



GOLDEN GATE

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

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CONTENTS:

- FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; What Constitutes a True Spiritualist.
- SECOND PAGE.—Some Materialization Incidents: A Book-black in Heaven; A Plea for Drinking Fountains; Liberty Laid in the Shade; Spirit Telegraphy; Letter from a Spirit Child, etc.
- THIRD PAGE.—What Constitutes a True Spiritualist—continued; From the Veterans' Home.
- FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) The Manly (P) Art; "A History;" Faith Lost in Sight; The Past; Natural Reformers; Increasing Interest in Spiritualism; Glass Houses; "Mind-Reading;" A New Blessing; The Soul; The License System; Where Is It? Editorial Notes, etc.
- FIFTH PAGE.—Editorial Notes—continued; News and Other Items; Faces that Seem to Change; Pebbles; Answers to Questions; Publications; Professional Cards; Advertisements; Notices of Meetings, etc.
- SIXTH PAGE.—The Game of Life; Anxious to Outdo Bartholdi; Professional Cards; Advertisements, etc.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—Religion Without Baggage; Intolerance; How a Child's Soul Ebbes Away; Publications, etc.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Penses; Thanksgiving Hymn; Only a Baby's Stocking, Twin Souls, The Sunset of the Year; Dreams, Advertisements, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A pure mind is the most august possession.

As ballast to ship, so to spirit are Faith and Love.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

He who can plant courage in a human soul is the best physician.

The government of one's self is the only true freedom for the individual.—*Frederick Perthes.*

It is only a peculiar state of the mind that is capable of perceiving truth; and that state is profound serenity.—*Bulwer.*

Men of genius do not excel in any profession because they labor in it, but they labor in it because they excel.—*Haslitt.*

The wealth of man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by.—*Carlyle.*

One of the best ways to reform society and place things on an improved basis is for every man to try and improve or reform himself.

Not in knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than man.—*Bulwer.*

Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of a room it will soon fall to the floor. To keep it up it must be struck at both ends.—*Johnson.*

Three happy time, Best portion of the various year, in which Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works Lovely, to full perfection wrought!

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.—*Sydney Smith.*

The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing.—*Mazzini.*

Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublime shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro.—*Bulwer.*

I have often wondered how each man should love himself more than any other and yet make less account of his own opinion concerning himself than of the opinion of others.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Nature has her language, and she is not ungracious, but we don't know all the intricacies of her syntax just yet, and in a hasty reading we may happen to extract the very opposite of her real meaning.

Accustom yourself, as much as possible, in everything any one is doing, to consider with yourself: What end does he refer this to? But begin at home and examine yourself first.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A TRUE SPIRITUALIST.

A Discourse by the Guides of W. J. Colville, Delivered in Metropolitan Temple, August 20, 1886.

[Reported for the GOLDEN GATE by G. W. HARRIS.]

In various issues of spiritualistic periodicals we have seen the question discussed "What constitutes a true Spiritualist?" in various forms, and, judging from the very discrepant opinions put forward by different contributors, one might very readily suppose that Spiritualism was not a definite philosophy,—that Spiritualists had no definite platform upon which to stand; and as our discourse this morning will certainly not aim at defining a creed, or endeavoring to bind any number of persons to the utterances of certain stereotyped convictions, as we shall most determinedly keep free of all dogmatic limitations and creedal restrictions, we shall nevertheless maintain that it is possible for persons to know something definitely and to believe some things upon evidence so strong that nothing can shake their confidence in what to them is truth.

There is necessarily a wide difference between what we know and what we believe. If we could know everything we should believe nothing, for knowledge is higher than belief; and if the happy day ever comes when man knows all truth then there will be no longer any room for the believer and belief. But as long as we do not know everything there are many things which we must believe, many things which we can well afford to doubt, and many things which we must lay upon the shelf for further consideration when we have received brighter light. Thus we maintain that it is absurd and illogical for persons to cry out against belief and to speak ignorantly of the substitution of knowledge for belief, as though we could immediately substitute all knowledge for all present belief.

Still at the same time, keeping the ideal before us, we do maintain that the days of belief are numbered; that belief is temporal while knowledge is eternal, and that the time will come, either on this earth or elsewhere, in the experience of every human spirit, when all will take a last look at their most precious beliefs and banish all creeds from their minds as knowledge with its glorious refulgence shines upon them from the heavens, so illuminating their path as to show them by plainest demonstration the axiomatic nature of the truths and principles of the universe.

The question is continually asked, What is the relation of science to philosophy and to religion? We answer, that science is only another word for knowledge, and that the science of religion or spiritual things is as much an exact science as the science of chemistry, astronomy or geology. There are many who declare that the only absolutely exact science known is the science of mathematics; but we can enlarge our idea of absolutely exact science with the ever growing intelligence of man. With his ever expanding intellectual powers he finds the same rule of exactitude in the spiritual universe that he has already discovered in the material. When Plato said, "God geometrizes," and looking far above all mortal things beheld the superintending hand of Providence over all worlds, when he counted the petals of the flowers and the numbers of stars as they shone in the glorious heights above he beheld that absolute precision in the arrangement of the facts of nature that we find in an arrangement of figures grouped together by the most intelligent mathematician.

There is in the realm of the soul a scientific knowledge which the world is now hungering and thirsting for; and while the words science and knowledge are almost though not altogether synonymous we may say that scientific knowledge is exact knowledge, knowledge to demonstration; and where we can obtain such knowledge, such self-evident truth, concerning which there can be no two opinions, on that platform we have no room for difference of opinion. We can only agree to agree; we cannot agree to differ for there is nothing to differ about.

On the plane of transcendent knowledge, then, whenever we reach it, we all become equally wise and learned concerning the things of the soul, and constitute one

happy family united in bonds of amity so perfect that nothing can ever disturb our peace; we can then declare ourselves to be not only seekers after truth but discoverers of truth. We have said that in our opinion in the present stage of the world there can be no better name taken by honest men and women, who are earnestly pursuing truth, than "truth-seekers"; but a higher idea is expressed in the title "Truth-finders." Every truth-seeker, who goes on his way determined to discover all the truth he can find, will some day become a truth-finder; so in a society all genuine truth-seekers, who set out honestly in the direction of truth, would find themselves in reality—if not in name—very soon changed into truth-finders. There is no attitude of earnest inquiry into the facts of the universe that will leave people forever upon the tempestuous billows of speculation, buffeted hither and thither by waves of doubt, always learning but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth.

While there is infinite truth in the statement that we are always learning and our endeavors are always onward, that no toil is fruitless, and those who seek find, and those who ask receive, yet, as the truth is infinite and our powers of discovery are finite, we never come to the knowledge of the whole truth; but we do come to the knowledge of some truth, and of more and more truth with every day we live, as we are always adding something to our store, but the truth in all its infinite fullness, in all its eternal vastness, ever stretches before us as an unsounded ocean which no plummet line of intellect can fathom. And here is where we wish you to discern plainly what we mean by the true distinction between the territory of knowledge and the territory of belief.

When we say we know, we have no longer any uncertainty upon the matter in question. We never talk about believing in the multiplication table, for instance. It is not a matter of belief; it is a matter of knowledge and demonstration. We could never address a sane audience and say to them, "Now, you must not be so very arbitrary and exacting and try to make everybody make twelve times twelve equal one hundred and forty-four; you must also agree to differ upon the fact that eleven and eleven make twenty-two." We know that no intelligent audience would contain a single member who ever doubted, or denied, or differed on such a point as that. When we have reached a point in our intellectual development where we have positive knowledge we never think of differing, we never talk of differing, for wherever there is real knowledge there is no room for dispute, nor cavil, nor question; whether people are our best friends or our bitterest enemies we never think of disagreeing with them on such points as those cited in the illustration of the multiplication table.

Now, it is possible to arrive through spiritual growth, in spiritual discovery, to a realm of certainty where we have at least a few definite and thoroughly well-defined spiritual axioms at our disposal. It is possible for man by the employment of his spiritual nature aided by his intellect (and often it may be assisted also by his senses) to rise to an eminence of understanding upon which we can say decisively, "Now we see clearly how the land lays, now we know we are spiritual beings and that we are immortal." As no one would question the fact that the human body has two hands, two feet, and two eyes in the front of the head, as these facts in human anatomy are universally acknowledged, and as the functions of the eye and of the ear and other organs are universally admitted, as we have made certain discoveries in what are termed anatomy and physiology and are agreed concerning certain facts universally, so we may through our spiritual studies become absolutely certain of many important truths through absolute discovery of such spiritual truths. But we maintain in the present disturbed and unsettled state of the world that nothing short of axiomatic certainty, mathematical demonstration, absolute proof, will satisfy the learned among the skeptical in this age; but when the present spiritual interregnum is at an end, when men have taken new positions with regard to spiritual truth, then they will call it as ridiculous to deny the existence of the spiritual world as they would now think it ridiculous to deny that eyes are intended for seeing and ears for hearing. The time is coming—yes, in the experience of some it

now is—when the light of positive spiritual knowledge will displace all gloom and destroy all uncertainty forever. But we must remember we are living in a very peculiar age, and that we are now as a civilized portion of humanity taking the consequences of the dark ages, which certainly did not end when they were supposed to end in Europe. The dark ages were certainly not over in America when witches were hanged at Salem nor when Jonathan Edwards preached concerning the eternal torments of the damned, and revived all the old horrors of the Tertullian philosophy. There can be no darker age than that age which declares that there is no other revelation from God than that which was given thousands of years ago, and which has so long been in the custody of schoolmen and so grossly misinterpreted by the ignorant and the bigoted, that its simple meaning has long since become lost to view. There can be no darker age than that age which sets up an infallible church and priesthood and declares that only through it the world can be saved. There can be no darker age than that age which says, "Unless you join with us in our shibboleth and believe as we do concerning doctrine you will never enter the kingdom of heaven." Poor timid children have been affrighted on the very threshold of their investigation into truth by the scarecrow of an angry God and an almost almighty devil and ever burning hell. When they would have taken a step forward into the light the hand of bigotry and superstition has forced them back again into the darkness and told them that if they attempted to emerge from the gloom they would be precipitated into the bottomless pit of perdition to groan and agonize there forever.

As there are many men and women who from their earliest days have heard the Bible interpreted only as the priest or minister chose to interpret it, the rights of private judgment, of free inquiry and investigation so urgently demanded by the great reformers of the sixteenth century, was practically denied them; the result of such teaching century after century in the Lutheran, Calvinistic and all other orthodox churches is that the Scriptures have become almost a dead letter. We are today living among people who have never been taught to go to the spiritual world direct for truth or spiritual information; many have never been taught the equality of all souls before God and the unintermittent flow of divine revelation.

The consequence of ancient error naturally was that when modern Spiritualism made its appearance, the manifestations must either be (in the estimation of those who were religiously educated,) works of God, directly and especially, an infallible revelation from Heaven, or else the works of his Satanic Majesty and his henchmen. There was nothing in their minds between an absolutely divine revelation and the absolute imposition of a Satanic delusion to deceive mankind. So we find that spiritual manifestations have been characterized by many writers as either works of God, or works of the devil performed so as to allure souls cunningly to perdition. In the former case everything that was supposed to come direct from the spirit world was accepted as though it were the direct word of God, the voice of an infallible oracle speaking from the heavens, therefore in the earliest days of modern Spiritualism, true, patient and earnest investigation was impossible to the majority. You may mention of course certain scientific men and women who are bold, brave, mentally free than the rest, who did investigate painstakingly, earnestly and without prejudice, but the majority of people in the churches if they received spiritual communications at all and were convinced that they were true, immediately set to work to follow everything the spirits said them; they converted the spirits immediately into gods; they were thereby guilty of a monstrous form of idolatry, and instead of taking the spirits for what they said they were—disembodied men and women—they placed them in the very throne of the Most High, so if the spirits told them to do anything, they would do it no matter how ridiculous it might be. If told to do a similar thing by a spirit yet in the material body, they would have been the billy of a bimodality; but just because a spirit had quitted its material form, his advice became at once infallible, whatever he commanded must be obeyed. The result naturally was that a large number of people went on a wild goose chase after

phenomena all over the country; they were led higher and higher by all kinds of communications, more or less genuine, more or less trustworthy; they were made tools of by the very revelation that was destined to enlighten the world, because they did not understand its purpose but vainly imagined that a spiritual revelation was intended to guide man infallibly if he would only listen to a spirit's voice and be guided by another mind than his own; blindly supposing that to believe in spiritual revelation meant a belief that whatever came from the spirit world was infallibly correct.

The truth lies in quite an opposite direction; the spiritual communications which must ever come to enlighten, bless, warn, instruct, and amuse mankind, must come from that state which is but the continuation of the state in which mankind now is, and must prove how the life beyond the tomb is only a lengthening out of the life we are now living; every individual mind that has crossed the Radium of death in returning to earth gives evidence of that measure of development only which naturally follows upon taking one or more forward steps into another but adjacent country.

Let men and women wisely discharge their minds once and forever that there can be no infallible revelation while there are no persons on earth prepared to receive it; let them discharge their minds forever of the idea that God intends to send them angelic and spiritual instructors to teach them everything, without their taking the trouble to learn anything for themselves; let them discharge their minds forever of the false idea that what comes from the spirit world is infallible or correct just because it comes from the spirit world; when we have an intelligent idea of what communion with spirits really means and what Spiritualism is here for we shall avoid the many mistakes of the past. Spirits are not all mighty angels; and they are certainly not all ancient spiritive devils working to lead men to perdition; they do not all belong to the glorious orders of the oriental world who have outgrown all imperfections and are perfectly one with God in thought and feeling, but are members of the large population of this world and its enlarged surrounding spheres, they are men and women living with those who have been mislabeled dead—they are our comrades, friends, relations, our companions and instructors, yes, and servants too in many instances whom many think have dropped into nothingness when they have seen their material bodies fall into decay; but they have gone on with us which unseen and unrecognized, mingling their thoughts with ours, entering into subtle fellowship with us in all our undertakings, doing as we see, helping us to do as they see, still mingling with us in all our activities, surrounding us as an intangible cloud of witnesses and retaining the very relations with us we imagine death had severed. When this simple truth is once for all understood that we are spirits and so are they; that they are spirits and so are we; that some of us have our material coats on, and others have not, and that the wearing of the material garments is the laying down all while one is in and of itself neither one nor the other the dignity of the spirit, then we are ourselves as we are, and know that we are not living in a world which may contain twice as fit as ten hundred millions of inhabitants, but which is really as populous by billions, millions and quadrillions of human spirits; we shall by this means to enlarge our idea of the world around us that it will include all the states that can be navigated by mind; we shall then realize our relation with the universe as being the individual relation of humanity which death is supposed, by false belief, to destroy at least until the resurrection. When this truth once comes completely home to the world, we shall see and understand that no intelligent Spiritualist is a person who is glad to hear from every spirit, glad to receive every kind of information he can possibly receive from the spiritual side of life, and so you are glad to have tidings from Java and from Nova Zembla, from the snows of Lapland and from the spirit lands of the Pacific. Acknowledging—glad to know of what is going on in all parts of the earth, and so you have no doubt your direct portion of spiritual communications with certain of the spirits whom, as your civilization depends upon, all of you your line communication with all parts of the earth and your knowledge of what is

[Continued on Page 21.]

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Some Materialization Incidents.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

It is late Sunday evening, I have just returned from a materialization seance, and though it is late I do not feel at all sleepy, so I will write a little. I do not suppose the old Hebrew lawgiver influenced me while I was there, though I felt as the Bible says he did. I wanted to put off my shoes from off my feet, as if the place was holy ground; the reader will remember Moses and the burning bush. It was a remarkably good harmonious gathering of about twenty-five persons; this was, I forgot to say, at Mrs. Ross'. My friend Manning was among them; there is something about him that must be magnetic, for wherever he goes he gets more than his share of the forms. One might suppose him a favorite with the angels, but I think it must be an atmosphere of the "raw material" that he carries that the spirit workers draw from. I would not say this if it had occurred but once, but I have noticed it at the Berry's, at Mrs. Fairchild's, and at other places, and now it was the same at this seance of Mrs. Ross. He was a stranger to her, but as usual he was not to the forms for many were for him. There was also Mr. Brewer and a friend also from Maine, whom I have met at seances several times, who are thus abundantly favored by the spirits. There was also my Gallic friend who is another with whom the forms are not bashful. I forget his name and call him Gallic, because one of his bright forms is a frequent Apparition, and talks to him audibly in French. Then sitting next to me was Professor Caswell, the mesmerist, who also is a gatherer of the angelic forces. All this is secondary and introductory, and I only mention these collateral points in the make up of the circle to account for its quality, and to give my opinion that the constitution of a circle has a great deal to do with the success of it, and a packed one for the purpose does not always fill the bill. The elements of value, are not yet objectively comprehended. Yet the one that has inspired this article a sensitive person would have felt that he was in good spiritual company, and that is my reason for beginning with the Mosiac expression of "holy ground."

I will mention before going any farther, that Mrs. Ross has just located herself here, taken a house for two years and is going to give five or six seances a week, though the Hub is pretty well supplied with mediums for the phase, she is drawing well, her seances always full and often quite crowded, and are likely to be, as she is very popular; so I am not giving this notice three or four thousand miles off for the sake of advertising her, but because there is a feature in her method, or conditions, that will interest Spiritualists everywhere, and that feature is simplicity, so that persons whether skeptics or believers, need not merely hope, but be absolutely sure that they are not being cheated by confederates, or personation. She has no side-room for her cabinet, nor any cabinet at all; she has a simple tasty curtain arranged in one corner of her front parlor, which is her seance room; and the corner is demonstrably intact; every one has opportunity of being not only satisfied of that, but to remain so all the time, for the back parlor is open for inspection, and the contiguous corner of that room is proved uncommunicative with the curtained corner in the other room. When the seance is ready to commence the sliding doors between the two rooms are closed; particular pains have been taken so that the curtain in the corner when it is down, will not extend to the closed doors, so that he six inches of white moulding is always visible, insuring all present that there can be no surreptitious entering of any one from the other room, by supposing the door to be slyly opened; every eye is on guard, and when the medium goes into that very small triangular space, every body present is absolutely certain that the only mortal occupant is that medium.

It has been my privilege, as the spiritual readers generally know, that I have had during the past year many test conditions, by two at least of the materializing mediums of this city, which has settled the fact of materialization; others also have had the same privilege, and many are satisfied with our testimony, and most of the people who have attended the seances the past year, are satisfied that the phase is a fact; but the feature in connection with Mrs. Ross, and which is worthy of particular notice, and for two reasons is, *first*, all instead of a few, or a committee, have ocular demonstration that they are not being cheated, as I have said, by medium or confederates, and *second*, a manifest disposition on her part, to meet the wishes of careful investigators, by doing away with all suspicious superfluities, and respecting all proper suggestions from her patrons, which has been rather unusual with the mediumistic class, who are apt to manifest a sensitiveness which many have thought very naturally, was an affectation, or another name for deficiencies. I have never been in the habit of blaming skeptics for their suspicions, as there have been frequent frauds, even if not as many as has sometimes been supposed, and I think seekers after this truth have rights that both mediums and spirits are bound to respect. The object of this article will be attained by what I have thus far written, which was to notice the fact that investigators can be fully satisfied of the fact that materializations are spirit manifestations by the very

simple method practiced by Mrs. Ross, and all who have been at her seances since her late commencement in this city, which was early this month (Nov.) will so testify.

An account of the forms and the circumstances of this circle would be interesting, but descriptions are getting to be rather monotonous reading, so I will not attempt it; I will say, however, that out of that cabinet, which every one present had absolute proof of its being empty of mortals, except the medium, came the forms of males, females, children and babies; sometimes four at a time, quite often two, and the children and babies to my positive, ocular and tangible knowledge, were flesh and blood ones, and not rags, or dummies. The Mr. Manning of whom I have spoken had four apparitions come to him at once; he called me up to the cabinet to have a near view; he introduced me to his spirit brother, a fine looking vigorous young man, and to his sister who had died only a few weeks previous, who said to him, "you knew you would see me again soon," and Mr. Manning said he had made that remark at her funeral. What struck me more than anything else was how the little three corner sanctum could contain them. I do not know as it did, but I do know the four came out and went back and they certainly seemed to occupy more room than there was in there, with the medium who was sitting there in a chair and she was not one of the four that appeared at the time for we talked with her in her trance, and there had proof of their being five adults. I should say the space was four and a half feet by about three with an hypotenuse of five feet, that would give the standing room inside as six and three-fourths square feet.

I have always thought as a general thing these materialized forms were not so much successes as objective recognitions as they were physical expressions, and that the proof of personality lay, when there was any, in the brief tests they now and then gave rather than their special appearances. I have, however, and do consider identification a secondary matter, the main point being whether they are spirit manifestations, for that is what settles the point, "if a man die shall he live again?" and that is ten times the consequence, as whether they are Nancy, or George. I have, however, had occasional tests from these forms that point to identification, and I am, with the experience with others, inclined to be respectful to these "strange visitors" and give them the benefit of any doubt.

I must say at Mrs. Ross' seances my son who passed away a year ago has put in his material appearance quite unmistakably. I feel that it is he and he looks as he did. I enjoy his warm embraces feeling that I am in his soul presence. I do not think any of these materialized forms are as good mentally as they are physically, at least that is the way they strike me. It is possible the spirit in these temporary incarnations may not have the command of them as they would in the tenement they were born in and identified with during all their mortal lives. The matter, however, can hardly be discussed to advantage without taking more space than I feel like asking for. I ought to stop here now to be consistent, but I had the other day a very good test which interested many people and I am so sure it will interest the readers of the GOLDEN GATE, that I will relate it. He appeared at the curtain, and wife and I went up to him; he expressed the usual warm pleasure in meeting us and after a few general expressions, he retired (I suppose for a little strength). We waited and he came out again and said to his mother at my side, "Father has got on all my clothes, hasn't he?" His mother said "How did you know that?" All he said in reply was, "Of course I knew it." This is rather a small matter and it seems as if a spirit intelligent enough to know and say that could extend his conversation, but they do not seem to be able to. I will add, my son was just my size and form and very naturally his wardrobe became mine; but neither the medium, nor any other person present knew that fact, nor was I thinking of it, but I was, on the occasion, wearing his coat, vest and pantaloons and had the two wallets he always carried in my pockets, and I was also wearing his shirt. I was hardly aware of the extent that I was then wearing his garments until his remark called my attention to it. It seems to me, it was far more likely that it was evidence of my son's knowledge of the fact than any reading of one's mind, and certainly there was no other way to account for it, and out of the two one is in duty bound to choose the most reasonable one and that certainly is, that my son knew his own clothes.

WENDELL Phillips was in the habit of occasionally calling in at Woodbury's Cafe, Hotel Boylston, and ordering simply a cup of coffee. Mr. Woodbury says that his card price for a cup of coffee was five cents, but Mr. Phillips, knowing the fact, always persisted in paying ten cents for his cup, declaring "that he thought a cup of good coffee was always worth as much as a glass of poor rum."—*Journal*.

THE unique idea of a Concord philosopher: "No mere collectivity can be a self. No aggregate, unless pervaded in every part by a continuous whole, can possibly attain any independent self-hood. A self is one which is separately alive. In this form it may exist without knowing it exists. The self can know itself only by discriminating itself from itself through self-related distinctions in itself."—*Ex.*

A Bootblack in Heaven.

[Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit "Flyaway," who passed into spirit-life without any knowledge as to her parentage; she was one of the first to communicate at our meetings, always bringing sunshine, and has ever been a welcome guest.—H. H. KENYON.]

The idea of a bootblack going to heaven or any place where sunshine and happiness enters is quite likely a new thought to many persons in earth-life. Did you ever think it possible for a jolly little bootblack to have a soul or any human feeling back of his dirty face and ragged clothing? Did you ever become sufficiently interested in them to learn the fact that many of them are working manfully to support not only themselves but also a poor worn-out mother or sick sister? How difficult it would be to find any one who can tell you much about the true inwardness of their life—not from there being so few bootblacks, nor from a scarcity of people to investigate this matter, but from the fact that no one cares, for it is only a bootblack, and act as though they were better out of the world than in.

There certainly comes to the minds of every Christian these words, "As ye do unto the least of these ye do unto me." How are you to answer for not doing for the bootblack when the opportunity is thrown in your way?

Christmas comes but once a year; always meet it with good cheer." Does that mean to take all you can and keep all you get? Can you look back at any Christmas and say, "I have done all the good I could?" If you can, God and angels will bless you by giving sunlight to meet the coming years.

Who is it that looks up the little motherless boy of the street and attempts to direct him aright? Yes, echo answers who; therefore he is forced to look out for himself, and "shine 'em up for five cents" is one way open to him. How many say upon meeting Christmas greetings that "I will give unto the needy"; how many step outside their own warm, well-lighted room to place a pair of warm mittens or stocking on the freezing hands and feet of the faithful bootblack in your streets.

Do you know whether they have any Christmas? Can you tell whether any one of them ever heard the story of the glad tidings that Christmas should bring to all souls in earth-life.

I have stood with a crowd of bootblacks on a Christmas day as they were trying to keep warm by leaning closely together in the sunlight; and I have also been one of them as we clustered over the grating in the walk above a bakeshop window, and with them enjoyed the different aromas that came up to tempt and remind us of the good dinner that some one would eat on that Christmas day.

Again, I was one among them as we leaned up against the wall trying to get warm, or a "shine 'em up for five cents," from the many passers-by who were in great haste apparently to eat a dinner just around the corner, that was spread by a church, and the proceeds of which was to be given to the poor; we watched that supper and concluded that the only chance that the poor would have would be to get some themselves, and so one of the boldest among us watched his opportunity and slid into the storeroom, "and a basket followed him out," and when investigated in an alley near by it was found to contain one sandwich for each of us, and to this day most of those bootblacks think it was a godsend. If not, how did these happen to be just one for each?

Now, was this act wrong in the sight of God and the angel hosts of heaven? Who will answer? Why is it that "God's own people" do not open their hearts and doors and see that the honestly poor among them have one warm meal during the year—why not surprise the bootblack with a good Christmas dinner? I mention a Christmas dinner because that event only comes once every year and much good could be done by this one act of charity—more than many ever think of, for it is Christmas and the angels would be made happy as well as the poor boys. It is not my intention to teach the godliness of charity, for surely all must know the good that comes from giving to the needy.

I want to give you something about the condition of the poor "worthless bootblack" when he is done with "shining 'em up" in earth-life; I want to tell you how they are received here where their character is known—where all allowance is made for the influences that surrounded them during their struggle in earth-life. They are received and cared for tenderly, advised and directed rightly. Some for a time want to "shine 'em up," but soon find something to do in helping others. I have always noticed that the very worst bootblack has a heart often larger than many who pass as "Godly men and women." They are restless for a long time, but finally make up their mind to "do better," and like unto olden times with them set about it with the same will-power that they did to do the bad, and there are always many on this side to help them along.

When you come to this side you would feel rather queer to meet some little fellow who would say to you, "I am the little bootblack you told to 'clear out' one Christmas morn. Yes, he will meet you and make you a present of a beautiful cluster of flowers to repay for your neglected kindness. Remember that as 'ye do unto the least of them ye do unto me'

has ever been good advice to all in the journey of earth-life, and that loving kindness injures none.

A Plea for Drinking Fountains.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As that burly, broad-shouldered mechanic, coming home from his work the other evening, dinner pail in hand, slaked his thirst with the refreshing beverage from Lotta's Fountain, exclaimed, "Another nickle saved," a thought or two flitted through my brain which I would like to commit to the columns of the GOLDEN GATE, if found worthy. I deeply regret that in a large and growing city like ours, with a population of two hundred and sixty thousand souls and over, that the above sanitary agencies (water fountains) should be like milestones, never together, or, in other words, very far apart. The water fountain does not coerce or force men to drink by saying, "this is water, you must drink." No, but it is a moral agent and says, "here is water, pure and fresh, it is for you, come drink and drink freely without money and without price." Venture to drink from any other supplies and there is a penalty which the law does not fail to exact. The scarcity of these temperance landmarks drives thousands of men and boys to the corner grocery, or the saloon in the middle of the block, with their last nickle, to gulp down the villainous lager which is so "doctored" that it increases rather than allays thirst. In our populous thoroughfares these life-giving fountains would doubtless decrease our over four thousand saloons, from the silver stopped decanter of the Palace to the greasy and disgusting bottle of the water front. Let there be more Doctor Cogswell's and Lotta's in our midst to raise up those good silent Samaritans in the cause of our common humanity—dispensing with most of our police, judges, prison pens, poverty and destitution, and let it go forth, that San Francisco is one of the most temperate and cleanly cities of the Union.

ROBERT BARRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 29, 1886.

Liberty Laid in the Shade.

(New York Star.)

At Bamian, on the principal road between Cabul and Balkh, Afghanistan, there are said to be two mammoth statues, one of which measures one hundred and seventy-three feet. This statue is of Buddha, and stands in a niche which has been cut out so as to leave the figure formed of rock within the niche. If the measurement of the statue is correct, then Liberty Enlightening the World can no longer claim to be the largest statue in the world.

Liberty is only one hundred and fifty-one feet high, exclusive of her pedestal, and it is now only a question as to whether the height of the Bamian statue has been correctly given. The measurement of the statue was made by Captain the Honorable M. G. Talbot, R. E., a member of the British Boundary Commission, who is said to have used a theodolite, and thereby insured the accuracy of his calculations.

The existence of the great statues of Bamian has been long known to Indian archaeologists, but correct drawings of them, or reliable measurements, have never been brought home till now.

Bamian is on the road between Cabul and Balkh, where it crosses the Paropamisus range. The situation is high, being somewhere about 8,500 feet above the sea. The rock is conglomerate, or pudding stone, of which there is a high cliff in the valley. In this, at an early period, probably during the first centuries of the Christian era, Buddhist monks excavated caves. These are in large numbers at Bamian—"extending for miles"—but there are numerous groups of caves beside, extending northward along the road as far as Haibak.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.—Of the many touching tributes paid to flowers, there is one associated with the closing hours of Henry Heine, the poet, which appears to be very beautiful. He was dying in Paris. The doctor was paying his usual visit, when Heine pressed his hand and said: "Doctor, you are my friend; I ask a favor. Tell me the truth—the end is approaching, is it not?"

The doctor was silent. "Thank you," said Heine, calmly. "Have you any request to make?" asked the doctor, moved to tears.

"Yes," replied the poet; "my wife sleeps—do not disturb her. Take from the table the fragrant flowers she brought this morning; I love flowers so dearly. Thanks—place them upon my breast." He paused as he inhaled their perfume. He closed his eyes, and murmured,—"Flowers, flowers, how beautiful is Nature!" These were his last words as his life slowly ebbed away.

WIFE:—"Why, aren't you going to wear your dress suit, my dear?" HUSBAND:—"Not much. The last time I wore my dress suit at a party, a young woman ordered me to bring her a cup of coffee, and be quick about it."

"A MAN said to me the other night," remarked a well-known clergyman, "I would not have missed your sermon for ten dollars," and yet when the plate was passed round that man put in a penny!"

Spirit Telegraphy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday evening Dr. Taylor, speaking under spirit control at Masonic Temple before the First Society of Spiritualists of this city, prophesied that the day was not far distant when the electric telegraphy would be superceded by spirit telegraphy. This, I believe, is not altogether a new prophecy, and has been foretold and hinted at many times. The Doctor's effort (being the first public one given by him under spirit control in this city) was very fine, the question being propounded after the meeting commenced, and showed forth a master spirit. I prophesy that we shall hear more from the spirit world through the same source.

But speaking of spirit telegraphy reminds me of an actual occurrence through the girl medium Angie over fifteen years ago. We were then told that the time would come when mediums would be developed for this especial purpose, and that the medium Angie was then possessed of that power, and was susceptible of demonstration. That is, that spirits attending her could go into distant portions of the country and give as correct information both in regard to persons, things and events, and that it was only necessary to have a medium like gifted at the other end of the line (figuratively speaking) in order to establish a reliable inter-communication.

To demonstrate and illustrate this, several instances occurred. There was then living in Salem a lady whose husband resided in Boise City, Idaho Territory. She had received, inadvertently, information that her husband had sickened and died, and was much worried about it, and came to our house to see if the spirits controlling the girl could tell her anything about it. The medium's hand was influenced to write, when a spirit purporting to be her cousin, informed us that he would go immediately to the place where her husband resided, find out the facts, and report to us directly. After a few minutes the spirit again controlled her hand, and wrote, "I have been there. Your husband is not dead but has been very sick, and it was thought he could not live, but he is now out of danger. I will go up there to-morrow and spend some time with him, and if you will come here to-morrow evening I will tell you all about him." Agreeable to the promise the lady came, when the spirit wrote, giving an account of his visit, relating in detail all the circumstances, how he, the man, had been affected, how he was then, and what the man proposed doing. About one week from this event, the lady came to our house with a letter written by her husband almost verbatim with the message written by the spirit; and this was only one of many such events which occurred through this medium's gifts.

We, several times, persuaded the spirits to go to some person's house living in another part of the town, and inform us what was taking place there, and we always found that the spirit was correct and truthful, hence, you will perceive, that this bordered close on to spirit telegraphy, and I have no question but that this will be brought about not many years hence, for who can grasp or circumscribe the powers of the human soul?

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 22, 1886.

Letter From a Spirit Child.

[The following charming child-letter is from the little daughter of the medium, Mrs. Squire, of St. Paul, Minn., through whom Father Kenyon and other grand spirits have communicated for the GOLDEN GATE.]

DEAR MR. OWEN—GOLDEN GATE:—

You do not know me, do you? We all know you, though—I am Little Edna; I lived with my mamma and papa four years; then I had an awful cold and came here to get well—I have been here two years; so I am six years old, and have got a *spirit* now, but I don't have any more cough, nor anything bad now.

My papa was sick so long; he had to come here to get well, and now he has got a *spirit* too, and don't cough any more, and is so glad to see me—I was the first one he saw, and he opened his eyes wide like he was scared a little; then said I was his dear little pet and hugged me like everything; then I was awful happy, for I waited a long time for my papa, and thought he never would come.

Some time you will get sick working so hard, and have to come here to get well; but you won't be afraid, for you will have a *spirit* too, and know how much everybody loves you—we all love you over here—I wanted to come and tell all the little girls and little boys about this nice place we live in—everything is nice here, and we don't get sick any; I have lots of playthings, and I have a real live pony horse; he goes almost every place with me, and he loves me ever so much; just as much as he can. You are going to have a nice Christmas time, ain't you? We have a nice time here, and give everybody lots of real pretty things, too.

Mamma Adelaide is with me—this is my other mamma—and she said we would carry over so many pretty flowers to you on Christmas day, and she hoped you would smell them if you don't see them. You love little girls and pretty flowers, don't you? I thought you would be glad to have me come and tell you everything—perhaps I will come again sometime.

Good-bye, now.

LITTLE EDNA SQUIRE.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov., 1886.

(Continued from First Page.)

going on everywhere, so will spiritual communication inform you (and all should be glad to be informed) of what is going on in the spiritual realm. The more we know of the law of sequence, of cause and effect, of the consequences in the hereafter of the life that is now being lived on earth, the more we know of the fruit of the trees planted below both of the dead-sea-fruit and of the delicacies fit for angelic palates, the more we know of the weeds, noxious and pestilential, and of the flowers fragrant, delightful and lovely, which blossom from the seeds of thought, action and word, which we are planting here on earth, so much the better for all of us. Never try to shade your eyes from the unpalatable side of life; never try to imitate the poor, silly ostrich that buries its head in the sand and then imagines that its pursuers cannot overtake it because it does not see them. Never so far pervert metaphysical arguments as to say that if you take no notice of this, that or the other, everything will come right of itself. Make yourself acquainted with the law of being for the more you know on all subjects the more prepared you are to bring truth to bear upon evil so as to destroy it. The more you know of the bright and the dark side also, the more able reformers are you. Would slavery have ever been abolished if people had simply ignored it? No, they had to realize the principle of liberty and to enforce the principle; they had not only to believe in the truth, but they had to harmonize themselves with it and become active workers in the vineyard of reform.

So whenever we see a truth we must ourselves become actively operative as the servants of that truth and never be satisfied until we are instruments for blessing mankind as that truth enters into us and works through us now and evermore.

We maintain that the great truth Spiritualism has to reveal is this: that spirits differ just as widely as mortals; that there is just as much difference of opinion in the spirit world as on earth; that there is no more infallible and absolute certainty among spirits when their material forms are laid away than before. Then some one will say, "Are there no angelic guides and celestial? are there none who can surely lead us in the right path and whose counsel we may always safely follow? is it then all a dream, a delusion that we can be guided by the higher ones?"

No, there are those who are already competent to guide and to direct. There are those who know more than you ever attribute to them in your fervid fancy and most glowing imagination; but we must all understand that the power to communicate with and follow these celestial intelligences is a power that has to be evolved by spiritual culture within ourselves, a power developed through the unfolding of our own inner consciousness; it is gained through our response to a divine behest working in our own souls and inspiring us to consecrate ourselves to truth supremely.

The very first point, then, that every true and intelligent Spiritualist has to realize is, that these very contradictions, these very changes of opinion, these inharmonious elements, so-called, are but the stirring up of the waters after the angel has stepped into the pool of human thought. How many people there are who think every one ought to agree with everybody else. We have said that we must agree when we know anything; we cannot disagree about as to the location of this Temple in this city, or as to the time when the services commence, when you know it. When you know anything you agree, but when you have not reached a point where you know you are bound to disagree; and as no one can see with another's eyes or hear with another's ears, we should regard it as one of the healthiest and happiest signs of the times that we are all so dis-united and broken up; we are being stirred up in order that we may first become truly individualized, afterwards we may be consolidated into one great company—a company who are not only seeking for truth but have found it. In organization (which is one of the leading questions of the day) the great point which seems to be at issue is, for what should we organize and how? or should we organize at all? The great question before us all is, do we wish to bind the human mind in chains to our opinion? Do we wish to establish a new hierarchy? Do we wish to have spiritualistic popes and cardinals, bishops and priests? Do we desire a company of people to do our thinking for us, or are we determined to be free thinkers and free inquirers after truth?

We plainly say in the present state of the world's thought we do not think it at all desirable or conducive to harmonious action to try and get everybody into one hall in a very large city. We know well enough that we could not minister to the divers wants of an immense population; we could not fill the bill and do all that needs to be done in the way of spiritual propaganda in a city of this size. There are a large number of honorable and intelligent people who never think of coming to our ministrations, who would not be fed by them, but if they went elsewhere they would get the very food they required. Again there would be other people who would not be fed in other places but would be satisfied when they came into our hall. We could not get all the public to eat at one intellectual or spiritual table, neither could all be fed by one mode of presenting truth, neither can all be fed together, with all their varied necessities they cannot all be reached at one time. Thus we have found everywhere that har-

mony does not mean uniformity; harmony does not imply that people should rally and all unite quietly and reverently in one service. That may be uniformity but it is far more likely to lead to stagnation than to growth; instead of desiring spiritual monopoly we should deem it the greatest curse instead of the greatest blessing. If we are ever settled in any large city we only trust that there will be some other congregations besides ours, because we know how utterly impossible it is for one form of service and one particular phase of ministration to reach the wants of all mankind. This is just the point where the true spirit of harmony ought to come in. What we know we are all agreed upon. We should think that all people calling themselves Spiritualists would have a common platform on which to unite so far as essentials go; they could all declare that man is a spiritual being and that when the material body dies the real man continues to live; that all who have cast off the material form, can under favoring conditions communicate with those yet connected with a mortal frame. They could all unite on this further statement that the true way of preparing for happiness hereafter is to cultivate love to one's neighbor here on earth, and above all other works engage in unselfish devotion to the highest truth apprehended and labor industriously for the highest good of all.

Upon the spiritual fundamentals we believe that all Spiritualists can and should unite, and if the time ever comes for showing a united front to the world, then let them all stand on their great essentials and prove that the fundamentals are in all instances the same when they have all accepted the truth of Spiritual being far enough as to acknowledge man as a spiritual being, and spiritual communion as a fact.

Therefore there is no reason why, if people so desire it, there should not be in a general sense a national organization of Spiritualists. There is no reason why there should not be a wide and broad platform upon which all can stand. We think if anyone were to put this position plainly before the Spiritualists all over the world that they could see how they might profitably unite and harmonize on great general questions without interfering in the slightest degree with each other in practical departments of work on a somewhat smaller scale. Our own confession of faith, if we were called upon to draw it up for the multitude at large, would imply no more than this: that a Spiritualist is a person who believes that death has no power over life to destroy it, and that the individual human spirit can, under favorable conditions, communicate with those who are yet on earth. Now here is enough to unite upon; here is a recognition of the stupendous fact of immortality; here is an answer to the materialist, atheist, infidel, skeptic and agnostic; here is a sublime affirmative philosophy which fully answers the iconoclasm of the period by affirming, "Death does not destroy man." Here is a stand for all Spiritualists to take, and is not this stand broad enough, even if you have no more than this? Is not this enough to stand up for and to unite upon? Is it not enough to make you harmonious, when there are multitudes around you who know nothing of life beyond the grave, but believe that when the material form is laid away in the tomb that consciousness is extinguished? Is there not, we say, enough for you to unite upon when you aver human immortality and declare that man is immortal with proofs of your statement to sustain it, the phenomena of Spiritualism walking hand in hand with the philosophy?

And is there not still more in the further admission that when the spirit is separated from the material form it not only continues its life in the invisible world, but is not removed to a far distant heaven where it can take no further interest of the affairs of earth, but that all the sweet and loving ties of friendship and spiritual relationship which have bound men, women and children together here, continue to bind them, as there is no law in the universe which forbids; but on the contrary there is a law which ordains that those who are separated from the mortal may communicate and do communicate with those who are yet in the material form.

Now, we have stated quite enough for all Spiritualists to agree upon; quite enough to form a platform which we may all acknowledge, and, if persons do not know so much, well, then they are not Spiritualists, though they may be enquirers into Spiritualism. If they know that man lives after death, if they know that the dead and the living, so-called, can communicate, then they are Spiritualists. If they do not know it, they are not. All who would reasonably call themselves Spiritualists must know as much as that and be ready to affirm it. All other questions may be regarded as side issues, for the work of Spiritualism is to answer materialism before everything else; it is to silence doubt, to allay fear and to reveal life immortal. If Spiritualism does that it fulfills its mission; if Spiritualists do that then they have done the special work which they alone are called upon particularly to perform.

Now if we are to introduce the adjective "true" and say, What constitutes a true Spiritualist? The true Spiritualist is one who wishes to live a true life, who aspires to help on the great discovery of truth, and to apply truth in every possible way to the needs of humanity? Will not all true Spiritualists unite on this ground, that if we wish to enjoy the hereafter, the plain and straight road that leads

to happiness beyond the tomb, is not the road of creeds or ceremonials, but only the road of self-denial for the good of others.

Have your Spiritualism plainly defined. Man is spirit; man lives when the body has decayed; there is no yawning gulf in mind between loved ones on earth and those in the spiritual state. And then build on this your philanthropic platform that you know that the great truth of being is that all real happiness springs from the happiness we have conferred on others.

In these great and glorious fundamentals we have enough, and if all Spiritualists, forgetting their differences, would unite, whenever it is desirous for them to come together, upon so great and glorious a platform concerning the construction of which none need dissent, there would be far less quibble and cavil as to what Spiritualists believe and disbelieve. They would admit readily that upon all kinds of belief there must be difference of opinions. But to constitute one a true Spiritualist requires knowledge, and concerning the knowledge of spiritual things, so far as we have stated, there need be no difference of opinion, because there is no opinion about knowledge at all. You have no opinion about the multiplication table, you can have no difference of opinion where you have no opinions to differ about. Opinion relates to belief, but there is no opinion relating to knowledge; knowledge does not admit of an opinion; an axiomatic truth, a demonstrated fact is not an opinion, and it is so far above opinion that opinion does not touch it one way or the other. When we are in the realm of fact we are above all opinion and there we must unite. Let us then unite, not below the clouds, but above them. We cannot unite under the mists, but we can unite above the mists. We cannot unite upon what we do not believe; we cannot unite in a protest against the churches; we cannot unite in an iconoclastic endeavor to tear down other peoples' opinions and to destroy their institutions; we can only unite upon great, positive and demonstrable affirmations, and those great affirmations carry such weight with them, they have in them such infinite strength that they are the only missiles, which, when directed against the buttresses of error can compel those buttresses to fall and the captives to come forth into the light of truth.

We have one further thought, and that further thought touches an exceedingly interesting point. We will refer to a valuable letter which appeared in the GOLDEN GATE a short time ago from the pen of Mr. Ravlin. In reply to some one's criticism of his position in maintaining that he believed in Jesus Christ just as he ever did, some one who wondered how he could be a consistent Spiritualist and yet believe apparently in the utterances of the churches, he very wisely and truly replied that if infidels could take their infidelity into Spiritualism, Christians certainly could carry their Christianity into Spiritualism. Mr. Ravlin, however, did not let so terse an answer suffice, he went on to explain his position which he did nobly.

While we have no word to say against a non-believer, while among our most valued friends, among the most noble men and women we have ever met we can number people who believe in nothing beyond matter, who know of nothing beyond material life; while we admire them for their nobility, we cannot understand the liberality of those exceedingly progressive individuals who have progressed so far, not only out of orthodoxy but out of all belief in spiritual things, that they feel obliged to turn round and persecute others in the name of Liberty for daring to believe a little more than they believe, or possibly to have ascertained a little more than they know. The illiberality of so-called liberalism is one of the greatest curses of the age; the so-called liberality of what may be termed rabid reform is no liberality at all. You can go into many and many a hall where exceedingly radical people (as they are self-termed) are gathered together, and soon discover they do not understand the meaning of the word radical. They say they are radicals. Where did the word come from? From the Latin radix, which signifies a root; therefore a radical is a person who goes to the root of a matter, and they go to the root of nothing; therefore they cannot be radicals for they always are skimming the surface of things and dealing only with externals, pulling down externals without knowing what they signify not going to the root of anything. A true radical who goes to the very root of a matter shows you from whence all the customs and opinions of the world sprang, and then if he tells you he no longer needs them, he gives you to understand that they have grown up in a day in which they were required, and if now they are laid aside it is because they have done their work and can be decently buried.

If you listen to what is termed a very radical discourse, what do you hear? You hear an onslaught on other peoples' opinions, a tirade of abuse leveled at ancient institutions; you very soon hear a great deal of illiberality of the churches, a great deal about narrow-mindedness, the bigotry and prejudice of those who still belong to institutions that these radicals say are happily fast becoming effete. Persecution seems all very beautiful in their eyes when the radical becomes the persecutor, even though it was such a heinous offense when somebody else struck a blow. The radical turns round and tells you to your face that you are an old, superstitious

fool, if you believe any more than he does; he does everything he can to hold you up to ridicule, and in his boasted liberality acts as though he knew everything in heaven above and earth beneath. Such is the catch penny stuff, such the modern clap trap that actuates a great many people who are very liberal in their own estimation, to all like Calvin of old: it was very wrong in his eyes for the church of Rome to persecute him, but it was perfectly right for Calvin to persecute and order the execution of Servetus.

The dogma to-day among the so-called ultra liberal, is, that you must believe no more than they believe; they constitute themselves the standard bearers of the new orthodoxy; but as their orthodoxy consists in pulling down instead of building up, and as invective and abuse are the weapons of their defence in many, many instances, we maintain that the new orthodoxy, if anything, is a little more repulsive than the old. We would almost rather be told what we must believe than be told all the time what not to believe. Is there much more liberality in the statement, "If you believe you are a fool," than, "If you believe not you will be damned?" In one case it is believe or be damned, but in the other it is believe not or be ostracized. If we are to occupy truly liberal ground we must understand that every intelligent person has a mind of his own, and on all such subjects as Christianity, the existence and divinity of Christ, the value and authority of the Bible, the various embodiments of the human spirit, theosophy, mental healing, and everything else, demonstration, and nothing but demonstration, can settle a question. Persons knowing nothing about such subjects should display reticence on these subjects, but at the same time may intelligently put forward their opinion (whatever it be) as an opinion, but not endeavor to narrow people down under the name of Spiritualists to a negative platform that spends all its time in telling you what Spiritualism is not, and therefore never has any time to tell what it is. Be very careful of this negative tyranny: be very chary of this false liberalism.

When we know anything let us have the courage of our convictions, where we can support and sustain an affirmative philosophy, where we can lay hold upon a fact and can say to those who are thirsty "Come to the waters and drink, for these streams have assuaged our thirst;" where we have found spiritual bread we can say "Eat of the bread of life for we have found living bread and it has satisfied our hunger;" wherever in the heavens above or in the earth beneath we have found a ray of truth and that truth has become to us supremely precious, there let us invite others to the board. Let us remember that any one can deny, but that to know that something is not what it has been supposed to be is by no means to prove that it is what you think it is.

The work of centuries can be destroyed in an hour, in five minutes, by a battering ram. The most valuable papers which a man of letters has been accumulating for fifty years can be destroyed in a few minutes by his little pet spaniel; but can the spaniel replace the papers or give you anything better in their place? A child can take a statue and dash it to the ground, breaking it into a thousand fragments, and that statue may be the work of a Phydias; the same child may take a picture painted by Raphael from the wall and throw it into the flames; but can he paint another picture and replace the statue he has destroyed?

We say, don't give up one inch of the ground upon which you stand until you have a new terra firma beneath your feet. Do not give up any of the old wine until you have tasted that the new is better; but when you find a new wine that is better, when new light dawns upon you and you fall into the embrace of a divinity that welcomes you to a higher life, then cling only to the rock of truth, and let all signs of mere belief slide from under the feet of all humanity replaced by the solid foundation of ascertained fact.

We believe in progress, we believe in reform, we believe in radicalism; but mere iconoclasm that tears down, and says this, that and the other thing is nothing, will very soon lead to speculative negation, and give you protoplasm instead of God, telling you with one breath that an effect can not be greater than its cause, and with the next that the cause was protoplasm and the effect is an immortal spirit. Impossible! The witnesses disagree on their fundamentals.

We can all take our stand as true Spiritualists on demonstrated facts, for Spiritualism demonstrates communion with the world of souls, and proves to you that you are immortal, that death does not rob you of individuality or affection. Spiritualism itself does not support atheism or infidelity; only atheists and infidels do, who were such before they became Spiritualists, and have not yet learned enough of Spiritualism to cause them to outgrow their atheism or infidelity.

Spiritualism does not teach the orthodox doctrines of the Christian churches; but only those who were orthodox before they beheld its light and have not yet had time to fully outgrow their previous opinions continue to hold them. Therefore we have on one side our materialistic friends who are coming in towards the center as it were from the East; and we have also our orthodox friends who are coming into the center from the West. Many shall come from the East and from the West, many shall come from the North and the South, from the very pole of or-

thodoxy and from the opposite pole of atheism; but ever consult in your pursuit of spiritual truth your own individual moral sense, your own individual reason and experience, nothing but truth must be your guide. I know is the foundation of unity; credo, I believe, is the platform of diversity; diversity is unity; unity but not uniformity is the only true means of advancing truth and helping forward the car of progress.

From the Veterans' Home.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

You would be pleased and gratified to witness the assembling of a few earnest souls in the room of a comrade, to have read to them the lessons of wisdom and love that are penned in letters of living light in the columns of the GOLDEN GATE; and to the susceptible ones the teachings are a source of great joy and illumination. We find that the cardinal teaching is the new command, "Love ye one another," in which is embraced all the law and the prophets. I regret that that principle in the churches is "more honored in the breach than in its observance." As one who has been disenthralled from the yoke of the church of Rome, I speak feelingly upon the subject. When the curse, anathama maranatha, is hurled at her schismatic children, the spirit of the meek and lowly one of Nazareth has no abiding place in her councils. Please find enclosed a communication from my own dear mother who has been in the spirit world for the past fifty-five years, and who is one of my guides. Yours fraternally, in spirit and truth,

J. S. C.
YOUNTVILLE, Cal., Nov. 27, 1886.

A LESSON OF LOVE.

Dear Child: I want you to write on the subject of "Love and Good Will" to all without exception. Know that love alone will unfold all the blessings that you seek in your present life, and know love is ever present in the spirit realm in all its revelations to our undeveloped brethren. I want love to be your ruling principle throughout your remaining years in the mundane sphere, and ever remain faithful to the light and wisdom of the knowledge that you have received, through the higher intelligences, intelligences of the spirit world, and ever strive to unfold the pure and just of all that has been unfolded to your mental nature. And now, my child, I will say, love for all that is good is not sufficient for us, as we are ever inclined to that state in the order of natural laws; and yet the law of love to our undeveloped brothers who are crosses to us is the duty of the being who is desirous of taking up his cross in a worldly sense by subduing selfish desires in our mental state, as we all can love what is pure and lovely in our midst without gaining merit thereby, and yet the misshapen and dwarfed of humanity, mentally and physically, are continually before us, and we avoid or turn aside from their gaze or atmosphere. We are not developing to a higher unfoldment of the laws of love and good-will to man, as our effort is imbued with a love of ease and equanimity of our state, and love is not with us without we are continually reaching out to aid and elevate our fellow-man to our plane; and know, my child, that love is long suffering and is not solicitous, never seeking its own in a physical sense, and yet ever striving to aid without any show of pomp or pride in its manifestations, and we ever dwell with loving desires on the pure and disinterested efforts of man to aid and unfold his loving companions, ever regarding them as brothers, to be partakers of the great spiritual vineyard of a kind and loving Father.

Whilst we dwell with rapture on the higher unfoldment of mankind, we are ever responsive to their wants in all that tends to exalt them to higher spiritual beings, to admonish and reprove others through their example to lead a purer and a more noble life.

And now, my son, develop knowledge through love, which is ever the keystone of all knowledge, as it ever unfolds all that is wise through loving efforts of all states. The spirit of love is forever dwelling in the midst of just and wholesome desires to unlock the fountains of truth to the pure and clean of heart, who are ever desirous of becoming instrumental in unfolding the heavenly gifts that are ever developed through love alone; and ever remember, my son, love alone is ever responsive to all states of development in the spirit world, to grow higher and higher in all the spheres to that inconceivable sphere where dwells the light and love of the great and Infinite Spirit in inconceivable splendor to the child of earth; and yet, my child, love is ever to develop without ending, in any sphere that the spirit is capable of conceiving an eternal circle, boundless and fathomless throughout all eternity. Love, ever love in all states, no efforts of spirit is capable of describing the eternity and duration of love, as it is a boundless and endless chain, without beginning or ending, as it is centered in the great and Infinite Spirit of the universe. We desire to say, love is the Alpha and Omega of the human spirit.

Ever respond to the loving efforts of your guides in all that is for your future development in spirituality, and ever dwell with commiseration upon the efforts of the unfortunate ones, who are with you in your earthly home and love the unfortunate beings who are not developed in the truth of the law of human kindness.

From your mother,

ELIZABETH C.—

SEPTEMBER 26, 1886.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1886.

THE MANLY (?) ART.

That is what they call it, when two low-browed, thick-jawed bruisers, with muscles hardened by practice, and souls sodden with sin, meet to hammer each other's faces out of all semblance of humanity. As though it were manly to imitate the brute in those attributes of ferocity in which only brutes lowest in the scale of worth or intelligence excel.

Who are the ones that most patronize the prize ring, and that read the accounts of the fierce and bloody encounters of the various "champions" with the greatest avidity? Are they the humanitarians, the teachers, the moral, industrious and temperate classes of society? Not so, but rather are they not those who live upon the weaknesses and vices of their fellows? Do they not come from the saloons, the dives, the dens of vice, the "Barbary Coasts" of the great cities?

The daily press, that hastens to publish all the disgusting particulars of a prize fight, disgraces the high calling of journalism. It panders to the worst vices of community for the sordid purpose of gain—because it pays. The press should be an educator and leader of the people, as well as a news gatherer. It should seek to uplift humanity, not to drag down and degrade. There is not a daily newspaper in this city that is not a daily curse to society. They all alike reek with the records of vice and crime to poison the minds of the young, and debauch the tastes of their readers. Not one of them fails to publish the details of every disgusting fight that their reporters can hear of, and they generally hear of them all.

The manly art! Is there anything manly in brutality? Is it indicative of a high order of manliness to be able to strike a blow with the clenched hands that a mule could far excel with his heels? Is it manly to cultivate the animal in human nature, to the neglect of every ennobling virtue?

True manliness means something widely different from that. It means the outward expression of the graces of the spirit—the exercise of charity, kindness, good will, purity of life and conduct. It means nobility of character. It means a manhood far superior to the manhood of sense. It means the manhood of the soul.

True manliness shrinks from notoriety; it never contends for the championship—never tries to "knock out" a brother man; but it ever seeks the highest welfare of all. It aims to elevate the lowly, educate the ignorant, and school the erring in all the better ways of life. It is the friend and protector of woman, the guardian of innocence, and the soul of honor in all the relations of man with man.

Such a manhood was that of the gentle Nazarene who gave to the world the new commandment to "love one another." And this is the only manhood worthy of emulation—the only manhood that links man with the angel, and indicates his origin and destiny.

"A HISTORY."—Ancient Bibles were quite different books in character and appearance from their successors of to-day. One is still extant in Minneapolis that is over two hundred years old; it is German, and carefully reminds one at every page that it is but "a history," this declaration being printed in red ink over the top of each page. Its illustrations are said to be varied and unique. The Bible was undoubtedly a history, sacred and profane combined, of the time in which it originated, and not at all designed as a guide to living any more than the history of our rebellion. Taking the book as a whole, one cannot find any distinct line of duty marked out; for what it commends in one place it will discountenance and contradict in another. Its many revisions should have made it read consistently, but that we suppose would be a stupendous undertaking. As a very ancient history of strange and different races, of legends, parables and symbols, interspersed with grand passages from lofty minds, it is a book to be cherished and honored.

It seems clear to us that the mind depends on the brain, and without brain there is no mind and cannot be.—INVESTIGATOR.

How about the expression of mentality where there is no physical brain, as is demonstrated in what is known, (and has been proven beyond reasonable question,) as independent slate-writing? To deny this fact, in the face of the many thorough scientific tests made with Slade, Eglington and others, is to deny that two and two make four. To say that "without brain there is no mind and cannot be" is equivalent to saying that without the electric battery there is no electricity and cannot be. In a world of infinite causation there are probably several things yet that we have not learned; hence, in our negations, it stands us in hand to "make haste slowly."

FAITH LOST IN SIGHT.

There was never a nature so strong that did not at times feel the need of a guiding hand, and some loving breast upon which to pillow the tired and throbbing head.

In the vigor of health and strength, when the fair world smiles upon us, and upon those of whose lives we are a part,—when we walk the earth in the consciousness of power,—we may almost imagine ourselves gods, as indeed we are in our attributes of godlike qualities; but when the blow falls that sunders some precious earthly tie, and the chill of despair freezes our very souls, how weaker than the weakest we become. It is then we need the gentle touch of a loving hand and the pure sympathy of some kindred soul.

The world has long been taught that in such an hour we must lay our burden of grief and pain upon the altar of the Infinite One—that we must go to the "Savior of the World" for help and comfort. But what of our idol—whither, oh, whither has the loved one gone? And the answer comes,—so unsatisfying, so barren of comfort,—that the departed one is in the keeping of the Father, perhaps to sleep in the grave until "time shall be no more;" or he has gone far away to some distant heaven; or perhaps, perhaps,—oh, terrible doubt,—his abode is with the forever lost.

No wonder that hearts of the living break under the fierce discipline of death, in the light of a philosophy so barren of cheer. In the devout sincerity of such a belief, no wonder that for ages life has been clouded with a somber pall of gloom that no amount of religious faith could sweep away. Mothers have gone down to their tombs in the dread uncertainty of meeting darling sons and daughters on the other shore. Husbands and wives have passed out into the night, and an awful doubt has overshadowed the hearts of the ones left behind that they should never, never meet again.

How different all this could they have known how thin the veil that separates the two worlds, and that their treasures were all safe—that though unseen their dear ones were often by their sides, upon the streets, and around their firesides; and that they were waiting patiently, with open arms, to welcome the wanderers upon the earth plane to the homes "prepared for them" in the Summer Land.

This is the light and joy that has come to the world in the fullness of time—the glorious truth of "immortality brought to light." A ladder has been let down from the bending heavens, over which the angels are ever descending and ascending. We now know whereof we had hitherto been in sad doubt. We look again into eyes we once thought closed forever; we read loving messages from hearts that we believed silent and emotionless as the grave.

And so we have come to know that there is no death—that life is continuous beyond the gates of time—that there are no lost,—none in whom progression and happiness are not possible forevermore. We have come to know something of what the Creator means with us, and in the consciousness of this meaning we have learned to reverence Him as never before.

This is the new gospel that is to overturn and banish the old traditions of a lost world,—of a God whose sense of justice could permit the sacrifice of his beloved and "only begotten son" as an atonement for the sins of a race in whose creation he had committed an awful mistake,—of a personal being of evil contending with the Most High for the souls of his creatures.

And thus is solved the riddle of the Sphinx concerning man's nature and destiny. The way is made plain; faith is swallowed up in sight.

WHEN Spiritualists grow less selfish and more spiritual; when, as a body, they advance beyond the mean and narrow limits of mere individual, personal pleasure and comfort, to a higher level where self is forgotten in the desire to aid humanity, then will the Spiritualist movement take on the dignity and glory befitting it. Brother of the GOLDEN GATE, let there be generous rivalry between us in laboring for this glorious consummation!—RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

"Excelsior," should be the motto of every journal published in the interest of Spiritualism. We join hands with you, Brother, in all that uplifts humanity—in all that leads man out of his lower nature, and helps him to unfold his own spiritual powers. Let the light shine; and may we all go forward in the spirit of love and truth, bearing messages of gladness and growth to all mankind.

THE PAST.—In ancient times the great masses of humanity were practically slaves—at the command and mercy of a few men who were for the most part tyrants. Under no other conditions could the great architectural works of centuries ago been possible, since tools, implements and mechanical devices that to-day assist the laborer were comparatively unknown. The pyramids and mighty stone temples of Egypt, with their vast hoards of treasure; the great cities with their miles of length and immense circuits of wall, —Ninevah, for instance, that was surrounded by a wall forty-six miles in circumference, one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast, and all the gigantic structures in preservation or ruin could never have been the creation of paid labor. The mere animal force of thousands of slaves built much of the Rome we know to-day. They slept by their work and were fed like dogs. Ah! it needs but a glance

backward along the ages to tell us we are living in a glorious day—that all humanity is rising in the scale of justice and honor. It is inspiring to contemplate the possibilities of the future of our earth!

NATURAL REFORMERS.

The true Spiritualist is ever alive to the necessity of improvement in all things affecting the conditions of society or individuals. He recognizes the injustice that prevails among men, and the inharmonious and incompleteness that everywhere exist. He believes in progression, and hence is never content to shut off all possibility of growth by closing his eyes to the light of new truths. He wants to know all that nature has in store for him to know.

Wherever wrong exists—and where does it not?—the true Spiritualist will generally be found battling for the right. The misguided enthusiast—the one whose actions are controlled by his impulses rather than his reason—may go to extremes in his condemnation of individuals rather than of the errors which are the outgrowth of the ignorance and the undeveloped conditions of the race. But this will disappear, and he will settle down into his true work as his judgment becomes illuminated and his reasoning powers enlarged.

Agitation is essential to all growth. Without it there is stagnation—death. The soil must first be pulverized and its particles quickened by the light and air before it is in a condition for the seed that shall unfold into a golden harvest. So in the moral world; the crust of old ideas must be broken and thoroughly agitated before new truths can take root and flourish. Man can afford to settle down into quiet passivity only when he has attained to absolute perfection, and that point can never be reached.

Innovation and agitation in religious thought are to be dreaded only by those who are anchored in the conviction that all revelation of Divine Truth to the world ceased some thousands of years ago. To the one who "knows it all" it is useless to intimate that there may possibly be some things in the universe that he does not know, and that the Infinite Soul is quite as much a God of the present as of the past. And why should he not be? Is not His presence of quite as much importance to the man as to the child?

Knowledge of nature and nature's laws is steadily advancing. Science is constantly unfolding new wonders to the world. Shall the human soul broaden in all directions except one, and that one of the utmost importance to man's spiritual welfare? In our religious thought and experience shall we continue to carry our grist to the mill with a stone in one end of the sack and the corn in the other? Shall the crude notions of God and his attributes, of man and his destiny, of heaven and hades, that were born of the myths and superstitions of a race in its semi-barbaric infancy, continue to be our highest convictions of religious truth in the enlightened manhood of the race?

These are the questions that naturally suggest themselves to the thoughtful mind. They are the questions which the world's reformers have already settled to their satisfaction, and to like conclusions are they endeavoring to lead the unfolding thought of this wonderful age.

INCREASING INTEREST IN SPIRITUALISM.—A few months ago, a mediumistic friend of the writer's—a merchant of Chicago—desiring to aid in the spread of the truth, requested us to invite the readers of the GOLDEN GATE to question their spirit friends through his mediumship, and that he would send the answers free, they merely enclosing stamps for return postage. He now writes us upon other matters, but adds: "By the way, I have received, perhaps, six hundred letters in all; most all of them answered, and 'nearly every State in the Union is represented.' 'I have some very good letters in return, the writers expressing themselves well satisfied with 'what they received. I am very much pleased 'to feel that I have done some good, and will 'try and do more. If at any time any one 'makes any complaint that they have not received satisfaction—if you hear of any one who 'has not,—tell them to try again; I am willing 'to do the best I can, but they must remember 'that the distance, etc., is in some respects a 'bad condition.' This indicates something of the interest being taken in spiritual matters."

GLASS HOUSES.—Only a few years back and glass was confined in use to crockery, mirrors and window lights. Latterly it has been made into railroad-ties, mill-stones, flooring, cloth and other articles for which wood or iron was formerly used. We doubt not that we of to-day will live to see our neighbors actually dwelling in glass houses, against which "stone-throwing" will be a harmless pastime, causing the old saying to pass away. Wood decays, iron is eaten by rust, and besides is too heating in Summer. Glass is clean, worm-proof, rust-proof, and transparent according to thickness. When we live in glass houses we can have as many colored rooms as we fancy. And there will be light—soft, white, beautiful light if we choose; but no musty or earth odors that so often enter wooden structures of to-day will offend the sense of smell and endanger the health. Then we will take our green-houses indoors and be gladdened by the sight of leaf and flower when cold and storm reign outside.

—Dr. R. W. Kibbe, the magnetic healer, of Stockton, has taken his departure for a permanent residence in Colombia, South America.

"MIND-READING."

It is amazing how our noted men in literature, in art, in science, will go out of their way, through long and circuitous mazes of uncertainty, to find some other than the true solution of the spiritual phenomena that is now confounding the wise of all lands.

Anything and everything but the spirits of the departed, is seemingly their motto, and to that end they are working with a zeal worthy of a better cause.

We are led to this thought by reading a three-column account in the Boston *Globe*, of November 21st, of an exhibition given in that city by W. Irving Bishop, in which he practiced his remarkable psychological power of reading the thoughts of other minds—of finding various articles that had been secreted by the audience, of telling the numbers on bank notes, etc.

The distinguished gentlemen who consented to act as a committee to see fair play, were Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. Brooke Herford, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, His Honor Mayor O'Brien, etc. If Mr. Bishop had labeled his exploits "spiritual,"—as indeed they were, for man is quite as much a spirit here as he ever will be hereafter,—exactly how many of these distinguished gentlemen would have considered the matter worthy of their consideration is not known; not many, we are inclined to imagine.

But there is something "respectable" in "thought transference," "mind-reading," "unconscious cerebration," and things of that sort, as an explanation for the varied and marvelous manifestations of occult power, which those who have the courage of their convictions do not hesitate to call by their right name.

These gentlemen will be astonished to wake up some day and find that in the march of ideas the world has left them behind in its general acceptance of the grandest truth of all the centuries—the discovery of the continued existence of the spirit of man beyond the change called death. They may ignore this truth, but it is pressing forward to the light all the same. When it becomes popular, as it will ere long, then will hundreds of "great minds" rush to the front claiming a patent thereon by the right of discovery!

But there are some phases of the spiritual phenomena that the most liberal stretching of the "mind-reading" explanation will not reach: One of these is independent or psychographic writing. But would the Reverend gentlemen of Mr. Bishop's committee consent to give to that phenomenon the same attention which they gave to his mind-reading seance? We apprehend not. And why not? Because if convinced of its truth they would have to admit it to the world—if they are honest, and we believe they are. And that would be an endorsement of Spiritualism, or what would be equivalent thereto, an admission of intelligent communications written by unseen hands, and purporting to come from the spirits of the departed. That, of course, would not be in "good form!" It would be shocking to the Bostonian idea of propriety!

After all, when Messrs. Savage, Clarke, Herford, Higginson, et al. *omne genus*, settle the question of mind-reading, or thought-transference, to their satisfaction, may we not hope that the sublime truth will flash upon their questioning apprehensions, that if the spirit of mortal man is capable of performing such wonders, may it not be quite possible that the spirits of the so-called dead can perform even greater wonders? Most people cease to find a plausible reason for rejecting a truth, when, to accept it, becomes no longer unfashionable.

A NEW BLESSING.—The high price of wood in the towns and cities of the United States for many years past has indicated the rapid diminution of our timber. The new fuel, however, now coming into use, will be a godsend to the poor and perhaps save many a wooded hillside from the despoiling axe. The refuse of coal mines—coal dust—is the principal ingredient; the compound for mixing is made into bricks that are said to cost less than fifty cents a ton. The discoverers may well boast that they will in a short time revolutionize the fuel trade by this new chemical process. The heat produced is steady and great, and the flame consumes its own smoke, than which nothing could be more desirable, after cheapness. The amount of coal dust in the numerous mines must be enormous; future generations untold may share the benefits of this greatest of achievements in domestic economy. The new fuel is claimed to be free from hydrocarbon or silica, and the chemicals used will produce coke, anthracite or semi-bituminous coals.

THE SOUL.—With the growth of the spiritual philosophy there has sprung up some strange doubts and questions. J. McKennedy, in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, asks: "When does the soul begin to exist?" Several years ago we heard a gentleman remark of his beautiful little three-year-old daughter he held in his arms, "May has no soul yet?" It was the first time the thought had been presented to our mind, and it shocked us. The idea seemed sacrilegious. Without a soul! What is there to distinguish the child from the young animals it plays with in point of value or sacredness? If the infant has no soul wherefore the crime of infanticide? It might be said of idiots that they never have souls in this life; but they are the most carefully nurtured and guarded from harm of all the family. Human life is sacred because it is held to be immortal; but if the soul is not contemporary with the body what during the period of its absence distinguishes a child from a dog, in a divine sense?

—The regular monthly sociable of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society was held at one of the large halls in Odd Fellows' Building last Friday week. Mr. F. H. Woods presided at the opening, while brief talks were made by Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Shepherd. Then followed the real object of the large and pleasant gathering, which was social recreation,

and all seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, divested as it was of all formality and stiffness, with everybody free to enjoy themselves in their own way. These social gatherings are a source of much pleasure and profit to all who attend.

THE LICENSE SYSTEM.

The address of N. F. Ravlin, last Sunday, on the evils of the liquor traffic and the criminality of licensing the sale of intoxicating drinks, gave great satisfaction to most of his hearers, many of whom attested their appreciation by repeated applause. After stating that statistics show that ninety per cent of the crime in the United States is traceable directly or indirectly to the use of intoxicants, he proceeded to denounce, in strong terms, not merely the men who sell the liquid poison but society, or rather the voting portion of our citizens, who permit its sale. He depicted in vivid colors the evils growing out of the liquor traffic, and referred in terms of scathing censure to the "Christian" owners of property leased for use as saloons where the youth of the land are corrupted, and more wrong is accomplished in one month than the churches can remedy in a hundred years—in fact much of the wrong can never be righted. He held that all owners of houses where liquors are sold as well as those who sell it are participants in the crimes caused by its sale. The sale of intoxicants should be placed under the ban of the law—it should be made a criminal offense. We might as well license highway robbery, forgery or burglary as to license that which is the foster parent of robbery, murder and crime of every degree. Society legalizes the manufacture of criminals on the one hand and legalizes the hanging of the criminal on the other. What inconsistency! He stated that his position on the license question is the same now that it was when in a Baptist pulpit, fifteen years ago, he brought down upon himself the enmity of men of his church and city who were engaged in the liquor traffic. He was always a free man, unrestrained in the expression of his convictions, in the church as well as on the platform of a liberal society, and such he expected to remain while life lasted. He took occasion, during his discourse, to advocate woman suffrage, not only as a right of itself but as a means of reform in governmental affairs.

THE alarming progress that Spiritualism is making is altogether because of the almost universal belief in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul; and only those who believe the word of God, that "the dead know not anything" (Eccl. 9:5), will be able to resist this delusion. For Satan is yet to work "with all power and signs and lying wonders" (Thess. 2:9), and Spiritualism, resting on the immortality of the soul is one of the great channels through which he will do so.—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Whom are we to believe—the "word of God" that "the dead know not anything," or the so-called "dead" themselves, who come back to us, a mighty host and in many ways, declaring that they are not dead? Isn't it barely possible that the ancient materialist who made the rash statement quoted above was merely expressing his individual opinion, and not "the word of God?" That Spiritualism is making rapid progress in the world is no doubt true; but we assure our neighbor that there is nothing "alarming" in the fact. If Satan is responsible for all this glorious work, it is a good indication that he has repented of his past wickedness, and henceforth proposes to assist in man's redemption from ignorance and sin.

WHERE IS IT?—The present age seems to be one of revelation. New and unheard-of things are coming up to puzzle scientific and ordinary mortals alike. The case of August Mullenbrinck, of Long Branch, N. J., is much perplexing the physicians thereabouts. The young man received an injury by which his skull was punctured to that degree that the aperture would admit a finger. The doctors all said he could not live an hour; but after periods of unconsciousness, he revives and talks rationally with those around him. The fracture being at the base of the brain, would seem to render the case all the more critical, but neither his mind nor vitality seem to have been affected thereby. If this man survives the accident, we shall begin to reconsider the value of the skull as an indispensable brain-covering; and also the theory lately set forth by some one, that the brain is not the seat of the mind.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Facts, for November abounds in evidences of spirit existence and power. It is one of the best of our spiritual publications.

—We call attention to the advertisement of Dr. D. J. Stansbury, on our fifth page. The Doctor's powers as an independent slate writer, are truly wonderful.

—The *Banner of Light* learns that *The Index*, of Boston, the organ of the Free Religious Society of that city, will be discontinued with the end of the present year.

—We are indebted to that accomplished artist, Dr. Albert Morton, for an exquisite crayon likeness, neatly framed, of that grand old pioneer in the cause of Spiritualism, Dr. Robert Hare.

—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists will devote their Sunday evening receipts, December 5th, for the benefit of that brave and faithful worker in the field of Spiritualism, N. F. Ravlin. We hope their may be a full attendance and a generous donation. Dr. Schlesinger and Mrs. Whitney will be present and give tests.

—The *Scientific American*, published by Mun & Co., New York, presents weekly to its readers the best and most reliable record of various improvements in machinery, while the scientific progress of the country can in no way be gleaned so well as by the regular perusal of its pages.

—Dr. J. R. Buchanan, in 1847, published a pamphlet entitled "The Land and the People," in which he held precisely the same views as those now entertained by Henry George, and which are popularly supposed to be original with that gentleman. Truly, there is nothing new under the sun.

—For the accommodation of the friends in Oakland, Dr. Stansbury will open a class for the development of slate-writing and other phases of mediumship at rooms 2 and 3 Oriental Block, Washington street, on Monday evening next. Further particulars may be obtained at 460 Seventh street, Oakland.

—A letter from W. J. Colville informs us that his new work on "The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing," a handsome volume of over two hundred closely printed pages, is in press and will be published at once. The book will be for sale at this office as soon as received. Price, in cloth, 75 cents; in paper covers 50 cents.

—We have received from that grand pioneer of Spiritualism, John Brown, Sr., of San Bernardino, California, a copy of his new book just out, entitled, "The Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland." We shall hope to be able to publish a review of it soon.

—Prentice Mulford—himself a Spiritualist—publishes an article in the N. Y. *Star*, in which he burlesques a large class of Boston Spiritualists who devote much time at the materializing seances. Prentice should be careful how he treads on his neighbors' corns. It is always well to see that one is entirely free from faults before he starts out to lampoon others for their imperfections.

—Carrie Welton who, as many will recall, was frozen to death two years ago, in ascending Pike's Peak was a woman of considerable wealth, and left one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This will was contested by her relatives, but the matter has just been decided in Mr. Henry Bergh's favor, who represented the society. This humane association has received so many bequests, that its good intentions should now be very effective and its influence far-reaching.

—Princess Jorjiewski-Dolgoronki, wife of the late Czar, Alexander II, of Russia, nor her children, are permitted to reside in that empire. But, what does it matter? She is the possessor of twenty millions of roubles invested in foreign bonds; the Princess can live in as great, or greater luxury, in other lands. She can be a benefactor to the world both by influence and money, and so train her children that they shall follow in her footsteps. She will find more freedom abroad than at home, and more incentive to make her name beloved and honored.

—George Francis Train is so nearly allied to the novelties and wonders of our great country that we like to keep track of his whereabouts. Of which, however, we are not definitely informed when told that he has withdrawn from Madison Square. If he has discontinued his talks to little children he may possibly turn his address to the large ones whom he has so thoroughly and harmlessly amused in days gone by. But few are endowed with similar faculties of entertaining an audience, and they should be kept in activity, for it is life to one to laugh.

—It seems hardly credible that beer and rum bitters could have an appetite for that mild and mollifying drink, milk. But the statement is made that the beverage is largely sold at New York bars, not only as an ingredient of other drinks, but the pure, unmixed article itself. It is cheering to further be informed that the demand for this nourishing fluid is so increasing outside of domestic establishments and saloons, that it is readily sold from wagons in the street. Milk, coffee and tea should be sold in all public places, as aids to temperance.

—The insane and inhumane craze for birds and their plumage as ornamentation for women's hats, combined with the wicked mania of boys for hunting and destroying birds' eggs, has established the fact, in its Eastern States at least, that the much despised English sparrow, is about the only small bird left, in any number. Why this little creature should be spared, when the plain wren, and even hawks and crows, are eagerly slaughtered, is something not explained. He may be spared through fear of the surely coming destruction in the land by worms and insects.

—It is not often that ministers of the gospel allow a politician to influence their discourses. But it seems that the fear inspired by Henry George among the moneyed classes also inspired themes for pulpit addresses. Rev. J. E. Power of the Paulist Church; Rev. Dr. Henry J. Von Dyke, jr., of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church; and Rev. Dr. Hubbard, of Trinity, M. E. Church, preached on the same Sunday from texts bearing upon Mr. George's social philosophy. Each warned his hearers to shun demagogues and decide for themselves for whom they should vote.

—We are putting up shelving in our office, and arranging to keep a general supply of spiritual literature for sale. Already we have Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan's "Psychometry," price \$2; "The New Education," by the same author, price \$1.50; M. Karl's "Leaflets of Truth," 75 cents; G. W. Kates' "Spiritual Directory," 25 cents; "Our Sunday Talks," \$1; C. Payson Longley's inspirational songs (see advertisement.) These, with Mr. Colville's new book, now in press, will give us a good beginning. All of the above books and others we shall keep well advertised.

—J. M. Harper, of Colfax, W. T., writing to renew his subscription, says: "I have been a subscriber to the *Banner of Light* the most of the time for twenty years past, and have taken and read five other spiritual papers, and appreciate their worth: but from the first visit of the dear GOLDEN GATE, I have almost been held spell bound with the great depth and beauty of the charitable sentiment that prevades its glittering gem-bespangled pages. I think Brother Paul was inspired from the higher spheres when he proclaimed the great elevating fact, that of all the spiritual gifts and graces, charity is the greatest. I sensibly feel my defect in the charities, and am trying to amend in that direction, and would advise all that feel the least defective in that virtue—the greatest of spiritual gifts—to subscribe for and carefully read the GOLDEN GATE, particularly the editorials, which are sparkling drops of charity." Thanks, brother, for your kind words.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

There are 40,000 women belonging to the Grange in the United States.

The Prohibition vote of Arkansas in 1884 was less than 20,000. This year it was 65,000.

There are 7,000,000 boys and girls that attend schools within the limits of the United States.

At Rushville, Ia., the Methodists and the Presbyterians, led by their respective pastors, played a match game of ball a few days ago.

A man in Williamsburg, Va., wrote as follows to the *Religious Herald*: "We wish for a \$2,000 Baptist pastor here, who will serve us for \$500, and we look to the *Religious Herald* to find him for us."

Sixteen thousand poor Jews are to be expelled from the cities of Rostow and Taganrog in Russia, owing to the annexation of these places to a military district in which Jews are not permitted to reside.

The Freshman class of Wellesley College numbers one hundred and sixty young woman. Altogether there were nine hundred applicants for entrance, but only five hundred and forty-five can be accommodated.

It is asserted that John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company is the richest man in America. His wealth is computed at \$114,000,000. Not many years ago he was a poor workingman at New Bedford, Mass.

A pet dog belonging to a woman who died recently near North Sydney, N. S., was so attached to her that after her death he refused food of every kind, and, following her remains to the grave, stayed there and starved to death.

The Shaker communities are breaking up gradually, though the Order possesses now seventeen societies, numbering from one hundred to two hundred each. The numbers as a whole have diminished, but the elders are looking for a change in this respect.

Stephen P. Gage, Assistant President of the Southern Pacific Company, in conversation with a reporter of the *Tribune*, prophesied that before his son reached his age, Oakland—that is, that city, Alameda, Temescal, Berkeley, and Fruit Vale combined—would have a population of 1,000,000.

Mrs. General Fremont is described as a handsome woman, although rather inclined to be stout, white-haired and with a maternal air, which is in accordance with the fact that she is about sixty-two. Her mind is as fresh, alert and sparkling as when she was twenty-five, and she is counted by her friends among the thoroughly intellectual women in America.

The popular impression that Buddhism is the religion of a majority of the human race, is refuted by Sir Monier-Williams, Boden professor of Sanskrit at Oxford. He says that Buddhism has rapidly died out, and he places Christianity at the head of the religions of the world. Next come Hindooism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Taoism, Judaism, and Zoroastrianism.

"Last year in the city of Boston," says *The Pilot*, "there were by official report over eleven thousand births. Of this number over seven thousand were Catholic, as shown by the ecclesiastical register of baptisms. A steady annual growth of seven in eleven, independent of the gain by immigration, will, in the course of one generation, make Boston the most distinctly Celtic city in the world."

Faces that Seem to Change.

"H. E.," a Newark lady, writes to the N. Y. Sun as follows:

Many people are deceived by optical illusions. On a recent morning I looked into my brother's room, and saw him standing at his dressing-case. Then I remembered that I heard him go down stairs, and I said to myself, 'This is an optical illusion.' Knowing that it was such, I looked at the figure until it slowly faded away. Let me add that I am in good bodily health, cheerful, and, I believe, sound in mind. A friend, who died lately, said in her last hours, when apparently she was rational, that she saw her dead parents and brother in her room. She exclaimed addressing the friends who stood at her bedside, 'There they are, right there. Can't you see them?' I repeat that, as far as any one could judge, she was thoroughly conscious. But we will pass over her case, for it is not exceptional, and while we cannot say she was delirious, neither can we affirm positively that she had her senses.

"But here, I think, is an unusual form of optical illusion, if it was an illusion at all. A few days ago a well-known business man of New York passed away. His widow is a clear-minded and educated lady, without any morbid or superstitious taint in her nature, or any belief in Spiritualism. While bending over her husband shortly before his death, she observed that the expression of his face was changing, and the next moment, saw there, instead, the face of her dead brother. The two men are entirely unlike in appearance, one being light, and having a blonde beard, and the other very dark. Shortly afterward, the lady saw on her husband's face the expression of another deceased friend, and a little later that of a third. Her morbid and overwrought fancy deceived her, some one says. Could two persons be deceived at the same time, and in the same way? I ask this because three years ago this lady and her sister watched beside the dying child of the latter. The little girl's face suddenly changed. One of the ladies saw that the other observed this, and said:

"'Emily, who was it?'"

"'Adelaide,' was the answer."

"'Yes, Adelaide.'"

"The two ladies have told me that they saw unmistakably the face of their dead cousin, a woman, shining out through the face of the dying child. I offer no explanation of these phenomena, and present them only because to me they seem very interesting."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

In the excavation for the Wabash and Erie canal the workmen found a mass of snakes of every species of that region all knotted together with heads projecting outward. These reptiles thus asserted their kinship; and at a touch of any one of them every tongue in the infernal confederacy hissed and spit its venom. It is so of the human vices; they are of kin, and the vicious confederate offensive and defensive.

The timid may shrink, the cowardly may flee, the corrupt may confederate; there will yet remain the courageous and the true unmoved by danger and unswayed by the temptations corruption can offer.

Monopoly is the taking of that which is not one's own, and, in its effects, a conspiracy against civilization. Of all monopolies that of the land is the most wicked as it is the most injurious. The right of the State to limit ownership in land is founded in justice and vindicated by the necessity of self-preservation.

Reasons of State may convert private property into public uses—may command the services and even the life of the citizen. Is there no reason of State for compelling the holder of fifty square leagues of land to relinquish his unjust claims to those who would occupy and cultivate?

No one is great who has not learned to forgive. Has another wronged you? You may pity the poverty of soul and despise the meanness that moved him; but for these you cannot afford to nourish anger. The law allowed it, and he took, as his own, that which of right belongs to you. He followed his instincts as does the fox when he plunders the farmer's poultry. Both you and the farmer may regret your losses; but neither of you can afford, by becoming angry, to let yourself down to the level of the beast that robs you.

Each man and each woman is a result into which ten thousand antecedent conditions have entered as factors; and to be offended at this is to find fault with the laws of nature herself.

Man is the higher life of what has been before; and for the growth into a higher and still higher was he born. We cannot afford to waste our time and forces in silly resentments. Let us not do evil for evil; but by our own example teach the evil-minded the better way, thereby educating them and us into nobler manhood and nobler womanhood.

I like not this everlasting babbling about the mistakes, the faults, and the foibles of others. There is old Mr. Gad—About who affects much pity and talks much goody talk, but who has few good words and much of evil to speak of his neighbors. Their wickedness and depravity are the constant theme of his thought and the burden of his conversation. He laments and sighs over their sins and short-comings as if he had in some way vicariously to answer for them. In his eyes their errors are unexcusable, their mistakes unforgivable offenses, and even for acts in themselves laudable, he insinuates sinister and dishonorable motives. Is it the mote in his own eye that throws a blotch of blackness on all things fair he looks upon? the cloudiness of his own vision casting its shadow on all he sees? Is it because of the perversity of his own moral nature that he finds in others only evil? Let us hope not and learn to judge charitably even the uncharitable. A mistaken habit of fault-finding has become chronic, and with the very best intentions he makes himself and all about him unhappy.

The human mind is a kaleidoscope in which every object with its thousand repetitions takes position, form, and color, varying by the standpoint from which it is reflected. How foolish that I should quarrel with my neighbor because of his seeing objects at a different angle of vision!

Truth is the universal unity. It is that which is, and no popular election, no public opinion, no acumen council can make it that which it is not.

It is a positive pleasure to have faith in the honor of others; and it is better to be deceived a thousand times than never to trust. Nevertheless he is not wise who confides indiscriminately. If but one lion is in the forest the prudent man will carry his gun. If but one man in a thousand be a rogue it is quite enough to put locks to the doors. Wisdom is on the side of safety, and I should not willingly trust either my money or reputation in the keeping of one of whom I know nothing.

We owe it to mankind to make mankind better. We owe it to ourselves to make ourselves better. But in bettering mankind we better ourselves, and in bettering ourselves we better mankind. There is no place in the grand army of humanity where good may be done that it will not be felt all along the line.

Answers to Questions.

[Given through Miss M. T. Shelhauser at the Banner of Light free circle.]

QUESTION—For the enlightenment and encouragement of those who at times are disposed to consider their lives to be failures, please state whether, from your point of view, each individual is carrying out the purpose of his existence in this state of being, and that purpose a proper development for another sphere of being? Can any person live otherwise than he does, under the conditions that surround him? If not, is he not fulfilling his mission? hence, is not his life, be it what it may, a success rather than a failure?

ANSWER—It is true that man is a creature of circumstances: he owes all that he is, largely, if not wholly, to the conditions surrounding him: but we believe that man has within him a power or spiritual force which will enable him, to an extent, to overcome adverse conditions and make for himself those which are more favorable to his advancement. Now it happens that we frequently meet with people on earth, as well as in the spirit-world, who seem to be merely negative, passive creatures, incapable of exercising a proper degree of energy. These individuals never make a success of life; they are never ahead of their fellows, always in the rear, and generally bemoaning their unfortunate fate. We contend that it is possible for every intelligent man or woman to cultivate or to increase his or her energy. The more we use any power we possess, the more we practice any virtue, the greater we find its quality and its availability. We realize that "practice makes perfect," and it is true regarding the exercise of our energy, our will force, just as really as it is applicable to any occupation in life. It behooves parents and guardians, as well as the daily instructors of our young people, to pay close attention to this subject; if we find certain of our young people deficient in moral force or in mental energy, it is our duty to seek, by every means possible, to inspire those pupils with an understanding of their deficiency, and to exhort them to develop their powers in that direction. The man who puts his whole will force into whatever occupation he undertakes, into whatever purposes he has in view, will be the man to succeed always, and if we inspire our young folks with this idea, if we stimulate them in this direction, we will find a less number of passive, negative individuals who look upon life as a failure, rather than a success. It is true, nevertheless, that there are many weary, unfortunate persons who, however hard they seem to apply themselves to their duties in life, cannot gain much headway; other circumstances than those which they themselves frame press upon them; the parties who are associated with them bring such an overpowering influence as to seem to crowd these struggling ones out of the true pathway to success; yet every soul who faithfully tries to do his duty to the best of his ability, seeking to overcome all indolence by application, by industry, will find in the future that his life has been a glorious success, even though his material surroundings and the results of his material life have not appeared to be so grand from an external standpoint.

IN the New Hebrides, a savage went to the priest with his two wives to ask his blessing. "Two wives!" exclaimed the priest, "impossible; one is all the church permits." A day or two later he returned with one wife, with the same request. "Where is the other?" asked the priest. "I've eaten her!" was the reply.

READ IT—IT WILL PAY.

DR. J. C. BATDORF, JACKSON, MICH.—Nearly two years has elapsed since I wrote to you for a diagnosis of my disease. I received in reply, an accurate description of my ailments, which were numerous; but that which I suffered most with, was pain in my breast and between my shoulders, and incessant coughing, and an occasional hemorrhage of the lungs. I had been doctored by the physicians of this place until nearly all my means were exhausted, and I was about to despair of ever getting well, and had just given up all hopes. While feeling in this way and trying to make up my mind what course to pursue regarding my three little girls, I heard the low, sweet voice of an angel say: "Cheer up, cheer up; there is still health for you." Soon afterward, while reading in *Light for Thinkers*, my eyes fell on your advertisement, and my first impulse was to write to you. One month's supply of your remedies cured me, and to-day I am strong and well;—weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. When I commenced taking your remedies, would scarcely weigh a hundred.

You may think I have been ungrateful in not writing to you. I do not like writing, but I have been showing my gratitude in another way. I have sent several patients to you by telling how and by whom I have been cured. Oh, that all who are suffering would send to Dr. J. C. Batdorf; for if there is relief on this side, they will get it by using his magnetic remedies. May angels ever bless thee.

MRS. GEO. BROUGHTON.
APALACHACOLIA, May 22, 1886.

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Address, J. C. BATDORF, M. D., Principal, Magnetic Institute, Jackson, Mich.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Subject: "The Faith hath made these whole; or the Power of Mind over Matter." Fine vocal music under the management of Mr. Winterley. Children's Lyceum at 10:30 p. m. All services free. Sunday, Dec. 5th.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 11 a. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 10 to 1 p. m. At 7:30 p. m., Conference and Medium's Seance, at which representative test and inspirational mediums of San Francisco and Oakland, will appear. The proceeds will be expended in aiding worthy persons and objects. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 121, Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of stockholders of the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," will be held at the office of the Company, No. 734 Montgomery street, in the city of San Francisco, California, on Saturday, December 4th, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the election of five Trustees for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be necessary. MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6, 1886.

The Game of Life.

(John W. Chadwick, in Christian Register.)

It would be difficult to find a spectacle that is more suggestive of the varying qualities of human life in its complete expansion than that afforded by almost any of the thousand contests of the recent Summer. For wherever there has been a game of skill, of strength, of patience, of courage or endurance, there has been, simultaneously, a game of chance in the immediate vicinity. There, on the river, are the rowers bending to their work, every nerve and muscle strung up to the generous encounter, the result of weeks and months of training coming out in every stroke; and there, upon the bank, are those who are incapable of taking any honorable or useful part in the glorious struggle, betting upon this side or on that, —betting while others work. There, on the ball ground, are the men and boys who know well enough that the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, that the swift foot, clear eye, and steady hand control the issues of the day, and address themselves accordingly to the work in hand; and there, lounging around the edges, are the creatures who can neither pitch nor catch, nor hit nor run, staking their money, or, likelier, what is not theirs, but their landlords', or their tailors', on the result of the encounter. There, on the shining sea, the handsome yachts shake out their bellying canvas to the wind, and from start to finish husband every breath that blows, if haply it may bring them home to victory,—the builder's skill, the captain's judgment, the alacrity of the sailors, each contributing its quota to the end in view; and there, upon the shore or on some steamer's deck, are those whose only care for all these things is that they furnish them with one more opportunity to reap a harvest where they have not sown, and gather where they have not strewed. Pictures and parables are they, each and all, of life, as apprehended by the men who know that skill and patience, courage and persistency, are the appointed means of victory, the pathways to success, and those who think that they can trust to chance and luck, that they can bet while others work, and come off more than conquerors. In literature, in art, in politics in business, in domestic life, there runs this line of cleavage, there is manifest this difference and contrast of methods and of men. "I carry my satchel still," said Michelangelo, in his old age; but how many, who would fain believe that they are his old guild, cease from their learning almost before their beard is grown! "By practice," Rubinstein replied, when asked how he could play the "Erl-king" as he did, as if a god were thundering at the keys. How many think there is some royal road to such imperial heights?

Look at the business world. There is plenty of hard work to do,—work that will bring slow but sure rewards. But this is not enough. Not such rewards are wanted. They are not brilliant enough. They come too slowly. Is there not some way of getting rich in no time? The young man will find it, if he can, and at whatever risk. And, when he finds it, though a dozen others go to the wall in the same tussel in which he apparently succeeds, another dozen, seeing not their ruin, seeing only that his luck has been magnificent, say to him in their hearts, as Hamlet to his father's ghost: "Go on. I'll follow thee!" And they did follow him, perhaps to momentary splendor, but very certainly to ultimate misfortune and collapse. I wish that some one with a voice of authority could speak to the thousands of young men that every year come swarming into our great cities, and tell them that hard work, persistent industry, beginning at the bottom and working slowly up, making one's self useful, indispensable,—that these things are sure to bring at least a moderate success and much comfort and contentment and a good conscience all the way, but that to apprehend the game of business as a game of chance, even if the event should seem to justify such apprehension for a time, is very sure to end in shame and sorrow, and on the way to bring into one's life a multitude of miserable hours.

As it is in business, so it is in domestic life. The proverb says that marriage is a lottery; but it is clear that Theodore Parker did not think so when he wrote: "Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long Summer to ripen in, and then a long Winter to ripen and season it. But a real happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that, if the sun were, as the Greeks fabled, a god, he might stop the world and hold it still now and then, in order to look all day long at some example thereof, and feast his eyes on such a spectacle." A marriage of this sort is no lottery, never has been in all the past, never will be in all the future. Like the "Mayflower's" triumph, like the victory of the oarsman or the cricketer, it is a matter of adapting means to ends, of patient thoughtfulness. It is a sum made up of many thousand leas of faithfulness, as little perfect when the marriage vows are spoken as my orchard trees are perfect in their time of blossom, or at any time, until in autumn's ripening weather they turn a thousand rosy cheeks to the warm kisses of the god who can kiss a million like them without blame and shame.

I have not forgotten that there is an element of uncertainty, of incalculableness, of chance, that enters into almost any game that can be played, almost any contest that can be maintained. Take such as are at the furthest possible remove from those that are games of chance simply and only, and every contingency cannot be foreseen. The liability to accident cannot be absolutely eliminated, whatever care be taken to provide against it. Nevertheless, all games and strivings whatsoever are decent, honorable, and excellent just in proportion as the victory depends, not upon chance or accident, but on the player's or contestant's skill. And so it is with the great game of life. It has its elements of uncertainty, of incalculableness, of chance. It is not to be forgotten that it is so, else might we sometimes judge too sternly those who falter in the race. There is ground for a sincere compassion in the existence of these elements of uncertainty in the game of life. Sometimes, because of them, it is only fair that we forgive ourselves for evident failure or mishap. It is as when at whist our enemy has all the cards. But to apprehend the game as one of chance, and not as one depending for its satisfactions on the skill with which we manage the materials that we have in hand, that were contemptible; and it is not otherwise than so for men to apprehend the game of life as one in which waiting for chance benefits is the main business, not the economizing of every possible advantage. Organization is much, and circumstances is much; but, given a courageous will, and from the grip of adverse circumstances and untoward organization a man shall wring a fuller grace of life than, without voluntary aid, the most liberal organization and the most auspicious circumstances can secure.

"They, believe me, who wait
No gifts from chance have conquered fate."

Here is the measure of a man: leave nothing to chance, nothing to haphazard, nothing to accident, that can be foreseen, that can be provided for. By so much as the element of chance enters into anything you have to do, into business or domestic life, by so much less are you a man, by so much have you forfeited your right to perfect self-respect and to the respect and honor of all those whose honor and respect are worth possessing.

Brilliant and fascinating are the games with which men and boys delight each other and themselves. They await no gifts from chance. They spare no pains that can contribute in the least degree to their desired result. Not a line in the "Mayflower's" hull is left unstudied, not a length of mast or boom, not a play of rope, not the quality of any man upon her deck. Others there are who, in their games of personal agility and strength, can "scorn delights, and live laborious days" for weeks and months together, if haply they may be equal in the day of trial to the best things, and bring no shame upon the party to which they belong. Wonderful is the care that goes into these fine encounters, and splendid is the final measuring of powers that have been husbanded and strengthened through long days of patient study and heroic self-control. But the game of life is vastly, infinitely, more solemn and important, more noble and inspiring, more wonderful and magnificent, than any tug at oars upon the lake, than any flight of yachts upon the sea. The victory of a noble manhood is a victory in comparison with which the victories of all special games and contests are very little things. Nor does it lack for eyes to watch its course, nor yet applauding hands and voices, strong or sweet, to shout its triumph won. "Here eyes do regard you in eternity's stillness,"—so Goethe said; and another said of old, "Seeing that you are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses." Now, seeing that these things are so, surely it were a pity and a shame that men should give the lesser struggles and the lesser victories so much thought and care and the greatest struggle and the greatest victory so little, as they often do. Surely, it were a pity and a shame that, while, in the lesser struggles, nothing is left to chance that can, by any possibility, be foreseen and provided for, in the struggle that is inclusive of all others there should be a different and a lower method.

WHERE THE GOOD CITIZENS COME FROM.—The country boy lives face to face with practical realities. He sees how slowly money is made on the farm; he is taught from youth up the need of economy; he has the nature of saving first explained to him every day in the week; he is not exposed to the temptation of the saloon or ballroom, and he is not so much of a lady's man before he has occasion to use a razor on his dawning cheeks. He may be a trifle rude; he may not feel easy in company, but in the long, closely contested race of life it is the chap that trudges to school barefooted in Summer and in stogies in Winter, whose mother cuts his hair with the sheep-shears, who leads the chap that goes to the city school, with the starched shirt front and fancy slippers, and whose head is shaved with a lawn mower at the barber shop.

A NEWLY discovered flower is quite a wonder, if the reports are true. It is said to be white in the morning, red at noon, and blue at night; and is further credited with emitting perfume only at the middle of the day. It grows on a tree on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

It requires very little ability to find fault. That is why there are so many critics.

Anxious to Outdo Bartholdi.

If Queen Victoria lives until June 28th next, it will be the semi-centennial anniversary of her accession to the English throne. Erastus Wiman, the president of the Canadian club, in New York, has been asked to start a movement for an American demonstration in honor of the queen on June 28th, called a meeting in New York Saturday night, and the *Tribune* says: "Mr. Wiman was appointed chairman, and he immediately stated that a big celebration on June 28th was the only way in which those truly English to their fealty could show their appreciation of Queen Victoria's reign, and suggested that \$10,000 should be raised for a jubilee. A committee of five was appointed to select before the next meeting a committee of twelve or more to make final arrangements for a proper celebration. A national memorial was then proposed and heartily approved as the best way to let Britishers outside of New York show their regard for their queen. George Massey arose and said that as there were many beautiful Islands in the harbor of New York besides Bedlow's, notably Staten Island, he would propose that a statue of Queen Victoria 100 feet higher than the Statue of Liberty, be erected as the only suitable memorial. Mr. Wiman said that Fort Wadsworth was the highest spot about New York harbor, and he announced that he thought he could get the consent of the War Department to erect a colossal statue of Queen Victoria there. The meeting adjourned for two weeks with the resolution that a jubilee should take place on June 28th, and that a memorial should be erected.

THE GREATNESS OF JUPITER.—Jupiter has a diameter of 85,380 miles. The great planet turns upon its axis in nine hours, fifty-five minutes and twenty-eight seconds, so that a point on its equator moves at the rate of nearly 27,000 miles per hour. The axis of Jupiter is almost perpendicular to the plane of its orbit making its seasons uniform the year round. Jupiter gives off more light than if only reflecting the light received from the sun. In point of fact the planet radiates light of its own, as well as reflects that received from the sun. Jupiter is now in a condition analogous to that of the earth thousands of years previous to what we call the azoic age. The heat of its central mass as yet has a terrific effect upon the vapor of atmosphere that envelops the great giant. After a short interval of a few millions of years the vapor of Jupiter will have settled down upon a cool crust, forming the seas and oceans of a world to be then inhabited by organized beings similar to ourselves.—*Prof. P. A. Thorne.*

When Harvard shall celebrate its five hundredth anniversary, we feel morally sure that there will be a change of scenery in the gathering. The women will not be crowded into the upper gallery at the theatre. They will sit with the graduates, wear gowns (without trains) among the distinguished guests to receive the honors of the University. And it would not be strange if the degrees should be conferred by the President in a pleasing feminine soprano instead of a manly Eliotian bass.

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Religion Without Baggage.
(Christian Register.)

The Christian Church to-day is carrying too much religious baggage. In the course of eighteen centuries, it has picked up a good deal of matter which it ought long ago to have dropped. Priestly's indictment of the corruption of Christianity is still valid. Religion to-day is overweighted and encumbered by the accumulation of traditions and errors of past centuries. When David went out to fight the giant, he found Saul's armor an encumbrance rather than a help. It was the man, not the weight of armor, that was to do the work. Modern military science has put by the heavy, cumbersome armor of the middle ages. The church needs to do the same. It is carrying too much old iron, too much heavy plate, too much shield and helmet, too much baggage. It is supposed to be a protection to Christianity to wear this old-fashioned gear; and so we have iron-clad creeds and vestments, brass mounted articles of faith, and impenetrable superstitions. The religious soldier of to-day wants no such impediments, nor does he want anything on his limbs which impairs the freedom of his action and the accuracy of his aim.

We do not mean that the religion of to-day needs to cut itself off from the past. No man lives in the present who is not a product of the past. The life-streams of bygone centuries flow in his veins. He thinks over the thoughts and repeats the words of those who have lived before him. Whatever of the past human life has taken up into itself and converted into thought and energy and motive, whatever may live in and become a part of the life of man to-day, is to be preserved. We would not whittle down the man, would not pluck out the eye or cut off the hand, would not throw away any legacy of our humanity; but we would throw away everything that impedes its growth and action. We urge not amputation, but release.

The religion we plead for is a religion fitted to the life and thought and activity of to-day. There are men carrying the clouted burdens of two centuries ago, instead of the burdens and duties of the life of to-day. They are carrying musty creeds, dessications of scholasticism, the heavy incubus of superstition; and they place these burdens upon others. There are some churches that are weighted down with too much prayer-book, with vast and unwieldy accumulations of liturgy and ritual. Their wheels are clogged by ceremonial. There are others that are loaded with the old junk of theology. Terrible it is to think of the amount that is carried about! Here is the Catholic Church invested with superstitions that cling to it like barnacles. Surely this old church needs to be put awhile on the dry dock and scraped off. Here is the American Board, with nine hundred million heathen on its back, done up in the "Westminster Confession!" Is it a wonder that it totters under the load? A few of them are to be plucked from the burning; but twenty millions a year are to be sent to everlasting perdition! But the number on the shoulders of the board increases faster than it can either save or damn them. What the board does every year is to proclaim the salvation of the few and the damnation of the many. Truly, this is a terrible burden of souls; and we wonder that the heart of the board, as well as its back, is not crushed under it. We do not ask that the heathen should be cast off—the board is doing that fast enough—but that this organization should cast off the terrible theology which oppresses it.

We are not sure that Unitarianism is by any means without its baggage. For a long time, it, too, staggered under the weight of an infallible Bible. It carried around some old-fashioned phrase books, which it has loved to repeat as if they had all the authority of truth. But Unitarianism, to-day, is moving freer and with more energy because it has thrown off a good deal of the old fossilism which impeded its movement. The professor of geology does not want to carry all his specimens on his back. They belong in the museum. Unitarianism is carefully labeling and putting away these antique deposits of the human brain. It cannot afford to carry them about with it to-day. The religion of Jesus was a religion of simplicity. Who finds any baggage in the Sermon on the Mount?

A religion without baggage—we mean a religion haunted with none of the nightmares of superstition, are ligiton which leads man to trust in God, his ineffable wisdom and goodness, and to feel that his tender love and care are extended not over any one section alone, but over all the human race. A religion without baggage—one in which man can go to his Maker just as he is, without any borrowed garments of false righteousness, without baptismal water or sacramental wine, without a talismanic bible, or the intervening prayers of saints; a religion which allows no one to stand between God and the human soul, any more than a child needs an advocate to stand between him and his father; a religion which reveals God as the mother of the race, and humanity as the yearning child seeking holy nurture from its mother's bosom; a religion which rises to the love of God, through the love of man; a religion which is not so heavily burdened with theological raiment that it cannot pick up and mount the fallen, helpless brother by the way; a religion which, instead of Thirty-nine Articles, is satisfied with the two great commandments of love to God

and love to man, and finds its highest and holiest activities in realizing this ideal.

Intolerance.

(The Tablet, a leading Catholic journal, has this to say on the subject of intolerance.)

The Church (of Rome) proclaims trumpet-tongued through the land that belief in what she teaches is a duty obligatory upon every human being who hears it, and that not to believe it is a capital crime, bringing down on the unbeliever the eternal wrath of God. The Church is charged with intolerance because she asserts that what she teaches is not all a matter of opinion; that no one is permitted to have any opinion about it; that what she teaches is the truth once delivered to the saints, of which she has been the divinely-informed depository ever since Jesus Christ went up to Heaven; that what it was then it is now; that no one, from the pope to the humblest peasant, is permitted to question it or to cavil; that all are bound under pain of terrific penalties to receive exactly what she teaches as to obligatory dogma, and nothing else; and that whosoever, of set purpose and wilfully, refuses to receive it, incurs the punishment of hell.

WHAT "CARP" SAYS OF PARIS.—Paris is endowed with perpetual life. The city grows gayer as it grows older. It has made beauty a scientific study, and what with its paint and powder, its rouge pot, and its enamel, it looks like the creation of an Aladdin's lamp in a single night rather than the growth of many centuries. Everything is new in Paris, and the whole city appears to have jumped out of a band-box. It is hard to imagine that it was a well-known town when Christ was crucified, and that its foundations had been laid when Julius Caesar was sucking his thumbs and blinking his little eyes as a raw, red baby. We Americans speak of Washington City as the coming Paris of the West. The broad streets and shady avenues are laid out with the same regularity, and it has much the same climate, and it is to be the future social, artistic, scientific, literary and pleasure city of the Western hemisphere. Already its residences surpass in exterior beauty those of Paris, and a few centuries from now it may take the place of Paris. Washington is only ninety years old, Paris is over 1800. When Paris was 1200 years of age she had not surpassed in population the Washington of ninety. When Columbus discovered America Paris was a city of over 200,000 people, or as large as Cleveland, and it had reached the present size of Chicago before Washington was determined upon as the capital of the United States. It now has 2,500,000 people, and it is just about twenty times as big, as lively, and as beautiful as our national capital.—Frank G. Carpenter, in *Cleveland Leader*.

THE LAWYER THE BEST MAN.—After a Delaware peach grower had sold his crop to a speculator, he was offered an advance of \$500 by another. He wanted to be wiggled out of the first trade, and went to his man and said:—"I have been praying to the Lord in regard to that matter, and have come to feel that Divine Providence demands that we cancel it."

"Not by a jugful!" replied the other; "the Lord doesn't run the fruit market of Baltimore, and, if you try to work around me, I'll prove it mighty quick. A ten-dollar lawyer can beat the Lord any day in Maryland!"

The old man concluded not to change it.—*Wall Street News*.

INNOCENT PLEASURES.—To a person uninstructed in natural history, his country or seaside stroll is a walk through a gallery filled with wonderful works of art, nine-tenths of which have their faces turned to the wall. Teach him something of natural history, and you place in his hands a catalogue of those which are worth turning round. Surely our innocent pleasures are not so abundant in this life that we can afford to despise this or any other source of them. We should fear being banished for our neglect to that limbo where the great Florentine tells us are those who, during this life, "wept when they might be joyful."—Huxley's "Lay Sermons."

OMAHA DAME:—"And so you belong to a Baconian club?" New York Dame:—"Yes, indeed. None of our Fifth Avenue people believe that Shakspeare wrote those plays. They are too divinely masterful?" "But what is the argument in favor of Bacon? He, too, was only a man." "Yes, but he was a real, live lord, you know."

ARMAND—Come fly with me, I implore you. Camile—Never sir; you insult me! Armand—What! you will not go? Camile—I will resist you with all the strength of my woman's nature. If you would tear me from this place you must first drug me and render me unconscious. You will find a bottle of chloroform on the bureau there.

A GALLANT passenger (to fellow passenger)—"Will you please tell that woman she can have my seat?" Woman (indignantly)—"I am not a woman, Sir. I am a lady." Gallant passenger (blandly)—"Not a woman? Excuse my mistake."—*Philadelphia Call*.

How a Child's Soul Ebbd Away.

A little girl, six years of age, residing at 36 Hester street, New York, was so severely burned by the explosion of a lamp one evening that she died the next morning. The last scene is thus described by a *Herald* reporter: "Thus she lay slowly breathing for seven hours. Her face was so swollen she could not open her eyes. The light of this world was forever shut out from her. About half-past two A. M., she showed signs of returning consciousness. The physician felt her pulse, ominously shook his head, gave some more instructions, and turned to go away. As he did so the little creature moved her body. She turned half around. The dim light of a candle shone on the blackened face. The swollen lips pursed out, and, in a clear, sweet voice, the dying child began to sing the hymn,

'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'

The doctor and nurse stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened ward, leaned on their elbows and drank in the sweet melody." The first verse completed, she gradually sank back on her pillow. Her strength began to fail and with it her voice, and only the humming-like distant music of the air of the hymn could be heard.

How sweet, yet weird, that humming sounded! The candle lent its meagre light, the big clock in the corner told out the seconds as the sweet little soul passed out to the new life."

HOW MONARCHISTS TREAT WOMEN.—Women in Germany have no chance in the colleges and universities, as the German world has not moved along far enough to prevent their being religiously excluded from these institutions. A Berlin correspondent of the New York *Tribune* tells the story of a young girl in Leipsic who tried to evade these laws by disguising herself as a man. She entered the university with honors and took her place as a student of chemistry in the laboratory. During three years she studied assiduously and distinguished herself among her classmates, who called her the "lady" on account of her feminine appearance. The day of final examination her sex was discovered, and she was not permitted, in spite of her entreaties, to graduate. Aside from regret at this rank piece of injustice, one cannot help smiling at the state of mind the educational snobs would have been in had she succeeded in getting her diploma, with the high honors that would have been awarded to her, before they found out that she was a woman.

I DECLARE to you now, that our crime of crimes has been that we have so greatly undervalued ourselves. But this undervaluation has come from the fact that we had divided the universe, in our belief, into mind and matter. We had set up matter as something apart from mind, and being thus sundered in the essence of our being—for we are microcosms, each soul is a representative of the whole universe—our intelligence has been inoperative; we have been like idiots vainly asking where the sun is, when its light has been all warmth has been the breath of our lives.—*Helam Willmans*.

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I'm Going to My Home.
Love's Golden Chain.
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Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.
Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes.
The City just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are left Ajar.
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OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;
—OR—
Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,
By J. J. OWEN,
(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose *Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the *bouquet* which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

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We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

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They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]
Pensee.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

How oft we meet a pale, sad face,
That bears the marks of pain and strife;
But we are blind and fail to trace
The records of a noble life.
We heedless meet, and careless part,
And turn to things more gay and light;
We take no pains to read the heart,
Nor give the hope nor help we might.

How oft we see some rugged brow—
Some deeply-set and gloomy eye—
We like them not, and, with a bow,
We coldly, quickly pass them by.
Perchance that eye is dim with care,
That brow with anxious tho't is pale;
The soul within may be most fair,
Did we but care to lift the veil.

How harsh we judge our brother, man—
Harsher still our sister, woman—
And vainly think their minds we scan,
Forgetting that "to err is human."
Forgetting that it is divine
To love and pity one another.
Forgetting that our lamps should shine
To guide a weak and erring brother.

How oft some weak—tho' better thought—
By our unkindness have been slain;
How oft the sinner has been brought
By our neglect to sin again.
How oft we show but fair outside
When our own hearts are dark with sin;
How oft we grieve our angel guides,
How oft we forget the "God" within.

Our Father, still we come to thee;
Thy patience we, alas! have not,
And tire thee with this endless plea:
"We've sinned! we're sorry! we forgot!"
O, help us in each heart to prove
There's still some warm tho' hid'n ember;
Our Father Wisdom! Mother Love!
Help! O, help us to remember!

PALOMAR, San Diego Co., Cal., Oct. 21, 1886.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

[Read before the St. Helena Reading Club.]

Thou Power Supreme of all the ages,
That guides and rules the flight of time,
Dimly perceived by saints and sages,
Deign to inspire this humble rhyme.

The orbs that roll through boundless space
And twinkle in the dome of night,
May teach our souls some gentle grace
And fill our hearts with gentleness and light.

Some worlds abound with lurid fire,
No sentient thing can breathe or live;
Some sputter still with seething mire,
But lowest forms of life can give.

We thank the Power of Life Supreme,
Our lot is cast in latest ages,
Though all the past seems but a dream
As back we turn great Nature's pages.

Species in countless hosts abound
Who greatly fear—or truly love us,
We're lord of all beneath—around,
And only angels still above us.

We're thankful that our lot is cast
Where Freedom's soil is unpolled,
No despot's hand the State has grasped
And manhood's joys are undiluted.

We bless Thee that our lot is cast
To reap the noblest fruits of Time,
If we but learn from all the past
To make humanity sublime.

We're grateful that within our border
Gentle peace now smiles serene,
And everywhere are law and order,
And brightest hopes spring fresh and green.

No pestilential deadly scourge
Fills our land with woe and mourning;
No unruled passions seethe and surge,
The people's hearts to strife returning.

With rapturous joy our hearts o'erflow
That worship now is free as air,
No persecution's demon blow
Can blight the budding flowers of prayer.

Our grateful hearts with thanks abound
That through our glorious, happy land,
Good education now is found
To foster truth with liberal hand.

We bless the Power of Life Sublime
That field and forest, stream and glen,
Abound with choicest fruits of time
To satisfy the needs of men.

And on this Pilgrims' festival day
Whether the sky be bright or murky,
Whatever else we do or say,
We're truly thankful for the turkey.

—JOHN ALLYN.

Only a Baby's Stocking.

I hold it here in my trembling hand,
With its shape of the little foot,
And the tiny holes in the heel and toe
Made by his half-worn boot.

I hold it and kiss it, while o'er my face
The tears in a torrent rain,
And the heavy throb of my heart beats out
Its bitter cry of pain.

It is years and years since the little foot
Was cased in this bit of wool;
And all these years I've tried in vain
My yearning heart to school.

To the long, long days of forgetfulness
That time, they say, must leave,
Since the truest heart that ever throbb'd
Cannot forget grief.

But, oh, I cannot, cannot find
A moment's sweet surcease!
Dead, did you ask? If that were all,
I should know a heavenly peace.

There are sadder things than a little grave
Bedewed with a mother's tears.
Ah, sadder far the wayward life,
And the lost and misspent years!

Yet God is good. Perhaps somewhere
My boy, in the days to be,
Will feel the breath of his mother's prayers
Float over him tenderly;

And, sitting here in my lonely room,
I shall hear his step at the door,
And clasp and kiss my wayward boy,
My long-lost boy, once more.

—BIRCH ARNOLD, in "Christian Register."

Twin Souls.

SOME kindly look, some undefined expression
Lurks in the shadow of thine earnest eyes,
Some secret thing that claims my heart's possession
By sympathetic ties.

Some likeness of the mind, some fellow-feeling,
Blends our clift lives to one harmonious whole;
Thy good unto my better self appealing
Haunts all my inmost soul.

Worldless, yet ever to my thoughts replying,
Giving me look for look, and breath for breath;
With thee the world is paradise undying,
Without thee—Life is Death.

—Texas Sittings.

The Sunset of the Year.

[Christain Register.]

It is related of the poet Bryant that, as he stood on the heights of Brooklyn only a day or two before his death, and looked down the noble bay, he exclaimed, "Nature is always beautiful." The love of nature which had been cultivated in the country was never choked by the city wall which shut him round so much of his busy life. Having learned it not from poems or descriptions, but from Nature herself, he was able, even in the bustle of the city, to recall its charm; and, when the open vision was granted him on Brooklyn Heights, the pictures hidden away in his soul were recalled, and it was not only the sheet of water, dotted with islands and with sailing craft, shining in the sun, that was attractive, but Nature herself was always beautiful.

City people do not sufficiently cultivate this love of Nature. If they go to the country for one month in the year, they consider that they have paid honor enough at her shrine. But, as a rule, they go in the very hottest month of the twelve, when one is too languid really to enjoy the beauties about him. Few vary the month of their vacation, though, if that were once the fashion, it would be the source of great enjoyment. How many thousands who religiously spend July or August, perhaps both, at the seaside or in the country, never uncovered the modest Mayflower and plucked its blushing blossom, sweet with the first breath of Spring, never heard even of the coy hepatica or the delicate "Spring-beauty," flowers that the simplest country child knows from the time that it can walk!

So, too, when the brilliant splendor of the autumn is past, how few ever go outside of the brick and mortar of city walls to see if Nature is really always beautiful! The elms, the birches, the maples the walnuts, the ashes, have freely scattered to the four winds their glorious array; and the city dweller watches the bare boughs rattle to gether, and says, "The night of the year is settling down upon us." Were he to go but a few miles from home, he would find that it is but the sunset of the year, or at latest the afterglow. Perhaps, in the far north, this might not be so true; but in any region where oaks are found there is still a sunset gleam among the boughs, and the reflections in the waters of river and pond are rich and beautiful. If any one doubts it, let him take a row upon the Charles, or on some of the innumerable lakelets of the "Cape," or on "Spot pond."

As one goes farther south and comes upon a wider circle of forest trees, the beauty of foliage is still great. Up almost to Thanksgiving time, a ride through the Dismal Swamp of Virginia is a rare pleasure. The scarlet and yellow of the gum trees, the infinite shades among the oaks and other trees and vines, give a brilliancy which wants only the brighter coloring of the maple to make it fully the equal of New England woods in September.

Many European cities have special excursion trains running to favorite suburban resorts up almost to the time of snow, and they are well patronized by the people who have learned that nature has a smile for her guests whenever they seek her. Though such special arrangements have not yet become so common here, and though even those that the summer brings are usually withdrawn before the first brown chestnut drops among the withering leaves, still from our larger cities trains run with frequency enough to give little outings on Saturday and Wednesday afternoons, or on Sundays after church for those who think it no sin to walk in the country on a Sabbath afternoon. Chary New England does not give many golden days after the first of November; but even then those who will look will find what Holmes found, that

"There are noontides of autumn when summer returns,
Though the leaves are all garnered and sealed in their urns,
And the bird on his perch, that was silent so long,
Believes the sweet sunshine, and breaks into song."

Dreams.

[Phrenological Journal.]

Many have singular dreams that seem to them replete with portent, but which they cannot interpret. Later something occurs that appears to solve the mystery and make the events of a dream valid as a warning. We cannot evade the force of a series of correspondences; they appear to us related as effect to cause.

If a man dreams twenty times of getting into a nest of rattlesnakes, and having a contest with them, and shortly after the occurrence of each dream has a bitter quarrel, or serious trouble with some one, we are driven to conclude that he is either a very quarrelsome fellow and would get into trouble often with his neighbors any way, or he has acquired a mental habit of dreaming about rattlesnakes.

It must be understood that we can get into dream habit, just as we contract habits of thinking in certain directions while awake. Organization has a great deal to do with dreaming. People with broad heads and active temperaments dream of scenes in which there is strong action. We know a lady with large destructiveness, firmness, constructiveness, order, and a very active temperament who dreams very frequently of house-cleaning, awaking in the midst of work with a sense of much physical exhaustion. We know another who fre-

quently dreams of going into cold water. As these dreams have been kept up for twenty or more years without anything happening, we think that they signify simply a certain physiological condition that can be accounted for.

When a dream comes to one in an isolated way, and it has a peculiar character which may not be referred to previous mental impressions, or physical states, and it occurs to a score of different persons, each ignorant of the others' experience, and an event later points so clearly to the dream that we cannot with candor deny a connection, then the potent nature of the dream would appear to us beyond cavil.

A CENTURY ago an infidel German Countess, dying, ordered that her grave be covered with a solid granite slab; that around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole be fastened together by strong iron clamps, and that on the stone be cut these words: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." But a little seed sprouted under the covering, and the tiny shoot found its way through between two of the slabs, and grew there slowly and surely until it burst the clamps asunder, and, lifting the immense block, the structure ere long became a confused mass of rock, among which in verdure and beauty grew the great oak which had caused the destruction. And thus work the silent forces of nature, bringing to naught the vain imaginations of man.—*Ex.*

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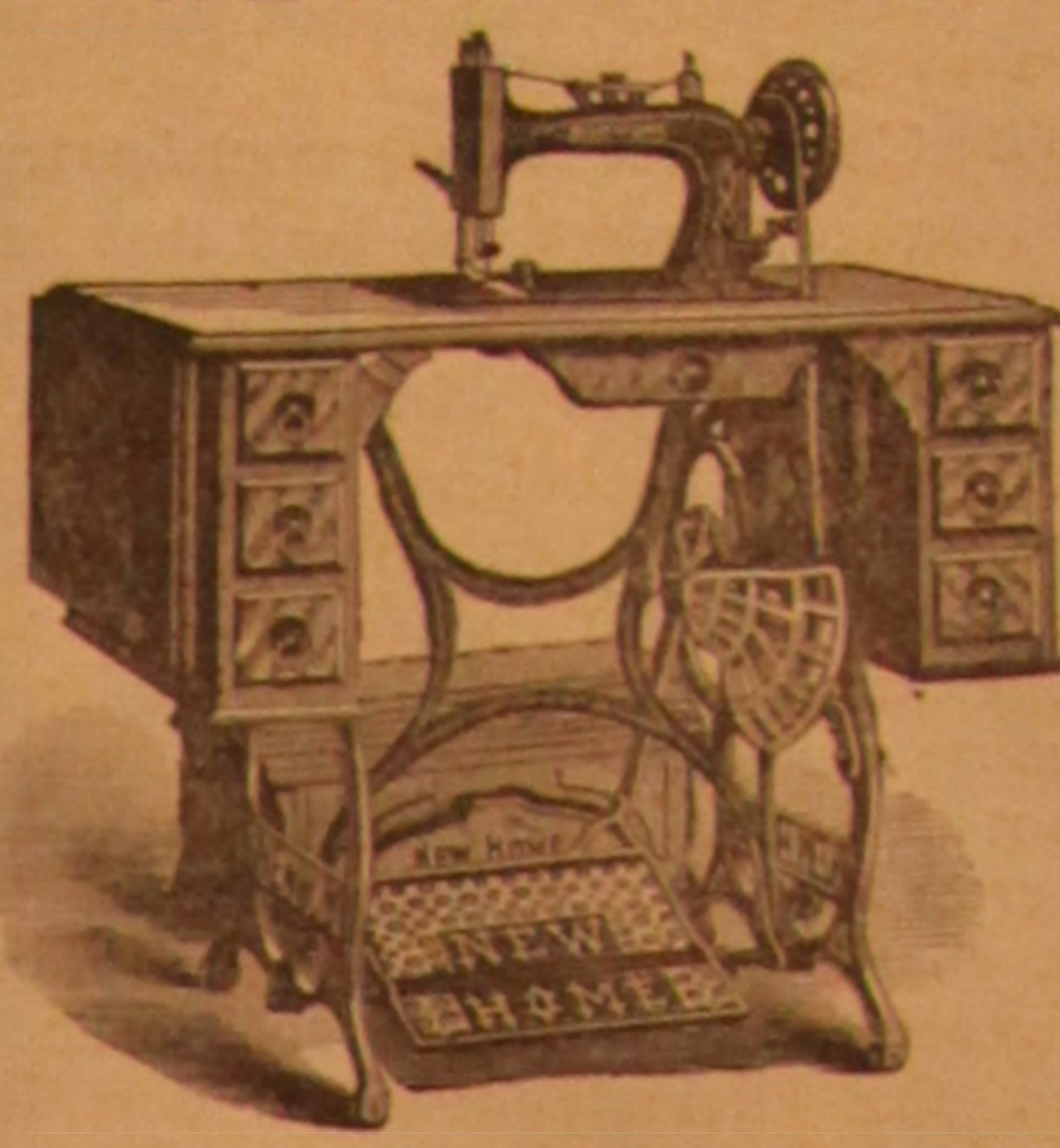
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8:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 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5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. 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3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:0