



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

VOL. III.

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734 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

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

NO. 8

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Truth is the sun of intelligence.

Romances are not in books, they are in life.

All our dignity lies in our thoughts.—*Pascal.*

Solitude is the religion of the soul.—*A. Dumas pere.*

Ignorance is less distant from truth than prejudice.—*Diderot.*

Women should despise slander, and scorn to provoke it.

Esteem is the strongest of all sympathies.—*E. de Girardin.*

Take the first advice of a woman, not the second.—*Provost.*

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.—*Barjand.*

He who rules must humor full as much as he commands.—*George Eliot.*

One writes well only of what he has seen or suffered.—*De Goncourt.*

Pleasure is the flower that passes; remembrance the lasting perfume.—*Boufflers.*

To understand that the sky is everywhere blue we need not go around the world.—*Goethe.*

There is a wide difference between the knowledge of men and the knowledge of man. To know man, it suffices to study one's self.—*Duclos.*

The great avenging angel does not crawl to kill the serpent with a mimic fang! He stands erect, with sword of keenest edge that slays like lightning.—*George Eliot.*

It is a great thing, when our Gethsemane hours come, when the cup of bitterness is pressed to our lips, and when we pray that it may pass away, to feel that it is not fate, that it is not necessity, but divine love for good ends working upon us.—*Chapin.*

This seems to me a great truth, in any exile or chaos whatsoever, that sorrow was not given us for sorrow's sake, but always and infallibly as a lesson to us, from which we are to learn somewhat, and which, the somewhat once learned ceases to be sorrow.—*Carlyle.*

What is the world, or its opinions, to him who has studied in the lives of men the mysteries of their egotism and perfidy! He knows that the best and most generous hearts are often forced to tread the thorny paths where insults and outrages are heaped upon them!—*George Sand.*

When tempests lash the ocean into fury, fish dive down into calm waters and birds soar aloft into quiet air, man alone must remain in that superficial nature wherein the great forces of nature contend for mastery. So, in the spiritual world, he carries in his own bosom stormy billows that seldom rest. It is from conflict that he derives his power of spiritual development. He is tempest-tossed into Paradise.—*Frederic R. Marvin.*

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A Discourse by the Guides of W. J. Colville, Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday, Aug. 22, 1886.

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

We read the account of the Prodigal Son at the opening of the service, feeling that as it conveyed so many ideas to the mind it is desirable for all who can to hear the exact story read again and again that it may sink more and more deeply into all our minds, though we no doubt have all read it frequently from our childhood up; yet like all very great and beautiful things it becomes more delightful the oftener we listen to a rehearsal of it. We all know that what is truly lovely can never die and can never grow old. We all know that the beauty of nature never cloy; we are never tired of the charming seasons as they roll along one after the other; they never become monotonous; they are fresh, beautiful and new, endowed with perpetual youth, and like the angels of heaven can never know decay or lose anything of their pristine charm.

So it is with all that is really beautiful in music, literature and art; it is so with all human countenances that are lovely; it is so with all graceful actions, with all tender words and with the display of all charming emotions upon the human face divine. We are never tired of kind words if they are spoken in sincerity, of pleasant smiles, of graceful attentions that we pay one to another when we really love each other. We never tire of seeing the same faces around our board when our hearts are knit together, when the fellowship of love is deep, true and everlasting. We are never tired of going to these old haunts we love so well no matter how often we may have seen them before; we enjoy not only a repetition of past experiences when we revisit some delightful scene, but there is a newness, a freshness and originality in all beauty, surprising us with every new visit as it lays before us some charm hitherto unrevealed and unsuspected.

Just as it is with all that is beautiful in unassisted nature, so is it with all that is lovely in a strain of music, in a wonderful statue or in a glorious picture; it is so with all the profound and charming literature which has been handed down to us from past ages, culled like precious flowers from many a garden, gathered like the priceless jewels from many a mine.

We may not be able to decide from a scholar's point of view with absolute accuracy as to how old certain scriptures are. We may not be able to decide the question as to whether the great and noble teacher named Jesus of Nazareth originated the parable of the Prodigal Son or not, and the other inimitable stories which are attributed to him; we can not say whether these stories are eighteen hundred years old or eighteen thousand; we can not say exactly when, where or how they came into existence. But they are in existence, and we value them for what they are; and like some jewel of priceless worth, while we may conjecture a great deal concerning its antiquity, while we may weave around it a long romantic history of its having passed from one hand to another, of its having been worn in the diadems of famous kings and associated with the greatest events and epochs in human history; but whether that jewel came from where we imagine or not, whether it has been associated with all those wonderful scenes and has had all that eventful history or not, its value is intrinsic, its preciousness inheres within itself; and if it had just been found for the first time by some beggar in the street it would be worth no less as a jewel than though it had a history extending through millions of ages and associated with all the most wonderful deeds and events connected with the earth.

So it is with this parable of the Prodigal Son; we are not to know exactly where it came from or who first gave it to the world. We only care to look at it and see in it the portrayal of the greatest truths which the human mind can possibly comprehend or discover, for as Paul truly said in his epistle, charity is greater than all other gifts and graces; charity can never fail. Charity is divine love, divine love made manifest in us, and this is the

only sovereign charm to drive away all the ills of earth, the only true elixir of life, the only universal panacea, the only genuine philosopher's stone which alchemists, Rosicrucians, and mystics of every name and age have sought for, but never found because they have not touched the bedrock of the tenderest affections of the human spirit.

The story itself may or may not be literally true. There is nothing improbable about it, and taking it as a mere anecdote we may imagine Jesus in his teaching employing anecdotes, relating to the current events of the time, and drawing the most valuable lessons from a recital of interesting occurrences which had come under his notice. We all know that great orators are wont to draw far more upon fact than upon fiction, for their illustrations, and those who have impressed thousands of hearers have recited events occurring under their own immediate notice.

John B. Gough, the celebrated temperance advocate, devoted a considerable portion of his lectures to biographical sketches of persons who had been saved from intemperance within his own personal knowledge; he illustrated his subject in the most happy and powerful manner while conveying important moral lessons through the recital of a simple tale. No one who has ever attended the theater and thoughtfully witnessed a really good play has failed to observe how powerful an ally the stage should be to the church. No one who has ever carefully read a good novel has failed to see in the book living characters, often persons of his own acquaintance, or has never failed to remark how it is possible to tell the plainest truth to the world in a way in which the world will receive it; if you only change names, dates and localities, you can relate history in the guise of fiction. No one who has ever studied art can fail to note how far more powerfully, children—and impressionable people especially—are reached by pictures than by any mere recital of dry facts. We want something more than logic and argument and the abstract presentation of divine ideas. Mere axiomatic truths will not satisfy or enlighten the mind to the extent of touching it in its most vulnerable points and elevating human conduct to a higher and nobler plane; but when we combine all that is truly excellent in teaching in some charming narrative which illustrates real life, which is not fanciful or far fetched, but concerns itself with the daily events of life and the ordinary occurrences of the period, we employ a method of teaching that can never fail, one that will bring the sublimest truths within the capacity of the humblest child. You often notice that words of greatest wisdom are poured forth in the ears of children; that Sunday-school addresses are far more full of profound teaching than sermons and lectures which are delivered avowedly for the edification of learned adults.

You find frequently that the very simplicity of a story which is destined to reach infant minds is not only its charm but its greatest value; no one has ever listened to the world's greatest orators either in ancient or modern times without remarking how their greatest thoughts have been presented with utmost simplicity, how they use the simple flowers of the field as illustrations, as they were used by Jesus as the means of conveying the deepest truth. Great speakers and writers frequently take up the current events of the period, and, as the orthodox "improve the occasion," such has always been the method of the world's greatest educators.

In this parable of the Prodigal Son we see this principle so forcibly illustrated that we could not enter upon the details of the parable itself without occupying a few moments in endeavoring to impress upon all your minds the great need of being simple and natural, when seeking to expound truth, you may say in a certain sense, almost common-place in your illustrations when you would convey the very loftiest truths to the human mind.

There is unquestionably in this parable an interior sense which is very deep indeed. There is no doubt much reason in the view taken of it by some who have been called extremists in the theosophical camp, that the younger brother represents one who had undergone all discipline and has returned to the father's house, his earthly life completed, while the other brother is the one who has never undergone the discipline of earth.

If these two brothers represents respectively a spirit that has never known earthly discipline, and one which has sinned and suffered and afterwards been reclaimed, such a spiritual or mystic view instead of being unreasonable or impractical when it is applied to the varied circumstances of earthly life, is the most practical interpretation of all. Why? Because the great unsolved problem of the ages, the great mystery confronting every thinker, and especially every sufferer, is the mystery of human suffering. Why do we live on earth at all? Why do we suffer? Why are we brought into this world of trial and temptation? Why did James tell the early converts to Christianity they were to count it all joy when they fell into divers temptations? Why are the trials and disciplines of life provided for us all if there is an infinitely good God, an infinite spirit of beneficence who reigns supreme in the entire universe? Why is there shame and humiliation and the possibility of guilt on earth?

We can not imagine that in the infinite plan there is any imperfection or mistake. We can not suppose when in the light of eternity we see our life unfolded before us in all its completeness that we shall see that there has been any mistake or mishap in the infinite ordination.

We do come into this world; we are subjected to the trials and temptations of earthly life; we do suffer. And we also remark, in many noted instances those who have suffered and risen above it are the grandest and noblest character we know of.

We know that every fall may be followed by a resurrection, and those who rise after having fallen rise frequently to nobler heights than those from which they fell. If we could every one of us look upon our earthly career not as accidental, not as something that happens by chance, not as something we could get along without, but as something necessary to our spiritual perfection, then we should very reasonably conclude that man is made, as David said, "A little lower than the angels" to be crowned with glory and honor. According to an interpretation of David's statement quite in harmony with a correct reading of the Hebrew, we are led to conclude that the sentiment expressed in the song, is that man is purposely made a little lower than the angels in order that he may be crowned with glory and honor. For the purpose of coronation he is lowered; this harmonizes perfectly with the statement of the gospel, "he who humbleth himself shall be exalted." Humiliation always coming before exaltation, exaltation following upon humiliation as a consequence of it.

We may consistently with all that science can declare concerning evolution, look upon the spiritual truth of involution or spiritual unfoldment in all its various phases, and if we can with the eye of the soul turn our glance to a paradise before earthly birth; if prior to all our terrestrial experience we can conceive of ourselves as living in an unfallen Edenic state as innocent cherubs—to use mystical language—if we can feel our spirits are not only destined to live forever in the spiritual world, but also that they came from the spiritual world to earth—a world of which the old hymn speaks so truly when it says, "My home is not here, my home is in heaven;" if we can sing of our home beyond the stars, and feel that we originated in spirit and have come to earth to learn a lesson, then the earth—which is not to be regarded as a hell—is regarded as a school; and all our discipline here is read in the light of scholastic training.

If you ask the really practical value of this doctrine, apply it if only once in an hour of suffering; realize it but once in a period of perplexity and distress when everything goes wrong with you, when your friends prove false, and your enemies seem to triumph, when your best laid plans fall fruitless to the ground, when earthly honors and distinctions are denied you, when you feel you are being humiliated for no just reason—if, in such circumstances, you can realize that earthly discipline is the means of unfolding the spirit and that God chastises not in anger, but that what is called chastisement is education as well as correction, that all of God's chastisements are educational measures, then you have indeed two grand and glorious lessons evolved from the esoteric construction or mystical view of our subject; and these two lessons that we all need

to learn and practice are, first, that our earthly discipline is for our own highest welfare, and that educational and reformatory endeavors are the only endeavors we are justified in making in all our dealings with the sinful and fallen.

Now take the two sons in the parable and let the younger son represent the one who has gone through all the trials of earth and has returned home, and the other brother the one who has never suffered or endured earthly pain; look upon the superiority of the one who has sinned and suffered and gone back home, over the one who has never left his home; in that view you read the practical exemplification of this all important, instructive and consolatory truth that we are all made so much the better through the difficulties of our earthly journey, so much improved by all our trials, sorrows and temptations on earth that when we reach the world of spirit we shall rejoice with glad accord and sing in harmony throughout eternity, hymns of praise to the eternal power that has brought us into this world and surrounded us with the many conflicts, trials and dangers of an earthly situation.

Let us feel this; let us once get a firm grip upon the truth; that our early life is not an accident, that the trials and temptations that befall us are foreseen, and are intended for the trial of our strength and development in us of patience and every other virtue, and then—while we shall agree perfectly with metaphysicians in this: that we are not to be always sick, always in error, always subject to the vanities and vexations of earthly things, nevertheless that our perfect happiness, health and virtue is to be our reward; the result of our trials and endeavors, like the badges worn by noble veterans, like the crowns placed by a people's devotion upon the heads of the valiant defenders of their country. We can have nothing in spirit we do not work for; throughout eternity we shall be able to feel that what was the hardest, the most painful and humiliating experience of our way was the longest step forward to larger life and fuller liberty, instead of a lapse or fall having degraded us without improving our condition. You can not dwell too much upon this theme; you can not illustrate and enforce it too frequently, as its comprehension can alone lighten the burdens of earth and solve the enigma of existence.

If there is anything peculiarly destroying in modern agnosticism, it is the doctrine that everything occurs in obedience to blind fate, or irrevocable destiny; that man's life is due to some power that has neither affection nor intelligence. If there is anything more than all things else that prevents mourners from rising and attending to their duties in the world, and doing them with all their might, if there is anything that makes the chariot wheels of the car of progress lag, more than all beside, it is the feeling that after all we may be laboring for naught, that everything may end in vexation and vanity, in which all merely material dreams and ambitions most certainly do end. We know that no one can succeed in any undertaking or throw his whole energy into righteous endeavor; no one can become a great power for usefulness and do real good in the world, unless he feels certain of ultimate victory. Whenever the element of doubt enters into your enterprise, when a cold wet blanket of uncertainty falls upon you when you undertake anything, if when you seek to reform, redeem and save the world the thought comes to you—as it must come to the Calvinist—that all people are not reformable or redeemable because some of them may not be elected to salvation; if the thought comes to you that there is no great divine purpose in the universe, that you may not triumph, that truth may not conquer after all, that there may be in nature a mighty juggernaut of blind force, ready with its powerful wheels to crush us all, if there is in a word no laying hold in perfect confidence upon the Eternal inspiring us to feel that our life is not for naught, if we do not see God beyond or in nature, if the eternal goodness is not always before our eyes, if we have no soul-satisfying conception of infinite beneficence and infinite wisdom, then all our endeavors, mighty and glorious though they may be, humane and philanthropic in the extreme, may be paralyzed at any moment by the distressing doubt that after all every endeavor may end in nothing—that we may all be swept away into everlasting nothingness, having spent

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

BY MRS. ELLA L. MERRIAM.

False education leads man further and further from the knowledge and understanding of this evidence of the very life principle of Nature, underlying and pervading all things both spiritual and material. Notwithstanding it has always existed, the ignorance and superstition of our world has prevented its earlier and more successful revelation. To the shame of the Protestant (malicious through ignorance of the truth) do the wrongs and outrages upon those honest but unfortunate martyrs to our glorious cause, (then termed witchcraft) glare in letters of blood upon the later generations whose minds are unfolding, and whose hearts are being warmed and softened by the glorious love of our beaming philosophy. I am astonished at the frequent discoveries I make of minds that are entertaining and desirous of learning more of its natural and reasonable laws, minds that to the outside world are as a sealed book, but inwardly alive with thought, and aglow with desire to know more of this new phenomena that reveal truths before unknown, but so acceptable to the hearts of hungry humanity.

Spiritual phenomena so much reviled, maligned and scoffed at by those who are undeveloped and ignorant of its beautiful revelations, is no delusion, or snare, no vagary of a disordered brain or imagination, nor invention or creation of the evil one, all foolish ignorant ideas of many who have never learned nor enjoyed its elevating and divine blessings, but a recent discovery, a dawning light, revealing one of the grandest and most sublime but altogether reasonable truths in nature's overflowing fullness, for it is not only of earth earthy, but it is of heaven divine, uniting in one harmonious and beautiful existence the mortal and immortal, bringing from its first opening into this terrestrial life the infant bud of eternal promise, into the full bloom of a celestial paradise, making to our blinded eyes and erring minds the supernatural perfectly natural, the unreal a beautiful reality, the unknown and feared a knowledge and comfort, abiding and increasing. When carefully and earnestly pursued it opens up innumerable fields of scientific research, reveals avenues of greater beauties and higher enjoyments than mortal mind can conceive of or comprehend.

We do not claim that it offers anything new, or of recent existence, no more than was the happy and valuable discovery of electricity out of all its latent but unlimited powers, but we do earnestly and in kindness call upon earth's unhappy and misguided inhabitants to investigate a more important phenomenon, a living and eternal scientific truth than has ever dawned upon progressive humanity. Yes, a science of far more significance, of greater importance and deepening interest and pleasure than has ever been revealed. Its charms surpass all others, for they are not only of this world and its apparently fleeting and shadowy experiences, but they reach into the illimitable spheres of the eternal realms. It always has and always will exist, and the discovery of its many and interesting phases increase, as its progress extends and its numbers multiply and become more highly devoted.

Could I fill volumes with my knowledge of and experience in this natural and reasonable phenomena, and cite innumerable instances of its startling manifestations and their happy results, they could not demonstrate to, nor convince the skeptic of what you can now so easily investigate personally and thoroughly if so desired. In the progress of free thought and unlimited reason we can more easily and clearly approach the study and investigation of that important theory, or science rather, of the origin and destiny of the human soul. This phenomenon is no hidden mystery nor clap-trap operation, but a tangible, self-evident fact that will satisfy and triumphantly bear the closest investigation of the honest seeker. But so many, and I am astonished at the number of so-called intellectual, sensible, and even scientific men, who sneer at and ignore it, even before they have given it any attention, or possibly after a feeble and unfair investigation of its truths.

Our great philosophers and scientists spare no pains nor expense to carefully and thoroughly investigate any science in which they may be interested, all of which are more or less grand and beautiful being the creation of a perfect Being. All disappointments and failures only stimulate and inspire them with greater and renewed efforts to discover the coveted knowledge, and so from one field to another increasing in beauty and knowledge does he patiently and happily climb the heights of scientific achievement and attainment until some disaster terminates his earthly study and explorations. But here is a science, so vast, so illimitable, so glorious, so beautiful, so fascinating, so reasonable that even a child may become interested and enlightened in its A, B, C's, and from its infantile efforts grow up in its innumerable and delightful branches of spiritual unfoldment, progressing as the years go by, until the infant mortal is developed into an immortal being, that so-called death has released from its earthly environments, and admitted into the celestial regions of untrammelled and unobstructed pursuits, into that vast domain of infinite space, whose center is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere!

Such are the opportunities and enjoyments revealed by our glorious phenomenon of Modern Spiritualism now only in its infancy, thirty-five years only having elapsed since the attention of the celebrated Fox sisters, whose names are immortalized in our earth sphere, was called to it by those tiny but mysterious raps, and who suffered the derision and ridicule of an ignorant and bigoted community in consequence; but the end is not yet! Since that time mark its steady progress! That which was then shunned as the work of the evil one is now being slowly but surely recognized as the key to the grandest and most sublime philosophies of our world or the universe.

Can mortal man afford to yield to prejudice or the influence of opinions of those ignorant of this phenomenon, and pass it lightly by, you contemptuously regarding it, this basis of the most glorious science; this keynote of Nature's grandest oratorio; this gateway between the two worlds; this introduction to what has been regarded as mysterious, supernatural and miraculous; this tangible, rational phenomenon that reveals to us innumerable, ever-increasing and abiding joys? Should prejudice or superstition prevent or retard our efforts to learn for ourselves, whether it be for good or evil import to humanity? Does not the earnest, honest scientist seek truth at any price? Are not his valuable discoveries more to him or her than the foolish and fallible opinions and ideas of idle, ignorant and malicious mortals? Oh, ye weak and doubting student, awake! awake! Be strong, and diligent, and earnest! Know ye not that this phenomenon is of vital interest and importance to you and every child of earth? Enlist in this army of valiant and rapidly-increasing numbers, who have dared to break away from their mental bondage of superstition and every theological teaching, who desire actual knowledge in place of legendary doctrines, and search for themselves these phenomena that are attracting the attention of the noblest minds and the truest hearts of humanity.

What other belief can boast of so rapid a progress? and why? Because it is based upon this very phenomenon that bears the closest investigation, if honestly pursued. Like all new discoveries and doctrines, it must endure the fiercest opposition, possibly retarding it for a time; but with the daily evidence, our glorious philosophy beams with truth and eternal justice on our side, we are certain of a final and complete triumph. The phenomenon is Nature's greatest and strongest element; hence its truth and abiding joys. No creed of wily or ignorant man, past, present or future, can weaken or destroy it. Do not consider it any concession to us, as Spiritualists, nor of any selfish interest on the part of the exponents or advocates of this divine, self-evident philosophy, to investigate these phenomena. We only call your attention to it, and ask you to look carefully into it, for the peace and comfort, for the enlightenment and contentment, for the courage and hope it will bring to you. For our own sakes, we are satisfied. We know it to be a blessed truth. Our hearts have been comforted, our paths straightened and made pleasant, and under its loving and softening influences we are led to seek the comfort and happiness, both temporal and spiritual, of humanity. For your own dear sakes, and that of ignorant, suffering and needy brothers and sisters, come out of your inherent, narrow and bigoted channel of thought; approach this, the evidence of humanity's greatest blessing, with a sincere desire to know this truth, that "if a man die, shall he live again?" Spiritual phenomena, to a large mass of earth's inhabitants, no longer appear a delusion or artifice or a degrading belief when once you even dimly understand their true aim and import. Undertake their investigation as you would any science you were desirous of exploring. Put aside prejudice, put aside traditional influences. Act upon the liberty and freedom your All-wise and loving Father bestowed upon you, but so fully recognized, and in the light of eternal liberty and justice commence the investigation of this true, this reasonable, this abiding philosophy, whose basis and preface is spiritual phenomena, and you will discover a source of joy and delight opening into an illimitable and indescribable future of unfolding, soul-satisfying and eternal enjoyment. Welcome, thrice welcome, to this new but earth-and-heaven-born phenomenon, for it brings us "glad tidings of great joy!"

TRUE RELIGION.—I do not hesitate to say that the first and paramount aim of religion is not to prepare for another world, but to make the best of this world, or, more correctly stated, to make this world better, wiser, and happier. It is to be good and do the most good we can, now and here, and to help others to be and do the same. It is to seek, with all our might, the highest welfare of the world we live in, and the realization of its ideal greatness and nobleness and blessedness.—*Rev. Principal Caird.*

JEALOUSY.—The facial expression of jealousy is the same as that of old age, in however young a face it may be seen. Jealousy preys upon and kills the heart. So, jealous men and women are not only unhappy, but live short lives. The prevention of jealousy is diversion of the mind toward useful and unselfish work.—*Phrenological Journal.*

We dream such beautiful dreams, that we often lose all our happiness when we perceive that they are only in dreams.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Is Spiritualism Supplemental to Christianity?

A complete answer to this question can be given by him only who fully comprehends Christianity and Spiritualism. One may every day meet adherents of either belief who lack a full understanding of that to which they profess adherence.

As many followers of the different sects that worship our Savior have crystallized their belief into a much smaller and more cramped space than his teachings authorize, so many believers in the teachings of Spiritualism confine their views to its phenomenal aspect and fail to grasp its broader meaning and purpose. Yet, if we stand calmly "on the heights," and look on both religions with unprejudiced eyes, we will see that from the same grand loom the web of truth in each is being drawn out in similar patterns and like colors.

A difference of two thousand years in the mental status of mankind explains the difference in paraphernalia, in names and in methods by which the truth is presented to us by the two religions. But the truth given is identical in substance, however much it may differ in its outward forms, symbols and phraseology. Christ did not bring a new religion to earth, but came rather to "heart up" a dying religion. He did not cancel the Ten Commandments. He only added one. But He did more. He preached the divinity of humanity. Ah! that is the Christ that we can all love,—a verp brother, and not a creature sent to us from a separate state of his existence.

He lived for the times in which he was born. The fires of truth which He lighted have lived for nineteen centuries to warm and purify humanity from land to land about the globe. But a new era has come upon us. Needed inventions have so revolutionized the world that new thought-channels must be made in which the mind of man may travel from the plane of material things to higher regions. The old paths are becoming overgrown and obliterated, and many are perforce content to hold on to the material and forget or disbelieve in an atoning future. The tide of atheism, doubt and infidelity begun to rise about us.

The simple faith that was a saving hand to humanity, prior to its nineteenth century attainments, was not designed to satisfy fully our present wants. We want a divinity that can come to us right now, and touch our wounds and whisper words of consolation to us. Humanity is to-day reaching the arms of its soul aloft with a more agonizing prayer for light than ever before in our world's history. We know more, hence we feel more, desire more and need more. And is that prayer to be denied? I, for one, feel that it is even now being answered. Man's reasoning powers are intensely more developed now than ever before. A full-fledged nestling, his tiny church-taught circle of belief is growing too small for him, and he waits trembling on its outer edge for a kindly push to send him sailing out into the blue ether of a broader belief.

With what joy unspeakable we receive whisperings of intelligence from the spirit world through sources ever so simple. If even a table raps a message of encouragement to the heart-weary, if within the double-locked darkness of little school-slates held within our hands the names of those we love are signed to communications that burn with loving persuasions to lead us to higher and purer planes of life, if under conditions so severe that doubt can not enter we behold momentarily with our earthly eyes the unmistakable forms of those whose bodies we have laid to rest, if the spirit-guided hand of a bosom friend, whom to doubt were treason to ourselves, writes an inspired message of love and hope for us, these things are tangible to us and rich with sacred promise of closer relations between us and divinity.

There can be only one religion. And whether the outward form of that religion appears robed in the serene philosophy of Brahma or Buddha, or in the burning sword of Mahomet, or in the meek and lowly purity and love of our divine Savior, the man-god Christ, or in the exalted precepts and aspirations of modern Spiritualism, its inner soul is ever identical. Humanity has never been without a religion and never can be. The outer form, the technology of that religion has repeatedly modified itself to fit the ever advancing conditions of mankind; but the infinite love for the beyond, the belief in a compensatory after-life, the never-ending search for more spiritual light have their source and fountain head in the clear, inner depths of the soul, and are ever freshly fed from that infinite and immortal love that reached out from God's throne to humanity and ever inspired that part of man which is a part of divinity.

Hence, the best Buddhist, the best Mohammedan, the best Christian, the best Spiritualist must necessarily be the best man; must be he who comes nearest shaping his actions and desires in accordance with the intuitions that light up his own soul; and, conversely, the worst man is he, no matter what his creed or belief, who most often and knowingly violates the higher promptings that God has placed alike in every human breast.

Hence, further, the fact that Modern Spiritualism serves as a material body to contain the ever-advancing soul of religion, which, in its older body, Christianity, admittedly fails to warm and light up with its

eternal glow, the hearts of so many of our friends and neighbors. Fire, as a potential factor, can have no existence without being brought in contact with combustible matter. So, too, the pure soul of religion can not operate freely upon man's nature until it comes to him wearing a discernable guise. But at every stage of advancement it comes to us in a thinner disguise. It is no longer necessary to impart divine laws to humanity through the vibrating thunders of a Mount Sinai. It will not be necessary for us to purchase salvation through another death on Calvary. But the same divine love-wave will again and again roll across the troubled waters of human aspirations, wafting us ever higher and higher toward a perfect life, until the pure soul of religion will finally stand face to face with the purified soul of humanity.

And hence, finally, the most devout Christian need not fear to lay hold on the higher truths of Spiritualism, for the two religions are only different expressions of the same "eternal verities;" and he who drinks of the pure streams from both fountains will draw a like strength and consolation from each, and will comprehend that Spiritualism has been given to humanity to supplement rather than to antagonize the divine messages which Christianity has bestowed upon man.

YREKA, Cal. G. B. ROBERTSON.

Information for a "Constant Reader."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

With your permission the following shall be an attempt to give information to "Constant Reader," who says, in Aug. 14th of the GOLDEN GATE, "I assume that the Ego is a trinity composed of spirit, soul, and body." All right. He then says, "The latter is a mere machine." Not quite right. A machine shows force from something extraneous, or outside of itself, while the body manifests power from that which is inherent within itself. All manifestations of the material universe proceed primarily from spirit. "God is a spirit" who never changes; "who alone hath immortality," while all finite creatures in all worlds change and make progress. The inmost of man is of the God element—is a ray or spark of Divinity, from which the body proceeds by the laws of differentiation and evolution, or as Brother Colville perhaps would say by involution and evolution; and from the body the psyche, or soul-body, is evolved. "Man is a living soul." Paul calls this internal body "a spiritual body." "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The Ego, then, externally, is body, internally soul or spiritual body, and inmost is spirit. The soul is the correspondence of the external body, and is so nearly like it that when we leave it we can scarcely tell at first whether we are in the internal or external world.

A few words about the functions and attributes of soul and spirit: The attributes of spirit are those of the Eternal Father and Mother whose children we are. Hence we hold in our spirit all the attributes which are made manifest according to conditions. "In him (in man) dwells all the fullness of the God-head bodily." The functions of the soul are analogous to those of the body. The functions of the spirit are to form the body with its senses and to evolve the mind through the brain; and also to evolve from the body the soul with its corresponding mind. The thoughts and perceptions, the propensities and passions, the sentiments and emotions of the external or earthly mind form the environments of the soul. If these please us they will aid our happiness; if they displease us they will add to our misery. If they prove to be thorns and thistles we will uproot or graft them with apples and roses. "For every idle thought we shall give an account in the day of judgment." That day is here and now. We are the judges, and each must judge himself or herself according as the light of the spirit is revealed to the conscience and the intellect. "Happy is that man who condemns not himself in the things which he allows." "Avarice, selfishness, sensuality, drunkenness, fraud, lying," etc., are manifestations of spirit through inharmonious conditions of body and mind. These conditions may exist in either the material or spiritual world. "Philosophy, elevated sentiment, benevolence," etc., belong to harmonious surroundings, spirit being the primary cause. Let us seek first the reign of harmony which, the forerunner of Modern Spiritualism, A. J. Davis, says, is the Kingdom of Heaven.

EDMUND YOUNG.

EAST OAKLAND, Cal.

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

Anniversary at Wicket's Island, Onset.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I doubt if since first "the morning stars sang together" a fairer day has dawned than Sunday the 15th of August. Onset Bay was as blue as the overarching heavens, and was thickly dotted with white sails, which filled with the springing breeze. The Island, which rises seventy-five feet above high water-mark, seemed to lift its crest more loftily and more hospitably than ever, and the thickly growing trees, with which 'tis studded, moved as if astir with gladness and thanksgiving at the recurrence of the day on which it had been dedicated "to the spirits and their work." Seances were held in the morning and evening by Mrs. Most, the materializing medium of 333 East Eighty-second street, New York City. The afternoon was given to music, recitations, and a most interesting account by Mrs. Cutter, of the inception and progress of her work. Six years before, on Sunday the 15th of August, 1880, a little band of mediums and sympathetic friends had forced their way with her through the dense growth of trees and underbrush, and standing on the Island's summit, by speech, and song, and poems, all under control of spirit, consecrated it to the work for which it always had been held. None of the mediums then present were here this Summer, but others came unsolicited, so that there was no lack of interest, and the who were clairvoyant were blessed by seeing throngs of the denizens of spirit life attesting their glad presence in various ways. The materializations were remarkable, coming in unusually strong light, and being able to sustain conversation with great apparent ease, fluency, and power. Among many others I must mention Wicket, the Indian spirit guardian of the Island; his presence was commanding and majestic, and his speech dignified and impressive. He spoke to each person present, and I believe none of us can forget the pressure of his magnetic hand, or his grave loving words, while memory endures!

The records of the town of Washam (to which the Island belongs) relate that in 1635, and later, Wicket held his councils on the Island, and that he was notable for counseling peace and moderation. His whole bearing and appearance indicate a character as remarkable for fine sensibilities as for its power. As he was chief of the tribes then living on the cape, and as it was only fifteen years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, we can imagine something of the importance of the questions he was called to decide upon.

The first strong impression on the visitor, who sees Wicket's Island for the first time, is its transcendent beauty; the second is one of astonishment that one woman has been able to accomplish such improvements in so short a time, unaided by donations or benefits of any kind. No true Spiritualist could tire of listening to her outlines for future work as they have been given her from spirit-life, or fail to wish he might do something to aid so sublime an undertaking. Mrs. Jeffers, of Kansas City, has entertained the boarders this Summer, and has given "universal satisfaction as a hostess. She is a singer and musician of great ability, and has with her piano formed such an attractive center for mediumistic talent that the Island has been fairly baptized with music; for several successive Sundays boat loads of pleasant people have volunteered both song and instruments, of various kinds, to swell the happy chorus. On Saturday preceding Anniversary Day the band of the fleet of New Bedford yachts lying in Onset harbor mounted the top of the tower of the Island Home and made the country round ring with the echoes which their music woke; it seemed a fitting prelude to the music of Anniversary Day, as did also the booming of their guns at midnight.

I hope to see Spiritualists starting funds for carrying on the Island work, and would suggest that they commence with a fund for "The Spiritual Kindergarten," the plan of which was long ago given to Mrs. Cutter by her guides, and which she will open as soon as she can command the means. The little sensitives who are being born of medium parents need a place and opportunity for unfoldment quite different from anything which now exists, and if mediums would each give a benefit to that fund, the work could be commenced at once. This is, of course, only one of the many things waiting for commencement there, but I can see none for which there is more crying need. Persons desirous of knowing more of this great home movement started in spirit-life and carried on with such untiring energy amid what would have seemed insurmountable obstacles should address Dr. Abbie Cutter, Wicket's Island, Onset, Mass. I feel that women should consider it an especial honor to contribute all the help and sympathy they can to this unprecedented worker in the cause of Human Progress.

Cordially for truth,

OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.

BOSTON, Mass.

DISSIPATION of every kind is destructive of mediumistic power, and the reason why so many mediums appear shattered in health is because in moments of weakness they have yielded to an acquired taste, often imparted to them by some of their patrons, for alcohol, opium, and other abominations.—*Light.*

(Continued from First Page.)

our strength for naught and labored in vain only for an iron force to crush us.

But when the thought of God (the word God means the eternally good being) enters into our conception of the universe, courage, inspired by faith and hope, instead of causing us to neglect our practical duties, or causing us to live up in the clouds or away off in a distant heaven; instead of teaching us to forget this world in our eager quest for realms beyond the skies; instead of impelling us to look so much to the bright summer-land, and the sweet bye-and-bye that we forget the present hour and the life that now is, true religion dignifies and glorifies the present; it views the present hour as a moment in eternity; it magnifies the importance of this world, because it regards this world as a needed atom in the immensity of God's universe; it gives glory to all the actions of the present time, because it views the work we are now doing as a portion—infinite though it be—of the boundless activities of the spirit working in eternity.

When we unite the present in our thoughts with the eternal future; when we let this world assume its true place before our eyes as one world out of myriads in the great Father's house of infinitude; when we see every vexation of the present life as related to eternal issues, then how are we constrained to act? Why, surely, confidently and courageously, with a strength and might otherwise impossible, for knowing that we can not fail, that what men call death can only remove the outer envelope (and that is all it *can* do), that though our heaven-inspired plans and projects should never be brought to perfection in this world, that though at any moment storms may assail and destroy our earthly edifice and make it unfit for further use by us on this sublunary plane, that all the forces of our nature, all our work and all the consequences of it abide eternally in God's everlasting kingdom, where nothing can ever be destroyed; the one thought needed by all toilers to reunite them to every adversity and strengthen them in every hour of weakness, is that there is an eternal purpose running through all, and an infinite goodness above and within all.

Instead of the ruling of God out of the universe being the immediate result of scientific culture, as some suppose; instead of such being the necessary conclusion of the learned, it is merely a vain and foolish result of that vanity in the material world, and that blind adoration of matter which has temporarily blinded men to the perception of all spiritual things. When we arrive at an intelligent conception of eternal goodness, an intelligent realization of human immortality, an intelligent and immovable conviction that truth and virtue *must* triumph, we shall know that though it is said by many that only upon the stage and in novels virtue is triumphant and vice punished, wherever the stage or the novel declares that vice is finally subdued, and that virtue triumphs, the stage and the novel have drawn upon the immortal world; the novelist and the playwright have been inspired to the very extent that their stories are a declaration of this great eternal verity.

While it would not be advisable to tell your children that they may be certain of *worldly* success in every instance if they are honorable; that the most honorable course brings the most money; that they are sure to succeed in business and die millionaires if they never swerve from the path of integrity, as in the realm of matter evil may sometimes triumph and good may apparently be crushed; whenever your horizon widens and shows you a glimpse of the spiritual universe and of the life that can never end, while you do not endeavor to buoy up the hopes of your children with what may prove false expectations of material grandeur and success, you do convince them that in the long run honesty is the best policy (if such a phrase is admissible) even though days on earth are like a tale that is told, passing away as a watch in the night.

Great results cannot always be quickly unfolded. Does not the earth tell us that thousands of years were occupied in the making of a rock? does not the forest tell us that centuries are consumed in the perfecting of an oak? do we not know that all the great and wonderful cities of the world—to use an old proverb—were not made in a day, but only through long centuries of effort? So in the building of character, in the evolution of the knowledge of our immortal destiny, in the final vindication of right, and the ultimate overthrow of all error, it may not be that in a moment or all at once truth will stand revealed in perfect distinctness, we may have to wait long for the promise, it may tarry in its fulfillment. But its fulfillment is as sure as the returning seasons, as certain as that morning follows upon the darkness of the night.

We will now take another look at these two sons of the one father, and let them represent to us no longer merely two conditions of life as when mystically interpreted, but we will see in them representatives of two classes of society. They represent a very large class on the one hand and not a very small class on the other. We think the younger son who comes to his father and says, "divide unto me the portion of my goods; let me trade with mine inheritance, let me have my own way, and go out into the world and learn experience for myself," is the representative of the larger class of the two in human experience. There are some people who, like the elder brother,

consider they are virtuous in the extreme, because they have always staid at home, never gone out into the world, never fought its battles, endured its strife, nor submitted to its temptations; and as they have never been in situations similar to those in which others have been placed, they can not, to use the common expression, put themselves in other people's places.

There are a large number, who, like the elder brother, will turn round and say, "Why have not I a special reward? Why is there rejoicing in heaven over the lost sheep that is found and redeemed rather than over the ninety-nine that never strayed from the fold?" If an angel hears such questioning he replies: Is there no difference between the innocence of the little babe and the glorious roundness of the life of the warrior hero who has conquered in life's fray, and returned home covered with glory, even though with scars, also? Is there no difference between one who has fought and triumphed in life's encounter and those who remain at their ease and condemn others because they have been overcome by circumstances of which these stay-at-homes know nothing? There are many people who have never been subjected to any kind of serious temptation; such have never lost their innocence, for their virtue has never been put to the test.

Far be it from us to undervalue those who are negatively virtuous and pure-minded, who have lived a quiet, sheltered, sequestered life, always blooming in the shade, never subjected to perils or fierce temptations, we simply regard them, though pure, as less than heroes. People born of virtuous parents, reared in the very lap of luxury, knowing nothing whatever, practically, of the trials and temptations of nine-tenths of the population, have no moral right to pass judgment upon the conduct of others differently placed. If you have never been in certain circumstances you do not know how you would act under those conditions. If you have never had children of your own, natural or adopted, you do not know how you would bring them up; so it has passed into a satirical proverb that "Old maids' children are always perfect."

It is a standing fact before the eyes of the world, that those who have never submitted, or been forced to submit, to any of the serious troubles of life are so censorious and uncharitable, as a rule, that all that would otherwise count as virtue is turned to vice in them, for uncharitableness is the greatest vice of all; those are indeed to be highly commended who, while maintaining their own innocence and virtue have never fallen into self-righteousness or uncharitableness; but when they have fallen into uncharitableness, envy and censoriousness, into the habit of passing harsh judgments, they in the sight of heaven are sinners of the blackest dye. If persons, who stay at home will cast the beam out of their own eye; if that elder brother in the parable, who prided himself upon his virtue in never having done anything to disgrace his father, who had been in his own eyes the very pattern of honor and integrity, had held up a looking-glass before his mind and seen the devils of envy, jealousy and uncharitableness portrayed there he would see that none of his younger brother's riotous excesses were more hideous in the sight of heaven than the evil brood of passions reigning in his own breast.

Can there be anything more hideous than pride and uncharitableness making themselves manifest? Can there be any greater fault than the elder brother's pride in his own fancied spotlessness? Can anything be more sinful than to feel offended and spiteful when one who has suffered greatly has been reformed and welcomed back to the father's house?

When we analyze this story thus we place the younger son as the representative of human society at large; an ardent, impulsive youth very anxious to see the world, determined to get experience any way he can, by travel and contact with all phases of life. He receives his portion that falls to him when he is quite young, leaves his home and soon falls into the popular vices of the period. The point we must note most particularly is that when he falls he does not lose any strength, he simply manifests his weakness. Now, here is where a great many parents make such a terrible mistake in judging their children. You have kept your boy or girl at home carefully protected, surrounded with luxury and ease, and of course that boy or girl while at home exempted from temptation has not fallen into evil ways. Why should they? You have supplied your children with all they need and anticipated their every wish; given them plenty of money to spend, even in frivolities; and they have been honest. Why not? If they have had everything they wanted why should they steal? as nobody ever stole yet without having an uncomfortable burden of fear hanging over him. If the poor thief who is reduced to a life of ignominy were placed in a comfortable home with everything he wanted, he would not take the trouble to steal. Now if your child who has always remained at home has heretofore maintained honesty, but when he went out into the world he become dishonest, your child has not sunk, he has not lost any positive virtue, but has only manifested a weakness. You have thought your child stronger than he was; you did not know how he would act when temptations were presented to him. You may be saying, "Poor fellow, he will now probably go to hell; if he had always re-

mained at home he would have gone to heaven." But the angels look at the matter very differently, for they knew all the while that weaknesses were within him and that his contact with the world would be the very means of his overcoming and eradicating them. If he had gone out into life and had met temptation without yielding to it; if he had never stained his robe of innocence, then he would never have suffered humiliation and degradation; in that case he might have passed at once to the ranks of holy angels, but never on account of untried innocence. But if when temptations were presented he was not strong enough to withstand, and therefore fell, after he has suffered humiliation and undergone the penalty which follows error, he will rise to a higher elevation than he ever saw before. The descent into the crucible of trial is represented by hell and purgatory in this world, and in every other; the swine's trough and the husks represent the direful consequences of yielding to temptation, and also the means whereby through suffering weakness is overcome. The fires of hell are pictured from Gehenna, the pit outside the gate of Jerusalem where fires were kept burning continually to keep the city clean. Such an illustration when properly understood refers only to means of elevation and enlightenment, and we learn, in fact, that there must be a suffering following upon sin, and that the suffering is intended only for the overcoming of error. When the father meets the returning son half way out upon the road, while the son was yet a long way off, the inference is that when he thought of coming home his father expected him. The mother, who always keeps the light in her window and the latch-string of the door out; the man or woman who never gives up any sinners, however low they may have fallen, the society, the institution, the worker for human emancipation, who never treats any one as though he might be a lost soul, is the only one who can touch the key-note that sounds the prelude to the anthem of everlasting salvation. In all our dealings with those who have gone astray, we must be like the good, kind father in the parable, not only ready to welcome the prodigals home when they return, but go out to meet them. We have no hesitation in saying there are men and women, boys and girls, to be counted by the thousands in the streets of all great cities to-day, and in prisons also, who would return to health and nobility, and be purer than ever before, if they were only met half way by society.

There is no safety for society in keeping people criminals, in supporting a race of outcasts, in maintaining a colony of moral lepers in our midst. If society were to go to work to cure leprosy instead of keeping the lepers apart from others, if wise and skillful physicians and metaphysicians would go with a moral antidote to the terrible disease and heal it, then, while lepers can not be permitted in society, those who are cured of their leprosy are no longer lepers, and therefore no longer dangerous. We may say that the cause of so much crime, so much danger to life and property, the necessity for such large appropriations for prisons, for police forces and for standing armies is to be found in the unwillingness of society to go out and meet the prodigal who would return but who can not take all the homeward journey alone. There are many who can not bear the chance of the door of the father's house being slammed in their faces when they present themselves at the entrance. There are many persons who have been in prison,—we do not say unjustly, or that it was not right to make them suffer for what they have done,—there are many we say who have served their term and been released whom nobody will employ. They have the brand of Cain stamped upon their brow, not by God but by society. Supposing they have sinned they have endured their term of imprisonment and have come out with desire to live a better life, are they to be always kept down? Are they to be driven into the gutter? Are no firms to employ them? We say if any boycott is permissible the only firms we would boycott would be those that circulate malicious reports concerning discharged prisoners, and so prevent returning sinners from getting up in the world and living virtuous lives hereafter.

We maintain that whenever a person has sinned and suffered, when the penalty enforced by divine, and also by human law, has been satisfied, society should give such an one a new name and let the old name be buried, the old associations be forgotten, welcome him as one risen from the dead.

If every wise, noble, charitable man and woman would go to the poor and the sinful with the earnest intention of lifting them, and with the firm conviction that they are all redeemable, there would no longer be a convict class, which is a source of danger to society, no longer un-reformed people rendered desperate by ill usage. That person who tells you when a fellow-creature has sinned to drive him out of decent society and have nothing more to do with him is worthy of social ostracism and nothing better. All the gospel, all the teaching of illumined seers and sages of all times has been the exact reverse of this. All the demands of society, all utilitarian considerations, all questions of expediency, harmonize with gospel teachings exactly on this point. To reform, welcome back, gladly receive the returning prodigal and help him to overcome evil with good is the only safe policy for society, as it is the only fulfillment of the divine law of love. Those who, like the

elder brother, stand by and object to the feast that is made for the returning sinner are those whose envy and jealousy will sink them lower into the sufferings and sorrows of a future state than the crimes of those who have been brought back ever sunk them in this world.

There are many and many sins but none so black as envy. There is no guilt like uncharitableness, as there is no virtue like divine love. And when we learn the lessons which this parable of the Prodigal Son teaches us, the one lesson that must be learned most of all, constantly lived up to, put into our daily practice, is that the loving father must come forth in us, through us, through our own compliance with divine request, through our individual response to God's prayer to us (for God prays to us in the pleading of our own conscience), and we must hear and answer God's prayer. When we answer to the prayer of the eternal power who speaks within us and go out to meet God's erring children, and welcome them with loving arms to a new life, then will society be truly reformed, for love divine is the only Savior.

Let this one great lesson guide you in all your actions and you will soon discover that while truth makes no compromise with error, while it condones no offense, while it enforces in all its strictness the righteousness of the divine law and proclaims the impossibility of sinning without suffering, the thunders of Sinai must be tempered with the peaceful words of the teacher of Galilee, for the law that declares, he who sins must suffer is fulfilled in the teachings of him who explains the object of the suffering, saying, "Yes, suffer to be reformed, suffer because God's love makes even the darkest hell a stepping-stone to heaven."

Reminiscence of Elder Knapp.

[From an article entitled "Ancestral Walks," in the Boston Herald of August 29th, "Shadows," an ever welcome correspondent of the GOLDEN GATE, gives the following reminiscence of Elder Knapp, the great Baptist revivalist:]

I remember well the Knapp excitement of near forty years ago, when that corner church was his central point. While this revival was going on I was myself cooling off. I went in there once during the revival, not so much for revelation or religion as to study the curiosities of human nature. I shall never forget the occasion that I best remember. I sat by the side of that eminent merchant, the venerable Luther Parks. He was a tall, white headed man, and curiosity, rather than religion, had attracted him there. I knew him well, being a dry goods clerk myself, but he did not then know me. The meeting on this occasion was full, but it was for inquiry rather than a sermon, and the elder, the deacons and assistants, were going around among the inquirers with words of hope and encouragement. I suppose Mr. Parks thought it was to be a regular meeting, as I did, but stayed to see what would happen, evidently, however, taking no interest. When Mr. Knapp, in his walk and his talk to the many repentant sinners, happened to be near our pew, and seeing the conspicuous white head of Mr. Parks, he passed by two or three who were less attractive, came at once to this wealthy citizen, and, laying his hand on his head, said to him: "Well, my fellow-sinner, so the Lord has touched you in his mercy." Mr. Parks looked stolid, as if he knew the difference between the hand of Knapp and the hand of the Lord, but he said nothing, evidently disposed to be respectful. The eloquent revivalist continued: "The Lord is merciful; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as wool." I suppose Parks knew his hair was as white as wool already, but he made no reply. The persevering elder then referred to the thief on the cross who was to meet the Saviour the next day in paradise. At this Parks winced a little, for he was anything but a thief, but he thought more of change than he did of paradise. "Cheer up, my brother sinner," said Knapp, "the Lord is waiting to be gracious, and he died for such as you. Never mind if you have been a sinner all your life; repent and the Lord will forgive you. Don't you feel like putting your trust in Him?"

The venerable Luther said quite audibly, "Oh, dry up!" I never heard three little words that expressed so much, coming, as they did, from age and presence. It seemed to extinguish Knapp, who moved at once from the locality, and when I next saw him he was on the other side of the other room, where, undoubtedly, there was more show than in the unauriferous gulch he had left.

A WESTERN Michigan wool buyer, who was circulating among farmers to engage their clips, met with one who was inclined to look upon the matter as a sort of gambling affair.

"You agree to buy my wool for so much a month in advance of shearing," said he. "How do you know that wool won't go up or down? The price may be too much or not enough. It looks like flying in the face of Providence." After a long argument he agreed to leave it to his wife, and she replied:

"Look a-here, Samuel, I'm just as good a Baptist as you are, and if there is anything in our religion which says we shan't take twenty-eight cents a pound for our wool when we didn't expect above twenty-five, we'll accept the offer on the wool and flop over to the Methodists."—*Wall Street News.*

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

No one is so good but he has some shadow of badness; and no one so bad but he has some gleams of goodness. What is bad in you is like unto the badness in the worst; what is good in the worst is like unto the goodness in you; and so all are similitudes only a little removed.

Man is divine in all his faculties; evil comes only from abuse. Talk you of human reason as something in contradistinction or antagonistic to the divine? The power that distinguishes the relations of things and of ideas, that traces cause to effect and effect to cause, that perceives and comprehends truth, is the crowning glory of the human faculties. It is that without which we should be man only in form, and all this clamorous denunciation of "mere human reason" is but self stultification.

In the commonwealth of the intellect, property is secure and action free. No one can say of the deductions of reason, or the precepts of truth, "This is my property to the exclusion of my neighbor;" nor to the free mind, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." God has given alike to all, the territory of Truth. We have but to explore and subdue, and it is ours. That the dominions of my neighbor pass into mine, makes my domain none the less mine, but rather increases my power and dominion therein.

Known truth is property in possession. Unknown, but knowable, truth is property in abeyance. The domain of mind is bounded by the unknown; its future conquests by the unknowable.

The foundations of our political edifice rest on the solid rock of political truth—the durable granite of the equal rights of all. If we build to the foundation, our house will be a great and glorious one, securing to all who abide therein equal and exact justice, with a resulting civilization, such as has never been witnessed on the earth.

The battle of liberty is forever being fought. Selfish and dishonorable persons there always will be to seek their own aggrandizement at the cost of the rights and interests of the citizen. Always there will be those who, while they shout freedom to the people, will seek to link more closely the chains that bind. Let the true patriot be ever at his post with his armor on ready burnished for the action.

The ballot—what a priceless thing it is! It is the sword and shield of liberty. It is the pledge and test of citizenship. It is that without which liberty could not be; and he who buys or sells it is a traitor to his country, as well deserving the penalties of treason as ever did Benedict Arnold, or those who fired on the nation's flag at Sumter.

Nature lives; and growth is God's unchanging law. Every organism—crystal, plant, beast, bird, man, is at once a development and a prophecy—a development from what has been, of what is—a prophecy of what is, of what is to be. From the man-like ape to the ape-like man is no further than from this to man in his highest form. The cave dwellers, once the highest type of man on earth, have their counterparts in the lowest living forms of to-day. From the Troglodyte to the Newton, how immense the distance! But, as in the order of nature, that should precede this, so should this that which is to come. Even the beasts have grown; the brain cavities of the fossil horse, deer, elephant, being smaller than those of their living representatives—their descendants of to-day.

The omniscient God has been thwarted in none of his plans. His works are no failure. During the uncounted geologic cycles—from the birth of the first monad—higher and still higher has been Nature's rule of action. Those organisms which could not keep pace have to yield to those better able to contend. Upward and onward has been the law of life, and the history of its march is written in Nature's own vernacular in the rock and in all living forms. Those who will may read.

Pain, physical pain—resist as one may, long years of agony will conquer at last; and in spite of resolves to endure, groove the face in lines of agony. Philosophy is indeed a good thing and dogged endurance even better; but, though there is not a whit of use in it, we groan through our very resolution to endure. Comrade mine, bearing wounds from freedom's latest struggle, is it not so?

Save me from those who *know*. If one only *believes*, he is likely to have a reason for the faith that is in him; but if he *knows* his assurance cuts off investigation, though his assumptions be without a sustaining argument.

There are those who will believe a positive person without a reason, rather than a modest one whose reasons are demonstrations. The dogmatist has followers and the Mormon prophet builds up a church while the philosopher has only here and there a listener.

GOLDEN GATE.

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

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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

TERMS.—\$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$10, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

CHRONIC FAULTFINDING.

It is customary with many speakers and writers on questions of human progress and modern unfoldments of religious thoughts, to say harsh things of the past—of the persecution for opinion's sake, during what it is known as the dark ages—of the long night of error and darkness—of the martyrdoms and cruelties practiced in the name of religion, etc. And yet it is not true that man, in his present estate and unfoldment, is the natural fruition of the past,—just as the mighty oak is the fruition of a century of storm and sunshine—of Winters' blasts, as well as of the gentle dew and rain?

Man is here because of the past. He is the outcome of all that we are accustomed to condemn; and he might as well bewail his individual childhood as to complain of, or under-estimate the childhood of the race. The religious thought and practices of those earlier periods of human history were the best the world had or knew. They were the blind gropings of the rootlets of the tree of humanity for moisture—the birth-throes of the spirit for unfoldment.

It is the custom with most so-called Liberalists and many Spiritualists to berate the Church; and yet the Church has been the nursing-mother of the race in all spiritual graces, and without which fostering care the advent of Modern Spiritualism would have been postponed for many an age. Not that the earlier teachings and practices of the Church would have been good for the present age; neither will the advanced thought of to-day be adapted to the enlightened unfoldments of a century to come. Manhood naturally rejects the practices and pastimes of childhood—not that it spurns them, but rather it lays them aside with its toys, and seeks for better things.

We know the journey has been long and by devious ways, from the pre-historic savage to the enlightened Saxon of the present day; but we are here at last, safely, and we should not condemn the road whence we have arrived at our present intellectual and spiritual unfoldment. It was doubtless the best way, or we would not have followed it.

And so we think our teachers and reformers should dwell but little in the past, except to borrow lessons of hope and encouragement therefrom for the race. It matters not to us now how rough the road that has brought us safely over. We need borrow no trouble about it, for we have never to travel it again; and to rail about it and berate the builders thereof is worse than folly. The work in hand for us now is to fix our eyes to the front and keeping step to the drum beat of the age in which we live, forward march, profiting by every suggestion of the past, praising where we can, and keeping silence where we can not commend.

The lives of some badly-balanced natures seem to be a perpetual growl. They are chronic fault-finders, ever on the alert for something in past history, or in present human nature which they can condemn. This practice sours their own natures and retards the reformation of those whose faults they berate.

The most successful reformer is he or she whose teachings are most permeated by the gentle spirit of love—the same beautiful spirit that Jesus embodied in his "new commandment" to the world. This is the key, and the only key, to all human reformation. The sooner all come under the influence of this spirit the sooner will dawn the glad day of peace and happiness upon the world.

MR. COLVILLE AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—The inaugural services in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Seventh and Market streets, last Sunday, under the ministration of W. J. Colville, were most flattering. The large, magnificent hall, in its bright, new attire, is most restful and refreshing to the senses. The stage had been converted into a veritable garden of loveliness. The fact having been made known that September 5th was Mr. Colville's birthday, his many friends seemed to vie with each other in beautiful floral tributes for the occasion. In the collection of happy devices, the star seemed to predominate, which was evidently intended to convey a symbolical meaning, to the revered teacher's life-work, that his inspiration, like the bright heavenly orb, is to illumine darkened ways and bring white-winged hope to sad, sorrowing hearts of earth. Mr. Colville was never in better inspiration, especially in the evening, when he spoke on the "Lost Atlantis," and held the closest attention of his vast and intelligent audience throughout. He is doing a grand work here, and has made many warm friends during his short stay among us, who are making strenuous efforts to induce him to remain permanently in this city.

SPIRITUAL DECAY.

There comes a time in the life of many people—of those especially who have been reasonably successful in business pursuits—when they feel a disinclination longer to engage in the great competitive struggle for wealth,—when they realize, perhaps, that they have secured enough of earthly treasure to tide them smoothly over the sea of life's decline. They have crossed the high noon of their years; they begin to feel the tiresome effect of their labors; the hand of time is resting heavily upon them. And so they leave the field of active enterprise to younger men, and retire to enjoy, as they suppose, the well-earned fruits of their labors.

Some there are who take this step long before their energies are exhausted; in fact, most men do, and just at a time when they are fully ripe for what should be the crowning work of their lives—a work in behalf of humanity, as a most fitting close of a successful business career, and as a most suitable spiritual preparation for the life beyond.

In the sudden withdrawal from business life, and from well-trained habits of thought, and all exciting activities, many a man has vainly imagined he could find quietude and rest. But instead thereof decay and untimely death have soon followed. Absolute rest, or release from care, is not what the well-balanced brain and healthy body, in declining years, needs so much as they do adaptation to less wearing activities. One must work or stagnate, and in the latter case there is sure to follow a condition of what might be termed spiritual stagnation, which soon paralyzes the life of the spirit, and the man becomes of no further use to himself or the world.

If one would live to a ripe old age, and enjoy life most keenly to the end, he must work, and work diligently, in whatever employment he is best fitted for. This is especially true with all brain-workers. With judgment fully matured, and mind active, the evening of life is the time for the best work—for the richest enjoyments of this earthly existence.

There lives in the great city of San Francisco a poor man—that is, poor in the sense of spiritual poverty, which is the only real poverty in the universe, who walks the streets at night in agony of soul. Sweet and restful sleep is a stranger to his eyelids. He is weighed down with sorrow and anxiety; and all because he has two millions of idle dollars upon his hands! This vast sum he can not, at this time, loan to advantage,—hence, he goes all the day mourning! And that, too, while hundreds of poor women are toiling for a bare pittance, and children are homeless and in rags all around him. The long life of this man has been wholly bent to the one selfish object of heaping up wealth; and now, although fast nearing the bourne where all his gold will be dross, he is almost insanely eager for more. With no thought for the welfare of others, his insatiate greed is never satisfied.

What a sad picture of spiritual decay is this! How empty and barren will such a soul appear in spirit life, where only the good one does for humanity will constitute imperishable treasure. And how grand and golden the opportunity yet within his grasp to mount the heavens, and climb to welcome companionship with the shining ones, by making such use of his vast accumulations as the true spirit of humanity might dictate.

O, there is so much need for generous hearts in the world to-day—so many ways in which the soul can win unfading laurels of happiness in the life to come—that it would seem that none would neglect the glad opportunity.

MRS. WATSON AT THE TEMPLE.—After three months vacation the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society resumed their meetings at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last, under most favorable auspices. A new feature, and one which Mrs. Watson has long sought to accomplish, was the opening of the doors free to all. The stage of the Temple was beautifully decorated with flowers. As Mrs. Watson entered upon the rostrum, she was greeted with a hearty round of applause, which she gracefully acknowledged. The new organist, Mr. Whiteley, captivated all ears with his masterly touches upon the grand organ, after which Mrs. Watson made some pleasant remarks, followed by the introduction of Mr. N. F. Ravlin, who gave the opening discourse on "The World's Night, and Its Opening Morn,"—a theme in which the eloquent speaker was especially and intensely at home. His magnetic presence and earnest style called forth frequent rounds of applause. In the evening a large audience assembled to listen to the "little preacher" on the subject of "Divine Dynamics, or Truth Triumphant." Mrs. Watson was in excellent health and voice from her long rest. She held the closest attention of her audience throughout, closing with a fine original poem. The Fall and Winter season of Spiritual work at the Temple may now be considered fully inaugurated.

GENEROUS OFFER.—Mr. E. W. Wheeler, an esteemed friend of the editor of this journal, and an excellent test medium, who formerly resided in San Jose, but who is now engaged in merchandising in Chicago, at 176 Market street, Farwell Block, is anxious to further the good work through the GOLDEN GATE. He writes us under date of August 30th, as follows: "If you see fit you can say that any of your subscribers who

"wish can send or write to me and I will return them a written test of some kind free of charge. "Let them enclose a 2-cent stamp for return postage." We suggest that those who avail themselves of this kind offer do not confine themselves to a single 2-cent stamp, for paper and envelopes cost money. Send at least two, and more if so disposed.

"NIGHT ENDS IN ETERNAL MORNING."

Among the last words of that brave, grand soul, Colonel W. W. Hollister, were those above quoted. To him they were a glorious truth, full of the throbbing assurance of another life—a life for which his great, loving nature was fully ripe.

From a sketch of his life, which appeared in the Santa Barbara Press, of a recent date, we find the following:

His mantle of charity was large, and he folded it over men's faults with a royal hand. In conversing with a friend during one of his dreadful nights of suffering, he remarked, "I would like to take all the poor and distressed in my arms and hold them up." At another time he said, "My only regret in leaving the world is that I have not done more good."

In the later years of his life Colonel Hollister was seriously crippled in his ability to aid many worthy enterprises in which he was deeply interested—both from the great depreciation in his property values, and the almost endless litigation in which he had become involved. His vast landed estate was a source of actual and heavy loss to him, and the cares, anxieties and perplexities, incident to the maintenance of his property rights, were enough to crush the strongest nature.

His tender regard for others, as frequently expressed by him, as he neared the portals of the "eternal morning," was the key-note of his manly character. It was the flush and glory of his beautiful nature, and showed, more than all things else, how deeply he was grounded in the spirit of that philosophy which was to him something more than faith; it was indeed positive knowledge; it was his all of religion—his one guiding star during the long, dark night that preceded the bright day of his deliverance.

And so in the fullness of his years he passed on to the higher life, with many a grand enterprise, looking to the welfare and happiness of his fellow-men, unrealized—with many a noble charity, wherein was enfolded his heart's fondest desires, unfulfilled and left to languish for the need of a generous hand—for the deed born of a heart now pulseless beneath the clods of the valley.

But let no one imagine that Colonel Hollister's work or influence on earth is ended. In the world to which he has gone—the new life to which his glorified spirit has risen—he will be more active than ever. He will linger near and inspire other souls to perform the work he would gladly have done. He will help to ennoble the manhood and broaden the charities of other lives, and thus will his good deeds follow him, ever widening and extending as the years roll on, and ever shining brighter, and brighter, as jewels in his crown of unfading glory.

CHANGE.—The signs of the times are very encouraging to those—and they are not a small class—who believe the world is seeing its last days. There must ever be a breaking up of the old that the new may come into being. Creeds are giving place to philosophy; speculation to scientific demonstration, and knowledge now largely stands instead of faith. Miracles of soul and spiritual power are daily wrought, that are looked upon as fulfillments of ancient prophecy. Also are the wars, rumors of wars, plagues, famine, earthquakes and crime, that shall startle, alarm and distress mankind. But there is a cause for all, and that cause is change; it is ever at work, though the results may be ages in manifesting themselves. The solid crust of our planet is no more at rest than are the creatures who tread upon it. Men create revolutions, and the earth convulsions, each because of an energy that must find vent. The world of mind is growing, that of rock and gases is contracting, and both create disturbances. We attach too much faith to rocks; the seashore is nearly as safe. We lay too much stress upon evil and put not enough faith in Good. The old is passing away, and soon the new will be established.

THE PROHIBITION TICKET.—As everybody knows, the issues between the Republican and Democratic parties of this State, in the coming election, consist of nothing more than the spoils of office. And as neither party has dared to commit itself upon the question of the rum traffic, wouldn't it be a good idea and a good time for the temperance men of both parties to give candid expression to their honest convictions,—to come out and show their real strength by voting the Prohibition Ticket? They could astonish the old parties by their showing of strength, if they would only do so. Spiritualists, especially, should consider this matter, and vote for a principle, even though they may not be able to accomplish the end sought for. If temperance voters ever expect a recognition of their principles by either of the old parties they must show a goodly array of votes.

—By particular request the guides of W. J. Colville will deliver a series of private lectures to spiritually advanced minds on "The Soul and its Embodiments." The first address will be given on Monday, September 20th, at 8 P. M. Tickets for the course of three evenings, one dollar, to be obtained only on application to W. J. Colville, personally. Prepared minds wishful of receiving these teachings where worldly circumstances render them unable to purchase tickets will be most willingly presented with free tickets.

PRESENTATION.

On Monday, September 6th, an unusually large number of friends were present at Friendship Hall. The exercises were rendered peculiarly interesting through the following circumstance: At the conclusion of the usual exercises Hon. Amos Adams rose to address the speaker, W. J. Colville, whom he highly complimented in a short but most felicitous address upon the amount of deep and sustained interest his inspired ministrations have awakened in this city and all along the Pacific Coast. The previous day having been W. J. Colville's twenty-seventh birthday (he was born September 5, 1859), a kind friend had requested Mr. Adams to present the lecturer with a handsome oriental bamboo cane on which were inscribed many theosophical emblems, and which when opened was found to contain a number of self-lighting tapers. The curious and handsome combination in a useful article like a walking-stick called forth from the recipient a brilliant though brief address which we exceedingly regret we are unable to give verbatim to our readers. Several other articles, many of them works of art painted by the donors themselves, valuable and rare books, etc., were presented to Mr. Colville by various of his California friends, the presentation ending by Mr. Adams placing in his hand \$50 in gold, the united offering of a number of the members of Friendship Class. On receiving so many tributes of kind regards, accompanied by so many sincere, good wishes from so many valuable friends, Mr. Colville at once gave evidence of powerful inspiration, and gave substantially the following meed of thanks to the donors of the gifts:

DEAR FRIENDS:—It is with inexpressible gratitude we receive from you not only these beautiful outward objects of usefulness and art, symbolical in their very forms and the uses to which they can be put of the great spiritual truths of which we are fellow-students, but above all for that constant stream of kind liberality and exceeding generosity which has marked all your behavior to us during the past three months during which it has been our great privilege and delight to work among you. This cane is indeed an expressive spiritual emblem; the wood of which it is formed, coming from the distant Orient away off across the bright blue Pacific waters, typifies our true relation in spirit, not only to the literal Asia on this globe, the far-famed scene of ancient, even more than modern, theosophical endeavor, but what is far more important, significant and enduring to that realm of spirit which beyond the sea of human strife, rendered blue and peaceful only by the love of friends sincere, from which we all rejoice to receive words of freedom and assurances of immortality. The exterior of this cane, which reminds us both of an enchanter's wand and a pilgrim's staff, is richly embellished with Oriental decoration of hieroglyphic character highly suggestive of the outward forms of truth, which appear veiled from our senses and but dimly revealed to the outer degrees of our understanding; but when the opening place is found, and in the interior of this staff are found tapers wherewith to kindle flame, to warm and to illumine, to set other bodies burning by contact with them, we are led to picture to ourselves the inner meaning of those truths over which we ponder, and to turn our thoughts not to the veils which have so long hidden them but to their interior meaning which we can never find until we rend the veil, break the shell, unlock the casket, and by our own mental and spiritual endeavor light the tapers at the ever-burning lamp of truth which hangs forever before the sanctuary of man's own divine nature. The gold with which you have so generously presented us is a reminder of the philosopher's stone which turns all metals into gold, the imperishable and incorruptible symbol of true wisdom. You are all philosophers; your sincere friendship is the sacred stone, the rock of sincerity, which turns all that reaches your mind into what is beautiful, serviceable and enduring. In a worldly sense your kind gifts, though of course most gratefully received, are evidences that you do not believe that laborers are worthy of their hire, but your exceeding generosity impels you to give in addition to most liberal remuneration for services rendered a copious extra sum. If as the proverb truly says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," you, the donors, have the richest blessing here to-day; the recipient can only say in this brief word, which can not express a tithe of what the heart can feel, that nowhere in the world, east or west, has he made in so brief a period so many and such warm friends as here on the charming Pacific Coast. Wherever your speaker's feet may be turned by the invisible guidance which directs his every movement and appoints his scene of labor, California and its warm-hearted inhabitants will always hold a very high and honored place in his affections. Should his field of work for a while again lie in fields far remote from here, spirit is not bound by material distance, and in spirit we can all realize that friends are forever undivided. We shall appropriate your generous gift of gold to a work we hope soon to be able to engage in on this coast. Thanking you all in spirit from the depths of our souls, our prayer and hope is that we may be permitted some day to enjoy the privilege of treating you as kindly as you have treated us.

INTERESTING TOPICS.—W. J. Colville will lecture in Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, corner of Market and Seventh streets, entrance on Seventh street, Sunday, September 12th, at 10:45 A. M., by special request, on the "Mission of Earthquakes from a Spiritual Standpoint." The lecture will be of especial and timely interest in connection with the recent fearful convulsions of nature on the Atlantic coast. Answers to written questions from the audience at 2:30 P. M. Subject of lecture at 7:45 P. M., a continuation of the subject treated last Sunday evening, being "Fragments of Forgotten History; or Atlantis Reconstructed." This lecture will be of great interest, portraying the social life and conditions of that wonderful continent previous to, and at the time of the fearful cataclysm by which it was submerged. Mr. Colville's engagements preclude his remaining in San Francisco after September, consequently there will be only three more Sundays in which to listen to the instructive teachings of this remarkable and unsurpassed inspirational agent of the angel world.

LOVE VS. FEAR.—The discourse of N. F. Ravlin, in Oakland on Sunday evening last, was on "The Ministry of Fear and the Ministry of Love." After referring to the false conceptions of God, and the fear of death and of hell entertained by Christians of the old school, he gave the Universalists credit for first preaching a more hopeful religion, then referred to Spiritualism as furnishing proof that God is love, and that the way to serve him is to serve humanity. By love to man, by helping the weak, raising the fallen, comforting the afflicted and in every way endeavoring to aid mankind he said we best serve God. Practical religion is the outgrowth of love, and that is the religion of true Spiritualism. He spoke very hopefully of the future of Spiritualism, and with such earnestness and power that all of the audience were carried along with him, apparently approving all he said. He announced that

the subject of next Sunday evening's discourse will be, "Why People Reject the Scriptures." The effort to build up a permanent society in Oakland it is hoped will meet with success.

TRUE HEROISM.

Some one has said, "Earth's grandest heroes are often those of which the noisy world hears least." The pages of history are filled with glorious deeds of the great on fields of honor and in places of high estate, deeds on which the gaze of the world was turned. It required little courage to be heroic then, for already has the expectant ear caught from afar the ravishing sounds of fame. The veriest coward can be brave when he knows the world is waiting to applaud. But to stand alone and be a hero—to walk the loveless road unmarked by any friendly guide save the finger of duty pointing the way—to rise up in one's own manhood and completely set to rout the contending forces of evil in his nature—tests the very metal of the soul; it is these qualities which eagle-like lift men to the highest pinnacle of heroism.

There are many unwritten heroes and heroines whose daily lives are poems, star-gemmed with eloquent action. What lessons may be learned from the faithful, illiterate servant, by her fidelity to truth and duty; and we have seen frail, delicate woman who would shrink appalled at every trifling danger stand like adamant in the midst of disaster when thrilled by the electric fire of duty, unmoved and unmovable.

How insignificant seem worldly achievements when weighed in a scale with the sublime grandeur of a truly heroic soul. It is no easy task to be supremely just in all things; to live every day in the light of our divine selves. This can not be accomplished by a single victory, but by many conquests and a constant, earnest endeavor to rise above and beyond the reach of little things.

There are many struggling to reach the summit of sublimity in manhood and womanhood, who are scaling the rugged mountain with no kindly hand to point out the crevices and pitfalls at every turn. What divine repose comes to such after the lofty peak is gained. The watchword for every individual soul should ever be onward and upward, following only the white light of the soul, till the shining goal is reached.

SHE GOT HER MONEY.—When we hear of a bank failure we always think of the small depositors who are thus bereft of their last dime. These victims are about nine-tenths women, some of whom commit suicide; others go insane, and a few cling to the forlorn hope and begin life anew. But in the case of a Michigan bank that recently closed its doors there happened to be one of the new order of women (those with wills and the courage to use them). This woman had eight hundred dollars, her all, in the bank, and had no idea of thus being robbed of her hard earnings. She took a revolver and presented herself at the banker's house where she met only the wife, who had on her person a two-hundred-dollar gold watch, bracelets of the same value, and six hundred dollars' worth of diamonds, which she demanded with considerable force, and obtained as security for her eight hundred dollars. The precious articles were soon redeemed. She would doubtless have rather met the husband, and spared the wife the humiliation of going his security. We think there should be some new legislation in banking business that would make it as much a default to fail as for the president or cashier to take leave with its funds.

ARGUMENT VS. PRAYER.—Canadian bar-keepers are not at all obstinate with respect to those who go about praying for their conversion and diversion into other branches of business. At Orangeville the women crusaders visited a hotel and by praying tried to induce the owner to close his bar. It is reported that the proprietor invited the ladies to seats and asked them to pray, after which he himself offered a prayer, in which he dealt with the follies and vanities of women. It is a fact that nearly any one can pray, especially after just listening to a prayer; but no one can argue the affirmative side of liquor selling successfully. Saloon-keepers and whisky-sellers generally should not be prayed with. Calm argument is better, and by all means should they be given a full opportunity to state their own side. It is a weak one, and the more it is considered by either side the weaker it grows. Whisky dealers are not lacking in sense, nor conscience, wholly. Their main point is that liquor will be sold at all events; and that they, individually, may as well sell it as others. While they speak they feel this is no justification for them, and there is no doubt that persistent, kind endeavor to aid them would turn them to other employment in many cases. Praying never will.

ONE BY ONE.—Kentucky will probably be the next State to declare prohibition. It is shown from the official record that nineteen counties are under prohibitory laws, and two hundred and fifty-two magisterial districts in other counties. It is claimed that enough will be added to the list the present year to make the number of counties thirty, and the magisterial districts in other counties three hundred. The total vote in these districts is one hundred and thirty-four thousand nine hundred and forty-eight, or five-eighths of the voting population of the State. Only a short time ago a prohibition ticket was a novelty and a thing that met little else than ridicule, but is no longer. Scarcely a State will there be at the next general election that will not have its prohibition ticket. New York is even now ready for the field, and other States that were as silent last Presidential election will show they have been moved along by the growing sentiment of the times. The voice of the people is the voice of God, and though it may be oft stifled by noise and confusion—the resort of those who would not hear—it rings out clear when all mere sound has died away and it calls to justice and right.

ANTICIPATED DANGERS.—In the great earthquake that destroyed over half a hundred lives and five millions of dollars worth of property, a week ago, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, many people imagine the end of all things is near at hand; or if not a general destruction of the earth, then at least the sinking of the Pacific Coast beneath the sea, or some other similar cataclysm. While no one can wisely predict what may happen to this planet in the way of convulsions, caused by the earth's internal fires, in the near or remote future, neither can any predict to the contrary. And so no one need borrow any trouble about the matter. If San Francisco perchance should sink beneath the sea, while it would cause a serious fall in real estate, the subject would not be apt to interest any of us longer than a few minutes. The thing that most concerns us is to be ready and reconciled for whatever may happen.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The *Century* for September is an unusually excellent number, both in substance and embellishments. It would seem that there is but little chance for further improvement in this superb monthly.

—E. H. Mozart and wife of the Pacific Coast, sailed on S. S. *America* for London via Liverpool, on Wednesday, September 1st. Their many friends in New York gave them a hearty send-off.

—Dr. H. W. Abbott, of 1047 Mission street, formerly known in the West as the "Boy Healer," is doing a grand work in this city. His rooms are continually thronged, and we hear glowing reports of his success.

—Paul A. Smith left this morning for Humboldt county, where he intends to lecture at various points, and solicit subscriptions for the *GOLDEN GATE*. We commend him to the kind consideration of all Spiritualists.

—We hope that some of our societies may induce Mrs. Mattie Pease-Fox to visit this city during her visit to this coast. The talented lady ranks among our ablest inspirational speakers, and the San Francisco Spiritualists should not allow this opportunity for hearing her slip by.

—Congregational singing, led by that grand organist, Mr. S. B. Whitley, is to be the order at the Temple hereafter. The training for the work may be had each Wednesday evening, at the residence of M. B. Dodge, 8 1-2 Hill street, under the instruction of Mr. C. H. Wadsworth. All interested in the matter are invited to be present.

—The love of Good—some call it the love of God; but it is all one and the same. The practice of goodness is the only way in which man can manifest his love of God. Long prayers, and much fasting and observance of forms amount to nothing unless accompanied by good deeds. Hence, the truest and most acceptable worship of God is in the exercise of kindness to others.

—W. J. Colville expects to leave this city for San Diego at the close of the present month. Arrangements are being made by Mrs. Bushyhead and other friends for a series of meetings, including Sundays, October 3d, 10th, and 17th. A class in metaphysics will be held on the week-days. All who wish to attend should apply to Mrs. E. W. Bushyhead, San Diego, for particulars.

—Women in these days, of all countries, are noted for their charities both private and public, and the ability that enables them to indulge this noble part of their natures. We read of a French woman—Miss Furtado Heine—who has for years kept a free dispensary in Paris, at which four and five hundred children are treated daily. This benevolent institution she has now given over to the State, and endowed it with an income of four million pounds annually. Thus another name becomes illustrious in history for its deeds of kindness.

—Memory is tenacious of the past. The more rapidly we advance and recede from it, the more often do we turn back and review the way. Time lessens its pains, modifies its errors and intensifies its joys. Of all things that come to us, joy is longest lived, and there is not a life in which memory does not reach back and live over some past pleasure. Mistakes that cause us pain are not forgotten, but once passed they never recur with the same poignancy. It is an infinite design that we grow towards correction and happiness and live only in its joy of well-doing.

—The drought that has prevailed largely in the Eastern States the past Summer, is in some regions but a repetition of three preceding years. Especially is this the case in Iowa and Illinois, where the wheat crop has failed repeatedly in succession. From the latter State many families are coming West. In one instance forty families have combined, and coming out as a colony. If our water question is settled aright, it will do much toward increasing the agricultural population of our State. We do not depend upon Summer rains for water, and in Winter they seldom fail us.

—The unusual large attendance on Sunday evening at Washington Hall, under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists indicate the growing interest in the meetings. Paul A. Smith gave a short but eloquent address, which was followed by psychometric readings, by that tried and true exponent of things spiritual, Mrs. Hendee. Some remarkable tests were given by Dr. Schlessinger, that annihilator of skepticism. There were nearly, or quite, two thousand persons at the different meetings on Sunday evening, which is surely gratifying to all interested in seeing the grand cause "marching on."

—The Boston *Investigator* gives this answer to a correspondent: "No; we never knew of a case of genuine clairvoyance, that is, of a person living in Boston and seeing what is going on in Washington. We doubt if there is any such faculty in human beings, or what is called second sight." There are millions of persons who could convince the intelligent editor of the *Investigator* of the truth of clairvoyance; that is, if he would take the evidence of another, and we doubt not they could furnish him with first-hand proof. We can hardly believe that men of to-day, living high in intellectuality, can disbelieve in such openly demonstrated facts.

—Senator I. S. Harris from Tennessee is evidently possessed of a good memory which he turns to better account. Parson Brownlow, when Governor of that State, declared the present Senator an outlaw, offering five thousand dollars for his capture. Now Mr. Harris has just offered a resolution in the Senate to appropriate five thousand dollars for the relief of Parson Brownlow's widow. This is true Christian justice, and we doubt not the resolution would have been offered just as readily had the subject been the Parson himself. Such revenge is the only kind worth taking, as all will find who do otherwise.

—Julius Lyons, a prominent lawyer of Los Angeles, and a gentleman of true merit, is a candidate for Clerk of the Supreme Court on the Prohibition ticket. Spiritualists, irrespective of party affiliations, should give him their support, for he is not only in full sympathy with their philosophy, but every way worthy of their confidence.

—The two-column editorial in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, by Col. S. Romeo Reed, on "The Natural History of the Devil," is naturally causing a good deal of comment. Where he got his data is a mystery to most newspapers; but we suspect the "Natural History" is gathered from the Devil's growth, development and works, through his agents, that seem to be unusually active in these latter days. Events are often enough imputed to his influence, and indeed the investigation of many of them prove nothing but diabolism. That the Old Fellow has not received biographical attention before, proves Col. Reed to be more industrious than the average editor, which is saying a good deal for all.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Jesus and the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

When the subject is rightly understood people who claim to believe in Jesus Christ as a Divine Being, whether as prophet and teacher, or Savior and Lord, can not deny the truth of Spiritualism, either as to its philosophy or phenomena, for he taught the one and demonstrated the other. He declared his kingdom to be spiritual. He taught his disciples the law of spiritual unfoldment, taking the law governing the germination of seeds, whether of the wheat, corn or flowers, as an illustration. His words and all his teachings he affirmed to be spirit and life in opposition to the deadness and unprofitableness of the letter, or mere material or external things. He unfolded spiritual truth, and inculcated the importance of spirituality of mind. He opened the eyes of the understanding that people might behold spiritual things. He was himself not only clairvoyant and clairaudient, but absolutely perfect as a psychologist and psychometrist. He demonstrated the truth of spiritual phenomena, by calling back the spirits of those who had died to re-enter the material form, by his own transfiguration on Mount Tabor, and the materialization of Moses and Elias, so that the disciples with him could both see their bodily forms, and hear their conversation. After his death he appeared on a number of occasions in a materialized body, and yet he would instantly dematerialize and vanish from view; closed doors and solid walls being no obstruction to his ingress and egress. Spirits appeared in the human form at various times and to different persons throughout the entire history of Jesus and his disciples, from his promised birth to the revelator's sublime experience on the Isle of Patmos, when he held daily seances with his angel guides.

I write these things in order that those who are firm believers in the New Testament, and the truth it unfolds may see that they can not consistently reject either the philosophy or the phenomena of Spiritualism, for Christ and his disciple all taught the one and demonstrated the other.

There is not a spiritualistic book of facts written to-day so full of Spiritualism in philosophy and phenomena in all the phases of mediumship as the New Testament. Spiritualists should boldly claim it as *their book*, and its central character as the founder of pure Spiritualism. Throw the whole bundle of contradictory theology overboard from the close of John's career to the recent reappearance of what is called Modern Spiritualism, but insist on connecting the apostolic period with these last forty years, letting all that lies between sink like the lost Atlantis in the sea. I insist that the spiritual revival now going on is the revival of pure Christianity, not as taught by minister and priest, but as taught by Jesus and his twelve disciples.

To a certain extent all the gifts mentioned in the New Testament, exist in the Spiritualism of to-day, being as yet only partially developed. And as to "frauds," the ratio then was about as now. None of the disciples were absolutely free from faults, and one in twelve was positively fraudulent.

N. F. RAVLIN.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

The people of the United States consumed 19,642,870 barrels of beer in 1885.

Geronimo and his band of about twenty hostiles have at last surrendered unconditionally to Captain Lawton. These Indians were on the war-path 476 days, and committed over 400 murders.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* states that electric motors are now successfully used on street railways in Philadelphia, Baltimore, South Bend, Montgomery, Ala., Minneapolis, and in Windsor, Canada.

The Pope has published a decree, dated the 13th of July, reinstating the Jesuit Order in all the privileges conferred upon them by his predecessors ever since their foundation, notwithstanding the decree of Clement XIV., pronounced against them in 1773.

The Treasury Department has recently decided that holders of light gold pieces must lose the amount of the abrasion. It is thought that this order will bring paper money into favor on the Pacific Coast where it has never yet been used to any considerable extent.

A Prediction.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Four years ago this Fall Rev. Mr. Fowler succeeded Mr. Hamilton as pastor of the church after Mr. Hamilton had passed to the higher life from his pulpit in Oakland. Their Sunday evening services consisted of discussions upon important topics, one of which was the "Immortality of the Soul." To our surprise Mr. Fowler invited Brother Walter and myself to attend and participate in the discussion, by giving our evidence from a spiritualistic standpoint, also to announce their meeting before the Oakland Spiritualist Society, that others might attend. After Prof. Phelps had given his very able lecture on Spiritualism, an opportunity was given for short conference, when brother, in the course of his remarks, made the announcement of the discussion to be had in the evening, with an invitation for all to attend. Prof. Phelps asked me to repeat a poem. I did so, repeating one of my poems, which was a prophecy of the electric lights and of materialization, written twelve years ago, and closed with this remark: That just so sure as this prophecy had come to pass, just so sure would the one that I was about to make be fulfilled, which was, that Hamilton church would yet be occupied almost exclusively by the Spiritualists; that the church was making rapid strides to even ask the Spiritualists to take part in their discussions. Those who were present on that occasion can but acknowledge the truthfulness of the prophecy, for behold the church is used four times a week by Mr. Colville, Sunday mornings by Mrs. Susie Johnson, and Sunday evenings by Mr. Ravlin, making in all six times a week by the Spiritualists. In the near future many other churches will share the same fate. For progress,

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

Remarkable Manifestation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The undersigned attended a seance for materialization, given by Mrs. Reynolds, at 845 Mission street, San Francisco, on the evening of September 5th.

Before the close of the seance we were requested by a voice from the cabinet to hold one of the materialized forms. One who called herself Lily Roberts came out of the cabinet, extending her arms toward us, and saying, "Come." She was not as tall as Mrs. Reynolds by about three inches, and her features and appearance were altogether different. The light was sufficiently bright to enable us to see this. She spoke to us, and her voice also was different. She had on a white head-dress, and was attired in pure white garments from head to foot. We all took a firm hold of her hands and wrists. She stepped out some two or three feet in front of the curtain and then suddenly sunk to the floor, and the whole form, with all its white drapery, disappeared, the hands alone, which we still held, and a portion of the arms remaining visible. But not for a moment did any one of us relinquish our grasp or fail to realize that we still held the solid material hands and arms of the form whom we had seen and conversed with but a few moments before. As soon as she had sunk to the floor we were conscious that a dark body was rising, as it were, from a stooping or kneeling posture. It was the form of Mrs. Reynolds, who immediately stood before us and whose hands and wrists we found ourselves holding. She was dressed as she was when she went into the cabinet, entirely in black from head to foot. She was apparently still in a trance and we led her to a chair, and then, and not till then, did we, or either of us, release our hold. We then parted the curtains of the cabinet, which was simply a solid corner of a room with plastered walls on two sides and a black curtain extending across the corner, thus forming a triangular space. There was no one in the cabinet and nothing like drapery of any kind visible, and there was no possible way by which any one could get into or out of the cabinet without being seen. There were about thirty persons present on this occasion.

This manifestation was reported to have taken place in Sacramento, San Bernardino and Los Angeles, and it was given to us by special request. As we held the hands of the form all the time it was utterly impossible for her to have used them to remove the mass of white drapery in which she was enveloped, and it was quite impossible that any one else could have done it without our knowledge, or in the brief space of time occupied in the transition.

W. W. MCKAIG,
H. BOWMAN,
G. S. BOWMAN,
F. W. UTTER.

Spiritualism Judicially Condemned.

["H. K." in the Spiritual Offering.]

In sustaining the will of the late Wilbur F. Storey, in a recent decision, the Appellate court went out of its way to pronounce a condemnation of Spiritualism. Though deciding that the fact of Mr. Storey's being a Spiritualist did not invalidate the will—since his letters in 1881 "bear internal evidence of acuteness, precision, business discrimination, and prudence on the part of the writer,"—the judge went on to remark:

"The fact that one who professes a belief in what is known as Spiritualism may be influenced by and give credence to alleged communications from spirits, which are, in fact, no communications, but impositions and delusions contrived by designing persons, is far from sufficient to prove in such persons want of testamentary capacity."

This *obiter dictum* is worthy of the immortal Dogberry; and one of these days the learned occupant of the bench who pronounced it may be "written down" as "that public functionary" desired that he should be entered on the record. The decision of a judge upon such a matter has no importance, since it must have been dictated by ignorance and prejudice.

Mr. Storey, whose letters presented

every indication of a sound and acute mind, was a thorough believer in the reality of spirit communications, as the writer of this happens to *know*, having letters on file received from him in 1881, in which he referred to such communications from the spirits of certain well-known persons, in which he expressed implicit confidence. Which is the better evidence, the opinion of a judge who probably has never investigated the subject, or that of a man, with the judicially established mental calibre here assigned him who had made a careful investigation of the subject, and knew of what he wrote? Of what value is this wild assertion of the Illinois judge of an inferior court, compared with that of John W. Edmonds, chief justice of the highest court of the State of New York, or of Lord Lyndhurst, the English chancellor, not to mention a host of other legal luminaries who have accepted spirit communications as a fact. This decision of the Appellate judge is in legal parlance, only a *brutum fulmen*, and can excite nothing but the pitying derision of intelligent minds.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ASSEMBLY HALL, ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING, corner Seventh and Market streets, (entrance on Seventh street), W. J. Colville, lecturer: Albert Morton, Manager. Services for Sunday, September 12th. At 10:45 a. m., lecture. Subject: "The Mission of Earthquakes, from a Spiritual Standpoint." At 2:30 p. m., Answers to questions. At 7:45 p. m., lecture. Subject: "Fragments of Forgotten History; or, Atlantis Reconstructed." 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.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society. The eloquent inspirational speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, will, at 11 o'clock a. m., Sunday, September 12th, answer written questions from the audience, under influence of Prof. Lambert. At 7:45 p. m., she will lecture. Subject: "The Burdens and Blessings of Spiritualism." Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 p. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m.

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

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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.

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the *GOLDEN GATE*, the following form of bequest is suggested:

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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, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

The Belief in Spiritualism Universal.

["W. R. G." in Light for Thinkers.]

The better acquainted I become with humanity, the more I talk with people, and the more I study the matter, the better satisfied I am that there is a universal belief in the principles of Spiritualism. Perhaps I judge somewhat, and have been more particular in my observations in this line, because of myself. I was brought up, and received my early training in the home of a strong Methodist family, yet I do not remember the time when I did not believe in the principles of Spiritualism and the truth of spirit return. My father also believed the same, although he was ignorant as to the claims and doctrines of Spiritualism as a creed. He only believed it from the internal evidences which come, as I believe, to us all.

Let me relate a circumstance which I can vouch for as being true. It occurred in 1868. I was then but nine years of age. My grandmother (the mother of my father) had died. She died in Waterford, Penn., some twelve miles from our home. At that time one of her daughters, Elizabeth, was lying at the point of death, the doctors having announced that there was but little hope of her recovery. It was in Winter and very cold. Father and I started to attend the funeral, my mother not being well enough to dare try to stand the trip. Father said we would go by the home of Aunt Elizabeth, to see how she was. Her family had refused to let her (Aunt Elizabeth) know of the death of her mother, and, as vouched for by all, the death had not been mentioned in the house. Well, we started, as I said, for the funeral, and as we came to the home of my aunt we found them weeping, and saying that she, too, was dying. We went in her room and to my surprise she was sitting up in bed with one hand pointing to the center of the room, crying and saying, "There is mother, and she is dead! Don't you see her? See, she says she died yesterday morning. Can't you see her? She is dead, she is dead. Oh, my mother, you are dead!" Then, after a moment of violent weeping, through the exhaustion of which the sick woman had fallen back on the bed, she looked again and said, "Oh, mother has gone and left me!" Then her grief was unbearable. "She told us that she would get well, and she died." None of the assurances of the family that "mother was all right," had the least effect, and they at last confessed the truth that her mother was truly dead.

I could relate many other remarkable incidents in connection with the life of this woman, "Aunt Elizabeth," had I the space. I can not forego mentioning one more. This was in 1876. I was in school, and word came that my aunt was very sick, and if I would see her alive to come, for the doctors had again declared her disease was stronger than their skill. I went, when, to my great surprise, she met me at the door and greeted me very affectionately. She looked quite well, and there was a brightness about her eyes that I could not fail to note. She told me this: "Yes, I have been very, very sick, but God has healed me." The whole story was, that as she lay on her sick bed, all at once something, or some one, said to her that she must die, and asked if she were ready. She said that she at once thought of her two wild boys, and prayed the Heavenly Father that she might be spared to help reform them, and bring them to a life of godliness. "But," said she, "nevertheless, Thy will, not mine, be done." Just here, she said, she heard the sweetest music which had ever greeted her ear, and she looked and saw her mother, her sister Sarah, her brother Sanford, (my father who had died four years before) and her friend, Irena Ball, all of whom were in the spirit world. She said that they all looked very happy and glad, so she wanted to go, and was overjoyed, but she again thought of her boys and again repeated her prayer, just as they got to her, when they told her she should be spared for her boys, and commanded her to get up, for she was made whole.

The house was filled with friends and relatives who were weeping at her death, for she had been dead apparently, when she once again opened her eyes, related the strange story and called for a prayer meeting of thanksgiving and rejoicing. She was a very religious woman, and attributed all her recovery to the especial hand of God. They held the prayer meeting and she got off her sick bed, and from that day to this has been a well woman. One of her boys is now a member, with her, of the church, and the other is much steadier. She hopes to soon have him converted. The next Sunday she walked two miles to church and told of her recovery, in the presence of a large congregation presided over by the same preacher who was present at the time of her being brought back to life, and he, too, added his testimony to hers. Others were there, and the whole matter was the subject of much talk and several newspaper articles.

These two incidents are quite enough to explain my point. This woman and my whole family would scoff at the very thought of being called "Spiritualists," but these phenomena occurring within the family are among the best evidences I have ever had of a "life beyond." These evidences were shared by our family and while we have not all agreed as to the

cause and in our conclusions and "inferences," yet we have believed the "evidences." This I claim to be universal, that there is scarcely any one who does not believe all we believe, but call it by different names. Not long ago a minister, who is a friend of mine, was at my house. In conversation, he asked me in a whisper if I was a Spiritualist. By every act he admitted that he detested "Spiritualists." I told him that I was considerable of a believer in the doctrines and teachings of Spiritualism. He told me that he would preach a sermon against it the very next Sunday and invited me to hear it. I went. He preached with all his power, but displaying very little information, against what he claims to be an evil. But just as he was closing his address he halted and in broken language said: "Brethren, don't misunderstand me. I do not believe in spirits coming back to earth through paid mediums, but I do not wish to be understood as saying that I disbelieve in the acknowledged fact that our spirit friends are often about us, to comfort us, cheer us, guide us, help us and love us." Continuing he said: "Brethren, I am sure of this. I had a dearly beloved sister. We were constant companions, but disease robbed her of this life. She died holding my hands and calling my name. From that time to this, often I know she is near me, loving me and helping me as of old. I can always tell when she comes, and I feel to-day that she is at my side."

With this he sat down. After service I asked him to come home with me. After dinner he asked me how I liked his sermon, when I said: "It suited me exactly, only I would have preferred you to just have told the truth of your honest belief from the beginning, and there stopped." We said no more, but that night I asked him to conduct family worship. In his prayer he said, "And now, our Father, while we sleep, send thine holy angels, even the spirits of our departed friends who are with thee in thy kingdom, to come and be about us, watch over us and comfort us while we sleep; and if it be thy will that we should be called from this earthly life to the reward which awaits us in thy kingdom, before we wake, may we be guided thither by these same spirit friends. This we ask in thy name."

I have talked with many and find that they all substantially believe the same thing when we once get them to confess it. It all proves what I started out at first to maintain, that the belief in Spiritualism is universal, implanted within us by the God who made us. It takes no conversion to be a Spiritualist, only a confession of that which is already within.

The Indian in Manifestations.

[H. W. Boozer in the Spiritual Messenger.]

It is a recognized fact with all investigators, that the Indian race here in America are the keepers of the portals of the other life, and the natural guardians of the mediums, whose office it is to open and shut the gates of communication. First the Indian comes and prepares the way for other spirits to communicate, or for the occurrence of the phenomena; and, after all is done, he bids us good-night with his final care of the instrument used. The reasons of this seems to be, that by a natural law of adaptation, the Aborigine belongs to the soil on which we are comparative aliens, and his natural methods of earth-life have fitted him for a spirit existence where life-force and not wealth is the capital of the individual. He has a strength and vigor which the white race enjoys only exceptionally. His presence carries with it a healing and soothing influence which seems to replace waste of mediumistic forces expended, and keep in good repair the vital force needed. To this race we are largely indebted for the power and completeness of the phenomena, much more than we can realize, even by the closest study and recognition. The broken English the Indian speaks is too often lightly received by the thoughtless, but is chosen next to his own tongue only because its use involves less waste of mediumistic power. I have often found the Indian guide the master of many languages, and in many ways profoundly learned and accomplished. In fact many kinds of spiritual phenomena can only be produced by the most skillful master mind, requiring a depth of character, a force of trained will and an amount of knowledge, which we, at first investigation, will be unlikely to ascribe to one who expresses himself in English-Indian idiom. Yet the same spirit who thus talks to us is very often the real operator of the most delicate methods of communication and manifestation.

Edison is said to be occupied with plans for using the earth-currents of electricity for telegraphic purposes. The poets, long ago, discovered that the earth had nerves. Lowell says, "An instinct bears along round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong." The great currents of human sympathy will yet be found sufficient for all the messages which the Church needs to send or that humanity needs to receive in the name of religion.

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[Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D., in Mental Science Magazine.]

Man is a threefold being. We see his physical body, which represents all his powers, for every part of his body sympathizes with some impulse or faculty of the soul. Inside of the visible body is concealed a brain which embodies his entire life, his intellect, passions, emotions, physiological energies; all that we are conscious of; all that we can do. Within that brain is an invisible spiritual power, which also represents the entire brain, and when the brain has crumbled away, it is the entire man, as he lives throughout eternity. The interior governs the exterior. The brain governs the body; the spirit governs the brain, and in the interior of the spirit is the vital relation to the Divine Spirit of the universe, from whom all life springs and all life is reunited—a relation so mysterious as to have been, in all ages, a matter of superstition and fanatical thought.

The spirit and soul are destined to ascend from the top of the brain, as has often been seen, and to continue ascending in the spirit world according to a definite law. The body is destined to drop among the clouds of the earth, and become a part of the continents, atmosphere and ocean. Spirit and body are thus severed forever, but while they are together their life is a continual interaction; for every condition of the soul affects the body, and every condition of the body affects the soul. Moreover, each is in its own element and affected by its own environments.

The spiritual nature of man is affected by spiritual elements, and his physical body by the physical surroundings—earth and air, food and clothing. The earth environment affects the body with health or disease, and the effects go up to the soul in infinite variety. The spiritual environments affect the soul, and its conditions go down into the body, with an infinite variety of effects—rousing the muscles to action, stirring or depressing the heart, expanding or oppressing the lungs, disturbing or soothing the stomach, oppressing or relieving the liver and spleen, bringing flushes of heat or cold chills to the surface, developing the body into manly vigor or sinking it into the nerveless despondency and premature death of what is called the broken heart. And as the soul thus seems almost omnipotent over the body, narrow-minded thinkers sometimes assume that all power is in the soul; that the body is precisely what the soul would make it, and that it is necessary to treat the soul alone, and unnecessary to treat the body for the restoration of health, and especially unnecessary to use medicines to operate on the body. They shut their eyes to the fact that the body operates on the soul as much as the soul on the body, and thus plunge into voluntary and inexcusable ignorance or delusion, which we see among certain metaphysical pretenders whom we might suspect of having lost their common sense.

We know that the action of the mind depends on the brain, for it is totally arrested the moment that we press our finger on the brain, or that it is compressed by broken bone or hemorrhagic blood. We know that if any part of the brain is softened by what the French call *ramollissement*, the corresponding faculty is lost—for in the corpora striata, or the thalamus, it produces paralysis, and in front of the striata, in the posterior convolution of the front lobe, it destroys the faculty of language and makes it impossible, though the man has a soul and mind, for him to write or utter a word. The same disease in the front lobe destroys his memory, and on the upper part of the brain it makes him incapable of performing a single voluntary act.

We know that when the red blood is flying rapidly through the brain, all the mental and moral powers are in their highest vigor, and just in proportion as the circulation diminishes, every power of the soul goes down until it is arrested by failure of the heart to impel the blood, every faculty is suspended in the unconsciousness called syncope. We know, too, that all the powers of the soul are affected and controlled not only by the condition of the brain, but by the condition of the body. Diseases of the liver often produce coma or delirium; diseases of the pelvis produce insanity; diseases of the heart produce fear, and affections of the upper lobes of the lungs produce that unyielding hope which marks the consumptive, while abdominal diseases produce every variety of mental depression.

The body, therefore, has as much power over the soul as the soul over the body, and there is no endowment of genius in a child which may not be destroyed by the treatment of its body, or by excessive toil. In every churchyard there are those who might have been eminent had they been properly trained, and Gray might well say in the country churchyard:—

“Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest.”

PROMISCUOUS seances are often the cause of great scandal and grave offence, not because the medium is a designing culprit, but because of the impurity of thought prevalent in the room, and the biological influence of those who have come for no other purpose than to break up the circle,

expose the medium, and then rush into print, declaring that all that took place was fraudulent, that they knew it would be so beforehand, and that they went to the seance for the express purpose of showing up the trickery.—*Light*.

Changing Opinions.

[The drift of theological thought, in England, is thus referred to by Rev. Samuel Davidson, of London, in the Christian Register.]

The only ostensible gain that has been wrested of late from orthodoxy, is the doctrine of universal salvation, the ultimate restoration and happiness of the human race, which men, otherwise orthodox, venture to avow. So far, this is good. Election and reprobation are seldom preached even by the so-called evangelicals.

I pass over the newspaper press, the religious papers, as they are termed. Here, again, the field is occupied by the same creed-men.

Notwithstanding the strong orthodox fortress, so well guarded, I have good reason for believing that freedom of opinion has advanced, within the last twenty years, to a considerable extent. Science has encroached on the domain of the old theology, and brought much of it into discredit. But ecclesiastics, whose views have widened, too often keep their opinions secret, or utter them only in confidential circles. It is not pleasant to think that a goodly number of ministers of religion reputed orthodox have two consciences, an official and a private one. Yet the fact can not be denied. Pulpit performances are not a test of the beliefs which many entertain. Such moral cowardice can only be mourned over. Is it not deplorable that so many subscribe to articles and creeds which they do not really believe, furnishing an example of pliant consciences, which laymen see and despise? Honesty is as much needed in religion as in secular affairs. Without it, religion is vain.

Intuition.

[“M. E. C.” in The Father’s Love.]

To develop intuition, take the first step by placing yourselves in the right attitude of thought in regard to yourselves. Resolve yourselves back in thought to the ego, or divine soul, the realm of reality where you really are. In doing this, you will step behind the external veil of matter, and still behind the astral veil of appearances and pictures of seeming realities, into the realms of truth, immortality, health and harmony. And when there in thought and feeling, you may ask, what shall I do? Christ said, “First seek the kingdom of heaven, and all else shall be added unto you.” You then shall have found the kingdom of heaven, and the prophecy will be fulfilled. Divine truth is everywhere, in the air, and you will absorb it, see it, feel it, breathe it in. When you think of yourselves as spirit, and as nothing else, at one with all spirit, you will have demonstrated your immortality to your outer consciousness, and found the key that will unlock the chambers of divine truth, which will make you whole. Intuition is the spirit perception of divine truth. You must be spirit in thought and action, as well as in reality. It is not enough to be spirit, and remain ignorant of it; you must know and act what you are in reality. Then you can bring spirit perception of divine truth (which is intuition) to your outer consciousness.

TWO ROOMS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—The young wife’s room is the scene of continued gaiety during the hours when the President is attending to affairs of state. How different the apartment which adjoins on the west! Visitors have often noticed that the room is never opened. The curtains are tightly drawn and no one ever thinks of crossing its threshold. It was in this room that Garfield lived for months, tortured by Assassin Guitau’s bullet, while a nation hoped and prayed for a recovery that never came. The room is almost precisely as it was the day when Garfield was taken from it and carried to Elberon, where he breathed his last. President Arthur had a horror of the place. He gave orders that it should remain untouched as long as he was in the White House, and these orders were strictly obeyed. President Cleveland has said nothing upon the topic as yet, but it is understood that he, too, is loath to break the silence of that room which witnessed so much suffering during the long and wearisome Summer months of 1881. The contrast between the two rooms is a most notable one—life and death could furnish no stronger.—*Boston Traveller*.

A BOSTON minister has a bright little four-year-old daughter, whose sayings are often worth repeating. One morning, at breakfast, he asked across the table, “Edie, whom do you love the best?” “Mamma,” answered the little one. “Whom next?” “Aunt Helen.” “Whom next?” “Bridget.” And the disappointed father continued his questions until the young maiden had declared her affection for most of the neighborhood, without mentioning any love for her father. Finally, the clergyman said, “But, Edie, where does papa come in?” The little maid paused a moment, looked cooly up, and then replied demurely, “In the front door.”—*Cambridge Tribune*.

A School of Mediumship.

[A. E. Newton in Light.]

In short, a School of Mediumship, or something which shall answer its purpose, is needed, as really as are schools for other vocations. The time must come when a department of Psychical Culture, under competent instructors, will be added to our educational institutions; and all persons who would exercise their gifts in this direction with credit and safety should avail themselves of its advantages. One lesson to be taught in such a school is, that none should court mediumship, or be encouraged to exercise it, except those in whom the love of truth and good, and the desire of usefulness to their fellow-beings is predominant. Otherwise it may be expected that it will be prostituted to base and selfish ends, and its subjects will attract about them frivolous, deceptive, and misleading influences, resulting in evil, disaster, and ruin. Mediums should earnestly seek to learn and practice the laws of physical, as well as mental, moral, and spiritual health, which are the laws of rectitude or rightness in all departments. In fact, the culture of the moral virtues and the spiritual graces—such as truthfulness, justice, faithfulness, charity or universal good-will, amiability, patience, teachableness, reverence, self-control and the rest—should in all cases precede or attend the development of the psychic powers, to insure their exercise for worthy ends. Only so can persons become trustworthy and safe mediums for the transmission of truth and wisdom from the higher life.

PHYSICAL MEDIUMSHIP.—The life of a physical medium is not an easy one. Nothing is more trying than to be constantly the subject of antagonistic and suspicious wills. The constant effort to overcome them is burdensome and exhausting, and as the physical medium is not usually so fully protected by strong-willed, intellectual bands of intelligence as those who are developed solely for intellectual purposes, the danger of the sitters influencing the conduct of the medium and the phenomena is very great.—*Light*.

HATE.—Hate keeps the heart always at full tension. It gives rise to oppression of the brain and senses. It confuses the whole man. It robs the stomach of its nervous power, and digestion being impaired, the failure of life begins at once. Those, therefore, who are born with this passion, and it is to be feared a good many are, should give it up. Christ said, “Love one another,” and this command is full of hygienic wisdom.—*Phrenological Journal*.

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought.

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the “San Jose Daily Mercury.”)

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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