives as a despoiler of our household furnishings. So do we with the pure, all-pervading air of heaven—it is a chilling draft, laden with moisture, or frost, or heat that is disagreeable to us.

We close the doors and windows and inhale and exhale the same air until we are dull and miserable with our own poison, and consult doctors and take drugs for relief. Oh, the sunshine and fresh air! How they struggle to reach poor famishing mortals who are so fearful of their presence as pestilence itself! We pine for what our gold is not sufficient to buy, and reject that which is free to all and inestimable—the sunlight and sweet outdoor air, in which all creatures revel and rejoice, but human beings. When we can not go to the sunlight it will always come to us, if we but receive it.

As our physical bodies languish without this life-giving principle, so our spiritual natures suffer shut out from the light of spiritual things.

Like the solar rays that ever seek admittance to our home, invisible messengers throng around each mortal bearing joy and light they long to pour into darkened and saddened souls. We must open our houses to admit the light of day. Then let us open our hearts and lives to the light of heaven which will as surely find us.

DEMON OF THE MINE.

It has always been known that the lives of coal miners were hard, but a commission appointed by the Holland government, because of complaints lately made by the Belgium miners, shows a state of life almost incredible. If this is a sample of the humanity of the Old World, it is resting on something more uncertain than the shoulders of an Atlas, and might as well make up its mind to revolution, for it is bound to come.

One woman said the greatest sum her husband had earned in one week was two dollars and sixty cents, and barely sufficed to supply food and fuel, leaving rent and clothing quite out of consideration. Another mother said she hardly knew the taste of meat; another that once a week she bought a pound of meat, but lived on bread and potatoes alone at other times. In reply to a question, a girl said they had had meat for the family three months ago, but none since. Another ate, every morning, some fruit with a bottle of water. A girl of seventeen worked in the mine from 5 o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock at night, loading from sixty to seventy cars of coal, for which she received the sum of forty cents a day!

Parents had no thought or desire to send their children to school, since the services of a capable child were required to add to the maintenance of the family. Old men, whose lives have been spent in the black depths, were discharged and left as additional burdens on their struggling families.

Thus the awful tale of pity runs, sad and terrible enough to wring tears from anything but the human heart hardened by greed and avarice. Little wonder that the end is prophesied, in surely the end of much is near at hand. Wrong is its own avenger, and direful will be the retribution.

OUR SEASONS.—How gently the seasons in our climate merge one into the other! Spring steals softly from Winter while he is yet asleep, and spreads her robe of green over the hills and valleys for the coming of the flowers. By and by Sol looks straight down upon us, giving us a few torrid days, but interspersed with cool ones that hush all complaint of discomfort. The growing fruit, hanging green among the protecting foliage, now begins to show its ripening colors of purple, red and gold, and the last harvest is come. Long before, the fields and early-bearing vines and trees have yielded their abundance; but now come the beauties of Winter, and September and October vie with each other in their contributions to man's store of goods. Then comes Frost, with gentle touch at first, but at last he steals our flowers away, and blackens the gorgeous leaves that cover the ground like a disk of gold. Often with bright skies and soft winds we arrive at Christmas-tide. A few weeks of retrospect and we find the days are lengthening, and we have entered upon a new year. Much brightness, a little gloom, and frost, and rain, and another Spring is come.

THE MINISTRATION OF LOVE.—That the ministration of love is humanity's greatest need was clearly set forth by N. F. Ravlin in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, last Sunday evening. The discourse was a plea for the rights and needs of the poor, the friendless, the outcast, the degraded—those who most require help in the struggle against untoward fortune and innate tendency to evil. The doors of fashionable churches, if not confessedly closed against such, are so practically and the religion of such churches, which is claimed to be of Christ, has none of Christ's spirit, for he sought out the poor and the lowly that he might conduct them into the paths of righteousness and peace. The ministration of our spirit friends was not forgotten in this admirable discourse. Spiritualism is the religion of love, the consolation of the afflicted, the harbinger of hope for the oppressed, the counselor and guide of all, who, with purity of motive and tenderness of heart, seek to learn its divine lessons. A teacher of pure Spiritualism, like Mr. Ravlin, deserves encouragement and support, and it is gratifying to learn that he is receiving both.

ANCIENT MAN.—Modern man began to feel out, some time ago, that his pre-historic brother was not without ideas above his daily existence. They had eyes and minds for the observation and study of the worlds shining above them; and it is well known that the grouping of the stars into constellations is of ancient origin. That they have remained unchanged to the present time, proves that for convenience of study the arrangement could not be improved upon. History tells us nothing of these ancient astronomers, but discovery, a good deal. The same slab just presented to the Russian Anthropological Society by Prince Potiatin, bears a rude, though carefully drawn representation of the constellation of the Great Bear. This, with other specimens of similar character, was dug up at a station on the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway. A few years previous a similar slab was found near Wismar. These are specimens of man's ideas and work in the Stone Age. Had he possessed means of transmitting his thoughts, we should no doubt find him as much impressed with the majesty of the heavens as with their mystery.

—The duty first imposed upon cards in France by Henry III, is proving a wise measure in these latter times when card playing is said to be an absolute passion in Paris among all classes. The national income, during the last year, from these harmless and useless-looking illustrations, was two million five hundred thousand francs—five hundred thousand dollars—five thousand over the previous year. Progressive authors, and other politely named games, have, we suppose, found their way to the French capital.

DESPOTISM.—What greater punishment than for a learned mind to be forced, in its prime, from the companionship and association of all that it lived upon and developed? One of the most painful persecutions that has come to our mind for many a day, is the case of Alexander Krapatkin, who was so persecuted by the Russian government that he was driven to suicide last month. For some offense, (an educational one, it seems,) he was sent to Siberia for a term of years. After his release from exile, he was forbidden to enter any university town, to communicate with any institution of learning, or to pursue further his scientific works; by this proscription he was driven to despair. He was but forty-five years old, yet had translated many great English works into Russian, and was one of the first astronomers and meteorologists of the kingdom. The New World has ample room for all such as he, and it is deplorable that he did not seek refuge in our Republic where intelligence is always desirable.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. S. Seip, psychometrist, has removed from 1910 Market street to 306 Sutter street.

—Dr. Albert Morton, who has been rusticated for the last two weeks in the southern part of the State, has returned.

—Mrs. Dr. Beighle, the healer, with the wonderful electric hand, has removed her office from Phelan Building to 209 Turk street.

—A grand reception will be given to Mrs. E. L. Watson, at Prospect Hall, in Odd Fellows' Building, Market street, on Friday evening, Oct. 29th. Everybody invited, and no charges.

—If Spiritualists would command the respect of good men and women, in the church and out of it, they must respect themselves, and show by their daily walk and conversation that they are worthy of respect.

—Whoever wrongs a fellow being, by word or deed, will have to face that wrong and atone for it, in humility of spirit, in the next life, if not condoned in this. There is no escape from the consequences of one's evil acts.

—Santa Clara County is peculiarly honored as being the county wherein is located the great Lick observatory, and also where is to be established the grandest educational institution on the continent—the "Leland Stanford, Jr., University."

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the remarkable test medium, will appear at Washington Hall next Sunday evening. Proceeds for the benefit of Mrs. M. Miller, another excellent medium, who has been confined to her bed from illness for nearly two months.

—The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* says that Mrs. J. Anson Shepard, who will speak at the Temple next Sunday evening, is "favorably known as a speaker in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and elsewhere in the West." Give her a full house to-morrow night.

—Mr. Fred Evans, the slate-writer, requests his correspondents to be more careful in addressing and signing their letters to him. Several letters from which answers are expected, contain no address whatever; others, misdirected, have laid for weeks in the San Francisco Postoffice.

—A note from Mr. Colville states that his concluding meetings in San Diego were very largely attended. He also lectured to a good audience in San Bernardino on Monday evening last. He disposed of seventy-five copies of the *GOLDEN GATE* at his last Sunday's meeting in San Diego, and could have sold more if he had had them.

—The funeral of J. J. Jackson, the medium who passed on, Oct. 13th, of apoplexy, was held at the parlors of Mrs. Patterson, Oct. 15th. About seventy-five friends were present. A few well-timed remarks were made by H. C. Wilson, Mrs. Ada Foye, Walter Hyde, Mrs. J. M. Mitchell, Mr. Patterson, and Mrs. F. E. McKinley. Mrs. M. A. Ellis read a poem, "There is no Death."

—A prominent Spiritualist of Cincinnati, some of whose excellent writings have occasionally found their way into our columns, second-hand, writes us as follows: "I have heard a good deal about the G. G. A spiritual friend says it is 26-carats fine and full-jeweled, that it has copied some of my articles from the *Inquirer*, and that it is worth writing for. These are recommendations which can not be overlooked—by me. Mail sample and I will endeavor to obtain a few subscribers (*con amore*), and if you wish will become an occasional correspondent." Of course we "wish," etc.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

It is said that the application of a bit of ice, or even cold water, to the lobe of the ear, will stop hiccupping.

Princess Louise, one of the daughters of the Queen, says that she is "always out of money." She is paid \$30,000 a year out of the pockets of the British people.

The Indiana Methodist Conference has condemned the use of tobacco as uncleanly and unhealthful, and the delegates promised to preach against it once each year.

The Misses Beard—four sisters—own a farm in Floyd county, Ind., which they are themselves managing most successfully. Their herd of Jersey cattle is one of the best in the State.

Princess Theresa, daughter of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, has published a voluminous work about Russia and its people, and it is rumored that she is about to write a similar work concerning England.

A child died in the arms of its mother, recently, while she was walking through the streets, in New York, without money or food, accompanied by her husband, a few hours after they had been turned out by a landlord.

Says the *Advance*: "We see that the interlude by the organ is going into disuse throughout England and many of the older parts of this country. It was always an offense, it was always against good taste. We believe in good music, we believe in a choir; but the question why a whole congregation should be allowed to stand and stare and look silly, while some man fools with the organ, has never been answered."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

There are those who pay tribute to the name of virtue, but cowardly skulk from the presence of virtue herself; who eulogize truth, but tremble to utter her axioms; who doff their hats to the man who has faced the cannon's mouth, but have only censure for the more heroic person who braves public opinion for truth's sake. Nay, they load with contumely and heap opprobrious epithets on his head for having gone before them in pioneering truth.

Did you see that political demagogue sneering and encouraging the mob to throw bad eggs at the abolitionists; but who, now that their doctrines have become public opinion, makes the air vociferous with his professions of anti-slavery? He can follow in the right road now that he sees the multitude going that way; but he has no kind feeling for the men whose lead compelled him to advance. He is a cowardly instinct and does not think outside the rut of commonplace.

This fellow seeks popularity. Vain fool! The people are not cheated. They have taken his moral stature and despise him for his poltroonery. His cowardice costs him the very reward he seeks, and for which he has surrendered his manhood.

People like a bold man who has the courage to look them straight in their faces, refute their arguments, and denounce their follies. They may pepper him with a whole battalion of stale eggs to-day; but at the next election they will vote for him all along the line.

The true and the false, the right and wrong, the good and the bad are the opposite sides of a dividing line, and there is no middle ground.

He is in a dangerous moral state who thinks lightly of little offences—who palliates, naming them as only excusable peccadillos, who imagines that he may lie and not be a liar, steal and not be a thief, deceive others out of property and not be a swindler, debauch innocence and not be a libertine.

Who justifies his own offences in his own eyes is on the downward road and will be lower to-morrow than he is to-day.

Lust, avarice, appetite—these are the dungeon bars of the soul. Who choose to enter the cell and bolt and bar themselves in, can have, for their brightest days, only clouds and thick darkness.

He, who from motives of conscience ceases to do evil and learns to do well, has experienced real religion and been baptised with the saving baptism. The soul that conceives only evil and teaches the hand to practice iniquity—not all the waters of the ocean can wash it clean.

I hear of forms of religion, but is not religion a sentiment rather? Do emotions and ideas have forms? Does virtue, reason or mathematics? Who talks of the forms of love, faith, hope or charity?

Religion is the deep soul-sense of the beautiful, the pure, and the true, and is neither round, square, nor hexagonal. Forms of ceremony or ritual there are; but these are no more the forms of religion than the rack is the form of the hat or the overcoat that hangs upon it. Prayer may be repeated in set forms and phrases and so may the sermon; but religion is of the soul underlying and inspiring these.

I hear of persons of no religion. Possibly there may be such, just as there are abortions sometimes born into the world without hands or feet, or idiots without the faculty of reason.

The religious sense is often weak and sometimes so feeble as to be merely embryonic. But this is no more an argument against its existence than is idiocy against the existence of the faculty of reason.

Certain low orders of the race, it has been represented, manifest no religious emotions. But these people, according to the same authority, can not count the fingers on one hand. Shall we assert, therefore, that there is no faculty of number? The argument, if admitted, proves too much.

Those sometimes denounced as having no religion are often the most religious—the opprobrious epithet of infidel having become almost a synonym for fidelity to honest conviction. Jesus and Socrates were the infidels of their day, and both suffered martyrdom for their religion. Luther, Fox, Franklin, Parker, Humboldt, Emerson, and a host of the earth's greatest and best were all infidels, if the bigots of their times are allowed to make the definition. So indeed have been all men and women whose minds have reached out beyond those of the multitude, and who loved truth so reverently that they dared not dissemble.

Tell not of creeds. The world has had its thousands that have passed, and it has its thousands which must likewise pass. Men and women have died in

hecatombs for their beliefs, and their martyrdoms have been pleaded in proof of their dogmas. But there have been opposing martyrs as well as opposing dogmas; and whether for or against, these can prove only the sincerity of the sufferers.

Height a dogma evangelical, or by whatever accredited title we may, it is yet but a dogma and entitled to respect only so far as it can be sustained by the argument. The orthodoxy of one generation is often the heterodoxy of the next, and of one country that of another.

Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Knox, whose teachings were soundly orthodox once, would hardly pass muster to-day before a committee of the Evangelical Alliance. Luther's devil would be decidedly too materialistic; Wesley's witches, a religious anachronism; and as for Calvin, the blood of the martyred Servetus might be found distastefully red on his hands. If the Apostle Paul himself could gather up his apostolic ashes and reappear bodily on the earth, I greatly fear he would be found without the theologic password. Evangelism would be shocked at his unorthodox interpretation of himself. His healing of the sick and casting out of devils might savor too much of the mediumistic.

What if the gentle Nazarene should appear in his seamless garment as he walked about Judea doing good and rebuking sin? Among how many of those who make the loudest professions in his name would he find his own? And if he should apply the whip of small cords to the backs of all who make the house of worship a den of thieves would there be altogether wanting those who in their agony would cry out, "Away with him?"

What are creeds and dogmas but the fallible opinions of fallible men? And what are all outward forms and ceremonies but the shabby habiliments which the world, or a part of it, has agreed to don in the name of religion which these often conceal and sometimes smother?

Reality there must be, or these outward semblances had never been. Sad it is, that these should ever prove only as the counterfeit affirming the true coin.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Good Platform.

A platform on which all Spiritualists can unite is found in the new commandment of Jesus to his disciples, commonly called the Golden Rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

This platform is broad as humanity, deep as human needs, wide as the world, fragrant as the sweet innocence of nature, the essential embodiment of all religions, and the sum of all revelation. There is no religion without it, neither is there any above it, beyond it, or outside of it. It is the beginning and end of all true Spiritualism, and it embodies all Jesus ever taught the people. The world would have been vastly better off to-day if there had been no system of doctrine promulgated, and no creed published, except the Golden Rule.

It has seemed impossible to formulate any plan by which all the different types of Spiritualists could come together in a common fraternity, but here we have one already formulated to which none can object, and upon which all can stand, affording ample room for the exercise of all possible liberty, with no danger of being suffocated for want of breathing room, or stunted in our growth by reason of the narrowness of our environments. The Spiritualists in the churches can not object to this platform, nor consistently refuse to stand out before the world upon it as Spiritualists. Has the name Spiritualist become the synonym of dishonor and reproach? Make it honorable and praiseworthy, by letting your light shine, and no longer hide it under a bushel. When we said the churches are full of Spiritualists, we meant what we said, and stated a fact; but they are not known and recognized as such. They are ashamed to let it be known they are Spiritualists, and so hide their light, and leave the name to be made a reproach by the unworthy. It is assumed their social and business relations would be injuriously affected, if their true character was known. And so, indeed, they would, for a time. There is such a lamentable lack of Christian charity in those that profess to be the disciples of Christ, that one can not depart from the letter of the creed and not suffer ostracism in all the relations of life.

But are those reasons sufficient to justify true Spiritualists in hiding their light under an assumed name? Is it right to profess to be what we really are not? Can Spiritualists consistently assume to indorse a creed they do not believe? And, if Spiritualism is true, and we know it, do we not deny the truth while we refuse to acknowledge the name? "What's in a name," anyway? Just what we make it. The time was when the terms Nazarene and Christian were the synonym of obloquy and reproach, while the cross was the symbol of shame and disgrace. It cost the Christians their lives to redeem those names and make them honorable. The ashes of the martyrs became the seed of a popular religion, and the cross, so long held in derision, became a symbol of

glory and honor. Now the worldly, fashionable church member is proud to sing,

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime."

But the sacrifices of the early Christians made those despised names popular. Should they become as unpopular to-day as once they were, multitudes that now profess to glory in them, would hide themselves under some assumed *nom de plume*, and declare with Peter that they never knew the Christ. So it is with Spiritualists who remain in the churches for the sake of popularity. Let the name Spiritualist become honorable and popular, and there are large numbers who would flock to the standard and readily confess that they always believed in Spiritualism.

Well, rest assured, the name is to be crowned with glory and honor. The angels and all true Spiritualists are bound to make it such. They will be the charter members, and their names will stand upon the roll of honor through all the coming ages to the end of time. Their stock will be preferred stock, non-assessable and drawing the largest dividends. It will not be thrown upon the market, nor will it ever be watered like a good deal of religious stock we have known. It is paid up in full at the rate of one hundred cents on the dollar. One hundred per cent dividends will be declared from this time on to the day of eternity. Better subscribe now and boldly avow yourself a Spiritualist after the order of the Golden Rule.

N. F. RAVLIN.

There are very few things in the world upon which an honest man can repose his soul, or his thoughts.—*Chamfort.*

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society. The eloquent inspirational speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, will, at 11 o'clock a. m., Sunday, October 24th, answer written questions from the audience. At 7:30 p. m., Mrs. J. Anson Shepard, an inspirational speaker, who comes highly recommended, will lecture. Subject: "The Truth shall make you free." Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

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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:

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Materialism vs. Immaterialism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There seems to be a terrible fear of *materialism* in the minds of many people, and even in the minds of some who seem occasionally to *think*.

Can you, or any one else, conceive of anything *immaterial*? Even the vast and immeasurable spaces between the suns and worlds of the universe have been demonstrated by science to be filled with exceedingly attenuated matter, called interstellar ether. Science has even estimated its weight per cubic mile, its powers of resistance or elasticity, and the rapidity of its vibrations when causing the phenomenon of light.

This is a *material* universe, operated upon by *material* forces and producing *material* results. There can not be in it (to use a solecism) any such thing as *nothing*, or rather the absence of everything. Everything which has existence is *something* and therefore *material*, whether force or matter, mind or granite rock. There can be no such thing as an *immaterial* substance.

Being ourselves material, inhabiting a material world, surrounded by a material universe, operated on by material force or forces, we are obliged, if we reason at all, to reason about material things, material causes and material results, for the very good reason that we can not conceive of, and therefore can not reason of anything *immaterial*.

All our knowledge comes to us from material sources, through material senses, is cognized, sifted and formulated by a material mind, produced by a material brain, sustained by material food, moved by material force, generated or modified by a material body. This may be what "W. W. T." calls "gross materialism," but it is nevertheless *true*.

If there is any continued existence beyond this, it will be an existence of something *material*, surrounded by material substance, using and itself operated on by material forces still within and surrounded by a material universe.

The only things we can reason about are those we know something about. It is easy enough to make assertions about things of which we know nothing, but such assertions amount to nothing, and can not be used as premises upon which to base our philosophy.

In my article in the GOLDEN GATE of the 9th, my argument was simply intended to combat two ideas: first, individualized pre-existence, and second, the dogmatic assertion that "if life commences here it must end here." It had nothing to say about mind in nature, or mind in God or anywhere else. It simply showed the origin of mind or intelligence in *man*.

I am not possessed of omniscience and therefore can not assert, as does "W. W. T.," that "Nature begins with mind and works itself out, in and through matter." But I have not denied or attempted to deny that there is intelligence in nature. In fact the whole tendency of the article went to prove that there *was* a wonderful intelligence and far-seeing plan in evolving by a long process, of upward climbing an individualized intelligence from diffused nebulous matter and so forming it that it was capable of continued and indefinite existence. My reasoning can not be distorted to "rule mind out of God as well as out of man," for the very reason that it does not rule mind out of man. It simply attempted to show, feebly perhaps, how mind got *into* man, and how it could continue in him through an indefinite future.

The first of all that we know of human intelligence is *here* and exhibited within an *organism*.

Admitting that nature or God is intelligent and produces intelligent results by intelligent means, what means did nature or God use to develop or generate an individualized, intelligent entity which could comprehend its or his processes and continue forever to study its or his modes of action and wonderful results? That is my problem.

There being no evidence whatever of any individualized, human existence previous to the advent of man on this planet, it is interesting to study the long labors, and marvelous processes by means of which the great force and intelligence of Nature, or God, evolved or produced this human entity with all its wonderful powers and possibilities. Either Nature or God, *some*time, originated individualized man, or he was eternally co-existent with God and therefore an entity independent of God. If God ever did originate or organize human, intelligent beings, is it not reasonable to suppose that he originated them *here*, where they live and grow, and from whence they must emigrate if they continue to exist. Then, when in addition to this rational supposition, every fact in nature goes to show that human intelligence commences on this earth and is the product of organization, what must we conclude?

Remark! I have not and do not assume that all intelligence and all mind commences on this little, insignificant planet and speck of matter; only that the intelligence and mind of *man* commences here.

I know not who "W. W. T." may be, but he certainly can have paid very little attention to the facts of nature when he makes such a rash assertion as this: "But the molecular movement of the brain never produces—never can produce—a thought or volition, or state of consciousness."

I undertake to say that there never has been a thought or emotion or volition in any human being which was *not* the result of cerebral action. The very quality and force of every thought, volition and emotion depend on the quality, quantity and location of the brain matter which produced it.

As was said in the former article, Nature has developed intelligence in exact proportion as brains have developed, from the first little bulb of brain matter up to the towering brain of a Humboldt. All these may be "grossly material" facts, but nevertheless *facts*.

If Spiritualism can not be proved without ignoring the well-established facts of nature and of evolution, so much the worse for Spiritualism. Idealisms and dreams and speculations are good for nothing when opposed by stern and incontrovertible facts.

If there is a spirit in man it is the product of development and organization. It is and will forever be subject to the laws of change, development and progress. It is not an entity co-eternal, co-equal with and independent of its author—Nature or Nature's God.

E. A. CLARK.

SAN JOSE, Oct. 17, 1886.

Humboldt's Maniac.

[Youth's Companion.]

During one of his visits to Paris, Baron von Humboldt expressed to his friend, Dr. Blanche, the distinguished authority in matters concerning insanity, a desire to meet one of his patients.

"Nothing easier," said Dr. Blanche. "Come and take dinner with me tomorrow."

Next day, Humboldt found himself seated at the dinner table of the famous alienist, in company with two unknown guests. One of them, who was dressed in black, with white cravat, gold-bowed spectacles, and who had a smooth face and very bald head, sat with great gravity through the entire dinner. He was evidently a gentleman of undoubted manners, but very taciturn. He bowed, ate, and said not a word.

The other guest, on the contrary, wore a great shock of hair brushed wildly into the air. His shabby blue coat was buttoned askew, his collar was rumpled, and the ends of his crazy necktie floated over his shoulders. He helped himself, ate, and chattered at the same time.

Story upon story did this incoherent person pile up. He mixed the past with the present, flew from Swedenborg to Fourier, from Cleopatra to Jenny Lind, from Archimedes to Lamartine, and talked politics and literature in the same breath.

At the dessert, Humboldt leaned over and whispered in his host's ear, glancing at the same time at the fantastic personage, whose discourse was still running on: "I am very much obliged to you. Your maniac has greatly amused me."

"My maniac!" said the doctor, starting back. "Why, that isn't the lunatic. It's the other one."

"What! The man who hasn't said a word?"

"Certainly."

"But who on earth can the man be who has talked in this fashion all the while?"

"That is Balzac, the famous novelist."

Female Education.

[Huxley's "Lay Sermons."]

Women are by nature more excitable than men—prone to be swept by tides of emotion proceeding from hidden and inward, as well as from obvious and external causes; and female education does its best to weaken every physical counterpoise to this nervous mobility—tends in all ways to stimulate the emotional part of the mind and stunt the rest. We find girls naturally timid, inclined to dependence, born conservative; and we teach them that independence is unladylike, that faith is the right frame of mind, and that, whatever we may be permitted, and, indeed, encouraged, to do to our brother, our sister is to be left to the tyranny of authority and tradition.

With few insignificant exceptions, girls have been educated either to be drudges or toys beneath man, or a sort of angel above him. The possibility that the ideal of womanhood lies neither in the fair saint nor in the fair sinner; that the female type of character is neither better nor worse than the male, but only weaker; that women are intended neither to be man's guides nor their playthings, but their comrades, their fellows, and their equals, as far as nature puts no bar to that equality, does not seem to have entered into the minds of those who have had the conduct of the education of girls.

WHAT MADE THE MINISTER LAUGH?—"That's what I call a good dinner," remarked Bobby, as he leaned back in his chair with an air of repletion.

"Bobby," said his mother, "I'm ashamed of you."

The minister, who was dining with the family, laughed heartily. "Bobby appreciates the good things of life," he said, "like all the rest of us."

"Don't you think it was a good dinner?" Bobby asked of the minister.

"Yes, indeed. I enjoyed it very much."

"Ma said she thought you would, because she didn't think you got very much at home."

The Cause in Cincinnati.

[Cincinnati Inquirer, Oct. 11, 1886.]

The Union Society of Spiritualists is holding a series of interesting meetings at Grand Army Hall on Sixth street. Every Sunday morning and evening lectures are delivered by some of the best inspirational speakers in the country, and not a little is added to the interest of these occasions by the excellent music of the choir-singers and the instrumentation of the accompanists. Last evening the singers were admirably seconded by the organ, cornet and violin, which proved a melodious combination indeed, for it is formed by those who are masters of their instruments and in good practice, and they awakened all the sweet tones that echo ever responded to. We do not know the real score of the choir, but are willing to score one for it to begin with.

Mrs. Nettie P. Fox, whose course will occupy the five Sundays of October, having commenced last Sunday, follows such speakers as Mrs. Lillie, Rev. Henry D. Moore, Mrs. Annie C. Roll and Miss E. M. Gleason, and no odium can accrue to any one through comparing her favorably with the best of them. Mrs. Lillie is truly inspired in her discourses; Rev. Moore is philosophical, but not fully in accord with Spiritualism in its modern acceptations, although he greatly admires it and finds no argument to urge in opposition; Mrs. Roll is a semi-trance speaker of remarkable eloquence and her lectures are effective; Miss Gleason speaks inspirationally in sentences as clear-cut as the finest cameo, and never fails to impress her auditors with the truthfulness of her narrative and the integrity of her opinions. No lady ever made a better reputation in this city as a calm, self-contained and agreeable public speaker. Occasionally she demonstrated possession of considerable feeling, and then her tongue had a keen edge. It was under these conditions that she uttered the following word: "There are thousands of people in your churches, your mercantile establishments, your manufacturing houses, and in your beautiful homes everywhere, to whom the wholesome truths of Spiritualism have come with electric conviction, but they are afraid of public opinion of the church, of the disapproval of rich customers, of the prejudices of one, the sneers of another and the abuse of such as know no other logic, and therefore they hide the blessed light and keep it from many other thousands who are yearning for its cheering rays. Let me tell you that when you have the light and your brother has it not, so long as you refuse to divide with him you are a robber. You may be a 'nice man' as the world goes, a 'most excellent man' as the church goes, an 'exemplary citizen' so long as you are an arrant hypocrite, but always in the church or out, in society or in trade, so long as that light remains under the bushel you are a robber."

Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, the present lecturer, has considerable reputation in literature, as well as upon the rostrum. Among her works is one recently published entitled "The Mysteries of the Border Land; or, the Conscious Side of Unconscious Life," which is highly commended by Spiritualists. Furthermore, she is editor of *The Spiritual Offering*, a neat weekly journal published at Ottumwa, Iowa. She is a deep and persistent thinker, and her thoughts are draped in beautiful words and bedecked with the choice flowers of rhetoric.

She is a reasoner, and her logic is directed with true aim. It always reaches the mark. Every serious student of the spiritual philosophy finds that she commands his attention from the first sentence to the last, and makes scores of apt suggestions for the simplification and successful progress of his work. Her lectures would look excellently well in print and please many thousands of readers, but the news of the day crowds too strongly upon our space to indulge in anything beyond the merest summary.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is a very eloquent man, but he has not financially done well in this country. He appears to have been engaged on a starring tour throughout England by an impresario, and we are not accustomed to sermons at so much per head. A correspondent has forwarded to me an entrance ticket to South Cliff Church, Scarborough, on September 12th, on which occasion, says the ticket, "the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher will preach." Then follows this notice:—"To meet heavy expenses this ticket is given on a tacit understanding that the holder will contribute to the collection not less than two shillings." What heavy expenses? Obviously the charge made by the impresario for the appearance of Mr. Beecher. This may be right and proper, but assuredly it is a new departure in pulpit oratory.—*The London Truth*.

THE *Christian Intelligencer* tells of a lady who took a seat in a Twenty-third street bob-tail car and was immediately addressed by a large and apparently vigorous man who had been putting his fare in the box. He said: "I beg your pardon, madam, but you have taken my seat." The lady arose, not too astonished to whisper to her companion, "This is a new experience." She stood while the man sat and read his newspaper. The writer wonders if the man is a pioneer in a new street-car manners movement.

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A Train Dispatcher's Story.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Several years ago I was employed as train dispatcher on a Southwestern American railroad. As usual there were three of us in the office. I had what is called the "second trick," my hours of duty being from 4 P. M. to 12 P. M. The third man, Charlie Burns, who came on at midnight and worked till 8 A. M., was a particular friend of mine. He was a young man of high character, a fine dispatcher, and very popular; and when, during the burning days of July, it became known among the men that he was confined to his room by a severe attack of malignant fever, many were the expressions of regret and of hope for his speedy recovery.

During the trying days of Charlie's illness I spent all the time I could spare by his side, but on account of his absence from the office it was necessary for the remaining two of us to "double up"—that is, work twelve hours each, my watch being from 8 P. M. to 8 A. M.

I came on duty one evening feeling very bad. The weather was so warm I could not sleep well in the daytime; besides, I had spent a considerable part of the day with Charlie, whose illness had now reached a critical stage and seemed to show little prospect of improvement.

Hence, as you may imagine, I was not at all pleased to find that I was likely to have a busy night of it. A wreck on the road during the day had thrown all the regular trains off time, and besides the usual number of special freights there was a special passenger train to leave Linwood, the eastern terminus of our division, at 11 P. M., with a large party of excursionists returning from a picnic. For several hours I had my hands full. There was a special train of live stock bound east which had to be kept moving, but was being delayed by hot journals; nevertheless I hoped to get them into Linwood before the excursion train started west.

As usually happens in such cases, the excursion train did not get ready to leave on time, and it was 11:40 P. M., when they reported for orders at Linwood. I fixed up their orders, got the report of their departure from Linwood at 11:45 and entered it on the train-sheet. Then, having for the first time that night a few minutes' breathing time, I rose from the table and went over and seated myself by the window, where it was cooler than under the heated gas jets over the table. I was alone in the office, and as I sat there enjoying the cool breeze which came in through the open window a neighboring church clock rang out the hour of 12.

From force of habit I glanced at the door almost expecting to hear Charlie's light footstep on the stair and see the door open to admit him as of old.

"Poor fellow," I thought, "it will be a long time before he enters that door again, if he ever does." Just at the last stroke of 12, and while my eyes were still fixed on the door, it opened and Charlie Burns entered. My astonishment may be imagined better than I can describe it. My first thought was that in the delirium of fever he had escaped from his nurses and made his way to the office, but when I left him a few hours before I could not have believed that he had strength to get out of bed. I sat and watched him in speechless surprise, which was increased by his strange manner.

Instead of his usual hearty greeting he took no notice of me at all, but walked directly to the table and sat down. Placing his hand upon the key he began calling "Q," which was the signal for Elm Grove, the first station, six miles west of Linwood. "I, I, Q," came the response. "Put out signal for special passenger west and copy." "Ro," "Ro," "Ds," rang out the sounder with Charlie's nimble fingers upon the key. "Ro" was the call for Rosedale, the second station from Linwood, eight miles west of Elm Grove. "I, I, Ro," came back the answer.

"Is special east coming? Ds." Then as I sat by the window as one paralyzed the awful truth flashed across my mind. I had overlooked the stock-train, thundering eastward twenty miles an hour, and made no provision for its meeting the excursion-train. My blood seemed turned to ice as I heard the reply:

"They are at the switch. Ro." Another minute and it would have been too late.

Still apparently oblivious of my presence Charlie reached for the order-book with his left hand, while his right continued to manipulate the sounder click:

"Out signal and copy Ds." "Order No. 734." "To C. and E. Eng. 34 Ro." "C. and E. Eng. 19 O."

"Special east eng. 34 will take siding and meet special west eng. 19 at Rosedale." "12 J. W. M."

Quick as a flash came back the response from each station, and in less time than it takes me to write it the order had been repeated and signed by the conductor and engineer of each train, while Charlie copied it into the order-book and returned his "O. K."

Then, as I realized that I was saved and a great disaster averted, the revulsion of feeling was too much for my overstrained nerves and I lost consciousness.

Charlie, standing over me. "Wake up, old man, said he, 'I have bad news for you. Charlie died just as the clock was striking 12.'"

I roused myself and went to the table. There on the order book was the order just as I had heard it clicked out by the sounder, and "Ro" was calling me to report the two trains safely by. Had I been dreaming and sent the order in my sleep, or had my friend redeemed his promise?

The writing in the order-book was in his hand, and I never have been able to account for it.

Ideality in Life.

(Banner of Light.)

Woe to the man who makes haste to pull down his ideals, as iconoclasts de-throne and shatter long-worshiped images. The one who goes through life without their help, goes unattended and alone. They are guides no less than servants, and inspire as well as attend. Some call these ideals, or this ideality, the poetry of life, as did Rev. Mr. W. H. Savage of Leominster in a recent sermon before the Old South Church in this city. It makes little difference by what name it is called, the conception is the true reality. The preacher referred to exhorted his hearers in the main to live nobler lives, to fill them with more poetic aspirations. When poetry goes out from the world, said he, manhood will soon go afterward. Poetry is necessary for our every day's existence, and the poet is named the seer. Burns' mountain daisy was only a daisy seen by uncommon eyes. His "Cotter's Saturday Night" was a matter of common weekly occurrence, but there was only one pair of eyes to see it. Life is indeed greater than it seems to the common vision, and that is why men give perpetual welcome to the poets, the seers who are to them in place of eyes.

It is this that gives expression to what is highest and deepest in human nature. Men mistake, said the preacher, in looking for God in the past rather than in the present, fancying that a glory has passed away from earth. It is this that keeps many a soul blind. *The golden age is not behind man, but above him and before him!* If we would see it, we must live golden lives and look forward. The chronicles of the world show that man is capable of rising under any burden. Even the hell of remorse has been quenched by noble thoughts. Jacob dreamed; but, said the preacher, how much nobler was Jacob, the dreamer, than Jacob, the politician. If he had only remained a dreamer, we should have been spared the necessity of despising him. These views, or visions, of life which many of us have as we pass along, are the essence of life itself, worth more than all the rest; yet in what low esteem are they not held by those who can see only in material things any good or anything real. For all that, let us hold fast to our ideals to the end, confident that, instead of being illusions, they are the only enduring, as they are the only beautiful, realities.

The *Congregationalist* favors the regulation of marriage by federal law: "Why should not marriage and divorce be regulated by federal laws in any event? There is a gross impropriety in the conflict of the statutes of the various States on these subjects. It is scandalous that the legal ages of marriage, or the legal grounds upon which divorce may be granted, should be unlike in different, and especially in neighboring parts of one and the same nation. For the correction of abuses not only in Utah, but in Massachusetts, and everywhere else, we need to have uniform legislation upon these subjects; and it ought to have behind it not the unanimity of the several States, but the authority of the nation."

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.—It is said that the strange and beautiful custom prevailed among the ancients of using flowers and fruit to denote each hour of the day; the first hour a bouquet of full-blown roses; the second hour; heliotrope; the third, white roses; the fourth, hyacinth; the fifth, some lemons; the sixth, a bouquet of lotos; the seventh, lupins; the eighth, some oranges; the ninth, olive leaves; the tenth, poplar leaves; the eleventh a bouquet of marigolds; the twelfth, heartsease and violets. And if they wished to appoint an hour to meet anyone, they would send the emblem of that hour.—*St. Louis Magazine*.

In Cleveland, Ohio, not long ago, a bank director asked the cashier: "Is Mr. — good?" "That depends on whether you inquired in a Godward or manward sense," replied the cashier. "I mean manward, of course," said the director. "In a Godward sense," remarked the cashier, "Mr. — is very good; A No. 1. No man in the church can pray louder. But in a manward sense I am sorry to say that he is tricky." It is sufficient to say that the note of Mr. — was not discounted.

COMMONPLACE people are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they can not see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.

A Curious Will.

A writer in an English paper tells a curious story which he heard when he was a bit of a boy. A lawyer was called up in the middle of a cold Winter's night to go to the house of a farmer three miles away. Arrived there, he learned that the farmer was dying, and wished to make a will. The lawyer asked for pen, ink, and paper. There happened to be neither pen nor ink in the house. The lawyer had not brought any himself, and what was he to do?

"Any lead-pencil?" he asked. No; they had none.

The farmer was sinking fast, though quite conscious. At last the lawyer saw, chalked up on the side of the bed-room door, column upon column of figures in chalk. So he took a piece of chalk, and wrote out on the smooth hearthstone the last will and testament of the dying man. The farmer died that night. Did the will stand? Yes, and the hearthstone was taken up and duly registered.

POETRY is the sister of sorrow. Every man that suffers and weeps is a poet; every tear is a verse, and every heart a poem.—*Marc Andre*.

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