



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

VOL. III.

{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, }
734 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

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

NO. 15.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Spring is the painter of the earth.—*Alcuin*.

Love is the poetry of the senses.—*Balzac*.

Childhood is the sleep of reason.—*Rousseau*.

For what thou canst do thyself, rely not on another.

All great designs are found in solitude.—*Rousseau*.

He that once is good is ever great.—*Ben Jonson*.

There is no enduring slavery but that of the heart.

Whoever has learned to love, has learned to be silent.—*F. Daniel*.

The attainment of our greatest desires is often the source of our greatest sorrows.

Benevolence rejuvenates the heart, exercises the memory, and remembrance, life.

To be happy is not to possess much, but to hope and to love much.—*Lemennais*.

What we charitably forgive, will be recompensed as well as what we charitably give.

He is richest who is content with the least; for content is the soul of Nature.—*Socrates*.

Reason is the touch of friendship, judgment its guide, tenderness its aliment.—*De Bonald*.

The laws of love unite man and woman so strongly that no human laws can separate them.—*Balzac*.

It is modesty that places in the feeble hand of beauty the scepter that commands power.—*Helvetius*.

Woman, naturally enthusiastic of the good and the beautiful, sanctifies all that she surrounds with her affection.—*Alfred Mercier*.

Equality is not a law of nature. Nature has made no two things equal; its sovereign law is subordination and dependence.—*Vauvenargues*.

We live with our defects as with the odors we carry about us; we do not perceive them, but they incommode those who approach us.—*Mme. de Lambert*.

Do not press your children into book learning, but teach them politeness, including the whole circle of charities which spring from the consciousness of what is due to their fellow beings.—*Spurzheim*.

He that gives advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

One of the best things in the gospel of Jesus is the stress it lays on small things. It ascribes more value to quality than to quantity. It teaches that God does not ask how much we do, but how we do it.—*James F. Clarke*.

THE LIGHT FROM OTHER WORLDS.

An Inspirational Discourse by Mrs. E. L. Watson, Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Evening, October, 17, 1886.

[Reported for the Golden Gate by G. H. Hawes.]

The sensation of consciousness signified by the word light proceeds from various causes and is by no means confined to physical or purely objective phenomena. A blow upon the retina of the eye will produce the sensation of light as unmistakably as the undulation of fine ether into which are flung motions of the heavenly bodies. Moreover, there are psychological phenomena also, entirely beyond the ordinary realm of investigation which can not be described adequately by any other term than that of light.

For one moment we will cast a cursory glance at our relation with other worlds from the materialistic and astronomical standpoint and see if we discover in these relations any suggestion of the spiritual atmosphere by which we are surrounded, and of those other worlds which are not to be observed through the finest telescope, or to be investigated by any other than psychological processes.

Every school-boy to-day knows that the little planet earth is one of the smallest members of that magnificent solar family whose smiles radiate through space; and that while the earth appears to be at rest it is in reality spinning through space at the rate of a thousand miles a minute, held in its orbit and conducted along its starry pathway by the power which reaches out after it from the center of the solar system—the parent-arms of the sun encircling all this family of worlds and carrying them in their journey through space, that same parent also subject to motion and the influence of still more powerful suns.

When the thought was first suggested to the Fathers of the Christian Church that this earth was but one of many worlds they were appalled, for they straightway saw that if this fact were once established the old-time conception of Creation, the "Fall of Man" and the Plan of Salvation was suddenly broken into a thousand fragments. For a time it seemed as though the whole superstructure of religious thought was about to topple to the ground. But the result was, rather, to elevate the religious conception and enlarge the sphere of its moral aspiration and endeavor; and to-day as we contemplate this stupendous fact of countless worlds incalculably greater, and still sustaining direct relations to our earth, and at every instant of time contributing to its general order and beauty, it suggests to us not the insignificance of man and his remoteness from God, but rather the divinity in man and the impartial and universal care of his Creator.

If these majestic children of the skies, these angels of light so wonderful in their magnificence, so unspeakably grand in their proportions, are held by strong ties of consanguinity to this little grain of sand, having an influence over its least particle, then the thought that the Infinite God who inhabits these vast regions of space has a care over the smallest atoms of the creation, comes home with a warm glow to the consciousness.

Great as those magnificent orbs are, we know that they are closely related, not only to the earth in the aggregate, but to every condition of our planet, to every leaf that unfurls its tender greenery in the Spring-time, to every germ that throbs and quickens beneath the soil. From these remote spheres of life messages of love are sent, and they have power to communicate their energies directly to the combinations of atoms contained in our earth. The least phenomenon of nature is a key to the grandest event of being, and when we have solved the secret of that single flower's existence we have obtained a clue which, if followed, will guide us through the labyrinths of life, not only as exhibited here upon our own planet, but it will carry us even beyond the visible stellar universe and communicate to us truths concerning worlds beyond.

What is there in the fact of our material relations suggestive of man's spiritual nature? Everything! How inadequate

are all purely physical theories for the explanation and elucidation of phenomena! We see, for instance, that the invisible, and to us impalpable rays, proceeding from the sun and traveling through vast regions of darkness are a thousand times more potential and necessary to the life upon our planet than the visible rays. In other words, that on every hand are transpiring spiritual phenomena, the projection and the visible exhibitions of which are seen blending here in the forms of mineral, vegetable and animal life, and that the impalpable light of these remotely distant stars is being converted into objective realities to the consciousness of man. Is not that a Spiritualism worthy the consideration of the greatest mind in existence? Do we not find here a key to the whole spiritual theory of the life of man? The fact is, the more we examine the outward world and its finer relationships the fuller do we find it of rich spiritual suggestions. We lift our eyes to these luminous orbs and behold their beneficent influences at work, to escape from which is impossible on the part of any atom. We see how the penetrating rays of the sun and the light from other planets, even the most distant, affect every instant of time and every portion of our existence; how one state of objective being depends upon another and how all objective beings rest upon a spiritual basis; how forces invisible are united for the production of certain geometrical forms, and by and by converted into mineral substances, into the life of vegetation, and through the demands of man's physical organization, elevated also to spiritual life, so that in reality you and I are to-day feeding upon the radiations of these distant worlds!

Time and space are only terms to designate certain degrees of consciousness, and what we call matter, substance, tangibility, are convertible terms; what we have considered unrealities are demonstrated by the science of astronomy to be real facts in nature, and what we have considered the less important energies of the universe are in fact the basic principles of all building, whether it be world-building or soul-building. We are now existing in a spiritual universe, we are surrounded by what to our present conditions are intangible and impalpable substances and elements, but which are in other states of consciousness objective and palpable realizations.

When we contemplate the chemical action which is forever going on in the laboratories of that portion of nature by which we are immediately surrounded, we discover that it is only the eye of ignorance which discerns not, and that the light of intelligence immediately brings into view millions of objects that would escape another's eye which, in its outward adjustment, appears precisely like the eye of the most intellectual being; the range of our actual vision is in proportion to the range of our intellectual research. In other words mind is pre-eminently the only, positive state of being; mind bridges all chasms; states of consciousness determine the nature of impressions which are to be received from the visible universe.

The light from other worlds viewed through the telescope reveals to us vast bodies of matter, and we ask what is the object of this illimitable distribution of material substances? What signifies all this display of power?

The highest expression of power on this planet is mind in man. See how man converts to his own uses all the energies of its environments, and renders subservient to his will all that is below him. We prophesy that the time is coming when there will not be a single element in the materials of this world which will not yield its highest possible service to man. We foresee that there is not an atom of material composing this globe, or its outer envelope of atmospheric life, (which is the emanation of the surface of the earth), but will sometime, not very far remote, be under the control of this wondrous creature, man.

Again, we reasonably suppose that all the worlds distributed throughout the measureless abysses of space are also subject to mentality; that the law of intelligence is at work, and consciousness is the highest product. We know already from our study of these worlds that their component parts are similar to those of this world. The solar spectrum reveals the fact that the nature of the sun, the parent of all the planets of the solar system, corresponds in every one of its elements

to the known elements of the earth. This being the case, is it not reasonable to suppose that the sun is inhabited, and that all this family of planets are also peopled with intelligent souls, and that matter there, as here, is being worked up into higher states of consciousness? That the tangible and objective is being converted into the interior and spiritual? One of the difficulties which the materialist encounters in all the theories of a future life for man, is the doctrine of a heaven, a soul-world, above the earth. The fact that the apparent steadfastness of the firmament is now proved untrue; the idea that we are spinning through space with such awful velocity, and that our relations to the worlds that accompany us on this journey are constantly changing, renders it impossible to many minds to locate a spiritual world.

This obstacle is instantly overcome when we have grasped the idea of the relatedness of worlds in the spiritual aim of their existence. We see, for instance, that in the revolutions of our planet refining processes are constantly going on; we see that the atmosphere we breathe today is constituted of elements more refined than the atmosphere of millions of ages ago; that in the activity of the atomic life below us the aim is to produce life beyond its present expression, and that always and everywhere there is the presence of spiritual power. The springing vegetation, the distribution of minerals, the magnetic currents which are constantly flowing through the earth as well as through the atmosphere, all the processes of ceaseless activity are eliminating finer properties from the grosser conditions of matter and pushing them forward and upward, into structural forms of celestial splendor, our dreams of heaven more than fulfilled!

In the building up and decay of organisms there are produced the finer ethers and spiritual substances, and these are regulated by immutable law. Every atom has its spiritual life, its beating heart of divine power, and every organism is a laboratory in which are prepared the spiritual elements for higher combinations and more beautiful adjustment, and during the long periods of growth through which the physical world has passed there have been preparations for the ripening spiritual life of man; before the soul of man was produced as a conscious entity on this planet there was a soul-world adapted to the higher needs of the unfleshed spirit. There is a sympathetic action, not only between our world and the spiritual envelop of those distant orbs, but a spiritual world surrounds our earth as does the atmosphere,—indeed partakes of the nature of the atmosphere, and every moment of time we are adding to the structure of that spiritual world. As the light of those distant orbs is transferred to this, a power is imparted to all germinal life by the electric conditions which obtain through these inconceivably great distances, so, too, is there a sympathetic interaction between the physical life of man and its spiritual expression; there are forces projected from the physical to the spiritual, as a preparation for the human soul in its elimination from the flesh.

We conceive it to be not only probable, but actually true that all these countless worlds—universes of matter—which send their scintillating glow through the ether which surrounds our planet in its march through space, are habitable, and that every portion of the material universe is subject to spiritual law, every atom surcharged with intelligence; the crystal builds its own peculiar shape, absorbs the radiance of the sun and the stars, takes its place in the mineral world according to the laws of intelligence, and not simply according to the law of physics; it is according to the law of intelligence that each atom adjusts itself, and as those distant orbs are related to the earth in their material component parts, so also may we suppose they are related to us in their spiritual character. And if it is possible for these attenuate rays of light, (which are impartations of power that through the transmutation of matter are convertible into thought), to travel through these inconceivably great distances without in any way clashing or impinging upon each other's individual characteristics; if it is possible for them to travel through space and by concerted action to reach this world, producing the marvelous results which we see in clouds, in storms, in calm, in the sunrise and sunset, in the globes of dew, in the flowery petals, in the

atmosphere we breathe, in the organisms built up, is it not conceivable that the spiritual forces for which these material orbs are the arena of indescribable splendor and mental activities, may also travel along these lines of light over vast distances and impinge upon the spiritual character of our planet, and determine to some extent the nature of the soul?

It is a wide and beautiful field of thought to which we have invited you. And, dear friends, though it unrolls to us the scroll of infinite life it by no means lessens the importance of the individual consciousness; no more than our conception of eternity lessens the importance of one moment of time. On the contrary, it gives a new significance to every condition of our human life.

Now, then, we have all worlds peopled with intelligent beings undergoing the processes of birth and death by which the elimination of individual consciousness goes on perpetually. What further have we in this conception, not only of countless material worlds, but also the countless spiritual worlds, which are their legitimate and necessary counterparts?

In place of the old theological heaven, seven by nine, in which were to be crowded a few poor, selfish saints; instead of the weak plan of salvation which consigned countless numbers of the human family to the bottomless pit, banished from the divine presence, swallowed up in a maelstrom of eternal agony; in place of a Godman enthroned somewhere within an impossible heaven, we have a natural universe of matter and spirit forever related, matter forever subordinate to the spiritual and the physical forever subservient to the mental.

What a beautiful picture is this! A universe whose life is God; a universe, every atom of which is intelligent; a universe governed by immutable law, so that not the least creature within its range is lost to the harmony of the whole! So that in the expansion of your intelligence and consciousness a basis is presented from which to measure infinity! You need not search for God in the external, for you find him here in your own life.

It has been declared that hell is a condition of banishment from the presence of God; but this beautiful presentation of the history of life and the object and end of existence precludes the possibility of such a thing. You can not be banished from the presence of God, since God inheres in your own consciousness, and in every atom of the universe.

Is it any more wonderful to suppose that the spiritual worlds are sending into our world radiations of power, beams of mentality, attenuate lines of moral thought, than that those distant orbs inconceivably greater than our own, and removed so far that thought itself wearies in its attempt to span the chasm, communicate with, not simply to the surface of the globe, but to every atom of the globe? Were it not so the earth would fly from her orbit and chaos would ensue.

Is it any more wonderful to suppose that spiritual worlds, which are the result of all this sublime material activity and which surround those material worlds, peopled by the souls who have gone through the process of material embodiment and the change called death, shall send the radiations of their thought to our world? How easy it is to conceive of the one when we have comprehended the fact of the other! When we come to understand that the beautiful colors on the cheek of these flowers were penciled by the impalpable rays of the sun, how easy it is to believe that these soul orbs, which are the product of these lower conditions, can send their radiations into this world and impinge upon our mental spheres and illuminate the dark places of our human life!

And so it is, as we stated in the outset, that that sensation of consciousness which is signified by the word light proceeds from various causes. I presume there are a score in this audience who have experienced the sensation of light independent of all this temporal luminosity of the common air, independent of the optic nerve; there are those who have beheld the world as it suddenly burst into inconceivable beauty and intense luminosity without any agency of the external organs. What is the meaning of this?

It is light from another world than this world of matter; other worlds far less removed than these to which our eyes are

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Suffrage for Women.

BY MISS E. L. LEWIS.

To what do we refer when using this term, emancipation from slavery? Perhaps so, but now comes the question, what *kind* of slavery and by whom are we enslaved? Surely not by our brothers altogether, and yet upon them we heap our woe unsparingly. Is it not clear to us all that nature has no undivided power, and whenever we attempt to cross this natural law, we find ourselves surrounded by inharmonious conditions at once?

All must partake of the lights and shadows of life to produce harmony, and if one fails to do this, another is overburdened, and unnatural friction is the result. Quite naturally we turn to the overburdened for the cause of our unhappiness, when we are but experiencing the reflex of our own failure to do our just share; so with many women to-day, they are not ready to step to the front of their present sphere, yet unsparingly condemn the "overburdened."

It is but natural that man should overstep his boundary line; little by little he has been *given* the field, and woman would as naturally fall into the same error were she to find an opening; therefore, as I see it, we are quite as much at fault as our masters, and it being impossible for man or woman to suffer alone, we may safely believe our unhappy condition is felt by man, and when we shall take upon ourselves the full half measure in life's duties, man as well as woman will be more amiable, and harmony instead of discord shall be our daily portion. Let us be patient and persevere, for we need not desire, nor ought we to expect, our unused, almost lifeless faculties to bear full measure at once.

There is much we need to know, and as much to practice ere we do ourselves justice in this new field, and this can be learned quietly at club gatherings, if we will; of course it will take time and patience, but the future success depends largely upon these trifles, as it were. Only by practice can we ever successfully perform any truly worthy part in life's programme. It is all important that we should understand what to do, how to do it, and when and why. Little by little, through private practice, we can perfect ourselves so entirely that each and every avenue we can fill with credit to ourselves and those few who have dared for us the censure of their fellow men. Let us be just to ourselves, just to the cause and also to those we so willingly condemn, our brother man. He is not perfect, neither are we. We can not perfect him but we can *improve* him, by and through our own higher development. I believe it to be unnecessary for woman to be the *subject* she now is, and women who dare to see and speak the truths made manifest to them are our saviors, and the lives of these are beacon lights to those that are less brave and less strong. Use, for our strength, step by step is always awaiting us. None need despair for lack of opportunity, and if one by one the brave ones could be banded together, and as practical teachers, examples, as it were, improve the present imperfect habits in dress, thinking and all commonsense necessities, such as *living the right*, as made clear to each, not because some one else did, but because they *knew* it was the best for them, and they *hoped* it was for others, our advancement might be more speedy. A more charitable spirit toward each other as well as man, we sadly need. Why should we withhold from another that which giveth us comfort or pleasure?

Our great first need is to think; fill our minds with thoughts of good, leaving no room and having no use for less than *good*, which to me is God, wherever and whenever I find it. If we feel this necessity for filling the *within*, with winnowed thoughts and struggle for its accomplishment, our reward shall be well worth the effort given for it. The exterior is but the reflection of the within. A clear flame giveth a pure light; the larger the flame the greater surface illumined. If our minds are strong and willing, our desires right and highest good to all, we shall be *just* and *true* in the same great sense. God's atmosphere will surround us daily and we shall be strong to do and dare for the right. Thoughts like physical forms must be surrounded by their own kind to be content, and knowing this we need not fear evil. If we will give our time and strength toward good, in and through all things, our growth outward and upward is a certainty, slow, and for this reason more perfect. Women must first help themselves by thinking, then speaking, and, fully prepared, the door will open and opportunities for action will await us. We must dare to be *ourselves* in the field now open to us, thereby gaining strength for the more perfect understanding and successful handling of those greater duties in that larger field, as yet unexplored by the sisters of our land. This field will open, when we can approach it thoroughly versed in how and why. We desire to work upon a higher plane than our brother, and lift him, for, verily, where woman is man faileth not to be also. We are not satisfied with his work, and now do we fully understand how to improve upon it? That woman may realize her true worth in its just and true light is my earnest prayer, for our work is for Good (God) and we must be thoroughly alive to this, and unselfishly so

for the best results. If we would make many loaves of bread we put the leaven into all as *one*; so to do our greatest good to the greatest number we must first raise ourselves to a higher understanding of cause and effect, life and its necessities, and why we live. We can then better work for the best we can get, while here our light must illumine other pathways, and hand in hand we soon become a Band of Good and God's work we are doing. Sisters, think! Lift yourselves by thinking and your present work loses its drudgery, for you live not in it, and like unto yourselves it becomes elevated, purified; the joys of life are attracted unto you direct from the fountain head, for as you think so are you. Struggle for the power to think aright that you may become more perfectly centered to act aright and Divine strength is inevitably yours; success a certainty.

In the quiet way persevere, as here only can the true light be given or received, our work outlined and ourselves prepared to go forth wisely and cautiously, yielding or refusing the demands of brother man. Women must save themselves, and will be obliged to ere they are released from the yoke they now bear. The few brave souls now laboring so hard can not accomplish the work that naturally requires the united efforts of all. We are too careless in this, I fear, and thoughtlessly expect from the few the work for many. If we do not think and act for ourselves we can not be fitted for this new work, and could not walk therein were the way opened. Do not blame man altogether for this. Natural law will bring you all that you are capable of doing justice to, and the stronger you are the greater your work, the larger your field. Man can not prevent it. You have no excuse on his account for your inability to think, and thought will shed light upon the pathway to action. We are proud to forget the little things of life, and mourn that we do not reach the greater more readily. I have yet to learn that a great thing is not composed of small ones. If we heed the little daily calls we shall soon have the great, and be prepared, through practice in the lesser, to do full justice to the greater.

I am not in favor of man's way of doing—far from it; but I believe he is no worse than we should be were we educated, surrounded and yielded to, as he is and always has been. Man is half, but woman is also half. Nature so organized each that they are equally a necessity, and I would have my sisters do their full share that his equilibrium may not be interfered with and her strength lessened by disease. Every faculty must either use its natural supply or yield it to another, thereby becoming weak and useless, the other strong and, perhaps, master; yet we must blame the energetic one, for if we had also been workers we should have used our portion ourselves and nothing would have been left for him to take, and our strength would reach the natural balance.

We must exert ourselves, save ourselves, sometime and somewhere. This life is the one given us for this work and why delay. The first step must be taken sometime, and why not take it now. Delays are always dangerous and time is passing soon. Our opportunity for life-work upon this plane will become more difficult than we realize. Shall we not gather in the valley strength, knowledge, that shall enable us to more quickly reach the mountain top?

To read of what the few are doing is well so long as it encourages, but must not satisfy. We must build for ourselves lest we go unhoused; and thinking for ourselves is our first and foundation-stone. Individual thought being the foundation-stone our dwelling is unsafe without it and can not be otherwise. Think, my sisters! Think for and by yourselves, and be not unwilling that another should do the same. We are weak, and why shouldn't we be. Our education and surroundings make us so, and only by degrees can we gather the required force that is to save us from ourselves and for the good work awaiting our higher light.

God's light to man is given through woman, naturally, and nature's law we should spiritualize; but, alas! instead (man being the worker) he has a patent upon it, and is no longer God's but man's. Therefore, nature has been absorbed, as has woman. Both must be resurrected and a division of man's estate made clear. Let us bear our own share of the burdens and pleasures. Divide with him from all, but give unto him nothing. Hand in hand we will walk with him—perfect neither, vastly improved each. And when we shall have worn out this garment of clay we shall be prepared to go on, new fields to explore, new work to perform; onward, upward, never waiting for another to perform our labor. Work in mind, ye that are weary in body. Work the body, ye mind-weary ones; two halves it takes to make the whole, and each unto the sun must turn, else withered one, the whole undone.

A New Departure.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The "Ravins" which have been taken from worn-out garments have been revamped, and are now being used at the Hamilton Church in the manufacture of superior suits adapted to the progress of the age. Their *wonderful strength* and low prices are attracting our shrewdest business men and women, and placing life-long apparel within the reach of those of moderate means. B. H. CARTER.

OAKLAND, Oct. 25, 1886.

Work in Spirit Life.

[Written by Spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon and copied for the Golden Gate.]

MY FRIENDS:—I have a few words to say to you respecting certain classes of spirits who are devoting the most of their time for the good of humanity, both in the spirit world and mortal sphere.

I will use myself for an example, having put myself in a position where past errors committed during my stay in earth life could be accounted for, and always ready to admit of any blunders, provided I met them, and profit by them; not at first as ready to take *all* for granted as now.

Knowing that I had, during my earth life, been a hard worker and thinker, and being fully convinced of certain things which the *Bible* taught me as being the truth, but finding upon my awaking and investigating that I had made some dreadful blunders where I had been sure I was in the right, filled me with a doubt as to any one's statement, and a desire to see for myself, and not pass over the same stumbling blocks again. It makes one feel weak and small to step into the higher spheres, confident of certain results, and find nothing as you expected; it fills one with a doubtful, resentful, distrustful spirit, which, if not properly cared for, becomes disagreeable and cross; for, having a body that can be taken hold of as in lifetime, as tangible as you are to-day, though you can not see us; but spirits to a spirit are body with clothing and feelings much the same as when clothed in the mortal garments. While you are often clothed with garments, which are burdensome and troublesome, we are draped with that which is suitable to our true selves. Every color, flower and bird means a certain thing with us; each carry with them a symbol of himself, so that at a distance you can tell where they come from and in what sphere of the heavenly kingdom they now live.

If you have passed your time without investigating you will pass by much that is beautiful for the lack of true perceptive powers. I have passed over the same road many times, and each and every time have met with something new and beautiful that had been overlooked previously for the want of the right thoughts to see it. I may gather a rose to-day, thinking it beautiful, put it in a vase and go to it to-morrow and find it withered—the rose itself will remain as it is, the change being in myself; when upon another time I go to it and it will be so beautifully covered with a glistening dew as to look tenfold more bright than upon the day I gathered it. In the spirit world it is we who change and not our surroundings. We are more open to all the grandeur day by day; nothing passes for naught.

I think the most puzzling thing to me has been the way certain people I have known both in earth life and spirit life have accepted everything as a fact, not doubting anything here, when before they passed over they knew nothing of the true law into which they are now thrown. I asked a friend one day how in the world he could swallow everything and anything when all was so different from what either of us expected. He answered, "I can see now, while before I could only feel or take some person's say for it." The difference between us was that he knew he was now a spirit and everything had been all right, though not just as he had pictured, while I was continually on the look for something contrary to what I had preached, and must say that my curiosity on that point has been more than satisfied.

I have sifted everything that has looked at all strange to me, finding out from the start why it is so, not wishing to dig up and replant any old ground, for there is so much new before us to lead us onward and upward.

No one works for himself alone. All are filled with the same instinct to lend a helping hand to each other. I have devoted myself to the uplifting of the class called "Shadows," which are young men who were reckless, dissipated, and drinkers, entering the spirit world with the same habits clinging to them; they must have some one to help them to rise out of that condition. When the first passion for drink, or any of the pet habits formed, pass away, they are gradually taken one step at a time higher, like a graded school, often returning to the first grade before they finally succeed in getting free from their vileness. This is my work, and I feel most content in helping them, while another would make a complete failure in it.

If a spirit was to meet one out of his sphere of helpfulness, so to speak, he would call upon one who knew just what to do, and thus leave the person in the care of some one fitted to give the assistance needed.

We can not fill two positions at a time and succeed. I can not play on the piano, and would feel very awkward on the stool, while little Edna would be happy there. At the same time she could not, and never will be of use in the fold of dissipation, further than to call others to her aid and give them into the care of those fitted for the work of uplifting that class.

We all have a calling. Children develop out of much that is to-day best for them, and keep stepping higher and higher until all the different parts of the spiritual body are fully developed and able to each do its work. There comes a time of finding out what they best wish to do. They

are taken from place to place and allowed to follow out all their little whims to the fullest until they tire of being a child and wish for the true and noble position of usefulness.

When you pass on to the higher life you will pass much time doing nothing but visiting from place to place, finding out the truth of much now unexplained. You are coming with an experience, both beneficial and instructive, ready to put your hand to the plow later on; it will be rest and peace for sometime before you will care for anything more. Never have any doubts about your condition on this side. We will watch and meet you with much joy when the time comes. Fear not; all will be well.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct., 1886.

Taken at his Word.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Your article in GOLDEN GATE for Oct. 9th, entitled, "They know not what they do," commenting on *The Signs of the Times*, published at Oakland, in the interest of Adventism, reminds me of my experience with the then (and perhaps now) editor of that paper when he was on a missionary tour in Oregon, several years ago. They (the Adventists) had pitched their tent on a public square in the city of Portland, and were making a grand effort to spread their doctrine.

I attended their meetings partly through curiosity and partly in hopes of picking up some grains of truth in what I might hear.

One thing I observed and thought it very fair and commendable in them. It was to invite, at the close of their lectures, any clergyman or person who could gain-say what they had spoken, to come forward to their platform and, before their audience, show the fallacy of their doctrine. Of course none came forward to debate the question with them, and I thought at the time it was because none were able to do so.

Before closing his course of lectures, Elder Wagner gave notice that he would give two lectures on Modern Spiritualism, in which he would show it to be the works of the Devil. Knowing that he would be likely to use the same tone of argument that he had used in his little book on that subject I purchased a copy, took it home, read it and very carefully noted his warping and misquoting of the Scriptures, especially in regard to the Woman of Endor.

Thus prepared I attended the lectures, thinking he would give an invitation to some Spiritualist to refute his saying, and sure enough he did. After the close of his last lecture he, in a loud voice, extended the same courtesy to Spiritualists that he had to different denominations. I was just green enough to step forward and accept his invitation. "Who are you?" said he; (he knew me well). I informed him who I was. "And by what authority do you come here to answer these grave questions?" I informed him that I had been President of the State Association of Spiritualists for many years. "That ought to be sufficient," said he; "and if I admit you to our platform will you promise to speak respectfully of us?" "I shall be very likely to speak as respectfully of you as you have of us," I replied; "and I will further agree that my remarks shall not be personal." "Then what is your object of replying at all to what I have said?" he inquired, "and how long do you propose to speak?" I told him I would not occupy more than fifteen minutes, and that I merely wished to show the audience his misquotations, and wrong applications of the Scripture. "And do you think it would be profitable and advisable for you to do so at this time?" said he, "for you must recollect that this is *our platform and our meeting*." I replied: "You must be the judge of that. I only responded to your invitation. I supposed you were in earnest when you gave it. I see the point now; please excuse my obtuseness." I think he was quite right.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Oct., 1886.

The Great Lens.

[From spirit H. B. Norton to Mr. H. M. Thompson, of Oakland.]

I have just returned from a trip to Boston where I have been examining, with many others, the beautiful glasses that have been completed for the telescope of the Lick Observatory at Mt. Hamilton. Many advanced spirits were present to listen to the address by no less a historical character than Copernicus. Those who have charge of that department are of the opinion that the time is not far distant when a lens will be constructed so that the moon will be brought apparently within five miles. Then your astronomers will be able to see its surface as clearly as if you were really within that distance of it. Its surface will then be critically studied and many new scientific facts be added to your store of astronomical science.

THE *Haywards Journal* says: "Old-timers inform us that the land adjoining the bay is gradually being covered with the finest kind of sediment, and many hundred acres, now useless, will be brought under cultivation and be worth owning. This is particularly the case below San Lorenzo and extending toward Mt. Eden."

From "Over the River."

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

SECOND PAPER.

I propose to speak in this essay upon the use and abuse of mediumistic power and the consequences. To be a medium requires certain characteristics, which may be either born with a person or by persistency, acquired. Characteristics so dependent upon temporal as well as spiritual conditions that it may be said to be the exception when they all blend into such perfect harmony as to produce an entirely satisfactory result, but which, nevertheless, are productive of great good, and are the only way to bring the science of the religion that is to revolutionize the world before the minds of the public. As time goes on, and both sides come to understand the *modus operandi* more perfectly, and come also to a realizing sense of what it is to be a medium, and on our own side what it is to have a reliable means of communication by means of which to spread the "word of God," (which means progression) then it will come to pass that on both sides classes will be formed to develop purity and reliability in operator and instrument.

Now, in very many cases the instruments which can best be used (because of their being passive and not likely to bring their own imperfect knowledge, the laws which govern these things to bear, because they have not the intellect to argue and criticize), are of the commonest clay and pliable in the hands of any operator, high or low, skilled or unskilled, and so the great crowd of those who have intellect, upon whose shoulders the mantle of finite knowledge rests with dignity, and in whose hands (could they believe it) the power would be the strongest moral lever known, cast it off as unworthy their notice or research.

The Providence that shapes our ends is, however, opening the door for this class and making it easier to convince, by leading them quietly into it without their being conscious of it, by this future that is spreading abroad over the land for "Christian Science," "metaphysical research," "prayer cure," "mind cure," and all the waves of new thought which are breaking upon the old landmarks that have stood like rocks upon the shore of prejudice, and with resistless power causing them to crumble and be swept away into the sea of progression. The day is dawning, and although many a mortal year must yet pass into the great sea of the past before the sunlight of truth will throw its beams broadcast over all humanity, still its radiance is becoming perceptible to many who stand on the higher planes, and once assured of the quality of the new light (which they will become), they will join hands with those who are endeavoring to reach them, and the sun will be indeed risen.

We need all the good mediums we can find to scatter this light, and when such ones who are looked upon as reliable and cultivated, and are respected by those in their own circle for what they see of them,—when such ones admit (it may be only to a select few at first) that they have this power, they are believed; and although it seems passing strange, still the seed is dropped in rich soil, which, when it has taken root and sprung up, will make a glorious showing and carry its weight of fruit,—in the shape of public opinion,—to many who would otherwise never have the desire to taste of the "fruit of the tree of knowledge."

Mediumship is undergoing a radical change for the better, as these new scientists come together in classes and investigate the new light that penetrates in armor, and in discussing and talking over one point after another, find that one "sees visions," another is "sometimes animated by a desire to speak that they can not understand, and which seem quite outside their power to control," and so on. One phase of mediumship after another comes to be spoken of—not with bated breath and under promise of secrecy, but in open discussion among those who have met together, called by one impulse, to progress. Our hearts rejoice thereat, and we say go on in the good work you have begun. Work upon mind and body together; mind and matter are influenced by the same agent in the majority of cases. Take in all that you can of what appeals to your reason, and discuss it rationally, and with cool judgment, whatever the name may be. Be not over-exultant nor allow yourself to believe that spirits can not convey wrong ideas, either through malice aforethought, or because of imperfect instruments, or because of the conditions that govern everywhere being unpropitious, for these things are unavoidable, but let your judgment call the full ears and perfect heads from the harvest-field and leave the chaff to be cut down and trampled under foot.

WHY THE MONUMENT IS THERE.—"I see the people of New York say General Grant has a monument in their hearts."

"Yes."

"Such a monument can not be purchased with money."

"No. That is the reason it is there.—*Chicago News*."

"Does it pay to be honest?" asks a Chicago man. The Chicago man might try it awhile and see. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

(Continued from First Page.)

lifted when we go out upon a cloudless night and gaze heavenward, for these worlds from whence proceeds this supermundane light are peopled with our spirit friends, and are very near to us; some are inside of the earth's atmosphere, for this atmosphere of the earth is not only for the purpose of diffusing the rays of light which proceed from the sun and stars, painting the lily and the rose, and giving to man objective nature—but as I said in the beginning, all the processes of light here upon the planet have had for one of their aims the building up of a spiritual world which is to be the habitation of the soul, to which soul gravitates just as naturally as our little earth gravitates to its sphere and describes its own orbit. So that the light which proceeds from that spirit world and impinges upon the vision of clairvoyants is light from a world which is just as natural as this world of objective being.

We wish to impress upon your minds that the object of the revolutions of the earth, and of all the sad spectacle of death, (sad until we comprehend it,) is not simply to pour back upon the bosom of the earth the streams of life which were manifest; but when you go in thought into this ethereal realm which is surcharged with life as real and potential as any upon which your eye now rests, and just as the unflashed human soul is conscious of its palpability, so the realms of spiritual substances which are contained in the material structures which are building up in the mineral, the vegetable and animal kingdoms, have a definite object. And as we have seen in the decay of the lower forms of organic life and the rebuilding into more complex, that the object has been physical man—the most beautiful, symmetrical, and complex of all, so also the destruction of this form is for a definite end—for the elimination of forces which are not long to be confined in so narrow a compass, and that during every moment of time additional beauty is pouring into the spiritual world. The spiritual world has locality and is real. The objections of the materialist are met right here within the circle of his own investigation, if he will not be too dogmatic and declare that everything is unreal except what he can handle and see and sense.

Let us go a little further and see how the spirit worlds are built up around us, and how this light is continually pouring upon our consciousness. Just as these visible and material worlds that occupy the vast regions of space are related, so also are these spiritual worlds related, and the least spark of intelligence in the lowest physical structure is related to the highest expression of intelligence wherever located, and as the light from the spiritual worlds, which are revolving in concert with the natural worlds, may penetrate to the realm of thought, so you in your daily life, through aspiration, may relate yourself directly to these moral and intellectual spheres. Thus the subject of prayer is relieved from doubt and mystery, and its power becomes a divine reality; we see how the necessities of our planet are met by sun and star radiations, while the spiritual nature rejoices in emanations from spirit worlds.

The light from worlds of intellect, however remote, by a natural law of attraction penetrates our realm of thought and plays an important part in our mental development; and just as those attenuate lines of light travel through space, so lines of thought travel to this little globe, where are pulsing hearts of love, and yearning spiritual natures.

And, dear friends, you who have suffered long with nameless grief, let me say unto you that the sudden illumination, which lifted your heart's burden, was a beam of light from another world—a world of intelligence and angel love. The songs of Robbie Burns, the poor plowman, had sounded forth in other worlds; possibly in a different metre, and with variations from those words born of that brave, sweet heart. The characters of such a mind as Shakespeare are realities; groupings determined and called forth by thought—light from spirit worlds. The glorious conceptions of a Bacon, the discoveries of La Place, the beautiful meditations of a Fenelon, the star-searching vision of a Herschel—all these are illuminations from inner worlds. The moment the soul begins to breathe the spiritual atmosphere, it relates itself to all the moral forces of the universe. There is no association of moral attributes that is not acted upon by the radiance from other worlds of moral life and power. We are each living in worlds distinctly our own, and yet all are moving in concert, governed by the same great laws. Each of us are sending rays of power invisible into each other's worlds.

Oh, friends, the light of other worlds enwraps us now! And as the magnetic touch of the moonlight on yonder sea wooes the waves to sweet obedience, so upon the great sea of life rest the delicate fingers of spirit light, swaying it to the measures of moral action, prompting it to the performance of grand duties. Not a single human life, however insignificant it may seem, but is glory-wrapped in the radiance of the spirit world, for through the processes of life and death you are all related to the potentialities, and conscious lives, of that world.

And evermore these distant orbs of angel thought send down their jeweled rays; the clairvoyant eye beholds them, describes the dear inhabitants born of the earth, and still bound to it by ties of love, yet heirs of a glorious eternity each hour

of which is a progressive step, a budding flower of nobler thought, an added star in the circle of moral attainment!

Every thought of love which blossoms in your brain, and every pulse of sympathy which warms your heart, is adding to the real life you are to enter upon hereafter.

The light from other worlds is breaking in upon the religious thought of to-day, melting down its brazen images, fructifying the slumbering germs of spiritual power, lighting up its dungeons of mortal fear, dissolving its icy creeds, planting roses in its wilderness of hopeless speculations, and kindling the fires of a sweeter faith upon its dusty altars. It is dawning upon the intellectual world, and lo! overleaping all physical barriers, the wings of an inspired imagination bear us into infinitude, and as here in the microscopical world we found law and order, so there we find God, imminent, all-sufficient, and sing our song of joy, seeing that through all of life's diversities throughout the universe, all worlds are bound together, and as the radiations of our little earth are needed by all its sister orbs, so the intellectual and moral radiations of the individual life are needed by all the grand spirit worlds which enwrap and are counterparts of the material world.

Life is one grand unit; all chasms are bridged; death is slain, and life eternal hath gained the victory.

The Fire Boy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I saw an article in last week's issue of your paper relative to Willie,—the boy at Turlock,—where the strange fires were seen. The boy has been wrongly spoken of. It sounds like the days of Salem witchcraft, and burning at the stake, to read of "evil eye," "fire-fiend," etc., in connection with him. The writer also heard a remark made by a person who previously resided there, viz: "He ought to be put in a cage." Let me say, no one seems to think what effect these things may have upon him. The facts are: The boy merely locates the fires, and does not set the fires by looking at them. If within his reach, or in his presence, he can extinguish them by his hand; hence, instead of causing them, he locates and extinguishes them. There is no fire unless when a power seems to show the ability to do this strange thing.

In the first place there have been many fires this last season all through the valley, as yet unaccounted for—standing grain and other fires. It is a very unusual thing. Another fact, the season has been an unusual one, that is, in the intense heat, for a time; also, it is a fact there is much gas and sulphur in the artesian wells, showing it is in the earth, all through this valley. Now, the fires can not be attributed to tramps, as at previous seasons there have been many more and no fires have occurred. When the red sunsets attributed to ashes in the atmosphere from the eruptions at the time of the Java disaster, it seemed to me to be a foolish idea, as the sunsets continue at seasons, which, I find by noting, show they are caused by conditions of the atmosphere which surely must have been brought about by the great effects of the perihelia upon this planet. See all the disturbances; and note, also, the truth that conditions are changing everywhere as well as disturbed. We all expect a new condition of things, and the atmosphere and earth will first be changed, or simultaneously. If the red sunsets are caused by ashes or dust in the atmosphere, will those wise ones tell what is the matter with the atmosphere at Turlock and through the valley? It has been given me something like this, viz.: The boy and fires are for a purpose not an evil one, but one to show a great power with a principle at the back not understood, and it becomes Spiritualists or scientists at this day to leave off "evil eye" tactics as ignorance and see what new and great principles may be learned through these teachings.

The other day an uncalled-for communication was given me from J. J. Jackson relative this boy, viz.: "Willie will develop a most wonderful medium. He will locate mountains, mines, rivers, and unknown countries. He will be the most useful theosophist in the world."

The facts relative to the fires were examined by Dr. E. J. Schelous on the place, and the information I have is from him—that it was most wonderful; also that the boy merely located the fires and could extinguish them.

Yours for truth,
JANE M. MITCHELL.
TURLOCK, October 24, 1886.

THE MATTER OF EXERCISE.—There is nothing equal to a good, brisk walk of two or three miles—more even—in the open air. There are two times in the day when this is especially beneficial—in the morning, after a light breakfast, and before supper, or dinner at night. Indoor life makes us lazy; and when that feeling of weariness and languor steals over us we want to stay in the house, curled up in some easy chair. But this is a dangerous thing to do; this is the time of all times when we ought to be out of doors exercising vigorously. What if it does tire us? It will be a healthy weariness from which we may soon recover, and which is far preferable to that nerve weariness which drives all hope of rest far away.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Death of William Denton.

[From a Memorial Address, Delivered at Casadaga Camp-Meeting, Aug. 29, by A. B. French.]

On the 22d of February, 1881, he bade farewell to the family and started on his last long journey. All the years of his life had been a constant traveler, hence he often bade the dear ones at the fireside farewell. Yet this parting was in every sense uncommon. The shadow of oncoming events brooded like a somber cloud over the home altar. The ever-faithful wife and mother was first to feel it. Why should she not? It was but the exercise of her wondrous gift. The bird when chilled by Winter's breath can scent a Summer air hundreds of miles away. The meanest worm has strange instincts by which it feels the web fate weaves around it, and even the coarsest lives are, in some supreme moments, made luminous by the sun of prophecy. Elizabeth Denton has psychometric powers so rare she can touch the sepulchre of the past and long mute lips will speak again. And it was but natural her gifts should first report the hurrying feet of death to meet them.

William Denton had long planned this journey. It was in no sense a sudden impulse. So eager was he to accomplish it that he entirely forgot himself. But had he looked in the mirror he might have seen deep furrows cut by years of toil; had he consulted the family record it would have reminded him he had but one more milestone to pass ere he should reach the eventful sixty which has proved a stormy equinox in so many lives. The first white frosts of wintry age had touched his manly brow. But so intent was he upon his great work he had not felt Time's icy finger or beheld his own lengthening life-shadows. The journey as originally planned included the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, China, Japan, India and Palestine. He no doubt intended to return from this five years' tour by way of his native land, and once more face an audience in the great city of London. But he would not go back as he left it, a young man with the first wild fires of radicalism burning in his bosom. Nor would he go with the cold hard hand of poverty clutching at his vitals. He would go back with his great brain stored with useful knowledge, to claim his well-earned place among the great orators England has given to the world; go to rank with Wallace, Darwin and the great scientists of the age.

Perhaps he may have dreamed of walking once more among the stone quarries at Ashford in Kent, or lingering for an hour, in life's ripe years, in some dear spot, where, with Caroline Gilbert by his side, he had rehearsed love's old and yet forever new story under the light of the stars. No doubt in planning this journey the brightest side of all was the thought he might one day return and lay before his many friends in America the jewels he had gathered in foreign lands. Then he could sit down in life's decline at his own fireside, and, with a grown-up family around him, talk over the hardships of his life and point them to the victories he had won. To some of us the planning of such a journey would be madness, but it was natural to William Denton. The earth was his mother, and he loved her tenderly. Why should he not look at her time-worn face, pitted by thousands of dead volcanoes, and wrinkled by uncounted earthquakes in her youthful days? To him to meet and study primitive man face to face, and thereby trace the origin and migration of the races, was of more value than to inherit a crown. His sons, Shelley and Sherman, accompanied him. They journeyed by rail to San Francisco, lecturing on the route. Some of you will remember this last brilliant lecture tour. Wherever he stopped large audiences gathered to hear him. His engagement in San Francisco was one of the most successful courses ever delivered in the city. I can not forget that it was in this city he wrote the last letter ever penned by him to me. Little did I then dream he was encouraging me in a work the performance of which has impelled me to speak a kindly word for his memory.

He sailed from San Francisco on June 4, 1881. Within two years from that date he delivered near four hundred public lectures in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. On July 3, 1883, he sailed from Thursday Islands for New Guinea. He was anxious to get a knowledge of the island, its geology, mineral resources, and the character and habits of the natives. This knowledge was needed to prepare him for a review of a work by Wallace on "Island Life," and also for future scientific lectures in Europe and America. He joined with three gentlemen to explore the southern part of New Guinea. One, named Armit, was a newspaper correspondent; another, Mr. Hunter, and a half-native, named Bedford, composed the party. They started to make a journey of some fifty miles through the mountains. In his last letter to his wife he informs us no European had ever made the journey. So strong was his thirst for knowledge he did not heed the warning that the jungle fever was a foe to all who tried to penetrate the mountains. It would require some weeks to make the journey. He described the natives, in this brief letter, at starting, and closed by saying, "From thy wandering William." How true the simple appellation given to himself! He had indeed been a wanderer from State to State and city to city. Prepared with a guide

and necessary supplies, they started. In the early part of the journey they passed a deserted little village. It consisted of a few miserable huts fast going to decay. The Irving and Bedford ranges rise above the amphitheatre upon which it stands, and the St. George River, fed by many a mountain spring, glides swiftly by. As the company moved on, William Denton lingered there. Who can tell what thoughts were his as he remained to view the little village of Berigabadi? Did he then have a premonition of death so near? Was he looking at this place, and thinking how peaceful would be his rest near the rocky bed of the mountain stream? He has not told us why he was so fascinated with this location? But by a strange circumstance he was permitted a burial upon the spot he so much admired.

As they pursued the perilous journey up the mountain, fever overtook them. Armit was the first to feel its heated breath, but William Denton was soon an easy prey. Patiently he pressed on, unwilling to yield to the destroyer. At last he was prostrated, and Hunter procured the help of natives to bear him back. The last day of his earthly life they carried him many miles in a drizzling rain. They reached, at nightfall, the little village of Berigabadi. Hunter propped up the floor of a deserted old hut, in which he laid with William Denton and Armit. With the approach of night the heavens grew intensely dark, and the rain fell piteously upon the wretched hovel where they lay.

It is near 9 p. m., and William Denton is dying. And yet so patient is he in death, his companions knew not the icy hand had touched him. At last a spasm, and the death-rattle in his throat revealed to them that he had gone. His sons are only a few miles away, yet days must pass before they learn his fate. In the early morning Hunter, with the aid of natives, dug a grave, then tied his handkerchief around his face, wrapped his body in a blanket, and buried it.

No marble, no granite, or block of stone guard the grave of William Denton. Yet nature is kind. The bird will call its mate, and sing its early song from the fern-fringed jungles near the little mound, and the unbroken song of the mountain stream will chant his requiem. The same sun which shines over us will warm his grave, and faithful stars nightly kiss it with their pure sweet beams.

The stones we place at the graves of our dead are at best but the playmarks of a child time will quickly wipe away.

What of William Denton? Let us believe he has gone up higher. Let us try to feel the truth of the spiritual philosophy in which he believed, and which we delight to proclaim, and in its magic light look beyond our tears, and see that "death is but the gate to endless day."

All hail, brother mine! We soon shall meet you. We, too, are coming. We are coming with the weary tread of aching feet; coming with our hot temples throbbing with pain; coming battle-scarred and wet with tears.

Oh! brother, doubly blest by death's sweet kiss, swing wide the gates, and let our weeping eyes behold the garden of the soul's bloom, where we shall live and love forever.

Friendly Words.

BRO. OWEN:—I have had the pleasure of reading a few copies of your GOLDEN GATE, really and truly a "journal of practical reform devoted to the elevation of humanity in this life, and a search of the evidences of life beyond." My attention was called to your GOLDEN GATE by your correspondent, Bro. Kenyon to several communications from his father, especially his reception and experiences in the Summer Land, being the most elaborate and the most soul-satisfying of anything of the kind in print, and should by all means be published in pamphlet form.

In devoting your journal to the elevation of humanity in this life, you have struck the key-note of progression. If we are all sisters and brothers of one great family, why not cultivate each other accordingly, and the spirit of selfishness less. True, some of us are tramps, some of us are outlaws, while many others are vicious, and go about seeking whom they may destroy, and the majority are vultures preying upon each other; but who can say that had the conditions surrounding them been the same with any of the more unfortunate, they would have been different from that same unfortunate. Why not lend each other a helping hand? Why, when a brother or a sister is in distress or unfortunate in earth life reach out to them, not only our sympathies, but keep employment before them, and see that each and all receive a just equivalent for his or her labor, and all the more fortunate, as well as the distressed, should not forget to cultivate their spiritual natures. "Love one another," and we should at once be enjoying the millennium.

Go on, brother; let others speak ill of each other, it is indeed grand to have one paper that can give us the good side of humanity. It is useless to tell you that I love the GOLDEN GATE, and through your agent here, Bro. S. D. Greene, I am careful to get each number.

Truly and fraternally yours,
DANIEL COONS.
BROOKLYN, October, 14, 1886.

THERE is a greater distance between some men and others, than between some men and beasts.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

Humboldt County—Its Resources—Its Spiritualism and Spiritualists.

Humboldt county, Cal., though somewhat shut away from the rest of the world by its peculiar situation, is, notwithstanding, one of the finest counties of the State. Some idea of its size may be obtained from the statement that it has over one hundred miles of coast line. It has fine uplands for grazing, and dairying is one of its profitable occupations. It has also rich valley lands, unexcelled perhaps by any in the State, and fruits and vegetables are raised in abundance; the latter, in particular, are noted for the luxuriance of their growth and their remarkable size the "Humboldt potatoes" at one time being quite in demand in other portions of the State because of their superior size and quality. Grains are raised to some extent, but are not the principal production. Its great forests of redwood are its principal source of wealth, and its harbor affords a means by which to send out this product to the markets of the world. It has a fine climate, and its people are healthy, and seem to be, in the main, contented and prosperous. There is not apparent here that crowding and elbowing for room, and the means of subsistence that is manifest in other portions of the State.

Spiritualism has a wide influence in the county, though at present it is less active than for several years past. In Eureka, the seaport and principal city, meetings were kept up for years, principally through the efforts of Hon. W. J. Swasey. Some of the workers and supporters having died, and others moved away, the meetings have gone down. Mr. Swasey, himself, is getting to be quite aged, and begins to feel that his life work is about done, and younger hands should now take up the burdens. Mr. J. H. Kimball, an active worker, was killed last Spring in his own house by a burglar. Mrs. Prudence M. Kendall, whose unselfish devotion to the cause, and whose lovely character made for her, wherever she was known, warm friends—friends who tenderly cherish her memory—also died last Spring.

But undoubtedly the most telling work done for the cause in all this country was by Mrs. Dr. O. B. Payne, of Ferndale, who passed over last Winter. Her character as a woman was such that she was respected by all, and loved and revered by those who knew her intimately. She was an unconscious trance speaker and gave fine discourses, and also remarkable tests. She labored in the use of her divine gifts, dispensing all around her, "without money and without price," knowledge and consolation to hundreds of anxious souls. Her loss is severely felt, but her influence for good is felt still more. It is impossible to overestimate her work. Dr. Payne, who resides near Ferndale, and is a thorough Spiritualist, is preparing a biography of Mrs. Payne. We think that it will be a work which must rank among the first of the kind in the literature of Spiritualism.

The Spiritualists of Humboldt county as well represent the practical utility of Spiritualism as any we have ever known. We will mention a few names as notable examples. The whole family of Mr. Mitchell (whose wife is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. O. B. Payne) are an example of the wholesome influence of Spiritualism rightly taught, they being one of the finest families it has ever been the good fortune of the writer to become acquainted with. Mr. C. A. Doe and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dungan, and others about Ferndale, are also representative Spiritualists.

At Rio Dell, Mr. L. Painter has, by his boundless liberality, done much for the cause. It is his purpose to build here, next year, a public hall to be dedicated to Spiritualism, and for the free use of mediums and speakers. This public building, which he has already planned, and the ground site for which he has marked out, he intends to deed as an inheritance to the Spiritualists of Rio Dell, giving as his motive for doing so that he believes some of his means used in this way will do more good to posterity, and be a source of greater satisfaction to himself in spirit life, than in any other way that he could bequeath it. May this not be a worthy example for other Spiritualists, who are blest with means, to follow? Mr. Painter desires and designs to decorate this hall with the portraits (donated for that purpose) of leading mediums, speakers and workers in the cause, believing that they will help to bring good influences to the place.

At Rio Dell also reside Mr. Turney, a son-in-law of Dr. Payne, and family, Mr. Enos and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, and Dr. and Mrs. Witter. Reference is made here to these because they are not only representative men and women, but they are those whose lives adorn the philosophy of Spiritualism. In fact, we have never been where Spiritualism is better represented than in Humboldt county.

More anon,
PAUL A. SMITH.

SELECT THUNDER.—Professor (to student who writes, not for the masses, but for the educated few)—"You should write so that the most ignorant of your audience can understand all you say." Student (puzzled)—"What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?"

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, ASSISTANT.
R. B. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25
for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses)
\$7.50, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal
order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE,
No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

COHESIVE POWER OF PROPERTY.

The greatest obstacle to the permanence and prosperity of most of our Spiritualist societies is their general poverty. They are wanting in the cohesive power of property, and without which no religious society can be of long duration.

The first thing a new society of any evangelical faith undertakes is to set about the all-important task of building a church edifice. To this end they will put forth every effort in their power. If the pastor of the flock is made of the right stuff he will stay with the brethren till the necessary funds are secured. A spirit of emulation will be aroused among them, and none will be found too poor to give something. If he finds it impossible to raise the full amount required, he does not hesitate to incur a debt, trusting to the future for its payment. And thus they secure a lasting foothold in the community.

How different this from the methods usually practiced by Spiritualist societies. With rare exceptions they are contented with rented halls, often inconvenient and cheerless, never for a moment indulging the thought of the possibility of a house and a home of their own. And so when the first cold wave of adversity sweeps over the society—things do not go to the entire satisfaction of all, and differences of opinion arise among them—they naturally fall to pieces and drop into oblivion.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city is the lucky owner of some twelve to fifteen thousand dollars' worth of real estate, from which, we are informed, the Society derives a revenue of about one hundred dollars a month. This, of course, is not enough to erect a suitable place of meeting, but it is quite enough to insure the permanence of the Society.

In fact, Spiritualists do not want church edifices, like other religious denominations, to lie idle six days out of the week, and to be used only on Sunday, and occasionally of a week-day evening. What they need is a suitable hall in a building, other portions of which can be utilized for business purposes, and thereby made to yield a revenue to aid in support of the public meetings.

That is just what our Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society needs, and what it must have in order to make its future of usefulness certain.

Isn't it about time that some steps were taken in this direction? Why not agitate the matter? There are many Spiritualists in this city who have a good deal more property than they would care to see their heirs quarreling over after they pass on, and certainly much more than they can carry with them into the next world. Could not their enthusiasm in this behalf be aroused, and a fund raised that might eventually grow into such proportions as to enable the Society to build a house of their own?

We believe it not only possible, but practicable. All that is wanted is for some live man or woman to take the matter in hand.

LET THEM COME.—If report is to be relied upon Japan is losing its "modesty" under Christian teachings. It is said that representative Buddhists of that country are considering the proposal of sending missionaries to Christian countries. Well, let them come. If the alleged success of Buddhism among Christians in Japan is true, that is sufficient encouragement for going abroad. One thing is certain: If Buddhism contains anything that is not found in Christ's teachings of good, it will readily be accepted. The world is growing liberal as well as broad, and no longer holds that one religion or philosophy contains the all of wisdom and virtue necessary for man's expanding mind and growing capacity. Thinking men and women of to-day accept nothing as a whole simply because it is so presented. They claim the privilege of analyzing and comparing, rejecting whatever does not accord with reason, common sense and morality. Liberal minds are never afraid of losing opinions and beliefs, but are willing to change them as often as they are proven erroneous.

—In South Carolina there is an ingenious colored preacher who has worked out a new account of the Garden of Eden affair, and presented a remarkable solution of the origin of the Caucasian race. According to this gentleman's theory, "Adam and Eve were black and also their first children; but the voice of the Lord ordering them to quit the delightful garden, gave them such a fright as to turn them white, and all their subsequent children were accordingly white." The idea might be given a local application, and evolve the opinion that another destructive earthquake in the South would quite obliterate the odious "color line."

DEATH NOT THE END.

If this life were the all of being,—with its sun-dried ties, its bitter partings, its keen agonies—what a fearful failure would it be—how empty and unsatisfactory. How cruel the plan that could implant in the human breast the sweet hopes and longings for a continuance of existence in a world where we could find the loved ones that Death has taken from our arms, and then deny us the fond fruition of our hopes. Surely, the Good Father could not so cruelly mock us.

Who thinks he has—who accepts death as the end, and annihilation as the highest wisdom of the Eternal One in the creation of man—can surely never have loved. Indeed, it were madness to allow the affections to center upon any human being,—mothers should learn to hate their children, children their parents, wives their husbands and husbands their wives,—or, at least, to become wholly indifferent to them,—if the fondest and holiest emotions of the soul were to be thus trifled with.

But thanks to the Divine Soul whence emanates all life, there is in reality no death. "What seems so is transition," and relates wholly to externals. And this great truth we are permitted to know beyond question. Thus the assurance comes to us that we shall meet with our idols again, in a world far more real and enduring than this.

How this knowledge fills the mother's heart with a holy joy, and robs the grave of its cruel sting. Henceforth, for her, hope takes the place of despair. She recognizes, even in death, the plan of a loving hand, and her soul becomes strong to endure, knowing the glad welcome that awaits her in the "many mansions" of her Father's house, whither her darlings have gone.

Nay, more, she need not wait till then to feel their presence—the "touch of a vanished hand," or the pressure of loving lips that she had once thought silent for evermore. A way has been opened for their return, and they may now, and do often come, to nestle close to hearts that are heavy, bringing the glad assurance that they still live to love and bless.

In the realization of this glorious truth, duty becomes a pathway strewn with flowers, while through the darkest hours of this mortal life there is ever seen the "light in the window" to guide the weary wanderer home.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

Bro. Lewis Kirtland, of Los Angeles, writes that "Unitarianism has about swallowed up 'Spiritualism' in that city."

Well, we don't know of any better substitute for Spiritualism than a good article of Unitarianism. It preaches all good to all humanity, believes in (but has no proof of) continued existence beyond the grave, ignores the idea of a vicarious atonement and endless punishment; in short, it is a grand spiritual help to the soul.

But, as we remarked, it has no proof of spirit existence, and therein it falls far short of being a perfect religious system. It affirms what it does not know to be true, concerning a future state, refusing to accept the only evidence thereof possible. And therein we think it just a little inconsistent.

Still, we have a very warm feeling for Unitarianism. It numbers in its ranks many grand souls—many who are not averse to investigating the claims of Spiritualism, and who only need the proof positive to bring them fully within the fold of a religious philosophy that is more satisfying than any other system of religious belief of which we have any knowledge.

All that our Los Angeles friends need is a good organizer, and some good spiritual lectures. We italicize the word, for the reason that there is a vast difference in lectures purporting to be spiritual. Some lecturers think only of abusing the Churches, and pulling down the props of all religious beliefs except their own. Lectures based on the Golden Rule, full of love for humanity, and a broad, generous charity, accompanied by the evidences of the truths of Spiritualism never fail to reach the hearts of the people.

Not that the Los Angeles Spiritualists may not have had many of such lectures in the past, but there is evidently a lack of unity or power among them now which only the highest spiritual teachings can overcome. Until they can have such teachings they no doubt do wisely in attending the services of the Unitarian Church, which we understand is presided over in that city by a large-hearted, able and truly spiritual-minded man.

NOT DONE.

From the first day to the last, October has a charm all and distinctly its own. It is the royal month of the year, and brings with it a feeling of peace and pleasing anticipation, that is a part of the subdued and mellow beauty of the soft skies and tinted clouds, as all loveliness speaks of joy both present and prospective. The leaves, whose visible work is done for another year, lie thickly upon the roadside and upon the green lawns and among the gorgeous flowers, as though they would cling to the life around them, not knowing how brief it all is. The dead leaves! How suggestive are they in their fallen estate—fallen but not useless. They have given us their fruitage and gone back to the soil from whence they sprang, that its fertility may be increased and its abundance not grow less in coming years. In their bright greenness they nurtured the growing fruit by shielding it from the burning sun; gave shade to tender plants and flowers, and refreshing rest to the dusty traveler; and all the while they were cherishing the young buds that should take their places another year on the mother tree.

Now, they are under our feet, and we tread upon them so carelessly! Their companions are covering sacred mounds of earth, and gathering close around white slabs, where, when we look upon them, they speak to us in another language than do their mates along the highways. They are very like those noble, unselfish lives that lived but to bless and comfort. The work of both is done upon earth in the forms by which we knew them, but they live on and work forever.

THE ARGUMENT OF ABUSE.

Some Spiritualists seem to be imbued with the idea that the true way to build up their cause is to make war on the Bible, Christianity and every form of religion not in harmony with their own.

One of our subscribers actually discontinued his paper recently because we refused to publish an outrageously abusive article of the Christian Church, which he sent us. We are pleased to add that this is the only instance of the kind in our experience with the GOLDEN GATE.

Now, the trouble with this brother is that his spiritual nature has never been developed above the level of mere animalism. He has not learned the first lesson of the Golden Rule. He does not know what it means to be decently charitable, but is too much wrapped up in his own self-conceit to be respectfully considerate of the opinions of others. Had he been born in the days of the Inquisition he would have been another Torquemada,—provided he possessed the courage of his convictions.

Who does not, or should not, know that kindness only will convince—bitterness and uncharitableness never? No man was ever yet convinced of the truths of Spiritualism by ridicule or abuse.

It would seem that Spiritualism can have no worse enemies than some of its pretended friends. Those whom they would seek to win to its gentle and beautiful teachings they would first "knock down and drag out."

Spiritualists should learn to be spiritually minded. They should be second to none in the practice of those virtues and graces which come naturally of a gentle and loving nature.

If a knowledge of a future life, with all its possibilities of progress and happiness is calculated to make one cruelly unkind, then were it better that one believed in all the dogmas of ancient tradition.

But we are glad to know that such is not the tendency of the teachings of Spiritualism. It operates rather to soften the heart and stimulate the better nature of man into generous feeling and action. It lifts man out of himself, and into a clearer sense of his relation to the Divine Soul. Where it fails to do this the fault is not with its teachings and philosophy, but in the undeveloped nature of the individual man.

UNPROFITABLE SWEARING.—There is a growing determination of moral sentiment to defend the public ear from shocks of profanity that are becoming a very frequent thing of late. One town and city after another is passing ordinances against it, and in all cases they have become operative at once by prompt violations of their provisions. Baltimore is trying the efficacy of its law in this direction, and a few days ago Justice Warfield fined one man fifteen dollars and costs, making sixteen dollars and forty-five cents; and another with fine and costs paid nine dollars and forty-five cents. Some one says the law does not require one to do impossibilities; but when a man will pay twenty dollars for indulging in strong language, as one did in New York City, the other day, it is pretty evident that it is next thing to impossibility for a profane man to quit swearing. What does one swear for at all? The habit must be something like the taste for strong drink and other exciting appetites, with the difference that one is an enemy taken in, and the other a foe set at liberty, with increased power for evil. The oaths come back like the missiles from a boomerang, and smite and destroy the speaker by their gathered force of utterance.

ALL IS THERE.—The greatest peculiarity of dreams is that in them nothing surprises us, while in our waking hours unexpected things are always occurring. In sleep our departed loved ones come to us and we greet them as though we had never lost them from our material homes. We take journeys with them, go to strangely beautiful places and see such structures of habitation as are not found on earth; they bring us gifts; converse with us on subjects unknown to our waking minds,—all of which create no wonder within us, only admiration and joy. There is no better proof that we live two distinct lives on earth, one by day and one by night. When the day's work for our material life is done, how gladly we turn to the slumber that takes up that other existence wherein nothing is lost that is loved and prized. Death does not pain us there, and there is no sorrow, only that which has struck so deep into our physical lives that its shadow goes with us into the land of souls. We live in our eternal homes, and it does not grieve us to see our temporal ones falling away.

—As usual in "hard times," there is a general complaint of idle capital and consequently unemployed labor. Tulare county has taken advantage of the usual timidity of capital, and while money holders are waiting for better business prospects, it has given employment to its home mechanics the past year by building a dozen school houses. This speaks well for the future of its prospects. Where there are children to educate, there is insured prosperity, as the family is the basis of all public growth.

OAKLAND SPIRITUALISTS.

On Sunday last, both at Grand Army Hall in the afternoon and at Hamilton Hall in the evening, very interesting Spiritualistic services were held. There was a large attendance at each service. Altogether Sunday was a high day among the Spiritualists of Oakland. Mr. Ravlin spoke at the afternoon meeting on the "Humanity of Spiritualism," and raised a liberal collection for two worthy, afflicted mediums. Drs. Stansbury and Schlesinger gave satisfactory tests to investigators.

In the evening, Mr. Ravlin spoke to a large and deeply interested audience upon the "Mission of Phenomena in Spiritualism as Identical with that of Christianity." He showed beyond all possibility of refutation that the Bible, and especially the New Testament, is full of spiritual phenomena. It was never designed that all phenomena should cease with the apostolic age, with all succeeding ages to the end of time left without anything by which to demonstrate the truth of immortality. Greater demonstrations were to be given than even Christ himself performed. But the golden thread of love and spirit phenomena was lost when men began the endless strife about words to no profit. Modern Spiritualism has picked that thread up and restored the phenomena which was lost, and which was supposed to have forever passed away. In other words, Jacob's ladder had been thrown down so the angels could no longer demonstrate that they could descend and ascend upon it. Spiritualism has set it up again, and now the heavenly messengers come and go freely.

Mr. Carter, President of the Spiritualist Association of Oakland, followed by some very timely remarks, appealing for a liberal collection, which was given, after which Dr. Stansbury gave a large number of slate-writing tests from the platform, which were every way satisfactory, and which carried conviction to many an inquirer after the truth. No arbitrary test conditions were enforced, and the audience seemed intensely interested. Dr. Stansbury will probably be present at Hamilton Hall next Sunday evening, and possibly Dr. Schlesinger.

The good work goes on, and a spiritual revival is at the doors. Many are being converted from the old erroneous theories of the past to the truth of the glorious philosophy of Spiritualism. Measures are being taken to consolidate the spiritualistic forces in Oakland in one harmonious incorporated society, which it is believed will soon be an accomplished fact, thus setting a worthy example to other towns and cities. Next Sunday evening Mr. Ravlin speaks upon "Humanity and its Possibilities."

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

The writer, accompanied by the other member of his domestic firm, slipped away on the soft wings of the beautiful, new-born day, last Sunday morning, for a run to St. Helena—a beautiful young city of about three thousand souls, nestling among the vineyards and wine-presses of the upper portion of Napa valley.

The earth was sere and brown from its long, rainless Summer; the early frost had painted the once verdant foliage with the radiant dyes of the sunset; the luscious fruitage of the vine had been mostly garnered and pressed into liquid prophecies of bibulous exhilaration.

We took in these facts as we sped along over the fertile plain, walled in on either side by the beautiful hills, toward our journey's end. What a land of plenty and prosperity! What cosy little homes nestling among the trees! What vast vineyards stretching away to the foothills!

Three hours from San Francisco and we rest at the feet of the fair Saint, Helena, where we were met by those two grander saints, in our eyes, Dr. G. B. Crame, and Dr. John Allyn—two thorough, cultured Spiritualists, who are able to give a reason for their faith, and who possess the courage of their convictions.

We were soon borne to the hospitable home of the former, embowered among the ancient oaks just in the edge of town, where we received a hearty welcome from Mrs. Crane, and were at once at home, for all of our brief stay, which could last only till the afternoon of the following day.

And this shall be our apology for any departure from the usual completeness in the contents of our GOLDEN GATE. We have been dissipating in the questionable luxury of idleness—reveling in the delights of a two-days' vacation,—when, perhaps, we should have been grinding out grists of spiritual meal to feed the hungry.

Well, we can only say, that having oiled the hinges of the GATE it will swing hereafter all the smoother therefor.

HEROIC UNDERTAKINGS.—Those persons who absent themselves in foreign and barbaric countries for the performance of missionary labors, are, to say the least, possessed of brave spirits. But there is more than this: A high sense of the duty we owe to all fellow creatures, and an utter self-forgetfulness, that causes men and women to forsake tenderest friends, homes of refinement and culture, and all the pleasures and advantages of a civilized and christianized land for one of rude-ness and discomfort. We have in mind the late undertaking of Miss Mary Dewey, daughter of the late Charles C. Dewey, member of the Rutland county, Vermont, bar, now on her way to Eastern Turkey to engage in missionary work. The length and duration of the trip will pretty well test her physical ability to stand her self-imposed work in that country. Miss Dewey will be two months in reaching Turkey, and must then ride three hundred miles on horseback to reach her final destination. Such a parting must have been like that of death to her friends, and it really looks like a cruel sacrifice of a useful life.

—A new radical journal is soon to be started in Chicago, with strong financial backing, to be devoted mainly to the positive side of liberal religious thought, with especial emphasis placed on its scientific and ethical aspects. Leading Eu-

ropean and American radicals will contribute to its columns. B. F. Underwood, for the past five years manager and editor of the Boston Index, has accepted an invitation to take charge of the new journalistic enterprise.

AN ASTONISHED MILLIONAIRE.

One of our wealthiest capitalists—a man worth a half dozen millions or more, with probably a million and half dollars now lying uninvested in the banks of this city—was waited upon recently at his office by a committee of lady philanthropists in behalf of some charitable kindergarten work in which they were engaged. They were evidently novices at the business of canvassing for benevolent purposes among the rich men of San Francisco, or they never would have called upon this man, who was never known to do a charitable deed, and probably would not give a quarter of a dollar to save the human race from perdition, unless he could see where it would pay him a hundred per cent. profit in thirty days.

Well, the ladies entered the presence of this modern Dives and modestly made known their request, when a look of blank amazement came over his face. As soon as he could recover the power of speech, he inquired, "Who sent you to me?" They replied that they had come of their own accord, thinking he might be pleased to assist them a little in the work of gathering in the little waifs of this great city, who are now living upon the streets and laying the foundations for useless and vicious lives, and bringing them under proper educational influences. "Did you not know that I never give a cent for any purpose whatever?" he inquired. "If not I will now to inform you," he continued, in a tone to curdle the milk of human kindness in the breast of a Hutentot, and the ladies retired from the presence, with a feeling of pity, not unmixed with righteous disgust, for the man who, while blessed with untold wealth, could find no kindly prompting in his heart for another's good.

Such men are to be pitied for their moral deformity. In the other life they will appear as spiritual dwarfs, misshapen and shriveled almost beyond all spiritual recognition or resemblance.

Their greed for gold will be their curse, as they grovel amid the treasures they are no longer able to control. How sad to think of the long journey before them, and of the hard struggles they will have to encounter ere they rise from their dark and lowly condition. How they must grovel and crawl, in spiritual rags and hunger, amidst the darkness and gloom of the soul's night through long ages of retribution.

Poorer than any Lazarus, this man will enter the other life, where he will find no deposit of good deeds—no treasures of character—set down to his credit. But only emptiness and poverty of spirit unspeakable.

Who would not rather live upon a crust, with the earth for his lowly bed, and feel within him the promptings of a generous and noble nature, than "pass on" in spiritual beggary, like unto that of this earthly millionaire?

PREPOSTEROUS.

Some one writing about Woman Suffrage, and expatiating upon the rights and power of women already possess over the human race, says: "No matter how the boys grow up, if only the girls are stanch and true, have a mission and know it and love it for itself and for its results, the world is safe and missionaries can have a long holiday." If this theory were true, the missionaries of the last eighteen hundred years should have been resting, for "the boys" have always been going to the bad, more or less, while the girls have been especially trained to redeem them as husbands.

We never heard the doctrine advocated before, but judging by the character of many fathers, it seems that it is tacitly agreed that boys need no training of any kind that is deemed so essential to their well being when applied to their sisters. He may therefore drink and chew, smoke and gamble, and practice all vices; they will not hurt him unless indulged in by the girls as well. If women have no better "mission" than to become the wives of such untrained, unrestrained and irresponsible husbands, they had all better turn home missionaries, inaugurate a civilization crusade and suspend matrimony indefinitely, or until the benefits of moral instruction have become equally apparent in both sexes. If women must be the saviors of men, they had better begin before assuming other responsibilities.

SISTERHOOD OF THE SEVEN LINKS.—This Society took its first steps toward organizing in this city, about two months ago. The Society has since been actively engaged in perfecting the organization, and quietly doing good; they are planning for a more extended field of action. As their object is a worthy one, we doubt not there will be a rich harvest, ere long, from the seed which the Society is now sowing. The purposes for which the Sisterhood was formed, are, to disseminate truth; to deal justly and mercifully with all, irrespective of persons; to practice the broadest charity in thought and deed toward every human being. The order has established itself in harmony with the Esoteric ideas, that a divine plan and order underlies all life and action; and by making a platform which shall correspond to this universal law, it gives them an unlimited source from which to draw strength and wisdom. There are seven sisters in a link, seven links in a chain, and seven chains in a perfect system, all bound together by a divine law for one purpose to help lift humanity up to higher planes of thought and action.

—That faithful worker, Dr. T. C. Kelly, will take a benefit at Washington Hall on Sunday evening, Oct. 30th. Dr. Schlesinger, Mrs. Whitney, and several other prominent mediums, have volunteered their services. The Doctor is about to take his departure for San Diego. We take pleasure in commending him as a good magnetic healer, to all who are seeking for the priceless boon of health.

The Theosophists.

[“Ruthiel,” in the Baltimore Sunday News.]

Reference has been made several times in this column to the peculiar association, said to have been originally formed in India, known as the Theosophists, of which Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott are the visible heads on earth. A branch of the society exists in New York, and meetings are held regularly every week. Some of the most distinguished people in the city attend. The philosophy is reported to be steadily gaining ground. As Ella Wheeler Wilcox describes it, it is a select force—moving without noise steadily forward. Its members do not talk of it and do not wish to be talked about. Their theory is that whoever is fitted to understand and grasp the higher truths of theosophy will seek for them, and those who can not understand them are not wanted in the association. As a rule the people who seek for admittance into the charmed circles are those who have outlived the pomps and vanities of this life, and who have outgrown creeds.

Theosophy calls for the highest possible cultivation of the spirit and the subjugation of the self in man. It calls for pure lives, pure thoughts and noble aims; for the love of doing good for good's sake, and it teaches us that an unworthy motive or a mean thought puts us back in the scale of progression and cripples us in our efforts to rise to the wonderful heights obtained by those who are ever vigilant. A religion or a science which rests on such a foundation is worthy of the world's respect, however meagre and mysterious its promises and its rites. There is no such thing possible to the theosophist as a sudden conversion, a death-bed repentance or a vicarious atonement. It is a matter of slow, steady growth—hard, patient climbing. They believe that spirit forces aid you in this up-hill journey, but more frequently casting rocks and boulders in your path, to try your strength, to test your courage, than by any other mode of resistance. To complain of any misfortune, to be deeply wounded by an earthly loss or sorrow is incompatible with true theosophical knowledge. Not till you cease to love or hate, as mere mortals love or hate, can you hope to be admitted to the companionship of the good.

Many curious people seek for admittance into the Theosophical Society merely to gain a clue to the phenomenal features which constitute a portion of its teachings. But the society closes its doors on mere miracle mongers or seekers.

One of the most prominent theosophists in this country is Dr. Elliott Coues, of the Smithsonian Institute. It will be remembered that, not long ago, his wife obtained a divorce from him on the ground of his estrangement from his family, which he had ceased to support or take any interest in. His whole attention was absorbed by his new pursuit, and he, therefore, made no opposition to the lady's application. While believing in theosophy fully the doctor does not think it a subject for every one to meddle with.

In a communication, a short time ago, to a newspaper on the “Perils of Theosophy,” he took the report that a Massachusetts woman had been made insane by the study of diluted Buddhism as the text for a warning against rash tempting of fate in seeking to know the secrets of theosophy before the soul is prepared to receive them. Rash mortals who aspire to the counsels of the immortals before they can keep their own are bidden to walk the earth humbly rather than dare essay the skies. “This way madness lies,” is said to the seeker after wisdom according to Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott. Knowing it to be not a “mushy mystery” nor a “mumbo-jumbo religion,” but a most terrible and most dangerous form of spiritual potency, Dr. Coues thought the theosophist was right in refusing to surrender any of his royal prerogatives by imparting the secret doctrine or delivering up the key to the mysteries to those who have not proved their right to receive it. Religious mania, emotional insanity, melancholia, suicidal yearning, revolting crimes, mental imbecility, shattered bodily constitution, aimless infirmity of purpose, and every form of undesirable delusion are, he says, among the terrible dwellers on the threshold that guard the theosophic adyta. Mrs. Coues is not a believer in the Blavatsky doctrine, and it is said she looks upon her husband as having lost his mind.

Dr. Coues claims to have reached heights of spiritual advancement where he is able at times to “project his double.” That is, to detach his astral body or spirit from his earthly body and appear to theosophical friends at a distance. A lady in New York claims to have seen and conversed with his double while his physical body was in Washington. The theosophists, however, it appears, do not like to have such things talked about, and they consider them far less worthy of consideration than many others of the more commonplace features of their religion.

They believe in the spiritual manifestations of the day, but they do not approve of them—that is, they believe that out of ten mediums who claim to have communication with the dead, that one really does. But it results in the destruction of that one, as a rule, for to become a mere vehicle of expression for a flock of disembodied spirits an individual must sink his own identity and will power and become just what the word signifies—a mere “medium.” The theosophists also be-

lieve that it disturbs the souls that are trying to progress in the new life—to be called back to earth. Yet that they are called, and do come, they have no doubt.

One part of the theosophical belief is that humanity is developing a sixth sense, viz., clairvoyancy, which, in the course of centuries of time, will be universal. Those who are possessed of this power now are merely in advance of the age; but the theosophists are greatly opposed to the use of this power in communication with any departed “astrals.” In fact, the Society is in direct opposition to Modern Spiritualism. It aims to develop the highest possibilities of the soul while in the body, in order to advance its career after death and fit it for the highest incarnations hereafter.

The influence acquired by theosophy in this country was demonstrated recently by an occurrence at the Ocean Grove camp-meetings. It will be remembered that a Hindoo was arrested and thrown into prison there for preaching the gospel of Buddha. A number of well-known persons immediately interested themselves in the man's fate, and among the rest Mr. Wm. Q. Judge, and the result was the Hindoo's release.

The Theosophist Society has been in existence in this country about ten years, and has a membership here of about five thousand. Nearly all the large cities are represented. The movement has been still more successful in Europe. The leading spirit is Madame Blavatsky, a Russian countess and the widow of an officer high in the Czar's army. She is not a handsome woman, but is of striking appearance. She is tall and stoutly built, has a large head, and her eyes have an extraordinary depth and brilliancy.

When Madame first appeared in New York she created a decided sensation. Her rooms, which she called “The Lamasery,” were crowded in the evening with prominent men. Among those who were to be seen at these gatherings were Prof. Weiss, of the New York University; Thomas A. Edison, A. L. Rawson, the painter; Prof. Wilder, the genial and lamented Sam Ward, poet, philosopher, lobbyist and bon vivant; his *chere ami*, William Henry Hulbert, the editor of the *World*; the Earl of Dunraven, whose father wrote a monumental book on Spiritualism, and who is now Lord Salisbury's under-secretary for the Colonies; David A. Curtis, of the *Herald*; Edward P. Mitchell; Albert Bierstadt, the artist; Charles Sotheman, mystic and bibliophile; Linda and Ella Dietz, the actresses, A. M. Palmer, the manager; Edwin Booth; John Russell Young; William Stuart, then manager of the old Park Theatre; Edward Donovan, the artist, and a host of other choice spirits, including, on several occasions, the Earl of Dufferin, whose present position as Viceroy of India affords him opportunities to continue his studies of Oriental religion in its ancient home, and Laurence Oliphant, whose social satires in *Blackwood*, and whose scheme for the Jewish colonization of Palestine have given him a prominence distasteful to his native modesty.

Madame Blavatsky on these occasions proved herself a conversationalist of rare magnetic power, and no one ever tired of listening to her fascinating recital of experiences in many lands, her views on life and art, or her exposition of the occultism of the East. She was an accomplished linguist, as most Russians are; and she not only spoke French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Hindostanee and several Arabic dialects with ease and fluency, but displayed a deep knowledge of the ancient and modern literature of all countries. She was familiar with German and French philosophy and commenting upon the work of the great thinkers expressed many ideas of striking force and originality. Occasionally she entertained her guests with music, and her piano playing was pronounced emphatically that of a great musician.

A writer speaking recently of the theosophists says the adepts are the highest order in the mysterious circle who have obtained by long years of fasting, study and meditation the highest state of spiritual perfection. These men dwell principally in the mountains of Thibet, far from contact with the world and mankind; sometimes in small communities, oftener as hermits in solitude. Dwelling entirely away from railroads, telegraphs and newspapers, they are said to possess a direct knowledge of everything of moment that goes on in the world and to be able to communicate their thoughts or to convey their persons instantaneously to any quarter of the globe. Astrology is a favorite study of the theosophists, and those who have devoted themselves sufficiently to this science (popularly supposed to have been exploded centuries ago) are said to forecast individual destinies and events with marvelous exactness. Far from being an ascetic, Mme. Blavatsky when here greatly enjoyed a good dinner washed down by good wine, and was much addicted to smoking Turkish cigarettes of a peculiar and excellent quality.

In the discussions at the “Lamasery” already alluded to, Mme. Blavatsky argued that theosophy was but an extension of the theory of evolution taught by Spencer, Huxley and Darwin, beyond its mere material phase. In universal evolution she held that man's higher nature—the spiritual rather than the physical or intellectual—was developed. Among the proven possibilities of this development she counted omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence—the qualities generally attributed by the mass of mankind to the Deity it worships. The principal means

to these grand attainments, according to the Blavatsky theory, are a complete control of the will-power and the acquisition of divine knowledge. Theosophy (from the Greek *Theos*, God, and *sophos*, wise) means wise in the things of God. Its mission is to teach man to control and use his will-power for the higher advancement of humanity. This, stripped of mystic symbolism, oriental phraseology and abstruse metaphysical speculation, is the real essence and meaning of theosophy.

The Number Seven.

The frequent recurrence of the number seven in the Bible seems, says the *Cincinnati Inquirer*, to indicate that there are associated with it certain events, that it may be termed the prophetic, representative symbolic number, consecrated in the Holy Scriptures and the religion of the Jews and other nations, by many mysterious events and circumstances.

The Old Testament informs us that God completed the work of creation in six days and set apart the seventh day to be a day of rest for all mankind.

The slayer of Abel was to be punished seven-fold, and the slayer of Lamech seventy and seven-fold.

Of every clean beast Noah took into the Ark by sevens and took with him seven souls when he entered the Ark. After seven days the waters were upon the face of the earth. The intervals between sending out the dove the second and third times were seven days, and in the seventh month the Ark rested on the mountains of Ararat.

In Pharaoh's two dreams he saw seven well-favored and fat kine and seven ill-favored and lean kine and seven ears of corn on one stalk, rank and good, and seven ears blasted by the east wind, which was followed with seven years of great plenty and seven years of famine.

The children of Israel were commanded to eat unleavened bread seven days and to observe the feast of unleavened bread; seven days shall there be no leaven bread found in your houses.

The seventh month was signalized by the feast of trumpets and the celebration of the feast of tabernacles.

Seven weeks was the interval between the passover and the pentecost.

The seventh year was observed as the Sabbatical year, and the year succeeding seven times seven years as the year of jubilee.

Seven days were appointed as the length of the feasts of tabernacles and passover. Seven days for the ceremonies of the priests.

Seven victims were to be offered on any special occasion.

When Abraham and Abimelech wanted to confirm an oath they took seven ewe lambs of the flock.

Jacob served Laban seven years for each of his daughters.

Delilah bound Sampson with seven withes and wove the seven locks of his hair in the web.

Seven priests, bearing seven trumpets, passed round the walls of Jericho seven days, on the seventh day passing around seven times, and it fell.

Nebuchadnezzar had the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated to burn the three Hebrew children, and was driven from among men to the beasts of the field until seven times passed over him.

Elisha commanded Naaman to wash in Jordan seven times and be cured of his leprosy.

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason.

In the New Testament the Savior commanded to forgive an erring brother not until seven times, but seventy times seven if he repented.

In Revelations of St. John we read of seven churches, seven spirits, seven stars, seven seals, seven lamps, seven golden candlesticks, seven angels, seven vials, and seven last plagues.

MARRIAGE.—When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great

providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife, for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, watch near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous (well-born) soever; for a man can purchase nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncouth creature altogether for wealth, for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf nor a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continued disgrace, and it will yoke thee to hear her talk; for thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.—*Lord Burleigh's Advice to His Son.*

JUST LIKE OUR YOUNG MEN.—He—“You don't sing or play. Then I presume you write or paint.”

She—“Oh, no! I'm like the young men we meet in society. I simply sit around and try to look intelligent.”—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Spiritualism Goes Everywhere.

[Banner of Light.]

The invisibles who spoke through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in a recent discourse defined their attitude in relation to the Church and the creeds in this wise: Every form of faith in the world, said they, is needed, every church is required, or it would not be here. You should never, they added, seek to hasten nor aggressively break the covering around the unfledged conscience of your neighbor, but let the incubation go on as it may. No bird can come forth from the nest until the covering or shell is broken and it is set free; nor could you, by any possible alchemy of nature, force it back into the shell when once its wings are fledged. So long as the work continues to go on, as it certainly does now, we should each one of us be content to help in such way as we can, and leave the rest to the silent and unseen workings of the divine within the human spirit. Slowly as we may sometimes think the work advances, it is none the less effectual.

Between man and God, the spirits declare, the avenues that lead to the light are as manifold as human necessities, and we believe that all solvents will come between creed and creed, dogma and dogma, intellectual interpretation and intellectual interpretation, as soon as man is ready. Yes, they continue to assert, Spiritualism is here without permission of the Church or of the State, to make its presence manifest and felt whenever and wherever it is needed. It will enter whatever place is open for its reception. Wherever a human heart needs this ministration, and is prepared to receive it, there it will come, caring nothing what has become of last year's leaves, or of the birds that have flown from last year's nest. It will manifest in its own way. If there is a patriot, he is always inspired, and he knows it. Wherever a good and great deed has been done in modern times, it has been felt that some hand above and beyond the earth has guided that action.

Spiritualism wishes and aims only to elevate the individual life, with which alone it deals. It is humanity that it has come to preserve—not governments, legislatures, armies, creeds, or institutions. It works upon them most effectually as it works through humanity. Wherever a deed is done that serves mankind Spiritualism is there; wherever mankind are oppressed or downtrodden Spiritualism is there, uplifting and strengthening. If spiritual healing could change its name sufficiently to be silenced as spiritual healing, and be quietly classed as a new discovery by men of science, it would be appropriated instantly by those who are wedded to the orthodox creed of Materia Medica. If Spiritualism chose to be under the authority of dogma, creed or formula, all mankind would worship the form, while the living spirit might have fled.

It comes not to do aught to those who deny it, but wherever the heart is sad and weary and worn, wherever dejected and scorned of men, wherever finding in no creed comfort, in no formula the lesson of immortal life, it declares the well-spring in the desert, the voice in the lonely place, and binds up the burdened spirit and heals the broken heart. It says to all, "deny it if you will, but the rose will blossom on the fair rose-tree, the lilies of life will grow beside the flowing stream, the angels of God will speak with voices of comfort and rich melody to the hearts and lives of men, and before mankind is aware of it the ancient places of desolation and wrong will be overgrown by the blooming flowers of immortal life." No place will it refuse to enter where a welcome awaits it—whether hall, library, temple, place of worship, or human habitation, where there is a heart that requires its presence and that can perceive its voice.

TAKE COURAGE AND GO AHEAD.—The world will remember of you just what you remember of yourself. There is nothing but evil gained in remembering the evil in yourself of five or ten years ago. That is not your present self at all. That is a dead and buried individual. A man or woman who has any "go" in them changes into quite another self every ten or twelve years. They grow into improved individuals with all the additions and variations. They repented once of their wickedness and then set to work making themselves over again. There is no sense in a lifetime of repentance or a lifetime of remorse. The surest proof of real repentance is getting up as quickly as possible to make yourself into the other fellow. The world takes every man and no man at their own valuation, and for what they are to-day.—*Prentice Mulford.*

A TOLEDO, Ohio, correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* reports, under date of Sept. 25th, that the spirit of a colored man by the name of Warner, who deceased in Dec. 1884, returns frequently to his wife, whose earthly existence is slowly waning. Mrs. Read, a colored woman, who, with others, lives in the same house, says of the returning spirit: "He comes in the back way usually in the night time. When Mrs. Warner sees him she stretches out her hand and says: 'Come, Tom; come, Tom.' He takes his place at the bedside in his arm-chair, and leans forward, his head in his hands. He will sit there for hours. I'm not afraid of him; I'm getting used to him. He will say nothing except to her, but at times he will sing

one of the sweet old plantation hymns." "The matter," says the writer, "has caused a profound sensation among the colored people in that part of the city."

True Bravery.

[Banner of Light.]

Some would say, that to stand unflinchingly amid the roar of cannon, the shriek of the minie-ball and the rattle of artillery, or meeting a hated antagonist in an unprovoked duel, is true bravery; and, as the world goes, it is. But there are other things, other actions, before which these would pall as does the moon before the morning sun. Dogged, physical bravery is one thing; moral and intellectual bravery another.

The bull dog is physically brave and loves to tear, to destroy, its antagonist; but what *man* would wish to be likened to a bull dog? Yet he who goes to war, or to fight a duel, is presumed to be imbued with the same spirit. True, he does not tear the flesh of his fellow with his teeth, but he accomplishes the same thing in a more deadly manner,—he uses the cannon, the minie-ball, the gattling gun, and *scientifically* mows down his fellow-beings by the thousand. And after the struggle the battle-ground presents a scene of bloody carnage that pales the cheek and sickens the heart of the most stolid beholder,—and what has done all this? Why, bravery on the battle-field.

And so with the duelist. If he is what the world calls brave he stealthily steals away without the knowledge of either wife or child; for they might take means to prevent the meeting, and then the world might sneer and say: "It was done on purpose," and he couldn't stand that. So the physically brave man goes and gets killed. His wife has lost her husband and protector, his children their father and support,—but then the world says: "He was a brave man," and there is certainly a comfort (?) to the widow, and a fatherly protection to the orphan. No account is taken of the fact that he goes to trial, before the tribunal of his conscience, for the crime of murder.

Not until man throws off the brute in tastes and instincts will he be truly brave. Nineteen centuries have passed since a lesson of true bravery was given to the world, in the death of the man Jesus, who died for a principle, unwavering to the end. So have others, in all ages endured lives of martyrdom, held up to public scorn for being known to entertain principles antagonistic to popular beliefs, finally, if escaping a violent death, going down to the grave so unhonored, that few would dare to follow them to their last resting place. These martyrs to principle are truly brave, and their moral courage will be rewarded,—it will follow them into the other world, and there shine as stars in the firmament.

GROWING OLD.—The year in its whole progress is beautiful. We love the first glimpses of green under the hedges, the song of the returning birds, the early flushes of color on the trees as they are getting ready to fling out all their leafy banners to the winds. But we love also the haze of the Indian Summer, the yellow of the golden rod, and the October woods all aflame with glory. And we know that even Winter, when the gales rattle the bare and frozen branches, is hiding beneath the pallor of its death the promise of another glorious spring. The early flush of the dawn is tenderly beautiful with dew and waking birds,—the infancy of day. But what is there in all the round of nature's wonders to surpass such sunsets as we have seen? And, after the sun had faded away, then, one by one, the stars have come out, and have made night so beautiful that we have fallen in love with the shadow. So naturally and so beautifully, through all its advancing phases, ought our lives to run. Sunny childhood, an old age as sweet and lovely,—so should the one be matched by the other. An old age under whose snow lies the promise of Spring! An old age under whose gathering shadows and above whose faded glories are peeping out the stars! So will it be when we have learned how to grow old.—*Rev. M. J. Savage.*

ANECDOTE OF FANNY KEMBLE.—A good story about Fanny Kemble floats across the horizon from the memory of an elderly lady who knew her well. It was in the time when Boston was the great actress' nominal home, and her Summers were spent here and there in rural Massachusetts. She had engaged a worthy neighbor to be her charioteer during the season of one of her country sojournings, and they were setting out on their first excursion. With kind-hearted loquacity he was beginning to expatiate on the country, the crops, and the history of the people round about, when Fanny remarked, in her imperious, dogmatic fashion: "Sir, I have engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me!" The farmer ceased, pursed up his lips, and ever after kept his peace. When the vacation weeks were over and the dame was about to return to town, she sent for her Jehu and his bill. Running her eye down its awkward columns, she paused. "What is this item, sir?" she said. "I can not understand it." And, with equal gravity, he rejoined: "Sas, five dollars. I don't often take it; but, when I do, I charge!" The bill was paid; and the tragedienne and the bucolic philosopher were fast friends ever after.—*Boston Beacon.*

A CHARLESTON woman was strangely affected by the earthquake. Her hair, which is long and black, is falling out in places, leaving the bare scalp exposed. The physicians state that it is caused by paralysis of the scalp, caused by fright.

VICTOR HUGO says: God "took his softest clay and his purest colors, and made a fragile jewel, mysterious and caressing—the finger of woman; then he fell asleep. The devil awoke, and at the end of that rosy finger put—a nail."

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