

(Continued from First Page.)

mountain, cost him what it will. He has a high ideal, a glorious ambition. The lowlands of earth will not do for him; the highlands of heaven are his goal, even though he knows that many have been lost in the snows, among the crevices and the precipices which abound everywhere; even though he knows he is daring the world and men will call him a fool for his pains; he realizes immortality in the distance, and the blessing he can render humanity by dying. If any one says, "Would not Jesus, even, have benefited the world more if he had lived longer in it instead of dying?" Would he not have saved it better by a longer continuance in the earthly form instead of by yielding his body to his enemies? Would he not have blessed humanity more if he had performed a miracle and eluded the vigilance of his enemies and escaped; even though he had come down from the cross in response to the scoffer's call." We answer, no; for no magic staying off of earthly persecution or distress will ever set the highest example to the world. If you can not live in the world honorably, then go out of it honorably and glorify God by resurrection, which men mis-call death. If a great and glorious principle is at stake, and duty calls you to give yourself to the cannon, the cross or the stake, then the martyr who dies for truth and liberty has, with his own blood, watered the seed of liberty, and the blood of the martyr has indeed been the seed of the church of God, which abides forever. If you can not live in the world without sacrificing your highest conviction, without tarnishing your honor, without rubbing the bloom of virtue off your cheek, then, though suicide would be a coward's act and a dastardly one, allow the world to do its worst, allow it to take your earthly life from you that you may fill a soldier's or a hero's grave, you then put yourself on record as being one of the world's greatest benefactors who have blessed humanity by an example which, like the halo surrounding the cross has justified the poet Bowring, (author of that splendid hymn, "God is wisdom, God is love,") in exclaiming, as an apostle did centuries before him,—

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

What is the glory of the cross but the glory of the valiant hero who understood the meaning of his own utterance: "He that will lose his life for the sake of truth shall find it."

Thus our most valiant heroes are often our arisen and ascended heroes. Therefore, the places left vacant in the Grand Army of Earth are all occupied in the Grand Army of Heaven; and when the solemn procession files on, or when in your jubilant marches you remember the valiant comrades and miss those dear, brave fellows who fought shoulder to shoulder with you in the old times, oh! then you may open the eyes of your soul, then you may permit your mind to feast itself upon a vision calculated to fill you with divinest ecstasy, for there are your comrades who bravely fought and bravely died, standing by your side invisible to mortal sense but present to the eagle eye of the spirit. They hold in their hands the stars and stripes and exclaim, "Because of the stripes, the stars." And downward from the sky, like the falling of a star, come their voices singing unto you: "Excelsior, come up higher; soar above the mists and fogs of earthly doubt and misconception; soar above these paltry victories which you would win in order to gratify worldly ambition. Raise your ideal, lift higher your aim and fight for the treasure that moth can never corrupt, that thief can never steal, that rust can never destroy."

When you have set your affection upon the things of spirit which are eternal in the heavens, and have gained a better country, as your comrades go into the cemeteries to decorate your graves, when they bring gay bunting, laurel, evergreens and flowers, and lay them down before you as a mute offering to your genius and your bravery, then you will be as smiling angels looking down upon them from your posts of honor in the higher life and the influence from your souls—no matter where your spirit homes may be—will, like an electric flash, enter into their veins and fire the blood that circulates in their spiritual being and urge them forward to valiant deeds of bravery more glorious than in times of yore.

The Grand Army of Heaven is ever chanting "Excelsior." The Grand Army of Heaven is ever the great cloud of witnesses encircling you by night and day. The Grand Army of Heaven is composed of those who in every age and in every clime have fought the good fight of honor, of freedom, of true faith; and from the heights of paradise the ascended heroes ever look down upon you and give you blessed welcome and cordial greeting.

If in your lives it shall ever be necessary for you to play the part of the brave and noble hero who came before the spiritual vision or inspired imagination of America's greatest poet; if the world shall offer its affection in the most alluring guise; if the maiden shall come forth in the person of one whom you love best, and with tears in her eyes beseeches you to stay your course and lay down to rest upon her bosom, though the soldier may shed a tear, though the bravest heart carries the tenderest feeling, though a tear may stand in the boy's bright blue eye, and though

it is with a sigh that he answers, yet "Excelsior" must be the word that still breaks from his lips. Jesus wept. The bravest man who ever lived has been the gentlest; the greatest soldier has been the tenderest. He has had two hearts; the sympathetic heart of woman and the valiant heart of man. He has wept over the wounded comrade; he has soothed the dying with his own hand; he has wiped away the fear from the boy far away from home; he has borne messages of affection, couched in tenderest and sweetest language, to his comrades' dear ones; he has broken the news as tenderly as the tenderest woman could break it; and the man who could shed the readiest tear of sympathy and feel the deepest and softest affection was the first in battle, the foremost in the fray; when danger called, he stood in the front rank and file, the bullet would have to pass through his breast before it could touch another. Bravery and gentleness are companions; they always dwell together in the faithful breast.

The hardened, callous, indifferent person who pretends to be brave in a time of peace is the veriest coward in time of war.

In an emergency when something needs to be done quickly, when a life has to be imperiled and everything must be staked, the tenderest man, called, by those who do not know him, "chicken-hearted" because he is not a bully, (and a brave man is never a bully) is the first to answer to the call.

Often the tenderest woman who appears so delicate, fragile and sensitive, that you would think she might fall into hysterics at the sight of danger, is the one who can take a position similar to that of the brave valiant girl who is immortalized in "Curfew shall not ring to-night." It is the tenderest, sweetest, most loving and gentle boy or girl who would mount the slippery stairs and thinking nothing of their danger, find themselves possessed of nerve of iron in the most important hour.

So when called to give welcome to the brave, victorious, noble soldier and valiant comrades we are not giving welcome to a company of men who can not appreciate the very tenderest and sweetest offerings of affection. We must never imagine that the heart incased in armor is not the tenderest heart of all. In our battle of life as we fight the good fight of faith, let us learn to combine gentleness with bravery and take for our motto, the text: "Thy gentleness hath made me great." If God's infinite gentleness and tenderness shall dwell in our hearts in most abundant measure, it will be the strong might of love, it will be the omnipotence of kindness which will cause the wall of the Jericho of evil to fall down, love will be the thunder and lightning and earthquake, opening the prison doors to the captive, for there is no power in heaven above or earth beneath so strong as love, for love is God and God is love. Those who are filled with love are filled with the spirit of omnipotence. Whatever calls forth our tenderest sentiment, evokes our sweetest charity, brings us nearer to each other than we have ever been before; whatever makes us forget all our national distinctions and foolish partisanship, whatever tends to unite all in one common humanity, that and only that is the means of accomplishing the world's redemption.

If we only could all come nearer to each other; if we could love each other better; if we only knew more of each other, we should find each other far more admirable and agreeable than we seem when we look at every one from the outside. The blots are upon the surface; the errors and imperfections are illustrated on the outermost rind of the orange of human existence; and as many an orange is very speckled outside but very sweet within, so very many persons outwardly unattractive and imperfect, with no peculiar gift or grace to distinguish them, no great talent, no outward evidence of ability, when we come to know them we find possessors of great beating hearts of love, all the stronger and all the fuller because they never make a parade or display. Still waters run the deepest and the clearest, and in many and many an unexpected place we find the richest gold.

The gold in California that lay near the surface has all been pretty well gathered up, but there are gold mines all over this land, lying so deep down that you will have to delve into the very abysses of the earth to find the precious ore, but when you have dug deep enough you will have another gold harvest not only equalling, but far transcending the harvest of 1849 and following years.

In many and many a character the gold lies very deep; gems do not often appear on the surface; but if we come nearer together, if Spiritualists and Materialists, Jews and Gentiles, Christians of the Protestant and Roman Catholic faith, Orientals and Occidentals, those who revere the Crescent, and those who revere the Cross could come nearer together and be willing to see the good rather than the evil in one another's systems, they would soon realize that there is only one God and we are all His children.

It is not his attachment to St. Peter's in Rome, nor to a pagoda, church, synagogue, lecture hall that makes the man, but something deeper than what he calls Buddhism, his Christianity or his Judaism; it is his love of all that is good, coupled with love of his neighbor.

If we could come nearer and nearer together and forget our parties in our common humanity; if we could forget Republicanism, and Democracy, and the Greenback hostilities, leave off eulogizing

those who prefer paper money while speaking slanderously of those who desire that all money should be in metal; if we could forget the superiority of gold to paper or of paper to gold, and remember that no land will ever be well governed, wise laws will never be framed and never adopted without the best and noblest men in office. If we could work for principle and for principle only, and united hand in hand, heart to heart, and shoulder to shoulder, as the Irishmen in the war united with those who disliked them, as the Catholic and the Protestant fought together in the same ranks as brothers, we should in our warfare, in our holy crusade against every form of iniquity, very soon rid our land of the evils which threatens its destruction. But when we are all divided into little sects, colonies and squadrons on our own account; when we are all disputing over the differences of opinion between sect and sect and party and party; when we are hair splitting theologians and politicians, we spend so much time splitting hairs that we forget to save souls. When all the hair-splitting controversies of the world are taken for what they are worth—they are mere "tempests in tea-pots," and "much ado about nothing,"—it is only when the great issues of the world, the weightier matters of the law, are regarded; so long as justice, temperance and kindness are extolled, the great impartial Judge of all will not stop to inquire whether we have been circumcised or baptised; whether we have borne one party name or another; but if we have fought the good fight and have shod our feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace, if we have worn the armor of integrity and our hearts are filled with love towards all mankind; if we have fought for virtue and in virtue's holy cause, for humanity in humanity's holy cause; if we have not thought of personal honor, worldly ambition, self, or one state or one country only, but of universal humanity; if our patriotism has extended itself even beyond Thomas Paine's definition and we are able to exclaim, "The universe is our country," so that if all the worlds in space were to be placed before us with their teeming millions of inhabitants, so that we could name every star and know all the citizens of all the states in the universe, and still could say, "One Father is ours, and our Father made them all; they are all his children and we are all brethren." If we could rise to that glorious height where we forget everything but that we are human; when we owe no man anything, but love one another, utterly realizing that love is the only true fulfillment of divine law; if we can reach to such a height as that, in one day the sword of the spirit would destroy more enemies than all the carnal weapons that could be manufactured in a century; all the stupendous armies ever organized, all the controversial theories and external endeavors to bring about uniformity of thought and action among men, all the concentrated attempts to bring men to see eye to eye in non-essentials will never do anything but make a bad matter worse and delay the onward rolling of the wheels of the car of progress. But whenever the Goliath of vice is met in battle by the David of purity, even though David in man's esteem be but a stripling, and though he only possesses a sling and stone for weapons, Goliath, though clad from head to foot in mightiest armor, will, giant though he be, fall before the simple youth, for a boy clad in armor of righteousness is more powerful than a thousand warriors in armor of flesh with all its gifts and possessions.

The noble army, the Grand Army of Earth and Heaven numbers in its ranks all the brave and true, all the known and unknown valiants since the world began, and until time shall be no more acquisitions will be made continually to its glorious ranks.

In the Grand Army of Heaven the poor and uncomplaining seamstress has an honored place; the poor woman who makes shirts for a few cents a day and maintains her purity, has her honored station. The poor little boy who is sent out into the streets to steal, but would rather be flogged and die of starvation in honesty than sin against his soul, enjoys a distinguished place among the heroes and the valiant veterans there. Those whom the world knew not of, the uncomplaining sufferers who bore mental and bodily anguish year after year and set a divine example of fortitude to posterity, forgetting all their own pains in ministry to others in affliction; those who have gone without the necessities of life because others were in desperate need and they would rather die of hunger than see others suffer, though no gilded epitaph adorns their tombstone, though not even a grassy mound marks the place where their ashes lie, though the monsters of the sea may have devoured their bodies, or the earth in its most savage places may have entombed them, though their skeletons may lie whitening on the deserts of a foreign land, or though they rest in the tombs of their fathers or in the temples dedicated to the name of the Most High, they are all in the life immortal members of the Grand Army of the Spiritual Republic.

And there in heaven's democracy, where virtue only secures promotion, where integrity alone secures advancement; there every brave and valiant hero and heroine, known or unknown, responds to the call of the Master's inviting voice, "Come up higher," while "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" is proclaimed equally in the ears of those of whom the nations love to

honor, and in the ears of those whom no nation has ever heard.

Fight the good fight of faith in the Grand Army of the Spiritual Republic; be ye all recruits obedient to the call of the Captain of salvation, and then when ever God's jewels are numbered up, when ever heaven's prizes are given out, when ever the examination is passed and the war is declared over, then you will be decorated with medals that will shine lustrous throughout eternity; then your brows will be surmounted with laurel wreaths that can never wither, though centuries uncounted roll away, for God adorns the brows of His Grand Army with the rewards of eternal felicity and gives them forever the diadem of perfect happiness and perfect peace.

Golden Thoughts.

(From the World's Advance-Thought.)

If God regarded not the atom the earth were impossible.

As well say there is nothing beyond what you see, as to say there is nothing beyond what you know.

As the bright flowers are the children of the sunlight, so good thoughts are the soul-births of the thinker.

The more harmony in the soul the more truth can be received. Inharmony and the false go hand in hand.

When one looks up he can see countless worlds; when he looks down his vision is limited to a minute portion of one world.

Without the storms to moisten and nourish the roots of its stalk the rose could never unfold its scented petals to the bright sun.

It is the spiritual force that man puts into his work that gives it lasting qualities. The works of art and literature that contain the highest expressions of the spiritual survive the longest.

Machinery that is hampered with defective parts is a burden to the worker. When the spiritually false is eliminated from your soul life ceases to be a burden and becomes a foretaste of heaven.

When the errors and misfortunes of the past cease to distress your memory, then truly has your soul extracted and assimilated the good that was hidden in them, and then it is ready for higher and grander flights.

No experience can be shirked in the soul's eternal pilgrimage. Your experiences in connection with matter will endure until they shall have accomplished their object. Shrink not from duty, however unpleasant.

If your conduct and the impulses of your soul prove that your enemies have falsified your character, you should help them by soul-sympathy. They, being your inferiors, cannot injure you; you, being their superiors, can aid them.

O! how revolting will be the record of these times to the coming generations, that guards were placed over men judicially condemned to death to prevent their committing suicide! Self-murder prevented that public murder might be prevented!

People whose motto is, "Do as I tell you, not as I do," develop no spirit force to elevate the world. Those who live spiritual lives regenerate humanity more in one day than has been done by all the preaching that tickles the ears without reaching the soul since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

If Satan is responsible for the philosophy of Spiritualism, which brings the mortal into conscious relationship with his God; and God can be happy while his own suffer eternal torments—as many of our Orthodox friends claim—it would puzzle the wisdom of the universe to draw the line between God and Satan by their attributes.

Unsympathetic souls must pass through the fiery furnace of trials sooner or later; and the less sympathetic they are the more they must suffer. They must learn to be sympathetic by feeling the want of sympathy. Some pay the price in this life; others defer payment until the next one. Sympathy is a large part of the composition of an angel.

When it becomes generally known that one changing to the spirit side of life can not be happy until he has rectified the wrongs committed on earth, and that this can only be done through the medium of mortals who are living pure lives, there will be but few people who will do wrong. Those who imagine that knowledge of spiritual things will come spontaneously are laboring under a delusion.

Good thoughts are imperishable, and they are the property of the soul from which they emanate; and the greater the number of others that appropriate them the more absolutely they become the property of the one who gave them original utterance. The wider the field of radiation the more brilliant and intense the central light. To fail to grasp this idea is to fail to be spiritual.

COUNSEL for the defense: "Gentlemen of the jury, if there ever was a case which, more than any other case, challenged careful comparison with similar cases, this case is that case."

BARON LIEBIG, the great German chemist, said: "We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer."

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

What are Spirit Raps?

Spirit raps, so called, sounds that, under certain well defined conditions, mental and physical, come to our ears from we know not where? Are they a phenomena of mind, or of matter, or of both, or of neither, but of spirit, as is claimed? If of spirit, then what is spirit? But the latter question may well remain an open one until that other question, What is matter? is answered. So far it has proved too deep for the mind of man. He has traced it down to a "dance of atoms" and "spiral force centers," but, if he is really any nearer to the final and ultimate solution of the problem, he does not know it; the farther he goes the farther he sees he still must go; when, at last, unwilling to give up a hopeless chase after the unknowable without some kind of satisfaction, he has recourse to mere speculation founded on an unproved system of logic, and facts that may or may not be at some future time developed, his suppositions are practically valueless. As to whether mind is a phenomena of matter, or matter of mind, or whether spirit is a phenomena of either, or both, or whether both are not a phenomena of spirit, is an unsolved, and probably unsolvable (in scientific terms, such as are in use to-day), question. For all we know mind, matter and spirit may be but the phenomena of some greater reality; and when we consider how dependent on each other is all our knowledge of these three great phenomena, for without the use of mind we can conceive of neither of the others, this idea is found to have some weight.

As to the phenomena of spirit which gives rise to the foregoing hypothesis, although recognized as such by perhaps a majority, it is not yet universally recognized because all have not sought this particular phenomena, many actually avoiding it; but as this has no bearing on the actuality of the phenomena, the reasons why need not be discussed.

The particular phenomena under discussion, "Raps," is ascribed to spirit, not merely because it can not be ascribed to mind or matter, or both, but because the "Raps" first evince a materiality supposed to pertain only to matter and force; and, second, evince a mentality supposed to pertain only to mind and individuality, appealing to the senses as being as material as anything else in nature, and to the mind as being as intelligent as anything mental in nature. The fact that they are not connected with those who hear them, so far as the intelligence conveyed by them goes, being proved by the fact that they communicate ideas and events before unknown to the hearers which may afterwards be demonstrated as true; and themselves advance the theory that their cause is spirit, aided by the mental and physical attributes of the hearers. To one who has heard these raps no other theory than the one they advance is tenable; to one who has not heard them no theory of their cause is needed. They are at liberty to deny the "Raps" in toto, or the sanity of those who profess to have heard them.

Not many years ago electricity was as much an isolated phenomena as raps are to-day. It had remained so for ages, science having no theory of its cause that was compatible with the effect let it pretty severely alone; the little bit of amber with its peculiar power was too simple for the grand masters of science, until, recently, some few bold and original thinkers began a course of experiments on this heretofore almost unnoticed phenomena, and the result is that in a few years it has become a factor in the affairs of man that stands second to none; and this in the face of the fact that no adequate theory of what it really is has been arrived at by science.

Our "Raps," as such, are a very new phenomena, but science, exact science, will not long be able to ignore it. It is not a negative phenomena; it positively asserts in excellent English its cause, and its own explanation of its cause can only be denied so long as the "Raps" themselves can be denied, which is until they have been heard.

And now, because a few leading scientists, who know not whether "Raps" have been heard, a few much-to-be-pitied agnostics, living in expectation of eternal death, and a great many small-minded people who care nothing about the matter, and a great many orthodox people whose religion of eternal Love and Hate, or Heaven and Hell, and its accompanying superstition about blasphemy, will not, for their various reasons, investigate "Raps," can we who know they are true afford to ignore them because these people, who claim to know nothing and refuse to learn anything about them, say we are victims of self-deception?

We, who have listened calmly to all opinions, advanced about "Raps," pro and con, and principally con, and have also listened, with bated breath, to the "Raps" themselves, and their own opinions about themselves, as lovers of truth are morally bound to accept as true not only the raps but the theory they advance of their cause.

G. F. B.

"I HOPE, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher to her new scholar, "that your parents are good Christians?"

"Well, ma is," replied Johnny, "an' pa used to be, but I guess he's a little out of practice now."

"I AIM to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance; "but you are a very bad shot."

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SPIRITUAL WISDOM.

We look around upon our circles of acquaintances—some, perhaps, that we have known for many years—and how many do we find among them who are seemingly making no progress in life, either intellectually or spiritually. Some seem to be precisely where they were many years ago, while others have apparently, if not actually, retrograded—been dwarfed by contact with the years.

Growth should be the aim of every soul, and that can come only of earnest and persistent endeavor. We can not sit down in indolent ease, or with a feeling of satisfied rest drift along with the tide without serious injury to ourselves. We need the constant spur of a divine purpose to goad us on. We must work if we would win—not fitfully, but constantly and persistently. The inflowing light from above ever illumines the way we should go. We have but to follow it with a will—to draw nearer and nearer to the eternal source of all light and love,—and thereby attain to the highest and best order of life.

The true Spiritualist is ever progressive. In the cultivation of all the graces of a noble manhood; in seeking the highest welfare of his fellow men, and by a life of personal purity, of charity, of generous action, he is ever climbing the golden stair that leads to the courts of heaven. Each succeeding day brings him "nearer to his Father's house than he ever was before." He feels more and more of the divine possibilities stirring within him, and catches clearer and brighter glimpses of the wonderful destiny that awaits him in the eternity of the future.

It is sad indeed to contemplate the multitude of Spiritualists who profit but little, if anything, by the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism,—facts that have demonstrated to them beyond question the greater fact of a future existence. With many of them their hearts are full of uncharitableness, of jealousy, and of all unkindness for their fellow-men, and often for the bravest and best workers in the field of spiritual reform, a field in which they, themselves, claim to be engaged.

Others there are who drift along contented with the phenomenalism of Spiritualism, never ascending above the level of the sensational. They dwell so completely upon the earth plane, and are so involved in the fogs and shadows of materialism, that they can not see the stars above, nor realize that the sun is shining brightly beyond. They want nothing but tests of the presence of their spirit friends, and that continually, forgetting that they are retarding their own growth, as well as that of their friends in spirit life, by holding them ever down to their own earthly plane of thought.

Not that we would discourage mediumship in any of its many useful and beautiful phases. It is the first step to spiritual knowledge—the foundation and corner-stone of the entire superstructure. It is the phenomena that first arrests the attention and calls forth investigation. But once having become satisfied of the essential fact, then the investigator, merged into the Spiritualist, should pass on to the attainment of other knowledge, and not sit down forever to the indolent contemplation of the groundwork of his spiritual temple.

The truest Spiritualist is he who seeks to do the most good in this world, making the best use of all his faculties and powers. He will be in no hurry to pass on to the companionship of his loved ones in the spirit land, while there is a single duty or task left undone in this life; for he knows that the more completely his work is done here the better will it be for him there—the more worthy will he be for that glorious companionship that awaits him, and which he has it in his power to exalt and ennoble by a life of noble deeds and generous thoughts on this plane of existence.

Spiritualists should open the windows of their souls and let the light shine in—the light of love and wisdom inflowing from the source of all Truth. They should ever find themselves inquiring of their own souls, What can I do more for the welfare of my less fortunate neighbor? How can I better bless humanity in my life and conduct?

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SOLACE OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

There is no system of philosophy or religion so well calculated to reconcile man to the inevitable change called death as a belief in the well-attested facts and phenomena of Spiritualism. Here we have a philosophy founded upon absolute knowledge. We know that those whose bodies we have laid away in the tomb live again in spirit, in a world of actual verities as natural as this—that there they take up the thread of existence just where they laid it down here, and go right on, with no faculty of the soul—love memory, veneration, ideality, or any other attribute—lost, or left behind. We know that death does not rob us of our friends, but that they know and love us there, and that a way is now open for them to return to us—that they come close to us, and impress us, in many ways, of their identity, and assure us, with all the fervor of their unchanging natures, that they are ever near to comfort us in sorrow, and shed the sunlight of their spirit home all around us.

And yet, notwithstanding all this,—with a philosophy and knowledge so beautiful and satisfying—when death comes close to our lives and bears some dear one away from our arms, the loss seems none the less great. The keen agony and the woe unutterable are there all the same, and we find it very hard to reconcile ourselves to the blow.

It is doubtless true, however, that reason asserts its sway much sooner, and we come to a realizing sense of the fact that all is for the best with our loved ones, more readily in the spiritualistic belief than with any other. Especially is this the case where the risen spirit soon recovers its faculties from the daze and oblivion which death often casts over them for a time and is able to return with words of cheer to the sorrowing ones of earth.

This sense of loss and anguish at the temporary separation of friends who pass on to the higher life is doubtless augmented by the doleful religious training that most of us experienced in our earlier years. The preaching to which many of us have been accustomed to listen was full of the mildew and mold of the grave. There was no spiritual birth until the coming forth of the physical body in the "last days," by a literal resurrection. And then there was an awful prospect of encountering the "wrath of God," and of being consigned to an eternity of torment in a place of unspeakable horrors. The hymns that were sung to us were of the "Hark from the tombs" order, and abounded in such dismal refrains as—

"Ye sinners all, come view the ground
Where ye must shortly lie."

And then there were the sable trappings of woe,—the funeral pall, the solemn cortege, the mournful music,—all suggestive of a nameless dread of dissolution.

Such a belief of death and a future state,—which is still held by many,—is enough to paralyze one with grief; and it is a wonder that many do not go insane, or perish with despair, when Death lays his icy fingers upon the lips they love, and their idols are torn from their arms for aye.

When our children grow up in the belief that death is simply a change of conditions for the better; when we learn to dispense with all mourning apparel and sable decorations, and come to learn to regard death as a birth to a higher and better life, and not as a dismal uncertainty, much of our sorrow at parting will be assuaged. Then verily shall we cease to mourn with that hopeless sense of loss which the old religious idea of death implies.

THE "LETTER THAT KILLETH."

In attributing a scriptural quotation to Job that properly belongs to Solomon, our Seventh Day Adventist neighbor across the Bay, *"The Signs of the Times,"* thinks he has discovered a weak side to our claims in behalf of the truth of Spiritualism—or rather, perhaps, we should say, that he concludes we are not sufficiently familiar with scriptural matters to warrant us in attempting to expound the teachings of the Bible on any subject.

Just there is where we are prepared to yield a point to our Adventist friend. We concede to him a superior knowledge of the "letter of the Word," remembering that it is the "letter" that "killeth," while "the spirit giveth life." Thus we prefer that knowledge of spiritual things, whereof no one should be ignorant, rather than be so bound up in the letter as not to be able to perceive the spirit thereof.

Will our neighbor, who claims that all spirits are spirits of evil, and all spiritual manifestations satanic in character, please inform us if the manifestations of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration were of that character; also if it was a devil that wrestled with Abraham, or that appeared with the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace?

THE MEDIUMS' CONVENTION.—The spiritual meeting in Neptune Gardens Pavilion, Alameda, under the auspices of Mrs. F. A. Logan and her brother, Walter Hyde, opened Monday with a small attendance on account of the G. A. R. attractions in the adjoining cities. Oakland was alive with multitudes to witness the Grand Army marching; nevertheless a very pleasant and enjoyable time was had in speeches, recitations and music. The audience in the evening was much larger in number, and Mr. W. J. Colville spoke

with his usual earnestness and inspiration in answer to questions eliciting admiration and applause. The Oakland quartette (Mrs. Clark, the Miss Wheelers, with Mr. Hanford) rendered very appropriate and sweet music. These meetings will close with a literary and musical entertainment and dance Saturday evening. Admission to entertainment 25 cents.

A QUESTION OF EVIDENCE.

Our Second Adventist contemporary across the Bay, for whom we have great respect, and would gladly bring into the fold of truth, is "surprised" that we should "bring in behalf of Spiritualism" "a class of evidence that would not be accepted 'by a Police Judge in a petty larceny case, and 'then call it 'weight of evidence.' Here the "spirits are on trial. The Bible charges them 'with being spirits of devils. We call them up 'and put the question, 'Guilty, or not Guilty?' 'They reply, 'Not guilty,' and straightway the "editor of the GOLDEN GATE claps his hands and says, 'I told you so.'"

Concerning the credibility of the evidence of spirit existence and communion, we would say, that while it may not be of a kind that would be accepted in a Police Court, so neither would the evidence upon which our neighbor bases his belief in the "sleep of the dead," the "destruction of the wicked," and the literal resurrection of the physical body. The advantage of our evidence is that it is of to-day, and appeals directly to us while that upon which he implicitly relies is thousands of years old and has been corrupted by its passage through many languages.

Again says the *Signs of the Times*: "The case 'stands thus: Certain spirits do communicate 'with men. This we all admit. We claim, on 'the testimony of the Bible, that they are the 'spirits of devils. Spiritualists claim that they 'are our 'spirit friends,' and offer the testimony 'of the spirits themselves as proof, at the same 'time telling us, what we would know without 'being told, that their statements are not to be 'relied on. And for the sole testimony of the 'accused, who are known only as liars, we are 'asked to throw away the Bible.' Oh, no; we do not ask you to 'throw away the Bible,' but rather that you bring to the study of it a broader comprehension of its spiritual meanings.

As both the Old and New Testaments abound in accounts of spiritual communications, not all, indeed, but very few of which were from evil spirits, so of the communications of the spirits in these modern times—not all are of a high order, and some, no doubt, are positively evil. But in claiming that all spirits are "liars," or the "spirits of devils," we kindly suggest that our neighbor is justified in speaking of such spirits only as he is familiar with,—that it is not kind, nor fair, that he should insist that our spirits are of that disreputable class. The biblical suggestion to "try the spirits whether they are of God," carries with it the plain implication that some of them are of godlike purity and goodness, as every Spiritualist knows to be the case.

In admitting that "certain spirits do communicate with men," our neighbor concedes so much of the common ground of difference between us as to leave him nothing to stand upon. If "certain spirits" can communicate, then why not certain other spirits? Can any one tell? If the former can communicate they must do so in accordance with a natural law, which, in the nature of things, cannot be partial in its operations. If the wicked can communicate and not the good—if devils in the guise of angels are permitted to waylay poor, weak humanity to their eternal ruin,—would not that fact seriously reflect upon the Divine Wisdom, Justice and Love that dominate the universe? It won't do, neighbor. Reason revolts at the idea.

WASTED FORCES.

Man, in his low estate, is naturally a fighting animal. Although not provided with tusks and claws, like some of his brother animals, his wits supply him with weapons of a far more formidable character. And so the history of the world is a history of wars without number,—of carnage and bloodshed most terrible. Nations expend their best brawn and their most precious treasure either in defending their borders against invasion, or in wars of conquest.

In "the good time coming" the world will have no use for standing armies, great ships of war, fortifications, nor any of the fearful enginery of death, upon which they now lavish so much thought and treasure; for then the arbitrament of reason will take the place of the sword. Why should it not now? Why can not nations agree to submit their differences to a common tribunal, and at once rise superior to the barbarism of war?

If the worse than wasted forces of national power—the multitudes of soldiers, the vast armaments, the costly trappings of war—could only be directed in the quiet, prosperous ways of peace, how bright would be the dawning of the new day that would break upon the world. What grand co-operative industries—what perfect methods for the alleviation of human want and woe—what high spiritual unfoldment—what happy and beautiful homes!

It is surely but slowly coming, up "the steeps of time"—the glad, golden day, when "nations shall learn war no more."

—The secret springs that help to sustain far Western journalism, some times get hinted at pretty broadly when the straits of the editor cause him to speak plainly. There is something pathetic in the following statement of the *Walla Walla (W. T.) Chief*: "For the first time in its existence, the *Chief*'s wood-pile has got down to chips. Any subscriber who is long on wood and short on money, may bring a load of the first-named article to this office. The wood should be dry, and must be cut into two-foot lengths." The season of the year mitigates the distress of this confession, which we hope is made in time to insure a warm sanctum for the Winter.

DEATH OF COL. W. W. HOLLISTER.

On Monday last, the sad news reached us from Santa Barbara of the death from heart disease of our noble friend and collaborer, Col. W. W. Hollister. He had been ill for several months, and at one time came very near to death's door, but he rallied again and so far recovered as to be able to take a trip to Lake Tahoe; but finding the rarer air of that altitude unfavorable for his complete recovery, he came down to Calistoga, and then to St. Helena, where he tarried a short time at the pretty home of his old friend, Dr. Crane. Still, suffering from the trouble which finally proved fatal, he came to this city about four weeks ago, accompanied by his faithful wife, and stopped a few days at the Grand Hotel; but he was too ill to see any but his most intimate friends. He then left hastily for his home in Santa Barbara, feeling, doubtless, that his days were nearly numbered.

Although Col. Hollister had reached the allotted years of man, he was, nevertheless, until his last illness, a man of robust health and great activity. He was one of California's men of mark—a large property owner, an intelligent, clear-headed business man, and at the same time a man of large charity and great kindness of heart.

Being a firm believer in the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, he was among the first to greet the GOLDEN GATE with substantial evidences of his approval. So well pleased was he with the paper that he subscribed and paid for forty copies to be sent to his friends and neighbors; and in other ways did he show his great appreciation of our work. His departure leaves a lone place in our hearts, as well as in the hearts of many who were nearer and dearer to him.

As he neared the shores of the mystic river, his great heart, softened and purified by suffering, seemed to overflow with good will and charity for all humanity. When partially recovering from the first severe attack of his last illness, he wrote us a most touching letter, one in which the angel of a grand and beautiful manhood shone forth with resplendent lustre.

Dear heart, noble soul, we shall join thee where thou art, some glad day, when our task is ended, and we shall need rest.

SPIRIT RAPS.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Please tell me how I shall distinguish when raps are made, what they mean, and greatly oblige a reader of the GOLDEN GATE. Yours respectfully,
FERNANDO CITY, CAL. N. W. MOOREY.

ANSWER.

Clairvoyants describe the spirit rap as being produced by the explosion of a small ball of condensed atmosphere, or electricity, projected against any hard substance; something like the explosion of a small torpedo. Although sometimes these balls are exploded in the atmosphere. They are produced only in the presence of certain sensitives. It often occurs, in the earlier experiences of rapping mediums, that the raps are unintelligible, coming indiscriminately, and failing to respond to questions. Their meaning cannot well be determined until they are so completely under the control of the intelligence directing them as to give intelligent responses. Then they will usually answer questions readily, giving three raps for yes, one for no, and two for doubtful. With some mediums, and where magnetic assistance is rendered by the siter, the raps will sometimes be as loud as those produced by a heavy blow of a clenched hand upon a table. We have heard such raps in the presence of the late Mrs. Breed, the most remarkable medium for that phase of mediumship we have ever known.

NEW INSPIRATIONAL SONGS.—We have received from the author and publisher, C. Payson Longley, 45 Indiana Place, Boston, Mass., author of "Over the River," the following beautiful inspirational songs and music: "Beautiful Home of the Soul," "Come in thy Beauty, Angel of Light," "Gathering Flowers in Heaven," "In Heaven We'll Know Our Own," "I'm Going to My Home," "Love's Golden Chain," "Our Beautiful Home Over There," "Our Beautiful Home Above," "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," "Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair," "Who Sings My Child to Sleep," "We're Coming Sister Mary," "We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land." These songs can be had for 25 cents each, or five for one dollar, by addressing the author as above. Spiritualists should learn to sing the fine spiritual and progressive songs of Mr. Langley, who is an author and composer of recognized merit.

SEA COASTS.—Next to the Hollanders, the French are fertile in devices of economy and saving in their country. The Dutch are famous for the land they have reclaimed from the encroachments of the sea and the destructive accumulation of its sands. The French have for some years been watching the results of an experiment that has proven successful. It was the planting together of broom and pine seeds; the quick growth of the broom protected the young pines and kept the sands in place. The yearly dropping of the brown leaves enriched the soil for several years, until the pines got above the broom and could stand alone. By this means, and other devices to prevent the changing of the sand, France has reclaimed almost one million acres of her bleakest sea coasts. A few years hence, when our islands are more fully occupied, we, too, will set about it, claiming our sea coast. But it would be a good and wise thing if it were undertaken at once. The Government could not expend a few hundred thousands to a better purpose.

NETTIE PEASE FOX.—This gifted writer and lecturer, the wife of Col. D. M. Fox, of *The Spiritual Offering*, is on a visit to her parents who reside in San Jose. Mrs. Fox is a daughter of Dr. Pease, a veteran Spiritualist, climbing well on towards his ninetieth year. We have not had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Fox yet, but shall endeavor to see her before she leaves the State.

She will doubtless visit San Francisco soon, when we shall hope to make her acquaintance. We understand that Mrs. Fox will receive calls to lecture during her stay upon the coast, and that as an inspirational speaker she has but few equals. She is known throughout the West as a lady of rare social and spiritual worth. We trust her stay among us may be long, and that she may return to her Iowan home freighted with pleasant memories.

THE MILLENIUM.—The lady who recently lectured in San Francisco, and claimed to be one of the two prophets spoken of in Revelations—ninth chapter, third and fourth verses—does not seem to accept that part of Holy Writ relating to the end of the world. She says she has had a direct revelation from God as to the precise time of the end of our world, but would only say the event is to occur in from one to five years. Now, the Bible says there shall be a millennium, and upon the beginning of this period there shall be considerable uniformity of opinion. Over one hundred works, written in the past century, all place the beginning of the reign of peace between 1885 and 1890. We find no difficulty in believing that the Devil is unchained, but that he is near the end of his tether is not so clear. If there is to be a millennium, this modern revealed prophet is something over a thousand years ahead of time. From the general state of things, it would indeed seem that evil is fast coming to a crisis. We like to think so, at least. A season of peace and innocence is a joy to anticipate.

WORK.—There have always been working women as well as working men, but up to the present only the latter have received much consideration as a body. Women have been kept in the background by their men employers, and quietly accepted the wages offered them, however small, because if they refused, starvation, or something worse, was the other alternative. In the meantime, women have been growing and thinking as well as working, and they are not now so timid, because they are not so weak. Laboring women are organizing and forming unions of their own. There may be, and often is, tyranny practiced by Trade and Labor Unions; but so far as women are concerned, they have been tyrannized so long that the scale ought to turn on the other side, and it will. The servant girls of St. Louis are combining as one. In Philadelphia there is a Knights of Labor composed of young women, numbering over one thousand, all employed in shoe factories. If union is strength for men, it is that and safety too, for women.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.—We thought the time had gone by when women were insulted for seeking competition with men in educational pursuits; but it appears that we are mistaken, according to the late disgraceful occurrence at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, on the occasion of the junior oratorical contest, in which it occurred that a young lady student entered the list of competitors for the prize. When her turn for trial came she was hissed, fire-crackers and torpedoes were exploded, the college bells rang, and even an attempt was made to turn off the gas. This college is the oldest but one in that State, but it certainly is not growing old gracefully. The first question that this mannish performance suggests is, Where were the College Faculty and gentlemen students? Echo answers, "Where?" The Philadelphia *Times* says that, "If any of the offenders were under age they should be spanked; if over twenty-one, that they should spend a part of their vacation in Cumberland county jail." We think they should, one and all, be forever expelled from the institution and put to farm labor, for which they are better adapted.

THOSE NUMBERS.—Superstition goes to alarming length when it enters judicial tribunals in the nineteenth century, as was lately the case in Austria. A wretched woman, almost starved by long years of privation and half-satisfied hunger, was accused of killing a rich old aunt of hers, an avaricious fortune-teller. In the course of the trial it was learned that two hours after the crime was committed the woman on trial had drawn three numbers at a lottery—83, 25, and 47. Now, it happens that in a famous gambling game, called *loto*, the number 47 signifies life and death, while 25 was the number of the house in which the murdered woman had lived, and 83 her age. The Judge accepted this coincidence of numbers as most conclusive proof of the woman's guilt, and she was accordingly condemned to death. North America is, perhaps, without exception, the only country on the globe where persons are not liable to encounter superstitious bigots in their pursuits of life, liberty and happiness. It takes a smart people to outgrow witchcraft and its horde of relations.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE FAIR.—Any of our country readers, contemplating a trip to this city, should so time their visits as to take in the Annual Exposition of the Mechanics' Institute, which will open at the Pavilion on the 24th instant and continue for one month. These exhibitions are increasing yearly in general interest in the great variety and excellence of the exhibits, until they have become a most valuable source of education for the people. All San Francisco attends them, as regularly as they come round, and tens of thousands of people from other portions of the State and elsewhere are invariably present, as opportunity offers, to enjoy the wonders of art, invention, natural products, etc., therein displayed.

OUT UPON THE OPEN SEA.—Since our last issue the GOLDEN GATE has entered upon its second volume, and its soulful editor announces that it is now over all the shoals of business uncertainty and upon the open sea of permanent prosperity. With a glance at the flying clouds behind, and ahead to the bright sunlight that is gloriously gilding all the prospects, he says he now knows that angels have been guarding and guiding from the beginning. We could have told you that when you first raised anchor. The breeze will continue in the right direction. Bear on! The heavenly port is coming in view.—*The World's Advance-Thought.*

HARMFUL ANTAGONISMS.

We note with deep regret the existing factions in the Spiritualistic ranks of this city. It bodes no good to our general cause, and can only make skeptics laugh and all true Spiritualists grieve.

There never was, there never can be a battle, in the physical or moral elements, without two opposing forces. There is no such a thing as a one-sided warfare; blows are alike hurled at both, crippling the one and wounding the other.

Those who manifest such harsh and bitter feelings toward other Spiritualists are but endangering those whom they would shield; they are playing with arrows barbed and poisoned at both ends. Such unwarranted bitterness ill becomes those who claim to live in the higher light of the soul—to hold daily communion with angels.

We refer to these facts more with the thought, or hope rather, that all may yet see the better way and follow it, than for the purpose of giving them publicity. Our readers outside of San Francisco have no interest in our local affairs further than to know what good is being accomplished—to what lofty heights is the banner of truth being carried.

We know a number of the newly adopted in our fold who are being driven elsewhere by the antagonistic elements they meet with. Most of us find enough discord and inharmony in our everyday contact with the world, and naturally turn to the spiritual for the balm—the olive branch of peace.

We can but feel that the simple differences of opinion should never be carried so far that the good of our beautiful religion should be endangered thereby. We hope that each one whose feelings has been wrought up to so great an extent will calmly consider the matter and endeavor to rise out of the errors of the mortal into the divine light which shines for all.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—There has probably never been a deeper interest manifested in things psychical than at present. A perfect wave of inquiry seems to have set in, on this Coast. That trance medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, 120 Sixth street, whose wonderful powers have become so widely known, is sitting daily for over twenty persons, besides being obliged to turn away half as many more. Truly the good cause moves on.

—The original poem, "Tempted," on our eighth page, by J. Stanley Fitzpatrick, contains the ring of the true coin. We meet with so much rhyme and jingle, in our editorial experience, that we are obliged to reject, and often regretfully, that it is a real luxury to receive something that we can publish with pleasure and recommend to our readers. We have a shorter poem from the same gifted pen which will appear in our next issue.

Rev. E. B. Church, Principal of the Irving Institute of this city, returned, last week from a two month's trip to Europe, in which he took in London, Paris, Naples, Rome, Milan, etc. His trip was more for business than pleasure, but Mr. Church was determined to get in as much sensible sight-seeing and pleasure with his trip as possible. The fine school of which he is at the head, opens a new educational year with excellent prospects.

—W. J. Colville will lecture in Assembly Hall during September. This hall,—one of the largest and most elegantly finished in the city,—is on the first floor of the new Odd Fellows' Building, corner of Market and Seventh streets, entrance on Seventh street. Persons desiring to secure reserved seats for the Sundays of September, can procure them from Albert Mortoh at the Temple, Sundays, or at his studio, 331 Phelan Building, during business hours.

—Seats are filling up rapidly for Mrs. Watson's lectures, commencing with the first Sunday in September. Those who would secure good seats should apply at once to Manager Dodge. He may be found at No. 143 Fremont street, during business hours, or will respond to orders by letter. We learn that Mrs. Watson was never in better heart or health for the work. With free admission the Temple ought to be filled. Those who can should secure reserved seats, and thus help to make up the deficit consequent upon open doors.

—It turns out that the man who lately allowed himself to go over Niagara Falls in a cask seven feet long and thirty-three inches in diameter at widest point is a cooper. Determining to change his fortune, and evidently believing in the business motto, "No risks no gain," he naturally took his dimensions and trusted to the whirlpool of the roaring water to bring him money or death. Money is victor, and now he is to repeat the venture and take up subscriptions before hand, to be doubly sure that his fortune may follow him to good or ill.

—There is nothing more significant of the upward tendency of the times as regards the rights, condition and estimation of woman than the installation of a woman as a Congregational minister. This event transpired in Iowa, already so noted for setting good examples. The chains of conservatism and bigotry are falling like shackles to the ground, as they are struck from day to day by liberal and common-sense ideas of the fitness and justice of things called "woman's sphere" and "man's place." The sphere and place of either is what each is capable of making it.

—"Cut a man's head off," says our materialistic sister, Elmina D. Slenker, "and you end the man for all eternity." How do you know, Sister Slenker? You have never had your own head cut off. Isn't it barely possible that a man's head can not be cut off? Do you think you can cut it off by severing the physical connection between the head and the body? Why, the man will laugh at you for your pains, as soon as he recovers from the shock to his nervous system! If this physical life were all there is of life, then we should agree with you. But we, in common with many millions of reasonably intelligent people, know it is not.

—The *Mental Science Magazine* for August, has this brief notice of one of San Francisco's brightest lady physicians: "Dr. Cora Ellison, of California, called and gave an excellent and encouraging report of the work in her State. The cause of mental science healing she informs us is gaining public approval rapidly on the Pacific Coast."

—The gifted inspirational speaker, Miss Susie M. Johnson, of Los Angeles, is on a visit to this city, where she will remain for several weeks. Miss Johnson is not only an excellent speaker but she is a worthy and noble representative of the higher phases of Spiritualism, holding to all that is pure and beautiful in our glorious philosophy. During her stay here she will accept calls to lecture in neighboring towns. Her address is No. 129 Taylor street.

—The European countries claim that their standing armies are for the maintenance of peace. They may be a menace to foes in times of peace, but they are found to be more useful in war. The Germans are manufacturing rifles at the rate of a thousand a day, that peace may be more quickly restored in case of trouble. It is intimated that the great Empire is becoming afraid of Republican France, but the reason is not apparent. Enemies they are and will be, unless some common trouble should draw them together, as persons often are by a mutual calamity.

Expert Testimony.

[Banner of Light.]

To the positive testimony of such skilful professional European conjurers as Bel-lachini, Houdin, Bosco, Hamilton, Jacobs and Rhys, may now or soon be added that of Dr. Wilhelm Hermann of Berlin, two other German professionals, Schradick and Willman, and Dr. Geo. Herschell of London. The last mentioned was named to Mr. Eglinton as the person who gave Mrs. Sidgwick such information respecting the *modus operandi* of slate-writing that led her to declare it to be the result of trickery; whereupon Mr. Eglinton wrote to Mr. Herschell, asking if the report was true. Mr. Herschell's reply was as follows, and should forever silence all charges and innuendoes of that nature. Although this has special reference to Eglinton's mediumship, its statements have equal force and pertinency to that of all other independent slate-writing mediums in whose presence the phenomenon occurs under like conditions:

37 MOORGATE ST., E. C., June 18, '86.

DEAR EGLINTON:—In answer to your note just received, I may say that if Mrs. Sidgwick has ever seen me do any slate-writing it has been part of an ordinary entertainment of sleight-of-hand, and produced under conditions quite different from those under which your psychography takes place. When I have given such exhibitions it has been for the sake of showing how little prestidigitation could do toward imitating slate-writing, and never with the pretense of showing how you produced it.

For some time after my first sitting with you, I candidly confess that I worked very hard, both by myself and in consultation with well-known public performers, to find out a method of imitating psychography, and I do not think that there is a way that I have not tried practically. I have come to the conclusion that it is possible to produce a few words on a slate if the minds of the audience can be diverted at the proper time (a thing perfectly impossible under the eyes of conjurers, who know every possible way of producing the result by trickery, without instant detection). Beyond this, conjuring can not imitate psychography. It can do nothing with locked slates, and slates fastened together. It can not write answers to questions which have not been seen by the performer, as you are constantly doing. At the best it only produces a mild parody of the very simplest phenomena under an entire absence of all the conditions under which these habitually occur at your seances.

Allow me also to take the present opportunity of thanking you most sincerely for the opportunities you have given me of satisfying myself of the genuineness of psychography by discussing openly with me, as you have done, the various possible ways of imitating the phenomena, and of letting me convince myself, in detail, that you did not avail yourself of them.

GEORGE HERSCHELL, M. D.

When in St. Petersburg, correspondence passed between Mr. Eglinton and Dr. Hermann, at the suggestion of Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, of Munchen, who had learned that he was desirous of witnessing the slate-writing phenomenon, tendering him an opportunity of doing so. The result was that an appointment was made for next autumn, when several test-seances will be held in Berlin for his benefit. In his manly reply to Mr. Eglinton, Dr. Hermann—who is accounted "the most distinguished living representative of prestidigitation," and a scientist as well, we infer from his allusion to a remark of Mr. E. to him, that in his opinion "an investigation of these phenomena belongs to science, and not to the profession to which you (Dr. H.) belong"—says:

"I am not at all a direct opponent of the spiritualistic phenomena, and so approach the subject without any prejudice. Although I am a *prestidigitateur* by profession, I flatter myself I am able to introduce myself to you as a scientifically-educated man. Please to understand that in regard to spiritualistic phenomena, I am more an inquirer than a conjurer. To be sure, I shall avail myself of my professional knowledge for the sole purpose of investigating the truth."

We have the authority of Alex. Aksakoff, *Conseiller d'Etat* of Russia, for stating that two other German conjurers, Schradick and Willman, have agreed to allow the last decisive word upon the question, so far as their own views relate, to be said by such a competent judge as Dr. Hermann. Such matters are of interest, and are noteworthy as showing the rising tide of public opinion in favor of a cause that has far too long been subjected to the sneers of some, the bigotry of others, and the contempt of pretended leaders of science; showing, too, that truth can wait its hour of recognition, which is as sure to come as is the sun to rise at its appointed time; but after all, as Aksakoff very justly remarks, these phenomena gain ground not by force of anybody's authority, but by the slow and sure way of personal experience.

The Gala Day at Onset.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The largest attendance of the season was present at the fourth Sunday service of the Spiritualist camp-meeting at Onset Bay. Special trains ran from Middleboro, Fairhaven, Plymouth, and Hyannis, and the steamer "Island Home" made two trips from New Bedford. The Middleboro band gave three sacred concerts, and A. B. French of Ohio spoke upon the subject of "Cranks," treating of the cranks of ancient days, Columbus, Galileo and others, and comparing them with the Spiritualist cranks of to-day. In the afternoon Mrs. M. A. Glading spoke upon spiritualistic topics. Both speakers were followed by Mr. Joseph Styles, the wonderful test medium. The Onset Lyceum weekly meeting was held at the Temple at 4 o'clock, and several prominent speakers, stopping at Onset, took part. The day's exercise closed with a public seance and sacred concert at the Temple in the evening, and a number of private seances and circles held by the mediums at the hotels and cottages. On the whole, the people are having a most enjoyable time. The mediums are all doing good business and rendering satisfaction. A cheap railroad ticket to all the other camp-meetings is being sold for \$10, good for round trip to Lake Pleasant and Queen City Park, Brimington, Vt. Many will avail themselves of this opportunity. W.

Information Wanted.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

N. F. Ravlin says in his recent lecture in San Jose, "I believe in Jesus Christ as much as ever I did." Will he be so kind as to inform us, through the GOLDEN GATE, if by that he means he believes that through Jesus' death, and, by his blood, we are to be saved, and in no other way? My understanding of the belief of the Baptist Church is such. If that is still Mr. Ravlin's belief (and if not what is it), I would kindly inform him he will, ere long, need to state it over again in a greatly enlarged form, as such a belief is too narrow for a mind like his, as it is for all who give our blessed religion of Spiritualism the thought it deserves.

Fraternally, MRS. STARKS.
CERES, Aug. 10, 1886.

IN MEMORIAM

Of Jonnetta M. Ingram.

Passed to spirit life, on the 21st of July last, Jonnetta M. Ingram, the only daughter of Mrs. Almira Ingram Holcomb, and niece of Eliza A. Pittsinger, the poetess. She who bore this name was most deeply loved by a large circle of friends, who prized her for her purity, her sincerity and faithfulness. She was, indeed, a loving daughter and niece, and an ever faithful friend. Her mother and aunt are made to feel the earthly loss most deeply; yet they do not mourn as those who have no hope. They truly feel that this change is but a birth into a more free and expanded spiritual condition.

Below is a song composed for the occasion, to the beautiful air of "Beulah Land," by Eliza A. Pittsinger.

O dear Jonnetta, take thy rest
Upon thy loving father's breast;
Thy feet have crossed the lonely strand,
And thou art in bright Summer Land!

CHORUS—O Summer Land, fair Summer Land,
It is a kingdom bright and grand,
And all its valleys, groves and bowers
Are crowned with never-fading flowers;
And hands of angels, robed in white,
Have led thee to that land of light!

O dear Jonnetta, thou hast gone,
Thy mother's heart is sad and lone;
Our sorrow brings full many a sigh,
But we shall meet thee by-and-by!

O dark and cheerless was the night,
No stars were there, no joy nor light;
We waited on our Father's will;
'Twas finished, all around was still!

The night is passed, the shining morn
Of hope and life begins to dawn;
A loving voice came near and said:
'She is not dead, she is not dead!'

The gentle breezes from that shore
Embalmed my spirit more and more;
Since thou hast flown they come to me
In strains of heavenly melody!

O dear beloved, now we sing,
For love has touched the golden string;
An angel rolls the stone away,
And by-and-by it will be day!

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Thirteen divorces in three hours were granted in Minneapolis the other day, and even Chicago calls upon the Judge to pause and reflect.

August 3d, A. P. Williams, of San Francisco, was elected United States Senator for the unexpired term of General Miller, deceased.

The total number of Sunday-schools of all "evangelical" denominations in New York City is 370; number of scholars, 103,823; teachers, 10,152.

Samuel J. Tilden bequeathed to the city of New York his residence in Gramercy Park, together with his fine library. The property is valued at \$1,100,000.

A detachment of the United States Geological Survey is engaged in taking soundings of Crater Lake, Or. The greatest depth yet found is 1,959 feet.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 117, Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE—W. J. COLVILLE, Lecturer; Albert Morton, Manager. Services for Sunday, August 14th. At 10:45 a. m., Lecture. Subject: "The Divine Motherhood, or The Woman Clothed with the Sun." At 2:30 p. m., Answers to Questions. At 7:45 p. m., lecture. Subject: "The Evolution of Religion and the Religion of Evolution." Poems from subjects chosen by the audience will be given at each service. Solos by W. J. Colville and Jos. W. Maguire. Evening service will close promptly at 9:30.

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Sittings Daily. aul4-tf

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Diagnoses Diseases and Locates Mineral Deposits.
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Full particulars given or sent on application to the Assistant Secretary, 31 Post street.

P. B. CORNWALL, President.
J. H. GILMORE, Superintendent.
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Mr. Colville will give courses of Spiritual Teachings in twelve lessons and conversations on the power of spirit over matter in destroying error and disease, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings and evenings, in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, on Market street, between Seventh and Eighth streets, San Francisco, commencing on August 16th. Tickets \$5 for course. Can be secured by personal application to Miss H. M. Young, or by letter addressed to care of Albert Morton, Room 331, Phelan Building, San Francisco.

MATERIALIZING SEANCES.

ELSIE REYNOLDS is paying our city a short visit, and will hold Materializing Seances, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, 845 Wednesday and Saturday, at 2 p. m., 845 Mission street. aul4-tf

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NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE PUBLISHERS.

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This book or legacy is composed of the various experiences of earth-land pilgrimages and soul-land rests, in past ages, in spirit spheres, and on many worlds, that swing in the depth of space, and is respectfully dedicated to a world groping in darkness and blindly peering in the dark and gloomy mist of religious teachings, vainly striving to find the right path that leads to their Father's house.

TITLE PAGE:

Voices from Many Hill-tops,—
—Echoes from Many Valleys;

—of the—

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In ages past; in the long, long ago; and their many incarnations in earth life and on other worlds.

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A GRAND OFFER.

Two gentlemen who are deeply interested in the spread of spiritual truths, and who believe that the GOLDEN GATE is worthy of general circulation among the people,—Hon. Amos Adams of this city, and Hon. I. C. Steele of Pescadero,—have placed at our disposal the sum of two hundred dollars (one hundred dollars each), to be given in premiums for two hundred new subscribers for the GOLDEN GATE. As this offer is made for the purpose of extending the circulation of the paper among a new class of readers, who we are confident will become permanent subscribers when once they know its value, renewals by present subscribers can not be included in the offer; although the latter can avail themselves of our usual club rates, if they so choose.

The above sum will be paid out until the premium is exhausted, at the rate of \$5 for each five yearly subscribers, and \$1 for each additional subscriber exceeding five, to any one who will interest themselves enough in the matter to earn the same. After the first five, additional names may be sent as they are obtained.

It is not at all improbable that other Spiritualists of means will add to the sum, and thereby aid in promoting the grandest cause that was ever presented for intelligent consideration.

There is not a town on this coast of a thousand inhabitants where from five to twenty subscribers for the GOLDEN GATE could not be obtained in a few hours' effort of some earnest worker in the cause.

We shall open separate accounts with all competitors for the above premiums, and keep our readers advised, from week to week, of the numbers of subscribers obtained under the above offer.

Our terms of subscription (\$2.50 per annum) are lower than those of other weekly papers of this class, and are quite as low as the paper can be afforded. Other Spiritual papers, that have been long in the field, have a large advantage over any new paper in their valuable advertising patronage, which is a matter of growth and age, and which will come to us in time.

There is an ample field for a first-class weekly journal, in the interest of spiritual thought and unfoldment, upon this coast. There are thousands of Spiritualists here, and other thousands of investigators in our facts and philosophy, who have little or no knowledge of the GOLDEN GATE. A little persistent effort on the part of the friends of the cause, just now, can not fail of introducing our paper into many homes where we are sure it will be a welcome visitor.

In remitting subscriptions under the above proposed offer, agents may retain their premium of \$1 for each subscriber; but the first remittance must be for not less than five subscribers, or \$7.50.

Six months' subscriptions will be received on the above terms, the agent to receive fifty cents for each subscriber.

PASS THEM ALONG.

We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the GOLDEN GATE, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, for whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

These wonderful young mediums beg to inform their friends and the public that they will not hold evening seances for a few weeks. Due notice will be given on their commencement.

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1244 Mission street.

The Readjustment of Christian Beliefs.

The most important topic discussed in the recent Congress of Churches at Cleveland was that of the necessity for a restate-ment of Christian beliefs. That such a necessity exists, the assembled clergymen generally admitted; and this fact must be regarded as a significant and hopeful one, in spite of the wide differences of opinion expressed as to the form which the restate-ment should take. It is a gain for religion when such a large and able body of its teachers makes acknowledgement that the prevailing creeds are all more or less outworn, and that something more logical and in closer harmony with the progress of civilization is required to main-tain the influence and proper usefulness of the Church in the world. There are cer-tain fundamental verities of Christian be-lief, of course, which are adapted to all times and all conditions—which are not to be disputed on any account, and which do not need modification in any particular; but in addition to these few fixed and simple truths there are many doctrines and definitions involved in the different systems of theology which are properly subject to revision and amendment, for the promotion of sound knowledge and the vindication of a faith that should be equal to all emergencies.

As illustrated by Dr. Parker, of Hart-ford, "the appearance of the Merrimac in Hampton Roads demonstrated the neces-sity of some new sort of war ship, and the Monitor came next day to answer that necessity." Just so is it in the work of Christianity. New forms of attack are constantly being devised by its enemies; new kinds of temptation are being per-sistently developed; new sources of con-fusion and discouragement are being daily detected. The old weapons will not answer in these cases. They demand agencies of an improved and more effec-tive pattern. Every new Merrimac must have its Monitor. Methods that were successful in times past can not now be relied upon, and it is folly to cling to them simply because they have been familiarized and consecrated by long usage. A fallacy once fairly exposed is entitled to no respect on the mere ground that it is venerable and that many good and wise men in their day have believed in it. When we dis-cover mistakes in our politics, our science, our philosophy, we abandon them, and by so doing are profited and not injured. The same rule should be applied in our religion. There is nothing to be gained by holding fast to religious beliefs that are at variance with the plain facts and teach-ing of intellectual research and discovery. Nor is it at all necessary to adopt such a course.

The cause of Christianity has nothing to fear from the growth of thought in any direction. Its danger lies in refusing to accept the valid results of such develop-ment because they conflict with certain theological dogmas and traditions which were serviceable in their time, perhaps, but which have ceased to be so because the conditions have been changed. For instance, as declared by Dr. Curry, of New York, the once popular notions re-specting the resurrection of the dead and the character of the future life which most of the creeds teach have ceased to command the assent of intelligent believ-ers. To continue preaching such notions, or to retain them in the theological system of the day, when man can not be expected to indorse them without denying the con-clusion of logical and sensible personal judgment, is manifestly unwise and un-profitable. These and similar ideas have come down to us from ages in which the human mind was far more cramped and darkened than it is in our time. They were true then, in a sense, because they were the best that the world knew; but that is no reason why they should be per-petuated now that they are seen to be er-roneous and inadequate. Dr. John Owen said of Newton's discoveries that they were "against evident testimonials of Scripture;" but in fact, as pointed out by Dr. Parker, they were only against tradi-tional interpretations of Scripture, and the beliefs which had been woven with those interpretations had to be untangled from them, which was done without any detri-ment to Christianity.

There is not only a plain necessity for a readjustment of creeds to meet the new educational, social and industrial exigen-cies of the age, but there is also an urgent call for increased devotion to those vital sentiments of Christianity which are al-ways and everywhere the same, and which can not be safely disregarded on any ac-count. After all, what the world probably most needs to-day, as suggested by Dr. Glazebrook, of New Jersey, is loving-hearted Christian men and women—a bap-tism of faith in good deeds and in that large idea of salvation which strives to create "a kingdom of righteousness on earth," in distinction from that narrow notion of "rescuing some souls from the world's utter shipwreck." It is too much to say, perhaps, as contended by Dr. Tyler, of New York, that the time has come for discarding all the creeds, and going back beyond Calvin, beyond Luther, beyond Rome, to the original doctrines of Jesus and standing by them exclusively; but it is certainly true that the Church ought to proclaim and exemplify those doctrines in a more distinct and practical form, what-ever may become of the creeds. The world has too much theology, and not enough religion. Christianity can be sin-cere and potent only by keeping itself in sympathy with all that pertains to the de-

velopment of thought, the progress of civilization and the promotion of human welfare and happiness. When its beliefs prevent it from exercising such sympathy, or cause it to wear a strange and unkindly aspect toward questions and interests of present importance, they should be torn up and cast away. The multitudes who are engaged in the fierce modern struggle for existence want something more in the way of religious comfort and instruction than the continually reiterated assurance that the Savior came here and suffered and died simply that they might have heaven after leaving this world. As Mr. Jarrett observes, "they want to get a little of that heaven here, if they can; or, as Sam Jones aptly puts it, they prefer 'a little more sweet now and now instead of so much sweet by and by'—and the Church comes short of its opportunity and its ob-ligation in so far as it fails for any cause to meet this reasonable and anxious de-mand.

BANDON, Coos Co., Or., Aug. 2, '86.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I assume that the Ego is a trinity com-posed of Spirit, Soul and Body. The latter is a mere machine. I want to know the separate functions and attributes of the other two. Is the soul the mouthpiece of the five senses, and does avarice, selfish-ness, fraud, lying, etc., proceed from it? Are sensuality and drunkenness the out-come of any of the senses, or merely qualities of the soul augmented by indul-gence? Philosophy, literature, elevated sentiment, research, benevolence, sensibi-lity, anxiety to help our fellows, etc., I consider as belonging to the spirit. Am I right? Any information on the above subject will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

SPIRIT CONTROL is control of the mor-tal mind by spirits, as in earth life men struggle to control the minds of others to their interest. Teach the spirits who con-trol the minds of mortals that their happi-ness is best secured by giving true thoughts to those they control, and thus sin will be driven from the world. Spirits who have not the truth must be taught it from the mortal side. The more enlightened the mortal the greater is his responsibility to the spirit world. The majority of spirits communicating with earth's inhabitants are no further advanced than the majority of mortals, and the coarser the nature of the spirit the nearer it is to the earth-plane and the easier it is for it to communicate in sensual ways.—*The World's Advance-Thought.*

CORNERING A LAWYER.—"Where did you get the money with which you made the purchase spoken of?" asked the "learned brother" of a witness under the torture of a cross-examination.

"None of your business!" thundered the victim.

"Now, may it please your Honor, is the counsel to be insulted in this man-ner?" appealed the lawyer.

"Witness," said the Chief Justice, com-passionately, "do you wish to change your last answer?"

"No, Sir, I don't."

"Well," remarked the Justice, "I would not if I were in your place!"

And the chuckle that shook the bench was audibly echoed.

HE HAD BEEN LISTENING.—"Mamma," said a Seventh Street merchant's little boy the other night to his mother, "what will God do to me if I am not good?"

"He will punish you, Bobbie, and make you very sorry for having done wrong," replied the mother.

"But if I kept on doing wrong, mamma, what then?"

"He would punish you more severely than before."

"Mamma, do you think he would boy-cott me after awhile?"

The mother told the father that night behind the curtains that he must be care-ful how he talked before the children.—*Washington Critic.*

COL. INGERSOL'S BIBLE—"Liberty is my religion. Everything that is true, every good thought, every beautiful thing, every self-denying action—all these make my Bible. Every bubble, every star, are passages in my Bible. A constellation is a chapter. Every shining world is a part of it. You cannot interpolate it; you cannot change it. It is the same forever. My Bible is all that speaks to man. Every violet, every blade of grass, every tree, every mountain crowned with snow, every star that shines, every throb of love, every honest act, all that is good and true com-bined, make my Bible, and upon that Book I stand."

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is on record as confessing that "Scientific knowledge, even in the most modest men, has mingled with it something which par-takes of insolence. Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bully-ing habit of mind."

THE statement is made that all the varied machinery of Great Britain now operated by steam power is capable of performing more work, hence producing more products, than could be produced by the labor of 400,000,000 able-bodied men, a greater number than all the able-bodied men on earth.

It would be pleasant to believe that Victor Hugo's picture of the twentieth century will be realized: "In the twenti-gth century," he declares, "war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will die; but man will live. For all there will be but one country, that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope, that hope the whole heaven. All hail, then, to the noble twentieth century, which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit!"

PATIENT—"Oh! doctor, you don't know how it worries me to think that I might be buried alive." Doctor—"Calm yourself, Mrs. B. You need have no fear of anything like that. Trust to me and I assure you that you are in no danger."

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How Some Noted Women Began Life.

[Celia Logan in the New York Star.]

Clara Morris' mother was a cook in a restaurant in Cleveland when Clara was a lanky girl of fifteen years of age. Manager John Ellsler advertised for some extra girls for the ballet in the pantomime he was getting up. Clara applied for a place in the extra ballet. She wore an old, faded calico dress, much too short for her long legs, a thin shawl, and a ragged woolen scarf wrapped around her head. When the extra girls were no longer required Clara was retained for some small parts. That was the beginning of the career of the great emotional actress, Clara Morris, who, by the way, is of English, not American birth.

The sweet poetess Lucy Larcom was a mill hand.

Pretty Maude Granger, with the gold brown eyes and shapely form, first earned her livelihood by running a sewing machine.

Sarah Bernhardt was a dress-maker's apprentice; so was Matilda Heron.

Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse, and Lady Hamilton as a housemaid.

Miss Braddon, the well-known novelist, was a utility actress in the English provinces, performing principally in pantomime.

Christine Nilsson was a poor Swedish peasant, and ran barefoot in childhood. Jenny Lind, also a Swede, was the daughter of a principal of a young ladies' boarding school, and beyond rather narrow circumstances had no especial difficulties in order to gain celebrity.

The great French actress Rachel had as hard a childhood as ever fell to the lot of a genius. Ragged, barefoot and hungry, she played the tambourine in the streets, and sang and begged for a dole. Naturally she was illiterate and vulgar, but overcame both these drawbacks at the same time that she gradually acquired renown.

Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people, who, however, gave her an excellent education in the public schools. In order to maintain herself she aspired to become an opera singer, but, accidentally losing her voice, became an actress instead.

Adelaide Phillips, the singer,—now dead—was a Treasury girl; and so for a time was Sarah Jewett, the actress.

The mother of Clara Louise Kellogg strained every nerve to give Clara a musical education, and at one time was a professional and spiritual medium. Miss Kellogg failed three times. Each time she retired, not discouraged, but to devote herself to the still further development of her voice. Finally she took the public by storm. Her first failures were her last.

Edmonia Lewis, the sculptor, is colored. Overcoming the prejudice against her sex and color, and self-educated, Miss Lewis is now successfully pursuing her profession in Italy. Only one other colored woman ever gained distinction in the fine arts; that was the singer who called herself "The Black Swan," and who flourished about fifteen years ago. There has never been an authoress or actress of color beyond the merest tyro, but no one can predict what the future may hold for the colored people.

Mme. Roland—who, by her impassioned and eloquent harangues, had so much to do with bringing about the French Revolution—was the daughter of a book-seller, and sold books over the counter. She was one of the most gifted and learned women of that terrible period. She became a victim of the feud she had helped to stir up, and perished on the guillotine. She was the originator of the famous phrase: "Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Anna Dickinson began life as a school-teacher. Wearing of this, she one day went to Mrs. John Drew, manageress of the Arch-street Theater, Philadelphia, and entreated her to give her an opportunity to go upon the stage. Mrs. Drew heard her recite, told her that she had a very bad accent, that she did not think she would ever make an actress, and advised her to go back to her school-teaching. The war broke out soon afterward, giving Miss Dickinson an opportunity to emerge from obscurity. She still secretly cherished histrionic aspirations, but years were destined to elapse before she was enabled to test whether Mrs. Drew had been a true prophet or not.

Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old proverb of her face being her fortune proved true in her case. Nevertheless, the standing Mrs. Langtry has acquired upon the boards entitles her to rank among the self-made women of the day.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German and a shoemaker, in the most straightened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated, and thus opened the way to fame for her.

Nell Gwynn sold oranges in the streets and theaters. From the pit, while vending her wares, she took a fancy for the stage, and let nothing stand in the way until she had achieved the object of her ambition. She became famous as an actress and as the favorite of Charles II.

As a rule, literary women have had less severe struggles to gain distinction than their sisters on the stage. Many of them have had to battle with poverty, but few with neglected education. Mrs. Somer-

ville, the only woman who has become renowned as a geologist, was one of the exceptions to the rule. As a child she was allowed to run wild, and at the age of 11 years did not know how to spell. As she grew up she was kept helping in the family house-work until marriage seemed to offer her deliverance. In this hope she was doomed to most bitter disappointment. Her husband was a narrow-minded man, who hated clever or even educated women. He considered them inferior, mentally, to his sex, and if a case occurred where a woman proved herself of superior intellect he was horrified and frowned her down as "unwomanly." He thought that his wife unsexed herself by pursuing her geological studies, and made her keep strictly to her domestic duties. His death happily left this gifted woman free to follow the bent of her genius. Her second husband encouraged her in her chosen pursuit until she became the most distinguished scientific woman of her day. She died as recently as 1872, having nearly completed her one hundredth year. She made intricate astronomical calculations when in her ninety-second year.

Intemperance and Labor.

[George Frederic Parsons, in July Atlantic.]

The organization of labor has hitherto been in the hands of unfit men, with too few exceptions. The leaders have been selfish, narrow-minded, or ignorant. The true way to utilize the strength of united labor is to develop the individual power of the members. By no other means have great nations ever been formed. An association, the effective strength of which depends upon the surrender of the rights and liberties of its members, may be a dangerous instrument for the use of adventurers and demagogues; but it can not advance the interests of the men themselves. The most urgent want of labor to-day is self-control. In this free country no man endowed with average abilities need remain all his life poor. If he has thrift, self-restraint, perseverance, he will pass from the ranks of labor to the ranks of capital. Is it the saving man who becomes the capitalist, the man who has force to deny himself indulgences. What a lesson lies in the drink-bill of the American workmen, for instance! At a moderate estimate, it amounts to between four and five hundred million dollars a year. While labor is throwing away that enormous sum annually, with what show of consistency can it lament its condition? One year's remission of that destructive self-indulgence would solve every labor problem extant; would provide a fund for the establishment of co-operative works, for the sustenance of the sick and aged, for the maintenance and education of orphans, for libraries and scientific schools, for all manner of helps.

At present, the workingman can hardly make both ends meet. It is not because he insists on creating capitalists out of the saloon-keepers, and, not content with that, on submitting all his rights of citizenship to the same objects of worship? The saloon in politics is the most hideous abuse of the day, but where would it be if the workingmen withdrew their support from it? It keeps them poor. It keeps our politics corrupt. It supplies a constant stream of base adventurers, who disgrace the American name at home and abroad. It makes the terms "public office" and "public plunder" synonymous. It stifles progress, fosters pauperism, brutalizes husbands and fathers, breaks women's hearts, puts rags on the workingman's back, disease in his body, and shame and despair in his heart. Yet when labor is most disturbed, when the demand for advanced wages is loudest, when strikes are most frequent, when hunger and misery are most rife in the homes of the poor, the saloon flourishes still. There may be no bread at home, but there is always beer and whisky at the bar; and the men who consider themselves the victims of circumstances or the "thralls" of capital squander their earnings, spend their savings, in these dens. Can there be a serious labor question while this state of things continues? Can workingmen talk gravely of their wrongs, while it is plain to all the world that, if they only saved the capital they earn they would be comfortable?

The aspect of the case has not been sufficiently examined, and for reasons which will probably occur readily to the reader. But it is really the key to the situation. When we see on the one side a yearly waste of between four and five hundred millions of dollars, and on the other side a body of men, the squanderers of this vast fund, complaining that they have not sufficient opportunities, we can not long be at a loss to comprehend the true nature of the existing dissatisfaction. It is clear that labor has been incited to seek from without the relief which ought to be sought from within. The socialist theory of a paternal State system which provides everybody with work and wages is a mischievous fallacy. It simply encourages indolence and dependence. The first duty of labor is to demonstrate its capacity for self-government. At this moment its drink-bill is an impeachment of that capacity. No man who spends half his earnings at a saloon can get on in the world, or has the least right to expect to get on. Nor can any body of men follow the same course with better results. Prosperity is the reward of persevering, temperate, ungrudging work. In these days there is, however, a great wind of new

doctrine. We are asked to believe that it is possible to succeed in very different ways; that the less a man works, for example, the more he ought to receive, that national prosperity can be advanced by diminishing production, and many other equally hard sayings. But it may be confidently affirmed that these new theories are destined to be short-lived, and that the world will have to be managed eventually upon pretty much the old lines.

GROWING OLD.—The year in its whole progress is beautiful. We love the first glimpses of green under the hedges, the song of the returning birds, the early flushes of color on the trees as they are getting ready to fling all their leafy banners to the winds. But we love also the haze of the Indian summer, the yellow of the golden-rod, and the October woods all aflame with glory. And we know that even winter, when the gales rattle the bare and frozen branches, is hiding beneath the pallor of its death the promise of another glorious spring. The early flush of the dawn is tenderly beautiful with dew and waking birds—the infancy of day. But what is there in all the round of nature's wonders to surpass such sunsets as we have seen? And, after the sun had gone down, and the last bit of color had faded away, then, one by one, the stars have come out, and have made night so beautiful that we have fallen in love with the shadow.

So naturally and so beautifully, through all its advancing phases, ought our lives to run. Sunny childhood, an old age as sweet and lovely—so should the one be matched by the other. An old age under whose snow lies the promise of spring! An old age through whose gathering shadows and above whose fading glories are peeping out the stars! So will it be when we have learned *how to grow old!*—*M. J. Savage.*

SPIRITUALISM will never drive one to insanity; but *Phenomenalism* may. Do not get wild by bounding about from peak to peak of its lofty heights, but come down to *yourself* as a little child and learn the first principles. Go to work to earn bread by honest labor. Correct bad habits, not all in one day; but one a day, to begin with, will do. Curb the appetite down to plain, digestible, nutritious food, and not too much of it. Wash, not only the hands and part of the face, but the whole body, from the crown of the head to the sole of the feet, clean, frequently. This will aid in keeping the mind pure and helps to make us agreeable to our friends. Do not gloat so much about that wonderful home "over there," but do something every day to make the place now occupied more pleasant to self and others; thereby one may become fit to go up higher. By doing these things as we should, we will become able to grasp and comprehend great spiritual truths and that too without any danger of "going crazy" over them or of committing suicide about it.—*Light in the West.*

A FACT probably but little known is that the United States nickel five cent piece furnishes a key to metric measure and weights. This coin is two centimeters in diameter, and its weight is five drachms. Five of them placed in a row will give the length of a decimeter, and two of them will weigh a dekagram. As a kiloliter is a cubic meter, the key of the measure is also a key to a measure of capacity.

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