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CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Solving Problems.
SECOND PAGE.—Odds and Ends; Love Will Conquer; Moods; Things Spiritual and Material in Washington.
THIRD PAGE.—Re-Incarnation (a poem); An Unjust Charge; Intolerance; Christian Science, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials) A Tidal Wave; Its Worst Enemies; What Is Orthodoxy? Dreaming; Mind and Body; Faith and Knowledge; Licensed Ruin; Slave-Writing Exposed; Editorial Notes, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Spirit Intercourse; A Memorable Occasion; Justice; Catholicism and Spiritualism; Camp Meeting Notice; Advertisements.
SIXTH PAGE.—Home Life in the Clouds, being the Experiences of a Spirit; Spirit Message; Advertisements.
SEVENTH PAGE.—The Late Lord Brougham's Dream; Tobacco Poison; Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Outcast; Too High—Too Low; On the Heights; Optimism; Symbols.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

{ From the Abbe Roux. }

No labor is hopeless.
Great souls are harmonious.
There is no humiliation in humility.
Every thing that is exquisite hides itself.

Length of saying makes languor in hearing.

Beautiful souls flourish under humiliation.

Ah! how little we know those who know us best.

Generosity is more charitable than wealth.

He who does not appreciate does not possess.

It is impossible to be just if one is not generous.

The poet sees every thing in the present, like God.

Nothing vivifies, and nothing kills like emotions.

What is a day without sun, or a man without goodness?

God often visits us, but most of the time we are not at home.

Poetry is always all-powerful over souls which have not been cloyed.

Belief in one's self conquers the world; belief in God conquers heaven.

A whole heaven is contained in a drop of dew, a whole soul within a tear.

I should define poetry as the exquisite expressions of exquisite impressions.

Success shows off our good qualities; lack of success shows off our defects.

Persons of delicate taste endure stupid criticism better than they do stupid praise.

The subtle mind excels in giving reasons for a thing; the penetrating mind in finding their reasons.

One ray of sunlight contributes more to the welfare of our poor people than all the dreams of our economists.

The same desire which, planted on earth, will produce the flowers of a day, sown in heaven, will bear the fruits of eternity.

The conscience of the man who is given over to his passions is like the voice of the shipwrecked mariner overwhelmed by the tempest.

If within thy breast beats a heart warm, loyal, generous, a heroic heart, speak; Oh, speak! If not, silence, sounding brass! silence, thou tinkling cymbal!

Whence come we? What are we? Whither are we going? All questions which perplex the human reason, which divine wisdom alone can solve.

Souls naturally generous, but chilled by experience, resemble brooks covered with ice, which are full beneath of beautiful movement and sweet murmurs.

The violet beneath the grass, the nightingale amid the foliage, the genius who has patience, the virtue which hides itself—these are four charming things.

What is slander? A verdict of "guilty" pronounced in the absence of the accused, with closed doors, without defence or appeal, by an interested and prejudiced judge.

SOLVING PROBLEMS.

An Address by Dr. E. J. Schellhaus, before the Sinaloa Club of San Francisco. May 8, 1887.

If any one were to attempt to gather up all the so-called solutions of the problems of life, he would engage in an endless task.

The wisdom of the world's sages, ancient and modern combined, although brought to bear with special reference to these questions, and with all the force they can command, have left them as much in doubt as ever.

The theologian relegates the whole matter to the domain of the supernatural. He ignores all rational attempts at solution, and declares that implicit obedience to the will of God as revealed in the "Holy Scriptures," as he calls them, is the only solution; but he is met at every turn by his brother theologian with a different interpretation of that will. Upon these differences of opinion, and the conflicts of interest, antagonisms arise which are sought to be determined by the sword and the rack.

The result is the victor becomes the tyrant, and the victim a cowardly and submissive slave. The relations resolve themselves into despotism, self-aggrandizement and imperial authority on the one hand, and ignorance, bigotry, superstition and fanatical devotion to authority on the other.

These conditions do not meet the requirements of life; and while the right to exercise this authority thus gained is conceded by the subjugated, a vague, indefinable and irrepressible unrest and discontent pervade all classes of society.

The statesman enters upon the solution of life's problems by a different approach. He refers the whole matter to the domain of statute law. He studies the origin of customs long established, which he takes for granted are founded on justice because they receive universal assent. He formulates these into laws which become the supreme authority of the land. Upon their administration, he finds it necessary to establish courts. Conflicting interests arise which are sought to be determined by the true meaning and intent of the law. Advocates for the litigant appear before the Judge. They discuss the law in all its bearings on the case. A decision is reached which becomes a precedent for other like cases. These multiply until thousands of volumes are filled and many thousands of volumes containing the laws upon which they are founded. The consequence is that a large class of professional men, many of whom are possessed of rare talent and great ability, exercise absolute control over the administration of the law, and have developed interests exclusively their own which to them are of more value than the public interest.

In the eager pursuit of wealth individual conflicts arise, involving great pecuniary interest. These are to be adjudicated in accordance with the law, and the professional men demand large fees of the parties in dispute who are willing to pay largely for the decisions in their favor. As conflicting interests involve contention, the community is in perpetual strife, which makes the people dependent in a large degree on a class of professional men over whom they have no control, and the consequence is that in civilized countries, the law and the courts are walls of protection for the rich and a terror to the poor. Professional interest and class interest dominate in the name of law and order, and that which was originally intended to protect the people has become the instrument of robbery and oppression. So it is evident that the solution of life's problems does not lie in the direction of what is known as statesmanship.

The philosopher takes up the problems and considers them from another standpoint. He formulates the philosophy of life, and lays down rules for the performance of its various duties. He descends upon the obligations and responsibilities due to and from society by the individual. He indulges in metaphysical disquisitions and theorizes upon the moral law. He speculates upon the philosophy of mind and discusses the question of the influence that education, the church, the drama, literature and the fine arts exert upon the morals and conduct of the people.

Notwithstanding the wide scope of in-

quiries, and the talent and profound research brought to bear upon them, the world seems no nearer in realizing the solution of life's problems than before. The utmost variety of opinion prevails in the world and nothing promises a satisfactory solution from the standpoint of philosophy.

In solving the more immediate problems of subsistence, upon which rest the higher and more remote problems of life, a class of political economists have contributed a vast amount of talent and research. The questions of finance, land-tenures, commerce and capital in its relations to labor, involving all the interests of industry and trade have been presented in every imaginable form save that indicated by the natural laws of justice and the inherent rights of man. The so-called economists have followed the laws and customs of ages, and written out theories in accordance with them.

The statesmen in turn have manipulated these economic theories in such a manner as to secure great advantages to certain favored classes.

Aside from all these, a vast number of isolated and independent searchers into the mysteries of life in relation to government, society and the individual, has sprung up in all civilized countries and added their contributions to the general stock of knowledge. So the world is full of theories and speculations, more or less contradictory, offered in solution of the problems of life.

The absolute and unlimited right to land, and the products of labor to the producer, is a proposition founded upon the principles of equity; and no argument of the theologian, the statesman, the philosopher or specialist can disprove it; and it must remain an essential and primal factor in the solution of life's problems.

It requires no proof to make clear the fact that a factitious or false factor employed in solving problems is fatal to their true solution. It is equally clear that the omission of an essential factor is likewise fatal. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that the factors be true factors and that all be included.

Let us examine this proposition. If the accumulation of wealth were the end of life, the absolute and unlimited right to land and the capital necessary to the production of wealth would be in the individual. He would then bend every energy to its accumulation; he would be justified in getting all he could and keeping all he got, as this would be accomplishing the purpose for which he was created. Others would have like rights and would be equally justified in a like career; and the degree of success in life would be measured by the amount of wealth accumulated.

Since land is limited in quantity and the products of labor are limited in their production, and the rights of property are absolute and unlimited, they must necessarily conflict. The rights claimed are unlimited, the wealth to be accumulated is limited, therefore the rights are greater than the means by which they can be exercised. This is a *reductio ad absurdum*. It involves an inevitable conflict of interests, and this antagonism of interests would necessarily develop in man that class of faculties employed in the acquisition and hoarding of wealth, and these faculties are essentially selfish.

With such a basis for action, competition becomes unavoidable. The same class of faculties are necessarily called into action in all competing individuals. Since men must live, all are forced into the exercise of this class of faculties, and the civilized world would become essentially selfish.

This selfishness would develop dishonesty, because the getting is more important than the manner of getting. Dishonesty would grow into fraud, theft and robbery; strife, contention and enmity would be engendered, and, like Ishmael, every man's hand would be against his fellow man. The desire to accumulate would grow into greed, cupidity and avarice. Principle would be ignored; justice habitually violated, the poor would be oppressed, and the physical law of the fittest, (fittest for strife and conflict) would rule the civilized world.

This hypothetical case corresponds with the actual case, which proves the reasoning correct, namely, that harmony and fraternity—which are essential to the value and success of life—are incompatible with the absolute and unlimited right of the individual to land and the capital necessary to the production of life's needs.

But there is inherent, ineradicable goodness in human nature that in the end will triumph over wrong, and finally lift man out of selfishness into the sphere of universal love.

If the development and education of the higher and nobler faculties, and their culture and harmonious exercise, were the aim and purpose of life, (as these are subjective and unlimited in their sphere of action, and cannot conflict with like faculties in others, but, on the contrary, ALL would be benefited by the increased action of each in each,) and if the absolute and unlimited right to these were in each individual, and all were free from want and the fear of want, then each one would bend all the energies of his soul to secure them. There can be no monopoly of mental attributes—the more they are exercised in the right direction the more others are benefited by them. The land and the products of labor would be the means to this end, and as only a limited quantity would be needed, this would be the measure of their acquisition, and no one could be induced to monopolize them, for he would only have his pains for his pay. There being no cause for strife, there would be no conflict—no inducement to defraud, or contend for wealth—because each would be interested in seeing all supplied with the necessary means for education and culture and the exercise of the higher and nobler faculties of the mind. This state of society would approximate the ideal of the prophets and the seers of all ages, as sung by the poets, and enunciated by the gentle Nazarine.

The idea that all evil is in consequence of Adam's transgression has produced untold misery in the world. Man has submitted to wrongs because he did not know their origin, and with the impression that they were necessary or unavoidable; and labor has borne the odium placed upon it by the penalty imposed on Adam. Patiently and wearily have the burdens of labor been borne because the impression abroad is that somehow it is a curse put upon Adam and transmitted to all his posterity.

Deep and strong is that native goodness in man that has enabled him to bear the incessant strain of depressing influences. What must be his condition when these are removed and he stands out, arrayed in all the native attributes of his soul—free and cultured, and with all the advantages that such freedom and culture can give!

If the pursuit of wealth were the purpose and end of life, it would, to the poor and the oppressed, be a most miserable failure, and scarcely less a failure to those who have been eminently successful in its pursuits. The methods of the getting being detrimental to all, misery and crime are brought into the world.

If this theory is correct, (and it must be if the absolute and unlimited right to property in the individual is accepted) man becomes the inevitable enemy of his kind. The tendency of this condition of things is towards destruction, and were it not for the elements of a higher and nobler nature inherent in man, he would have been in a state of savagism as much greater in degree as his intelligence is greater than that of the brute.

The first great and essential problem in life is that of economic freedom. The cares and vexations incident to procuring subsistence by the great body of the people exhausts all their energies and requires all their time, and, consequently, they have neither the disposition nor the means of reaching a higher and nobler life. They are bound by law, custom and education to their present thralldom. Reformers have been trying to meet these adverse conditions and remove them by the promulgation of ideas; but with the toiling and homeless masses the demands of physical needs are stronger than reformatory ideas. Food and shelter they must have as the first necessity. The control of these is in the hands of incorporated capital. Great capital carries everything before it; and nothing but other great capital can successfully meet it. The wealth producers must organize upon a true financial basis. They must furnish their own capital and their own labor, and incorporate so that they can act as units of one undivided whole.

Financially and industrially the wealth-producers are unorganized. They are a diffused and heterogeneous mass, easily manipulated and controlled by organized capital. They are rendered powerless to resist the encroachments of capitalists,

because all their energies and time are absorbed in procuring the pressing needs of the hour. Reformers cannot overcome capitalistic power with arguments. Capitalists understand these arguments as well as reformers. The only question with them is that of dollars and cents, and no sentimental appeal is going to move them. The first and essential thing for the wealth-producers to do is to form joint stock companies, incorporate, and protect themselves from undue accumulation of stock by restriction of shares and making them non-transferable, organizing their industries, and utilizing the benefits of labor-saving machinery. Then, by furnishing their own capital and labor, selecting the most competent persons to superintend the various departments of industry, and embracing every industrial pursuit, thus establishing inter-dependence and mutual aid, and adjusting all the relations of life upon an equitable basis and free exchange, they are sure of solving the problem of economic freedom. This is the most important and pressing problem of the age, and without its successful solution civilization cannot advance, but, like all preceding civilizations, must be engulfed in the reactionary waves of contending wars and spoliation.

Greed is proof against argument. You cannot reason with avarice. The immediate and pressing needs of the body demand the first consideration, as these are stinted doled out to the toiler, and are only sufficient to maintain life, he is left powerless to resist the encroachments of capitalists.

This is the great problem we are solving in the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa. Its principles of business methods are those adopted by all financial corporations, save in the equal protection of all its members, the non-transfer of capital stock, and securing it from assessment and fluctuation in price. "Collective ownership and management for public utilities and conveniences—the community responsible for the health, usefulness, individuality and security of each." These principles have been already practically demonstrated in various countries, and always attended with financial success.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—It was an Ohio man who, when a terrible storm set in one night, rushed into the house of a neighbor and cried out, "Jones, this is the ending up of earth!" "I'm afraid so; I'm afraid so!" was the reply. "And what shall we do?" "Make our peace with heaven!" The wind blew stronger, the house began to shake, and the excited man exclaimed, "Jones, you lost five bushels of wheat last fall?" "Yes." "And you have your suspicions?" "I have. The man who took my wheat had better own up." "Can you forgive him?" "I can." "Well!" Here the wind suddenly dropped, and after a look through the window the conscience-stricken man turned and finished: "Yes, if ever I meet him I'll advise him to call around!"

I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness, the gospel of good nature, the gospel of good health. Let us pay some attention to our bodies. Take care of our bodies and our souls will take care of themselves. Good health! And I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when man will not fill the future with consumption and insanity. I believe the time will come when we will study ourselves, and understand the laws of health, and then we will say we are under obligation to put the flags of health upon the cheeks of our children. Even if I got to heaven, and had a harp, I would hate to look back upon my children and grandchildren, and see them diseased, deformed, crazed—all suffering the penalties of crimes I had committed.—Col. Ingersoll.

"The ills we have in this world, my dear friend, said the minister at the bedside of a sick man, 'are largely due to ourselves. We have no more right to defy the laws of Nature than those of Divine Providence. To what do you attribute your present illness?' "I caught cold while being immersed in the river!" feebly replied the sick man.

The newspaper is the portrait of our imperfections, as well as the chronicler of our advancement.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

Odds and Ends.

BY MATTIE PULSIFER.

There is no doubt that the practice of railroad companies of giving free passes to other than their own officials and employees, has been the main cause of high passenger rates, since what is given to one class of travelers must be made up from another. In 1873 a director of the Pennsylvania railroad said that the free passes distributed by that corporation in one year represented five hundred thousand dollars. And the Union Pacific has given as high as two thousand dollars a day in the same way, within a year. The Inter-State Commerce bill, which forbids railroads from giving free passes to any but those connected with the road, is a just one, since if all pay all may ride cheaper, and both company and travelers would be gainers in a true sense.

According to the statement of another eccentric divine who is holding meetings in Denver, fashion will put about as many persons out of heaven as sin and crime, for he says that no man who wears tight pants can be a Christian, and no woman who pays four dollars for an eight-button pair of kid gloves, can enter the kingdom of heaven. He names other customs that will act as a bar to felicity, and he may not be far from wrong if he refers to the present. The mind has come to understand that heaven is a condition and not a place; and since it can not be denied that there are both men and women who will punish themselves for fashion's sake, we can well understand how they may be kept out of happiness and comfort, which are the only conditions of heaven. Anything that destroys or interferes with our bodily ease, is opposed to heaven. A golden throne, jasper walls, pearly gates and gem-paved streets, would be lost to the sight of one mincing into the eternal city with aching corns and bunions, and the many other physical discomforts that all know by hearsay, if not personal experience. Of course we don't believe flesh and blood will ever inhabit those "houses not made with hands," but we do believe our earthly abodes may be made to rival them in contentment and joy, if we but keep the conditions right therefor. In the sandaled feet and loose flowing robes of depicted angels we think we see the cause of their beaming faces.

Perhaps there is no secret as to the long life Emperor William of Germany has attained; but it is said that he has always been averse to following the instruction of his doctors. Hence his ability to hunt and review his troops to this late day, we doubt not. Now, if the angel world, toward which the good Emperor is not at all skeptical, will lend its aid to prolong his life yet a few years, it may save the world a bloody strife such as it has never known. There is a point at which wrath and enmity may be turned backward among nations as among men; this crisis is near at hand, and if the pacific power of the Emperor remains incarnate the tide will be passed, and other causes must arise to produce a conflict the like of which has been so long pending.

It would seem that the nearer a thing comes to perfection, the less it should cost, and while this may be true in some cases, it is not so in the art of killing, which is becoming so expensive that if continued far into the future, nations will sink under burdens of debt that will make such conflicts few and far between. In France the cost of the best cannon in 1856 was five hundred and sixty dollars, and the cost of a single discharge was three dollars. Now the most expensive siege guns cost ninety-seven thousand five hundred dollars, and one discharge costs nine hundred and thirty-five dollars. When it is so much cheaper to help men to live than to kill them; when arbitration is millions saved to a nation, to say nothing of its Godlike wisdom, is it not surprising that war is so often the chosen method of settling petty difficulties, that grow out of offended honor, or jealousy of possessions? So long as it is the policy of nations to spread sorrow, want and hardship among its homes, as war always does, they are not civilized, and the term is but derisive.

There is a dirge of sorrow for the opening buds of human life that are blasted and fall into untimely graves; the great mortality of infants and children is cited as deplorable. But is there not a more terrible blight than death for these little ones of earth? Yes, a thousand times! For thoughtless and unconscious deeds, made crimes by the penalty of our laws, these little ones, like veteran sinners, are snatched up and tried and punished by being thrust into jails and prisons, as if they were pestilence itself to be quarantined. Who can read without anguish of heart of the little girl in Milford, Mass., who, stealing a quart of blackberries, was sent to jail for thirty days because she would not pay the fine of two dollars. Two dollars indeed! Would she have stolen the fruit if she had had two dollars? There were, maybe, sick and starving ones at home for whom her heart was bursting with compassion. Begging would likely have met with the same result, and what could she do? What will she do,

what can she do, when a woman, to efface the stain of—not the crime, but its punishment? How many, many lives are thus blighted in this world teeming with abundance! Hunger and starvation going side by side with plenty and waste. Food may rot on the ground and in the shops because of low price or slow custom; women and children may die or steal to sustain life! Oh! how thoughtless is the human heart when it wants nothing! And the poor, sorry, hungry nought!

"Wonders will never cease," is an old saying, but not a true one, for so many wonderful things have come to pass that we have ceased to wonder, and accept without surprise the unfoldments of each new day. The scientific and very skeptical world is much exercised just now over the success of deep-sea photography by means of the electric incandescent light, by which caverns and mines, sea bottom, sunken vessels and submarine works, are made clear for inspection, restoration or improvement. Greater and more startling things than this are being done without the aid of any light, save that poured into the minds and souls of men from the spirit world, which is not scientifically accepted, because it can not be labeled and classified like other things. We refer especially to the new phase of spirit photography, that originated with our great and growing medium, Mr. Fred Evans, of San Francisco. If there is anything wonderful to-day it is these pictures, taken between two slates with a grain of pencil. Spirit operating through matter in this manner is something that should enlist the attention of every intelligent mind of the age, especially of those all-wise ones who declare it "a pre-arrangement and fraud." Frauds are easily proven, but since those that cry "fraud" are so backward in making their proofs, we suspect their denunciation is of the same character as the whistle of a timid boy in the dark who would keep up his courage past a certain point.

Some questions put to the graduating class of a St. Louis school, shows how wild some minds have grown on educational matters: "What are the distinctive features of paleozoic fishes as regards caudal fin and teeth?" "Expand an original enthymeme to the form of a syllogism." "What is the distinction between idealism and materialism?" "Give the classification of mollusca to the orders." "Translate into Greek: 'He scolds not others, but the judge.'" Judging from the above and similar reports from other quarters, the great need of some of our States is a school of technology, that will leave our common schools free to work out their original design—that of imparting to the boys and girls of our land a plain, common-sense education that shall make them intelligent citizens and responsible members of society; and, if possessed of superior talents and capabilities, stimulate these faculties for further study and achievement outside the public school course. If we can not preserve our free schools in their prime object, their value is lost, and their name a misnomer.

One of three predictions made by the late Epes Sargent to be fulfilled in the next fifty years, was the returning of our Negro population to their own country; and it does seem the most natural thing in the world that they should be the ones to work out its civilization. Their present condition is a promise of future usefulness, and surely if Africa is a country worth the time, money and life it cost different nations in exploring it, it is the proper field of labor for our American colored people. Of this class in the United States, there are sixteen thousand teachers; one million pupils in the Southern States alone, sixteen thousand in the male and female high schools; and three million worshippers in the churches. They have sixty normal schools, fifty colleges and universities, and twenty-five theological seminaries; and they pay taxes on from one hundred and fifty millions to two hundred millions dollars worth of property. What better fitted in all respects to enlighten the Dark Continent than her natives sons and daughters, equipped with our civilization and knowledge.

While it is believed that the more desirable of our public lands have gone, the numerous acres yet remaining are not by any means worthless, and should be carefully guarded that none of them are added to the seventy millions acres now in the ownership of foreign landlords. Of our unsurveyed domain there are nine millions acres in Colorado, twelve millions in Arizona, thirty-nine millions in Dakota, seven millions in Florida, forty-four millions in Idaho, seven millions in Minnesota, thirty-nine millions in Nevada, seventy-four millions in Montana, thirty-one millions in Utah, more than twenty millions in Washington Territory, and nearly thirty-nine millions in California, etc. Uncle Sam never was stingy, and he is learning only very slowly, to be careful. It is his present intention that his remaining public lands shall become the property of only good American citizens and their families; but it will take considerable more energy and determination to carry out this design than he has shown in the recent past.

Nature operates alike in small things as in great things.

Love Will Conquer.

[Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon, through a private medium at St. Paul, Minn., April, 1887.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—This question you ask, viz.: "Does the law governing life in the spirit world make the way easy for any to return to earth and influence mortals to lead a life of sin?" is one that should be more fully explained from this side of life.

I wish to say to you who do not already know that before coming into the spirit world, or, as I prefer to say, this new life, I was quite certain that I had through long study and thought become familiar with the true spirit of the Lord and his teachings in reference to heaven, hell and the joy and misery in store for the children of man after they passed out of earth life, but I had not been here very long before I discovered that some of my opinions were erroneous; therefore I commenced anew the study of this subject from this side and try to learn what the real facts are before again being so certain as I was before; now I can write you what I know of the laws governing us on this side of the river Jordan. Before coming into the new life I had been an earnest worker against the demon rum in all its forms of debasement, and coming here with the same missionary spirit as there, with the same thought against the law among you that allows men to entice their fellows into the pit of destruction, through rum and its influences, induced me to learn how its victims found life upon awaking on this side of the river.

The Word reads that the drunkard shall not enter the kingdom of heaven, and I worked earnestly while in earth-life to save this particular class of men from destruction, for they are not bad men at heart as a general thing, and my endeavor to save them led me to spend many years of my life on this side among them; for they certainly do come here, and if that passage of the Word had been truly rendered, it would read that they will not enter a condition of happiness, which is true to the letter.

I belong to one of the many bands of missionaries here who devote much time to receiving this class of spirits into this new life, where it is possible for them to become cleansed from the effect of the evils that enslaved them in earth-life. When the drunkard comes down to the river's edge he is freed from the control of old associates and is obliged to lay aside the mortal and come to us with his own personal record for good and evil clinging to him, and it is sorrowing to see the soul, or spiritual emaciation, they bring into the life on this side of the river. Here they are judged by the real soul growth they have made in earth-life, and could you see their condition and their amazement upon awaking on this side, your whole soul would respond to the desire to help them into a condition of rest and advancement. As a rule I find their first thought is to find some way out of the miserable condition they bring with them, for the change you call death makes them no better nor worse than they were before. They come with the torments of a fever for rum upon them with all of its restlessness, and they are soon alive to the agony that follows the inability to find anything to quench their thirst. This condition prevents them from seeing much of their surroundings, and all they do see is not of a nature to add to the comfort of the situation. There is no rest here, and earth-life comes before their eyes like a panorama and brings out vividly the miserable life they had led on earth, and as they gaze on the slowly passing scene, they realize that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die; that though they are dead to the world, they are wonderfully alive to the effect of earth-life. The last scene of this panorama is one bringing out clear and beautifully what the effect of a good and pure life on earth would have been, and the gladness that would have been theirs had life thus been spent upon earth. As this last scene passes away they again see themselves as they are, and they soon become more lonely and sorrowful than at first. They appear to be abandoned by all good influences and none to comfort them, and they can not remain in this condition very long before crying for deliverance. When they come into this condition they have fully realized that all is the result of a useless life on earth.

Thus far there has not been even the shadow of happiness for this soul on this side of the river, but he has fully entered the condition of remorse and a desire for deliverance; when he fully enters this condition there are many ready to come to his assistance and gladly lead him step by step out of his misery until he finally enters the companionship of those who are happy and surrounded by beauty and loveliness, where he can enjoy the restfulness of the new life. Long before he has reached this condition, his craving for rum, and all its associations, has been washed away, and there is no longer any craving for anything of a debasing nature. Now he is anxious to lend a helping hand to uplift his fellow man, and lead him out of darkness and misery as he has been.

When a drunkard first awakens on this side he is in no condition to return to earth and could not do so if he desired, except in those cases where they are taken back so that they may see and learn the misery and sorrow their life and death has caused loved ones, and that one lesson would prevent them from making an effort

to lead mortals into the path that led to so much suffering to themselves on this side.

In all my missionary work on this side, I have never known a single soul who could be induced to return to earth for evil purposes. If the depraved could return, and through others live on in the evil way they followed in earth-life, there would be sad scenes on your side of the river, but thanks to your guardian angels and the law governing us on this side, you are protected from such spirits.

There always will be found in earth-life those who are prone to lead all they come in contact with down to destruction, and it often requires great firmness to evade them. Evil and good are so different that all can clearly see the right, and any who go the downward path should be true enough to blame themselves, and not accuse any in this beautiful land of loving kindness for their conduct. Our mission is one of love, and we go with a desire to make life there sweeter than before; we go feeling that love will conquer and bring happiness to the children of men in earth-life.

H. B. KENYON.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Moods.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Do we realize how capricious they are, and tyrannical as well, if allowed too much liberty? Or how, by careful and proper training, they may become as many joyous, gleaming tributaries to our life stream of realities, or on the contrary, by neglect or mismanagement, roiled and disturbing inlets to its otherwise placid waters? Each passing day brings additional strength to our struggling wills or to their troublesome opponents. Through habit, it becomes so easy to yield to unprofitable and damaging mental moods or habits, until they become "second nature" as it were, depriving us, in many ways, of much that is bright, beautiful and beneficial in life. Nature's rich and benevolent designs are thwarted good deeds unperformed, their reflex benefits unrealized, and duties sacrificed, all for lack of true spiritual enlightenment and development—all from mere habit.

It is time we awoke to a knowledge of our responsibilities and the dormant faculties and energies we possess, to make our lives all they should be to ourselves and others. We have too long lived just because we "happened to," and not as though there was a divine object in our existence, a glorious destiny for our immortal souls, and now the time, and right here the place, for its grandest achievements!

It is high time that we became acquainted with ourselves, test and cultivate our strength, become conscious of our weakness, and seek those avenues of usefulness that Nature has best fitted us for, making all possible reparation for neglected opportunities; that we unite our spiritual forces for a conflict against our errors, evil propensities and unprofitable habits, and commence life as intelligent, progressive spirits. Until we can first obtain control of our own minds and by the aid of our Godgiven reason and will power, regulate our own lives, we are incapable of assuming the responsibility of directing others.

Some moods are profitable, and should be cultivated. Many are highly unprofitable and should be banished as speedily as possible; for when once "chronic," they become either invaluable friends or most obstinate enemies. We cannot "shoo" them away, but must meet them in earnest, determined and continued combat, always on the advance but never retreating. All moods that do not assist in brightening, strengthening and benefiting life are dangerous guests and should be denied admittance to our spiritual habitation. A cheerful, hopeful and happy spirit can accomplish much more for humanity than its opposite. If this spiritual awakening does not come to us until late in life, then we cannot commence too soon the work of tearing down and rebuilding a substantial and useful structure—one that the clouds and storms, the mists and shadows and the frowns and tears of mental ills cannot invade.

Oh how important that we employ every means and opportunity within our reach to direct into bright, hopeful and happy ways, the young susceptible minds in our care and within our influence, thereby enabling them to escape much unnecessary unhappiness and misery. How much more good may we expect from such buoyant, progressive lives! "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city!" Heroic actions and deeds of true chivalry are recorded in the annals of the past, but there never has been nor ever will be a greater, more glorious triumph, or one more replete with eternal recompense than the patient, persevering conquest over self! For our own happiness and that of those around us, for the ever increasing delights of a truly progressive life, for our entrance into the joys supernal as a fully fledged and radiant spirit, without a shadow of weakness or spot or blemish of gloom to mar its brightness, or let us carefully regulate and control these immortal minds of ours, guiding them through flowery meadows, across still peaceful waters and singing woodland, and under sunny and cloudless skies, until they shall have risen forever above the fog line of unhealthy, unprofitable and unprogressive moods!

Things Spiritual and Material in Washington, D. C.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

J. J. Morse has just closed a successful month, with increasing audiences and interest, seconded by P. L. O. A. Keeler, the slate-writer, materializer and test medium. March, we bridged by home talent, during which we had public slate-writing and tests through Mr. Keeler; tests by Mrs. French, Mrs. Lease and others.

As Brother Morse is about to advent upon the Pacific Slope, I may say as an avant courier, that you will not be disappointed, and you will be somewhat surprised. In my fifty years of public life I never heard a more analytical and logical lecturer. His premises are clearly stated, and conclusions inevitable. He begins at the very foundation principle, or proposition, and proceeds step by step to results. Nor have I ever heard one so ready on all questions related to his work. On the last night the subject was selected by a committee, and though seemingly limited in comprehension, he evolved out of it a most interesting and instructive discourse. His special control, the "strolling player," who plays his part in private entertainments, is *sui generis*. For wit and wisdom in chunks, and sarcasm cutting and wholesale, I may safely say he is without a rival.

Mr. Morse is a man of more than ordinary natural ability, with very limited scholastic training, and yet his discourses, whether on announced subjects or questions propounded by the audience, are fit to go into type as delivered, and it is a great pity that they can not all be preserved. As a rule his logic compels acceptance; I mean the logic of his control, for he claims nothing for himself. As a man he is free from the quirks and eccentricities too common to sensitives, so that you would never suspect mediumship, unless you saw him under control. Hence, in the domestic circle and all the private walks and relations of life, his conduct comports with his platform teachings. I speak from knowledge, as it was our privilege to entertain him the two months he was here, and we know him as he can not be known on the rostrum or from a casual acquaintance.

In testimony of our appreciation and token of remembrance, at the close of his term, at a parting reception, members of the society presented him with a beautiful Masonic emblem. I am justified in saying that our society cordially commend him as a man in whose hands our cause may be safely trusted, in public and private.

We have not been overrun the past season by manifesting mediums from abroad. In fact, Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, the slate-writer and materializing medium, has had the field to himself until, now his brother William, the spirit photographer, is taking the shadows after they had fled.

We have one materializing circle amongst the aristocrats of society, which has been kept very quiet; but murder will out, and so will spirit manifestations.

The question is often asked, What good? Why don't they tell us something useful? Well, how will this do for an answer? (Mrs. Hulse, private medium.) Michael Burke stated that he was killed suddenly by the caving of a bank at or near Philadelphia, Pa.; that his affairs were bound up with one Terrence O'Brien (or Brian), who had got possession of property (nearly paid for) which belonged to his (Burke's) wife. The spirit directed that a letter be written to one Fisher, a legal acquaintance of his, setting forth the facts. This was done; Fisher recovered the property, and the woman now occupies it. Fisher, on information as to the source, as might be expected, treated it with contempt, though I presume he got his fee, and the woman and children their rights. The family is Catholic, but this has not hindered the development of one of the daughters into mediumship, with the moral certainty that Rome will lose a devotee. I have another similar case, embryotic, but will not crow until out of the woods.

JOHN B. WOLFF,
President First Spiritualist Association,
103 F street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

A DRAMATIC CRITIC.—A lady who resides on Delaware avenue has a girl in her employ fresh from some region far removed from the theater. Thinking to give the girl a grand treat, and knowing that she had never seen a theater, the lady purchased a ticket for a play at the opera house. The girl went, but returned before nine o'clock. "What is the matter? Did you not like it?" asked the mistress. "Oh, I liked it ever so much. It's a fine painting. 'But,' inquired the mistress, 'why have you returned so soon? Surely, you didn't see it all!'" "Yes, ma'am, I did. I went in and sat down, and looked at the large picture hanging up in front. People kept coming in; and pretty soon there was quite a crowd, all looking at the picture. Then they took it away; and some men and women went to talking up there where it had been about something that didn't concern me, so I got up and came home. But I enjoyed the picture."

Prejudice stands at the portals of the soul with drawn sword forbidding the entrance of wisdom.

Re-incarnation, or the Song of Eve.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

[Re-incarnation, the subject of the following poem, is a theory not generally accepted or understood—yet a goodly number of the most advanced minds of the present age accept and partially comprehend, looking upon it as one of the most sublime truths ever revealed to the human soul. We find it confirmed in a number of Scripture passages; and it was also understood by many of "the wise men of the past."—THE AUTHOR.]

PART I.

O Mother of Life and Mother of Light,
Spirit of prophecy, Ancient of Days,
Read me thy oracles, open my sight,
By the vision that cometh like stars to the night,
Most wonderful Ancient of Days,
Teach me thy lessons and ways!

Great Mother of life, of death, and of birth,
Fair spirit of wisdom forever and aye,
Tell me what of the soul, its mission to earth,
And what of the casket, this temple of clay,
That is born and expires in a day!

These nerves so wrought in their tension and thrill,
This brain in its net-work of tissue and cell,
These tendons and muscles, the vassals of will,
And the delicate auras that sweetly fulfill
Their own subtle office so well!

Most charmingly wrought for this mortal degree;
In sooth, dearest mother, now answer me true,
Will this soul so encompassed, this essence called me
Again through the links of some new pedigree
The round of existence pursue?

What number, I pray, will it take to complete
The bound of this magical, wonderful chain?
In the circuitous path, ah, when shall I meet
The sweet bard of Israel, and sit at the feet
Of him who in lone Gethsemane
Trod the wine-press of sorrow and pain?

May the priestess of Egypt awaken the lyre?
May she kneel at the feet of the prophets and sing?

May she bear the quaint cup, quaff its nectars,
aspire
To the long buried lore and sanctified fire
That the love of her fathers did bring?

May a spirit all chastened, made meek and sincere,
Untangle the web and unravel the skein?
In the glory and sheen of a new atmosphere
Can it brook the dim clouds, bear the sweet
panacea,
And from winters of contest and pain
The great manumission obtain?

Like doves from the ark through the darkness we soar

With the wail of the waters beneath and around,
Tempest-tossed, with our feet oft weary and sore,
We search for a haven and seek for a shore
Where the fair olive branch may be found.

We hear of Nirvana, the Orient's goal,
The Christian, his heaven and realm of desire,
While the Tyrian mantle and crown of the soul
The minstrel adorneth with garland and stole,
As on pinions of heavenly fire
His musical fancies aspire.

And his glorified songs and anthems ascend
Like incense away to the fountains of light,
While the sweet inspirations and raptures imbend
In a thrill of emotions that lovingly tend,
With a new-born charm and delight,
To open the spiritual sight.

I hail the fair bard and I hail the sweet song;
O power supreme, aspiration sublime,
With weapons unailing, unfettered and strong,
Thou slayest the python of evil and wrong,
And charimest, with musical rhyme,
The sibyl of fortune and time!

The healing of nations, the fair cup of life,
Thou holdest aloft in thy sanctified hand;
With heavenly symbols thy fancies are rife,
Thou bringest sweet harmonies out of the strife,
O'ercoming, with symphonies grand,
The sorrow and bane of the land!

The priest of the Father, commissioned and armed,
Anointed, made ready and strong for the toil;
In the souls of the chosen thy words are embalméd,
The threatening waters thou ridest unharmed,
With thy feet oft treading the soil
Of penury, pain and turmoil!

Dear child of the Infinite, bearing the seed
Of love and life everlasting to man;
Proclaiming the law and propounding the creed
Of a new dispensation, to awaken and lead,
O'ercoming, with a merciful plan,
The evil, the curse, and the ban!

PART II.

Oh, the bard with his soul full of heavenly fire,
Must he come back to earth the lost links to re-gain?

Decked anew with the laurels of glory, inspire
And warm the cold altars of life with his lyre?
Oh, say, must he come back again,
Drink anew of the rapture and pain?

Thus I question the Spirit that ruleth the strife,
Thus chanted my song to the Ancient of Days,
The prophetess, mother, great giver of life,
And her speech with a luminous theory is rife;
Attuning, in manifold ways,
My soul to thanksgiving and praise.

I drink of the cup from her bountiful hand,
To my lips are the nectars ambrosial with balm,
With odorous zephyrs my being is fanned,
A vision enraptures me celestial and grand,
Ah me, how the blooms of the desolate land,
In the spell of its glorious charm,
Grow lovely and gorgeous and warm!

To my song in its query she answers me this,
And no word from her lips would I evermore miss:

"O child of the Infinite, what wouldst thou find
To quicken the spirit or nourish the mind?
What boon dost thou seek, what heavenly meed,
By what edict, revelation, theory or creed,
Wouldst thou solve the great problem or win the
great prize?

Art thou faithful, discreet, meek, patient and wise?

"If thou art, then list, and forget not that life
With more than one round of probation is rife!
With all things 'twas created, with all it doth
move,
Illumed by light, and expanded by love:

In the various links of the wonderful chain
It blesteth the earth, liveth over again,
In some new expression, avocation or sphere,
The glorious bound of its destiny here.

"O life, behold how the sheltering tree
Puts forth its fair branches; beyond the great sea
The seed was implanted—ere long will the land
With the blooms of a new inspiration expand!

Think not that one single existence is meet
The glorious chain to perfect and complete!"

SONG OF THE ANCIENT OF DAYS.

I am the Ancient of Days,
The plan of existence I read,
As I traverse the golden highways
Of Nature's mysterious creed—
I unravel the intricate web
Of life, and untangle the skein,
With my brain working out the design
That buildeth its temple again.

All nature to me is a song,
All being a rhythm complete,
The world an Olympus that sits
A blindfolded youth at my feet—
'Mid the alpha of matter I stood,
With my feet on the virginal sod,
And like man, being human and frail,
My spirit passed under the rod.

As Eve, the great Giver of Life,
As bride of the earth-man I stood,
And learned through temptation and fall,
The way of the evil and good—
Pre-ordained in the drama to be,
'Twas my part to accept and obey;
And true to the letter I drank
The wormwood and gall of the play.

With Adam 'tis known that I fell;
At last in a heavenly flame,
That circled the earth with its light,
As the Mother of Jesus I came—
'Twas a gift from the Father above,
A boon as from Heaven to me,
That this dear child of God and of Love
A blessed Redeemer should be.

And thus the atonement was made;
Compensation, the guerdon of time,
Allayed all the ills of the past,
And with promise and blessing sublime,
Brought forth to that troublesome day
That was compassed with darkness and
blight.

To regenerate, heal and allay,
This Spirit of Love and of Light.

My woe as the Mother of Cain
In the Mother of Jesus was healed,
Still adding a link to the chain,
As then to my vision revealed—
Again and again from the cup
Have I tasted the waters of life,
Have drunk at the primitive fount,
And quelled the dark billows of strife.

In probations mysterious and strange
The lessons of life have I known—
As a Goddess of wisdom have been
Unhonored, unsung and unknown;
A Madonna, a Giver of Life,
An Empress of Orient birth,
An Aspasia of Learning, who drank
From the mystical fountains of earth.

Time-honored, discarded and won,
Cursed, tempted, elevated and sought,
I have made the great circuit and fed
My soul at the banquet of thought—
Self-illumined, immortal and bright,
Unattended, unseen and alone,
I garner the nectars of light,
And bear to the lips of my own.

For I am the Ancient of Days,
The giver of heavenly birth,
As I tread in the manifold ways
And changing probations of Earth—
Think not that one life is enough
The intricate chain to unwind,
The plan of existence to read,
Or the sheaves of its harvest to bind.

In all that has been and shall be,
No portion without me complete,
As I march with the Seasons and see
The Centuries fall at my feet.
My record in ruins is writ.

It is stamped on the ages sublime,
And my horoscope cast in the mold
That was shaped by the Angel of Time.

An Unjust Charge.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday evening the hall of the First Society of Spiritualists of Portland was full, every seat being occupied. The audience was as large and intelligent as could be found in the city. After the usual singing, reading of poems and recitations, the President remarked that questions would be in order. "Has any one a question they desire answered?" A middle-aged man arose and stated that he believed Spiritualism is the work of the devil, and that he was prepared to prove it. Spiritualists denied, he said, the Lord Jesus Christ, his master. A motion was then made:

Resolved, that Spiritualism is the work of the devil.

The stranger was then politely invited to take the affirmative of the question, and was assured that he should be fairly and gentlemanly treated in discussing it. But the gentleman declined to do so, stating that he had not come there prepared, or with the intention of speaking, and utterly refused to shed further light on a question he had so unceremoniously thrust upon the Society. But enough had been said to call out remarks from Dr. Forden and other professed Spiritualists that clearly showed that the Society failed to manifest any spirit usually indulged in by his satanic majesty or his followers. Whereupon C. P. Mason, Sr., editor of *The New Northwest*, took the platform, and, although not a Spiritualist, clearly set forth the many God-like (and Christ-like, if you please,) points contained in the Spiritual philosophy that could have no kinship with evil.

But whether it was not a waste of words to talk to such a man is a matter of doubt. I am of the opinion that it was, for I was satisfied, by conversation with him after the close of the meeting, that he would not hesitate to change and misconstrue the words of the Bible in order to carry his point—so much so that I suggested to him that he must be a Seventh Day Adventist, and he confessed that he was; ascertaining which I did not feel like adding words with him, for most Adventists are fully persuaded to believe a lie that they may be damned. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., April 7, 1887.

Intolerance.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The subject above named is not at all new, but a lady named Pifferer, writing in Spanish and for readers living in Spain who read *El Buen Sentido*, has handled it so aptly and pointedly, not only as to Catholics, but as to materialistic scientists also, (who are not a whit less bigoted zealots than the others) that I have thought the article well worth translating, and so give it to you for your readers as follows:

W. W. T.

There is no religious faith, not even the most unreasonable and ridiculous, that is not worthy of respect when professed with sincerity. Every one who tries to worship God according to his conscience and convictions, is respectable. I am firmly persuaded that Catholicism is only a web of absurd falsehoods, invented by those self-styled interpreters of the gospel who gradually converted its influence into mercenary gain for themselves; men, who, forgetting their mission of peace and charity, preached wars of extermination, and far from practicing the sublime maxims of the Master who inculcated humility, grew so proud as to fancy themselves kings of heaven and earth, and strove to impose their odious tyranny upon the world; and yet, I feel the greatest respect for all Catholics of good faith. If they are able and willing to believe that God has deposited His sovereign power in a man, that this man, who is just like other men, possesses the gift of infallibility, and that the laws which he proclaims from his omnipotent throne must be submissively respected as coming from heaven, and observed rigorously; if, ignoring the voice of reason, they deem it just and proper to bow docilely before the caprices of a despotic power that imposes on them the obligation of denying their own thoughts in order to be governed by the thoughts of another; if they are simple enough to believe that Paradise stands open to the beck of their priests, who can grant it or refuse it according to their will, sell indulgences and bestow pardon on all offenses, they stand within their rights, and we free-thinkers are glad to acknowledge it so.

Why, then, are we not to enjoy the same benefit? Why, if we think differently, are they not to respect our belief? God has vouchsafed to man no better means of comprehending him than the intuition of his own soul, and no other light to guide him in the path of right than that of his conscience. Mankind, shut up in this little point of immensity that we call the earth, can not account for the undeniable existence of the Creator save by his works which make him manifest; they feel and admire him, but do not know him. To pretend to represent him and proclaim that they receive from Himself those precepts which they transcribe into tyrannical laws to raise themselves up as judges, whose unjust decisions allow no appeal, is to deceive wilfully and impudently without other object than to profit by the credulity of those who are foolish enough to listen to them.

But, I repeat it, they are free to believe so, and no one thinks of hindering them. All that we ask is that they restrain the fury of their wrath, ever ready to be unchained against us who quit the Catholic Church because we have no faith in it. What matters it to them that we renounce Paradise and follow the path that leads to hell? Have we not the perfect right to choose? But as there still remains the memory of those terrible times in which the Inquisition undertook to send to heaven the souls of heretics, purifying them in the sacred fire of their funeral pyres, and as these reminiscences still show themselves clearly in the fierce intolerance of the adepts of Catholicism, it is in vain to hope that such folks will grow more humane and look upon free-thinkers with the same good will that these look upon Catholics.

But to this old and inveterate intolerance of the Catholics we must add the stubborn obstinacy of the materialists, whose scientific pride rebels against the idea of the existence of a Supreme Being, who passes the limits of their researches, and who, therefore, can not pardon those free-thinkers, the theists, who doubt the truths which they deem indisputable. If these men of so unlimited knowledge have succeeded in deciphering the last word of that enigma, before which so many others, equally wise, declare themselves impotent,—if they have reached the exact knowledge of the truth, if they have found a satisfactory explanation of the laws which have no cause, but yet rule the universe, if all the secrets of nature have fallen within the domain of their science, and their reason has no argument against their deductions, and not the lightest shade of doubt is felt that they are perfectly right in affirming all that they assert, then they do well to declare themselves satisfied, and that there is no need of seeking that which is already found.

But there are so many of us who are not in the same case, who are not satisfied with their wise reasonings. I open the books of the high priests of materialism, I run over their pages anxiously but vainly, hoping to find in them the explanation of the inexplicable, and while I admire the surprising advances of science, I suffer a cruel disappointment in ascertaining that the everlasting question still stands up, just as dark and as impenetrable as it was

before these men pretended to clear it up; and through all their able and brilliant arguments, I gain the sight of nothing more than the proud aim of the wise man not to confess himself vanquished in presence of the unfathomable mysteries which escape his view.

In that blind and inert matter in which materialists think they find the causes of all effects, we theists think we see palpitating the intervention of the Supreme Maker, unrolling a plan wisely preconceived and admirably executed; and while our doubts do not wholly vanish by their reasonings, and while they fail to demonstrate clearly to us that matter can work by itself alone, and has given itself the laws to which it is subject, why do they claim that we should accept their conclusions? Why dare they call us stupid, visionary, and fools? Ah! these men, who fancy that they possess supreme wisdom, have many points of likeness with the doctors of the Holy Mother Church in the points of infallibility and intolerance; and they should remedy these grave defects, because tyranny, come whence it may, and be its support whatever it may, is always equally odious and intolerable.

It is impossible that we should all have the same opinions, and hence the most prudent and the most reasonable course is, mutual good will and mutual respect for the beliefs of every one. Let there be an end to the fatal perverseness of former times, which has no place in these days of freedom; and a wide, very wide field to free-thought, since no one has the right to impose upon another his own mode of thinking and feeling.

Christian Science.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the San Francisco weekly *Bulletin*, dated April 20th, is an article entitled "Christian Science." One portion of the article is an interview with the President of Hopkins' College of Christian Science by a *Bulletin* reporter. To me the basis laid down by the lady of what she calls "Christian Science," appears so illogical that I would like to notice a few main points.

She says: "Its foundation is the great truth that God is good; the two words are interchangeable, synonymous. God is all-powerful; there is no force that can withstand Him. God is everywhere; there is no portion of space, however small, where He is not. Consequently there is no place in which evil can exist. As He fills everything, there is no evil at all in existence. That which seems so to us has no real existence; it is but a figment of the imagination. Sin, sickness and sorrow are all evil in appearance; but as God is good, all-powerful, everywhere present, there can be no such thing in reality as sin, sickness and sorrow; they exist only in the belief of man."

If God is good, and good is God, and He is Omnipotent and Omnipresent, from whence emanates the belief which she says constitutes disease? Her position as president of a health institute is proof that diseases are sufficiently tangible to form a real basis for money-making at all events. Again, as God or good is all there is, and no force being able to withstand Him, she, too, must fail in eradicating diseases or beliefs; for, unreal as she says they are, they must of necessity (according to her own affirmation) be a real part or parts of this all-powerful and omnipresent God or good. It appears to me that disease is a condition of unrest in consequence of the relation of the qualities of the individual within himself and to external things about him, body and spirit being equally affected thereby.

In answer to a question as to the name of her belief, she replied: "As our name indicates, we take Christ as our foundation rock. Jesus tells us that the signs that shall follow his disciples are the power to heal sickness, bind up broken hearts, restore sight to the blind, etc."

Now, as Jesus and God, or good, are one, we here discover that either God or the President of Hopkins' College is wrong. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago God said diseases had a tangible existence and intimated to his disciples that they would continue to exist, and that His true followers were to be known in time to come by their power to cure them, etc.

In answer to another question she says as follows: "All thoughts of physiology, drugs, laws of health, must be eradicated and give place to the principle of good which is striving to manifest itself in every one." In this clause she appears to have forgotten the omnipresence of the all-powerful good or God. Again: "All thought of sickness must be denied by opposing to it a healthy thought toward whatever bodily organ is in question."

The thought of the one whose organism is diseased may become a factor in conjunction with other factors (environments), thereby changing the state or condition of that diseased organism into a condition of health.

"The body is matter, and matter is but an appearance or expression to represent an idea in the Infinite mind. This inert matter can not suffer or be sick." If matter is an "appearance or expression to represent an idea of the Infinite mind," it must be a reality in order to correspond with the Infinite mind which it represents; and also to accord with the attributes of the God or good, as defined by herself.

Again, I can not conceive where she locates inert matter, if, as she affirms, there is no portion of space, however small, where God is not. She must of necessity admit that God inheres in every atom in the atomic degree, or there can be no Infinite.

"Spirit," she says, "is invincible, unconquerable, indestructible, and is not subject to disease or sorrow." My reply to this is, that in as much as God or good is Omnipotent and omnipresent, then every atom of matter is equally as invincible, unconquerable, indestructible, and is no more subject to disease or sorrow than that mode of motion, state, or expression of the Infinite element which we term spirit. Truth is real and infinite, even as the God, good or Infinite one is real; and the degrees in which it can be expressed are infinite. The infinitesimal is truth, reality, or the Infinite could not be infinite in truth and reality. Sorrow is just as real as joy is; opposites must exist eternally, or all reason perish. Contrast is the base upon which reason rears her structure. Wherever spirit is, there must matter also be, for they are equally immortal. Their conjunction in every sphere of life is a necessity; they are two states of the infinite element, and these states are interchangeable.

I agree with the lady president with regard to the non-existence of sin. Law is Omnipotent, omnipresent and immutable. Therefore every act committed by man is in fulfillment of that law of the Infinite One. Jesus said: "I come not to destroy, but to fulfill the law." That which is inviolable can not be violated. Immutability and intelligent law is inherent in every atom. What we term man's sinful acts are acts in fulfillment of the law, and are, in fact, the expression of that law, and show forth the tendencies of the individual, morally and intellectually, or the degree of spiritual unfoldment.

When once this truth shall be comprehended by humanity, the sunshine of life—which is love—will flow into every heart, and man will be filled with a patient, gentle and tender sympathy for the erring ones, and in the fullness of love and knowledge will be ready to exclaim, "Neither do I condemn thee."

INDEX.

THE *Baptist Weekly* tells the following story of Rev. Dr. W. S. Plumer: "He was once invited to preach at the Hot Springs, where a company of fashionable worldlings were gathered. He opened thus: 'It is said that the manner in which these springs were discovered was somewhat peculiar. Two Dutchmen were driving their wagons along this road, and, coming to a spring, one of them stayed to mind the teams while the other approached the spring to learn whether the water was fit to drink. Stooping down and applying his lips to the spring, he was severely scalded. Looking up, with surprise and pain depicted on his face, he cried: 'Trive on, Hans! Hell is not far from this place!'" The audience burst out laughing. Dr. Plumer did not smile; but, waiting quietly till the laugh had subsided, he continued: 'And the Dutchman was right. I have been here during the past week; and the drinking, the dancing, the gambling, the swearing, and the various other vices so prevalent here have satisfied me that hell is not far from this place.'

HOW APOPLEXY AFFECTS A MAN.—"People are in the habit," says Dr. McLean, Mr. Vanderbilt's physician, "of associating apoplexy with high living. But that is not borne out by experience, and it is entirely erroneous with reference to Mr. Vanderbilt. I never knew a man who ate less or more simply. He very rarely ate meat, never took rich food or hot breads, and usually partook only of farinaceous food and milk. He never drank wine or ardent liquors, nor did he ever use tobacco. He was not, in any sense, a high liver. Apoplexy is an affection of the blood channels. Lime secretions from the blood are deposited against them, causing them to lose their Indian-rubber-like quality and grow brittle. In this condition they snap easily. Everything may be all right only a moment before the end, but a last straw will break a camel's back, and a last movement will snap the blood vessel when in this condition of brittleness."—*The Argonaut*.

I THINK Hans Andersen's story of the cobweb woven so fine it was invisible,—woven for the king's garment,—must mean manners, which do really clothe a princely nature. Such a one can well go in a blanket, if he would. In the gymnasium or on the sea-beach his superiority does not leave him. But he who has not this fine garment of behavior is studious of dress, and then not less of house and furniture and pictures and gardens, in all of which he hopes to lie *perdu*, and not be exposed.

Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Episcopal church, does not believe in gentle preaching to rich sinners. He says there are some pastors who go at it in this style: "Brethren, you must repent, as it were; and become converted, in a measure; or you will be damned, to some extent."—*Washington Critic*.

If not for that of conscience, yet at least for ambition's sake, let us reject ambition; let us disdain that thirst of honor and renown so low and mendicant that it makes us beg it of all sorts of people.—*Montaigne*.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

A TIDAL WAVE.

A tidal wave of spiritual power is sweeping over the enlightened portions of the earth to-day. It is as if the planet, in its swirl through space, had touched upon the borders of a spiritual sphere, and the veil between the two worlds had been rent in twain. Certain it is that never before in the world's history was there such an outpouring of spiritual truth and light upon the hearts and consciences of the children of men.

The numbers who are quietly investigating our phenomena are increasing at an amazing rate. In this city they may safely be enumerated by the thousands, and in some of the smaller towns of the State it appears as though almost the entire population were turning their attention to this subject.

Mediums are being developed in hundreds of families, in many instances mere children, who are made the instruments of spirit communion, and thus many are reached who would never visit a public medium. And the public mediums are kept busy, early and late, unfolding the truths of spirit communion to anxious hearts.

The cry comes up from all parts of the country for test mediums. Our papers and books reach many who would gladly investigate our facts if the opportunity offered; but having no mediums they have only the testimony of others upon which to rely, and that is usually very unsatisfactory. In a matter of this importance every investigator must have the positive proof for himself, through his own personal experience.

Here, in San Francisco, we have some of the finest mediums in the world, and the number is steadily increasing. As good mediums could doubtless be had elsewhere by proper attention to the necessary means for development. There are but very few persons who could not develop some phase of mediumship, if they should commence young enough, and sit regularly and persistently. The inspirational and trance phases may come to one at almost any period of life, but the phases for physical manifestations seem to belong more especially to the earlier periods of life, and seldom come to one who has passed the meridian of his years.

As we have often suggested through these columns, if those interested in the stupendous facts of spirit existence and communion, would organize private circles for development, there would soon be no lack of mediums anywhere. In these circles let the aspiration of each member be for the highest unfoldment of his or her own spiritual nature, and let all approach the sacred shrine of spirit communion with prayerful and reverent hearts, ever remembering that like attracts like. Entered upon in a spirit of frivolity the way will naturally be opened for frivolous and mischievous spirits to enter in, when, instead of a blessing and a source of lasting joy, mediumship developed under such circumstances may become a life-long regret.

All should remember that truth will ever dominate error, and good overcome evil; hence, no harm can ever come from the spirit world to the earnest, honest soul, who seeks aright.

BLIND.—The question, "Is life worth the living?" will continue to be asked to the end of time, or, until the race becomes so wise as to give future generations a fair heritage and a right beginning in this sphere of life, which seems to be the only one in which mortals are blind to the future. "The blind man's world," it has been aptly designated, for we see little or nothing of the future until it is passed—we can only see backwards, and have come to look upon this deficiency as a merciful providence, believing that were provisions given us, the knowledge of life's ills to come would rob us of all present possible enjoyment. It does not seem to occur to us that to see might be to avoid, and very few desire to see more than the passing days reveal. To very many, indeed, this life is not only worth living once, but twice, and they exclaim with Dr. Holland: "Life is so grand, so beautiful, so full of meaning, so splendid in its opportunities for action, so hopeful in its high results, that despite all its sorrows, I would willingly live it all over again, not once, but twice." This is the sentiment of all who have been so fortunate as to have made the most of their powers and opportunities, for a consciousness of this will bring satisfaction to the most toilsome and weary of lives. Nothing but a sense of failure discourages a noble soul, but there is no turning back,—onward through all darkness, it seeks light beyond.

ITS WORST ENEMIES.

Spiritualism has no greater enemies than are to be found in the ranks of its believers. This fact is often quoted to our discredit; and yet when it is understood that there is no class of people in the world so thoroughly individualized—none who are so little swayed by the opinions of others—it is not at all to be wondered at.

To the undisciplined animal nature there is a restraint in the belief in an awful avenging Power in the universe who will consign a large majority of the race to a place of unending torment, that does not attach to a belief in a Creator of infinite love, and in the eventual unfoldment of all to a state of happiness. Hence, it can hardly be expected that the conversion of such natures to a belief in Spiritualism will transform them at once into saints. The spiritual nature must be developed, and made to dominate the animal, and bring all its appetites and impulses into subjection. And this takes time.

Now as the church has no place for common sinners—unless it be for those who, under the cloak of hypocrisy, seek its folds from unworthy motives—and as the doors of Spiritualism are ever open to all such, it will readily be seen that the latter must suffer from the comparison. And so whatever of imperfection, or crudeness, or downright wickedness, may be found among the believers in our central facts, it should no more be set down to the account of Spiritualism than should drunkenness, or vice of any kind, be charged to Christianity. They exist in spite of Christianity, as do all manner of wrongs and vices in spite of the pure and beautiful teachings of Spiritualism.

The church opens its doors only to those who are supposed to have turned from the error of their ways, and are resolved to lead an upright life. Spiritualism excludes none, but seeks ever to impress upon the believer in its truths the necessity of right living here as all essential to happiness in another life. It teaches that there is no escape from the consequences of one's acts; that every wrong done—every sin committed—must be expiated to the utmost limit, and that there can be no rest nor peace for the soul in this world nor the next, so long as the spiritual nature is under the dominion of evil or ignorance.

Hence, what seems to be a bar to the advancement of our cause—the fact that all Spiritualists are not what they should be—should be construed rather to its credit. It shows that Spiritualism is no close corporation of saints, instituted for the salvation of a few who subscribe to its creeds; but that its platform is as broad as humanity, that it embraces saint and sinner alike, and gathers into its loving arms all the children of the one Father and Mother, God, and seeks to bear them all upward into the light and love of the higher unfoldments of the soul.

Notwithstanding the retarding influences of foes from without and from within, our cause is destined to spread until the whole earth shall know and recognize the glorious truth that death is but the gateway to another and better world, and that down the shining pathway of the heavens the spirits of those we love, who have passed on, may and do return to cheer and comfort us in our earthly pilgrimage.

WHAT IS ORTHODOXY?

There was stinging irony in Henry Ward Beecher's reply to his critics, a few years ago, when he said: "I intend to study theology somewhere, though in my present confusion I can not yet see whether I shall study in Andover or at Boston. But wherever I may go I am determined to find, before I die, a theology which will pass muster at Bangor, at Andover, at Cambridge, at New Haven, at Princeton, at Alleghany, at Oberlin, at Chicago, and at Park street." The trial of the five professors of Andover again starts the question, where and what is orthodoxy any way? Both parties to this controversy claim to be orthodox within the meaning of the term as used by the Congregationalists.

A writer in a recent number of the *Forum*, who claims to be a loyal Congregationalist, speaking of the Andover controversy, says: "There are some Congregational churches which have no creed at all, only a personal consecration and a church covenant, and others with a creed as complicated and obscure, if not quite so long as the famous Westminster Confession." And this elastic state of things, this writer thinks, has its advantages as "a church which is not tethered to either a liturgy, a creed, or a method, may not only adapt its services, its teachings, and its work to the varying conditions of different communities, but it may try all sorts of experiments, liturgical, practical and even doctrinal," without producing the harm that comes from the iron-bedstead system. Truly this is very accommodating, very amiable, really the right sort of thing to do, but in the meantime what has become of orthodoxy?

Some of us can remember when dear old orthodoxy was no such a chameleon as this. It was a tangible quantity that could be weighed, packed, labeled and carried to mar-

ket. It was a sedate theology, not given to word-tricks, charades and riddles. Its features were well defined. Like the bronze statues of the park, you might pass by it every day in the year, and it would always have the same cold, stern look. In some respects it was a very convenient theology. One could go to sleep at night with perfect assurance of finding it in the morning where he had left it. The whole country of religion had been surveyed and mapped; the boundaries of orthodoxy were as fixed and easy to find as section lines. The way to heaven was as plain as the stage road to the county seat. When the preacher spoke of hell, you knew what he meant, an actual place a geographical locality in the universe, where there was real fire fueled with brimstone and formed by the wrath of God.

But now all this is changed; the doctrinal fences have fallen down and the sheep and goats are so freely mixed that no shepherd can sort them out. Indeed the church has become like a great hotel where one can put up and call for whatever he wants. The good feeder, the hygienist and the prohibitionist may all be accommodated. It is really a very pleasant and fraternal state of things, shows that thought has migrated to a finer climate, but what has become of orthodoxy? Where is it, what is it any way?

DREAMING.

The word "dreaming" is used to signify that which is profitless and unreal, and unattainable. To our narrow minds, and contracted vision, and feeble finite comprehension, much seems idle and useless that is not so. We do not believe it possible for the mind to conceive or be impressed by that which has no existence or foundation in fact, whether sleeping or waking. In both states we are like sensitive plants, susceptible to our surroundings, visible and invisible, but more so in sleep when the physical powers and prejudices are passive or in perfect repose.

The experience of the spirit at these times, in its wanderings and communications with other spirits, in strange lands and beautiful, inspiring scenes, we relate on waking as dreams, but they are realities, more or less clearly impressed upon our minds, according to the degree of independence the spirit has at such times of the body. When greatest, the condition, safety, or threatening dangers of the latter are distinctly seen, and we call them visions or warnings. These are heeded by few, unless strongly emphasized by repetition, when they are accepted through alarm. These forewarnings are often given to us by disembodied friends, but quite as often are we made conscious of them by seeing for ourselves their happening and detail.

We live amid unseen influences that are pressing, like the atmosphere, upon us on all sides, and we hold that every thought, feeling and impulse comes directly from the soul-life of the invisible. In our waking hours we call these influences and impressions, imaginings; in sleep, we say they are all dreams, unsubstantial dreams! Many of us are learning better; something can not come from nothing, and there must be something real—

"To hold our senses fast;
Absent comrades with us dwell,
Present seems the past.
Say, if ye are only fancies,
Why, when overpast the trance is,
Its impressions last?"

MIND AND BODY.

The public mind is of late turning to metaphysical problems. It is waking up to the grand idea that "as a man thinketh so he is." We all know that the quality and kind of thought we indulge stamps itself on the face, so it is only a step farther to include the whole physical being as under direct control of the mind's influence. The various methods of healing, mental and Christian science, is but a recognition of the power of spirit over matter, and it is only with Europeans that it is considered as a discovery or new.

But it matters not that we learn late, the thing important is that we learn at all. Taught from the beginning that we live dual lives, and that one is immortal, it is still a little strange that our spiritual being has hitherto awakened so trifling an interest within us. Past attention was all lavished upon our "perishing and sinful bodies," that were to be humiliated and mortified to fit us for future and eternal joys. Now, the spiritual and the physical are studied in their relations to each other, and we find they are in this state of being mutually dependent.

To improve and exalt the spiritual we must cultivate the temporal to its fullest capacity, thus making it obedient and passive to the former, since through the spiritual powers only can it attain perfection. Oh, we are growing, growing! Life is unfolding its inner truths, and we may indeed, as the Christian scientist holds, be capable of all knowledge even while yet mortal.

"Desperation is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius."—Ex.

Necessity, mother to desperation, has made more men and women famous than genius can ever duplicate. Genius is sometimes self-conscious enough to spring into prominence from surroundings of ease and luxury; but under such circumstances it is as likely to die unknown as mediocrity. Dire need often awakens powers in the human mind that lead to distinction unsought and undreamed of. But there must be definite purpose for action, and a distinct object to be gained. Only genius can afford to be erratic; it is a sort of capital that can be drawn upon to considerable extent without much loss, but with little gain. Desperation has no resource but to do. The need is so great that the result must be fruitful. Where the heart and soul join to assist endeavor, success will crown laudable efforts of the most humble and obscure.

FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE.

We daily entertain ourselves with descriptions of strange countries and beautiful cities, the habits and modes of their people, and never think of questioning the veracity of our informants, though they may be quite as remote from our personal knowledge as is "the man in the moon."

Then, again, our friends sometimes visit these places, and send us similar accounts which are simple facts. But how different are the statements and correspondence received from that other country, from which superstition has so long declared no traveler could return? The mediums are called "frauds and deceivers," and our friends and loved ones, "lying spirits and devils."

Some are willing to be convinced of the grand truth of a future practical state of being, and if so convinced, have the moral courage to publicly acknowledge their conviction; others will run away from the possibilities of the same and cry "cheat," "humbug," to reassure themselves that they have seen or heard nothing that could in the least touch the foundation of their fossilized opinions regarding the hereafter.

Meanwhile, the faithful workers of the eternal philosophy toil on; the denizens of the spirit land come and go on their missions to earth, and one by one the scoffers and skeptics are gathered to the ranks of the faithful, and their warfare is waged on the right side at last.

Honest doubt is deserving of all respect, but to deride and stigmatize because of unbelief, is the spirit of crucifixion that nailed "the Man of Sorrows" to the cross, and should have died out long ago with its companions of the Dark and Middle Ages.

What Galileo's telescope revealed was put on the glass by himself, according to his enemies; the spirit messages given upon sealed, new slates, are likewise prepared. The former is still giving new revelations of those countries from which the modern slate message comes; and so we "grow and grow."

LICENSED RUIN.

We daily boast of our civilization, but how far have we really gone in the straight road to perfection? In fact, we are just setting out; in theory, we have gone so far in human ethics as to look upon crime as a necessity—something not to be done away with,—hence we license its agents and go on punishing the wrong-doers and criminals, deluding ourselves that sin pays its own way in the quarterly dues collected and turned into the city or state revenues.

The liquor traffic is the chief agent of sin, and while it may, under high license, pay for itself, it does not, and never can, pay for its effects and results, in large cities at least; and if it could and did, is there anything more wicked than to sanction wholesale poisoning on the ground that the sale of the poison will pay for medical treatment of those poisoned? Liquor is sold on this principle. Boston, as an instance, receives annually half a million dollars in license fees from the sale of liquors, and pays out for police, criminal court, almshouse, and hospital expenditures, two million three hundred and twenty-four thousand eight hundred and sixty-six dollars! Two-thirds of this sum is doubtless paid out for the care, restraint and punishment of rum's victims. And license is called a protective measure! It surely protects the business it is designed to benefit, but woe to its patrons. Genuine heathen in foreign lands know nothing about this great civilization business; and they had far better be left to their superstitions and own murderous rites, than turned into our Christian way of saving souls by first damning them.

SLATE-WRITING EXPOSED(?).

Prof. Ausbach had a small audience at Lobero's Theater last night, but it was principally made up of intelligent people. A committee of four well-known citizens were asked to take seats on the stage, and all seemed bent on discovering how the thing was done. The writer was present at the private seance given the reporters by Fred Evans, and to all appearances the slates were prepared in the same manner by both parties. A pair of slates were wiped off and sealed together in the usual way, and when opened one was found to have on it a photograph of the late Col. Hollister and some communications. The cross-line slate-writing was also performed, and then the audience was shown that the wonderful phenomenon was produced by a simple piece of silicate, just the size of the slate used, which covers everything on the prepared slate. At times it requires a little dexterity to remove this covering so that it will not be discovered by any close observer, but ordinarily it is ridiculously simple. There is no question but that Evans produced his writings in the same manner; and he was not as clever about it as Ausbach is, either. It is not likely that any one in the audience last night will ever again think there is anything strange about slate-writing; the only wonder is that any one could ever have believed that spirits had anything to do with it.—SANTA BARBARA PRESS, MAY 4TH.

Notwithstanding the unfriendly bias of the *Press* writer toward the phenomenon of independent slate-writing, as given through the mediumship of Fred Evans, on the occasion of our recent visit to Santa Barbara, his own statement of the Ausbach affair shows that the latter's bogus writing compares with Fred's genuine about the same as brass filings would with pure gold dust.

It will be noticed that in the above case the writing and picture appeared only upon one slate. We are not told whether the committee, or Mr. Ausbach, had the handling and sealing of the slates. At Mr. Evans' seance five slatesful of messages (some fifty in all) were obtained upon slates prepared by the committee.

We are told that "it requires a little dexterity" to remove the false bottom to the slate so that it will not be discovered by any "close observer," which is an admission by the *Press* man that he is not a "close observer," as he was present at the private test seance given the reporters by Mr. Evans, and knows that the slates were not removed from under his own hands nor out of his sight for a moment. He knows, also, that he took them from the table himself and revealed the writing, without the slightest oppor-

tunity for any manipulation of alleged false bottoms.

But what becomes of the "silica," or false bottom theory, when it is known that numbers of persons in Santa Barbara—as hundreds have done in this city and elsewhere—brought their own slates to Mr. Evans, of various sizes, single and double, and invariably obtained messages thereon from their spirit friends who, in the nature of things, could not have been known to the medium? Can it be possible that Mr. Evans carries about his person an assorted supply of false bottoms to fit all sizes of slates that may be brought to him? If so, how does he manage, in the first place, to place the writing between the slates of the owner? Perhaps Mr. Ausbach and his friend of the *Press* can inform us.

JAMES G. CLARK.—This sweet singer is expected to return from a trip to the interior to-day, and it is hoped will give another "evening of song" in this city. The following is from the *Stockton Independent* of Tuesday: "James G. Clark, the lyric poet, composer and balladist, gave one of his unique entertainments at the Presbyterian church last evening. The program included a variety of songs, many of which are original. The entertainment was a rare treat and the audience was delighted. Mr. Clark is said to be without a rival as a singer of plaintive and sentimental ballads, and he fully sustained his reputation last night."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Hon Amos Adams will leave to-day for that beautiful mountain retreat, Saratoga. He has nearly recovered from his late illness.

—The manufacture of rubies has lately reached such perfection that the artificial product is often more valuable than the natural stone.

—J. J. Morse speaks in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th inst., and in Chicago on the 22d. He expects to arrive here with his family on the noon train of May 28th.

—The GOLDEN GATE is steadily gaining in circulation, and in the estimation of all Spiritualists who believe in lifting Spiritualism above the petty meannesses and imperfections of human nature.

—Hon. I. C. Steele arrived in town on Tuesday, returning to his home in Pescadero on Thursday. We are please to note that his health, never over robust, is seemingly better than it has been for years.

—M. Leconte de l'Isle has been installed in Victor Hugo's chair in the French Academy. He is said to look like an old Puritan minister with a cold passionless face and long white hair brushed smoothly back.

—Among the best of our inspirational test mediums will be found Mrs. Seal of No. 108 Sixth street. Honest and conscientious herself, she gives only as it is given unto her; hence, she is deserving of a liberal patronage.

—"The Mathematical Gem," is the name of a little work by S. C. Danforth, that cannot fail to interest all students in numbers. It treats of the peculiarities of figures, and contains new rules and methods for the use of teachers in mathematics.

—Those grand workers in the field of progress and reform, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Matthews, left yesterday to take up their permanent residence on their farm near Fresno. The cause in San Francisco loses two faithful workers by their removal.

—The *Star and Crown* says: "If a man's dog has hydrophobia, the Government has just as much right to stick a stamp on his nose and turn him loose to bite and kill, as it has to license the whisky traffic, which both kills the body and damns the soul."

—King Christian IX of Denmark is the only sovereign living who was present at the coronation of Queen Victoria nearly a half century ago. He intends to be in London on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee. The Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia are his daughters.

—Mrs. Whitney, at Odd Fellows' Hall, attracted another immense audience on last Sunday evening—the hall, which seats fifteen hundred people, being filled to its utmost capacity. Mrs. Whitney is doing a grand work. Her powers as a platform test medium are steadily increasing, and her field of usefulness extending.

—The grand success of our State Camp-Meeting last year, coupled with the increased and rapidly increasing interest in spiritual matters, augurs well for the success of the Meeting this year. The grounds have four times the capacity of those of last year. They are beautifully located on the eastern shore of Lake Merritt, in Oakland, of easy access by the local trains, and are admirably suited for the proposed meeting. Come for a month's refreshing rest, and bring along your household gods.

—Read the able address on our first page; you will find it full of thought. The speaker, Dr. Schellhaus, has recently returned from Topolobampo to settle up his business here preparatory to permanent settlement in Sinaloa. He gives a highly favorable account of the country and the prospects of the colony, and his statements are fully confirmed by L. A. Gould, an old Californian, who returned on the same steamer with Dr. Schellhaus, after six months' residence in Sinaloa. He also expects to go back next Fall.

—A singular book is that lately received by the French Academy of Science, the work of Messrs. Charcot and Richet, selling for scientific consideration, a collection of representations of individuals who were pronounced to have been "possessed by the devil." The same have been faithfully depicted by ancient masters, in ivories, enamels, tapestries, paintings, etc. Modern progress and science has relieved these historical personages from the evil imputations

by correctly diagnosing similar affections in persons of the present time. The "devil" is coming to be understood for what he really is, inharmonious and bad magnetic conditions. Not only mortals but immortals are thus affected, and both have learned that they can be of mutual benefit.

—*El Criterio Espiritista* (The Spiritualist criterion), published at Madrid, Spain, in its February number, which is the second monthly issue of its twentieth year, greets us as follows: "GOLDEN GATE is the title of a periodical of 'our class of ideas, which is published in San Francisco, California, and whose first visit we have had the pleasure of receiving recently. We give it our most cordial welcome to the career of the press, persuaded that with its superior light it will contribute to the development and extension of the principles and doctrines of Spiritualism, which has so great need of being known and accepted by all men in order that they may strive to put an end to the sufferings, miseries and struggles of brute force both among individuals and nations; in a word, to destroy that ignorance which is the source of all the evils possible in this world, where there are yet so many charming beauties of nature. The exchange with our Review, therefore, is a settled matter."

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

"Justice."

Every little while the daily papers here in the East come out with a flaming announcement that this or that medium has been detected in fraud, cheating the dear confiding public by personating their departed friends as they try to return across the river of death, trifling, as it were, with our holiest lives and affections and all for the sake of a few paltry dollars. There seems to be one idea that reigns paramount in many minds, and it has gained such supremacy through selfish fostering and daily cultivation that we see it expressed in the countenance, actions and conversation of many individuals, that they were an especial creation of divine law, that the world stood still in awe while they were being ushered in upon this planet, and that being such a concentration of wisdom and knowledge they are peculiarly adapted to be placed at the head of all new enterprises, and being of keener perceptions than the rest of us poor mortals, quicker to point out the shortcomings of a brother or sister. We have an old Jewish record here that says, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." "Who art thou that judgeth another?" "To his own Master he standeth or falleth." "Come let us reason together instead of condemning."

In the GOLDEN GATE of April 23d I spoke of my medium mother and the method by which spirits controlled her hand and arm to write. Many, many times those who did not understand these things, in their eagerness to receive messages from their departed ones, would make such demands upon her that she fell down exhausted to that degree that her own guides could not control her. There being great harmony between us, I could place my hands upon her shoulders and recharge her as one would a battery, and the result was the spiritual machinery moved again smoothly. Now suppose the room had been filled with magnetisms antagonistic to my mother, as in the case of alleged expositors of materializing mediums, the communication would have been failures, and some majestic intellect would have proclaimed her a humbug.

Again, our whole system of business, from one end of this country to the other, is a gigantic delusion. Each man and woman who has their little capital embarked in commercial enterprise are bending all their energies to the accumulation of the last dime of those who deal with them. These individuals become imbued with cupidity, and our sensitive mediums are brought in hourly contact with these magnetisms. Answer me, ye wise heads, can you expect them to be honest? Is it in accordance with nature? "Can you gather figs from thistle," or sunshine from shadows? Place a blue glass between the sun and a sheet of paper, are its rays white or colored? No one makes a hue and cry over the result, for it is in accordance with a recognized law of our world. Then why cry down the poor mediums, when they are as true as the sunlight? Tempest-tossed and unappreciated, their lot is a hard one, "the pioneer corps of civilization."

I am no fiend to fraud or deceit, Brother Owen, but while life exists, while my hand can grasp a pen, while my lips can utter a word, I will stand by and assist the wronged and downtrodden of earth's children, no matter who or what they may be. Let me point these doubting ones to the great scientists of Europe, who, meeting the spirit world clothed in honesty, were met by honesty in return.

Yours for the weaker side,
FRED L. HILDETH.
WORCESTER, Mass., May 1, 1887.

DISAPPOINTMENT in friendship arises chiefly from liking our friends too much, but an over-estimate of their liking for or opinion of us.

INSPIRED by high and honorable resolve, a man must stand to his post, and die there, if need be. Like the old Danish hero, his determination should be "to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty."

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

A Memorable Occasion.

On Friday, April 1st, Mr. George T. Cutter, husband of Dr. Abbie E. Cutter of Wickett's Island Home, Onset, Mass., entered into spirit life.

On Tuesday, April 5th, at 1 P. M., the funeral services were held at the Island Home, and were wholly conducted by spirits in materialized form, through the instrumentality of the medium of the Spiritual Temple at Newberry and Exeter Streets, Boston. This was in fulfillment of a promise made several years ago by the guides of Mrs. Beste to Mr. and Mrs. Cutter.

During the long and harassing illness of Mr. C., he often alluded to this promise, and said that he wished for no other service over his body. About fourteen years ago he suddenly developed powers of physical mediumship, independent slate writing and clairvoyance. This was both unsought and unexpected by him, and being sensitive and retiring he never allowed any but his most intimate friends to witness the manifestations of his medial power. Still the knowledge of angelic care and guidance was a comfort and a solace to him in the midst of intense physical suffering (he suffered from asthmatic consumption,) and unto the end of his earthly life.

When the time for interment arrived the room in which he spent day and night for five years past, was darkened, a curtain suspended across one corner of the room, and the casket containing the body was placed directly in front of it. The relatives, eight persons with three friends and a gentleman who acted as reporter, twelve in all, were seated in a half circle around the casket. The medium took her seat, behind the curtain. The hymn "Nearer My God to Thee," was sung. In a moment or two, a form ethereal in appearance, was seen standing beside the casket, and the voice of Mr. Cutter, in every tone familiar to those who had watched over him for many weeks, was heard. "Bless you all, I stand beside my own body. I'll be all right after awhile, no pain, no regrets. All that love could do was done for me. Oh! the beautiful light, the beautiful home. I'll come again when I get more strength. Bless you."

A powerful, musical, masculine voice sang, "Waiting Mid the Shadows," after which several forms appeared, giving their names, friends of the family. Mr. J. L. Severance, guide of the medium, appeared and in a deep, strong voice made an address of great impressiveness and interest. He spoke of the birth of the spirit into the higher life, and said that although this was the first case where such exercise had been conducted by materialized spirits, it would not be the last; that in time funeral pomp and sable vestments would be done away with, and that the conditions afforded by the simple and cheerful atmosphere of the circle and the regular home circle, had liberated the spirit from all that could hold it back from the life in the spirit.

Other spirits, male and female, came, saying they had come to assist in the passage of the spirit into the home prepared for it. Mr. Cutter's mother came holding in her hand a light, and bending over the casket, reflected the light upon the face, saying, "I am trying to see if the features of my dear son look natural." She gazed tenderly for a moment, then blessed the friends and withdrew. A powerful male voice from behind the curtain, then sang "Tis but a Little Faded Flower." A powerful spirit, wearing a crown of light, spoke in a deep, strong voice, "Our brother is only gone a little while before. Life, at the longest, is but a few days from the cradle to the grave; eternity is for everlasting. The building is closed; the tenant has fled; nothing here remains—the light, the beauty, all have gone; nothing here save the casket. Go to your homes and be happy and thankful that this is so. God bless you all. Peace be unto you. My peace I leave with you," was said by one who lived long ago.

Another spirit said that such conditions rendered the spirit's passing away over pleasant, instead of a painful experience, and gave the spirit's blessing to all present. A voice of great beauty and power improvised a beautiful chant, welcoming the spirit to the elysian bowers of spirit life. The friends were then dismissed and the interment took place.

Thus closed one of the most interesting and remarkable funeral services ever recorded, producing upon those present impressions of joy and pleasure not usually connected with burial, but worthy of being copied.

MIND-HEALING.—Prof. Swartz in the large issues of his February, March and April numbers of *Mental Science Magazine*, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, (these three for 20c. in stamps) gives the simple requirements, and the reported results in the test of Absent Mental Healing now conducted by himself and wife for numerous patients in nearly thirty States. Effort extended through 1887. No time to answer letters nor begin cures till after you read and follow the requirements in the February number; order them.

CONFIDENCE.—Has any great achievement ever been accomplished without confidence on the part of the worker? The faint-hearted are always pursued by bad luck; they have no confidence in the

uniformity and stability of Nature's laws; but they are pursued by the fickle and evil genius of luck. To such, success, or the want of it, comes by accident. And such people are accidentally always in the wrong place, and engaged in the wrong business. They were born with their brains in a whirl, and see nothing clearly. If you study the character of successful men, you will find the main element to be confidence in their work—an abiding faith in principles. Their confidence was not a blind faith, but founded upon an intimate practical knowledge of their work.

Spirit Intercourse.

(From Spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium, transcribed for the Golden Gate.)

I should like to write a little while this morning about spiritual intercourse, its advantages and reliability. Those who understand it in its highest sense, who have progressed beyond the need of tests, or who feel that those manifestations that appeal solely to the sense of sight, or cause a feeling of wonder, are no longer what they desire (save as a means of convincing others), those who have advanced to a desire for what will add to their knowledge of the higher life and its conditions, and who wish to learn the best ways and means to advance their spiritual welfare—to these I desire to address some remarks upon themes I have as yet only touched upon, but not discussed at any length.

The conditions under which we communicate I have endeavored to explain to the best of my ability in preceding essays, and to make as clear as possible to your minds the difficulties under which we labor, at times, when we endeavor to send such communications "through the lines." We are then obliged to submit to conditions that "try our souls" in order to do this, and surmount obstacles that are like scaling the walls of a fortress. But the aid we receive from those who are on our side of life is, very many times, of incalculable benefit to us. You can render aid by cultivating the powers that are within you through which we can communicate, and by being patient in the face of adverse circumstances and discouraging conditions that often seem to you to overbalance any good that may come to you. But while we deplore the frequency with which communications are garbled and counterfeited, we also feel assured that it "all works together for good." In the majority of cases, where mischievous spirits take control of a medium at every opportunity they can embrace, in the end it aids in the advancement of such spirits, since they learn (slowly, it is true, but still beyond a doubt) that there is something beyond "fun" or any of the feelings that first actuate them to render themselves obnoxious so many times to those who are endeavoring to obtain communications from "over the river" that will conduce to the enlightenment and advancement of the human race. And after a time, if those they annoy are patient, and do what they can in the way of missionary work, by allowing them to come, and arguing the matter with them, as they would with a child who had annoyed them, such spirits will develop a better feeling and a desire to advance that will be of great benefit, and they will then lend a helping hand to those here who stand ready to help them.

The more widespread the understanding is of this great cause the greater will be the chance of obtaining reliability in the communications between the "seen and unseen," since "knowledge is power," and the greater the number of intelligent investigators there are, the better the conditions will become. Each person's aura or atmosphere attracts those that possess a like atmosphere, and the greater the intelligence and spirituality among investigators, the higher and purer the class of spirits will be that are attracted, and the intelligent co-operation of spirit in matter and spirit out of matter will induce better conditions, and aid materially in obtaining more reliable communications. The higher the influence and the more advanced the spiritual understanding, the greater the desire to impart only what will conduce to the advancement of the purest principles. This will lead to a "revival" among those believing in progression that shall spread over the earth greater knowledge than has ever been dreamed of, and cause the hearts of men to grow with the desire to aid their fellow-men with all the means at their command, and with all the strength that nature has implanted within them.

The "millennium" is not yet near at hand. Nations must rise and fall and pass into oblivion, and ages elapse (as mortals count time) before the light will reach all men sufficiently strong to produce even approximately that condition of things; but each one that is brought to a realizing sense of what life is, of its possibilities in time and eternity, of its grand opportunities for advancement, which begins now, helps to spread apart the rift in the cloud of darkness, superstition and bigotry, and pave the way for the light to enter in. This preparatory work will be better understood and appreciated in that cycle which can not be computed, but which, with the unfailing certainty in Nature's adaptations and infallible law, is coming. Eternity with all its endless possibilities and ceaseless round of reconstruction is before us, but only the work of to-day is as yet ours.

WM. G. CLAYTON.

Catholicism and Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I find in the last April number of *La Lumiere*, (The Light), a monthly journal of sixteen pages, edited and published in French, at Paris, by Madame Lucie Grange, a comparison made between Catholic and Spiritualistic doctrines, which is well worthy of perusal. It was taken from another French journal, and drawn out by a like comparison made with a different purpose. The first comparison aimed to show the points of agreement and likeness between Spiritualism and Catholicism. The latter aims to show the points of difference and contrast. As this is brief, condensed and pithy, I thought it would interest your readers and so have translated it for your paper. It is as follows: W. W. T.

For some Spiritualism is a science, for others a rational religion, free from dogmas, and from passive obedience. The preaching of Catholicism is:

Submission to the Pope, who is infallible. What need of thinking or of reasoning? It is a sin not to believe blindly in all that is taught by the church. The priests say: God has given us all his powers; we are the dispensers of his favors and of his chastisements.

The response of Spiritualism is. Away with mystery, infallibility and supernaturalism. We must study to learn, learn to understand, understand to judge.

If God is just and good, he will not impute to us the original faults pretended to have been committed by Adam; nor will there be eternal punishment; nor can his favors be bought with money. It is only in Catholicism that man can be saved by paid prayers. The Spiritualist is redeemed from his faults only by fighting his evil inclinations.

The Spiritualist acknowledges but one priest, and that is, his own conscience; he submits only to these dogmas: study, reasoning and abhorrence of deceit.

Catholicism says: Out of the Church there is no salvation.

Spiritualism answers: Out of charity there is no salvation.

The true Spiritualist must be the greatest free-thinker, since he depends only on his conscience and his reason. He respects good faith wherever he finds it, and maintains that every sincere belief, based on intelligence and study, is to be respected; that the greatest fault is hypocrisy and dissimulation; that happiness consists in brotherly love, which should embrace all mankind.

Catholicism offers its adepts as the final end, rest—rest always—eternal rest.

Spiritualism responds: activity, transformation—eternal activity in doing good and being happy together in a fraternal happiness and in the enjoyment of knowledge already attained and still to be attained.

Catholicism condemns you to eternal punishment.

Spiritualism says: the duration of punishment is in proportion to repentance; to every fault is attached that suffering which is the natural consequence of the fault, and that moral suffering is a benefit, because it aids you in understanding that you have deceived yourself in your course. The punishment is, to recommence the task and keep on until you come out of the struggle victorious. Then he is the happy man and true freeman who does not drag after him the chain of the passions. These are the chief differences in a religious point of view between Catholicism and Spiritualism, although there are a crowd of others flowing from the two opposite principles of absolute authority on the one hand and of complete freedom on the other.

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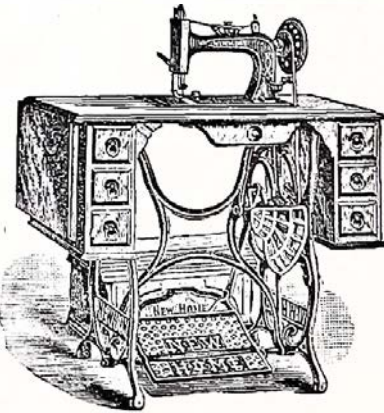
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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Home Life in the Clouds—Experience of Spirit Mary Willis.

BY LAURA A. BAKER.

NO. 5.

When brother returned we took hold of hands and wandered around until we came to the foundation of a home that looked so familiar, and so simple and easy to fix, and so beautiful and cosy, we thought we would try our hand at home building. Brother didn't know what to do, neither did I, so we waited and talked about how we would like to have it. But our tastes didn't agree. He wanted windows like the windows of earth, but I wanted them like the windows of heaven that he had not seen. I wanted them long and broad, so I could hang poles and curtains and make them seem like doors. When brother did not see it as I did, I wandered away until I found myself near a conservatory of flowers. Oh, what a beautiful place it was! Flowers everywhere! I stood and looked in at the windows, then went in. Little girls were standing by long rows of tables and arranging the flowers in bundles. The windows were full of hanging baskets. What beautiful trailing vines! What soft, pulpy bloom! What delicious fragrance! The air seemed laden with mignonette and heliotrope, although I did not see either one. Hanging baskets were suspended everywhere, with bloom falling over and often knitted together below.

As I went from room to room, maidens stopped their work and smiled as if ready to answer any questions. Some of them stood at stands and arranged bouquets. Some filled pretty wicker baskets made of wire. I stepped from one bundle of bloom to another, and wondered at the magnificence. Such lovely flowers! so fresh and dewy! Such delicate coloring! Such a blending of harmonious shades, and such a variety of designs, as if the hand of the maker had naught else to do! Such beautiful arching of festoons from peg to peg on the walls. I looked through the doors and saw more beyond. Little children, young men and maidens, all working together with apparently no thoughts but the beauty of their work, and their desire to impart their love of it. How I longed to take hold and help, but when I attempted to take up a flower it vanished.

This was because I had not been in harmony with my brother in his work. And now I was ready to return and assist Willie to make our home just as he wanted it, and tell him of the beautiful flowers I had found, so much larger, and softer, and sweeter than any I had ever seen on earth that they seemed to belong to a different variety of Flora. After a time I became tired of looking. Then I went back to brother, but he was not there. We had disagreed, and the inharmony had separated us. We could not think alike. He had his individual taste, and I had mine, and each had a right to his own. Now, brother desired to do the work and wished me only to assist occasionally, and make suggestions. Then I could encourage him by my admiration; therefore, I was not to be a producer, and was not privileged to dictate. That was why I left. No one told me to go; I simply commenced feeling such a strong inclination to go that I left, and seemed drawn to the nursery, as water, falling into a channel, flows along with the current.

This is heaven's way of cultivating love. No one can work among flowers without imbibing something of their nature. The sweet aroma of their fragrance takes out animosity. Innocence and purity of heart loves purity of heart, and the perfection of bloom raises our thoughts to the ineffable goodness and power, and generosity, of the bloom-giver. When my desire had grown into a proper affiliation with brother's, and I was ready to think as he did, I returned. But he was not there. Earth ties had drawn him back through thinking of building a home for the loved ones when they should come; and keeping them in his thoughts so much had made earth ties stronger than those of heaven.

I did not wait long, but let myself float down to him. This was because my will had been drawn out to his desire. When my wish had become his wish, I was fitted to join him. Brother had not been cultivated through terrible agony, as I had, and his will had not become, in that way, subservient to the will of heaven. That was the reason I felt the drawing away first; I was more sensitive than he. Had he yielded to my wish he would have been cultivated instead of me. That is the beautiful way the Lord does things. The one who yields his will first receives the reward. To give up our strong desires to enhance the happiness of others, brings us more ecstatic bliss. This is the heavenly law.

I found brother at home, but every time he went to mother and put his arm around her neck she cried. Then I said: "Willie, you must go back. Don't you see you can't tell her anything? Of what use are you? How unhappy you have made her. See how she cries every time you go near her. You must go back. Then brother rose up and went back, and I stayed to comfort mother. I put my hand on her heart to still its wild beating. I whispered, "Go wet your head to stop

its aching." She did so immediately, and then I knew I could be her physician. I would have attended the others, too, only I could not get to them. When I went to brother the tears started in his eyes, and his emotion threw me above him, and I could not make him understand my words. And the girls I could not get to at all. I am sure they were better than I when I lived on earth, but being married they had grown into a different order of magnetism that seemed to push me away.

When I could do no more for mother I returned to brother, but he did not need me at all; the Lord had been his friend and given him work to do. He was busy all the time. One day he told me he couldn't see clearly. Everything looked kind of blurred.

"I tried to make out the time of day by the clock in the yard, but I could not do it," he said.

"Why, that is strange," said I. "I have never seen a clock."

"Come, I will show you," said he. He led the way into the yard and pointed out a dial flower.

"Why," said I, "that is not a clock; that is a flower. Don't you see?"

"Why, that is a funny kind of flower. The hands look just like the hands of a clock."

"Those are not hands; they are the antenna of the flower." Then I put my hands on his eyes and rested my head on his shoulder, and in a moment he exclaimed:

"Oh, oh! How beautiful! I did not know heaven was so beautiful!"

I was not surprised that brother thought it was a clock, for at a little distance the resemblance is strong. The dial plant is of the cactus family, and opens and closes with the rising and setting of the sun on earth. The flower springs out from the side near the top of a tall, thick, post-like stem and spreads out flat. The petals overlap each other and roll at the ends. The corolla is white, and small, white stamens stand around a small, green pod-center, from which two long, slender antilla spring and run to the edge of the flower and stop just on the outer band. They are of various colors. This one was of the blue variety, with a blue field circled by a white band, then a pink band bordered by pink and brown triangular alternates, then a narrower band of white bordered by brown. On the first or inner white band are set, at regular intervals, irregular figures of carmine red, and on the narrower band of white, closer and smaller triangles of pink. The rolled edge beyond the brown was pink, which, coming between the deep brown of the face rim of the dial, and the pale brown of the spikes of the green body stem, made a lovely and harmonious blending. I have seen pink centers fading to brown and blue, and some with green centers, not deep, fading to orange and red, with blue bands; but all have white hands, as brother called them, and all have figures like the roll of the edge, only deeper. Nature never makes a mistake in blending. There is one not far from here whose center is a pale green; the circle around the edge is a broad blue, and the strong yellow tints blend into it. The circle around the outer rim is white and red, with carmine pink figures of dots.

Spirit Message.

[From a Daughter in spirit life to a Father on earth. Through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah Seal.]

Father, I would like to tell you of my home. On the slope of a hill, shaded with beautiful trees and surrounded with a large garden, is the edifice that we occupy. It is apparently of Greek architecture, square and beautiful. The pillars that support it glisten in the sun white and pure as Parian marble. This is my home, as well as the home of many others. The gardens are filled with flowers that are ever blooming, giving forth a wealth of beauty to the eye and a degree of fragrance to the senses that furnish to the weary one a thorough sense of heaven. In the trees there are birds that, unlike the birds of earth, have at once beautiful plumage and melodious voices, making the air redolent with melody. At the foot of the hill runs through the valley a stream so clear and limpid that your most finished glass is not more transparent. It flows on, always cool, rippling and purling, o'er the pebbly bottom, making sweet music to the ears of those who repose upon its banks, realizing, often for the first time in their lives, the presence of God in Nature. I did not pass my early years in this house. I was, with many others, in a sort of nursery and school; then gradually, my mother tells me, just as your school conditions are in life, did I progress from one condition to another, not being taught laboriously, from books, as the children of earth are, but the knowledge being borne in upon me, day by day, just as I was ready to receive it. Then the time came when I was fitted to perform a service, and my grandmother came for me and brought me to this home, telling me I had duties to perform, and must guard with her to earth's children, to be a guardian, guide, and sometimes counselor to all who needed us. And so, dear father, your daughter is engaged in God's work, cheering and comforting many a weary and parentless one—trying to keep them in the right path through many temptations, and then returning to our beautiful home and rejoicing in the power to do good, and in the pleasure of repose.

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It is called by Lord Brougham a "dream," but many people would consider it an apparition. The remarkable narrative occurs in the first volume of the "Life and Times" of the late and famous Lord Chancellor, written by himself, and recently published. One or two of the reviewers of the book profess to have heard the adventure related in his lordship's lifetime. The first part of the story dates back between sixty and seventy years ago, when Brougham and his friend Charles Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay), when both young men, were traveling from Gottenburg towards Norway, and stopped at an inn on the way to rest and refresh themselves. It was at one in the morning on the 19th of December, when they arrived.

"Tired with the cold of the previous day (writes Brougham), I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in. And here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School, I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no Divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghost walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, *written with our blood*, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had finished our classes at the college, G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a bath; and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get up out of the bath. On the chair sat G—, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I knew not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G—, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, the 19th December, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had no communication with G—, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G— or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state; yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream; and so plainly vivid, and so unfading was the impression, that I could not bring myself to talk of, or to make the slightest allusion to it. I finished dressing; and as we had agreed to make an early start, I was ready by six o'clock, the hour of our early breakfast."

The next entry by his Lordship in connection with the strange occurrence, and which gives its most extraordinary and supernatural character to the narrative, occurs under date, Brougham, Oct. 16, 1862.

"I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream: *Certissima mortis imago!* And now to finish the story, begun above sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India announcing G—'s death, and saying that he had died on the 19th of December! Singular coincidence! yet when one reflects on the vast number of dreams which night after night pass through our brains, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are perhaps fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect. Nor is it surprising, considering the variety of our thoughts in sleep, and that they all bear some analogy to affairs of life, that a dream should sometimes coincide with a contemporaneous or even with a future event. This is not much more wonderful than that a person, whom we had no reason to expect, should appear to us at the very moment we had been thinking or speaking of him. So common is this, that it has for ages grown into the proverb, 'Speak of the devil.'"

A London religious paper copying and commenting upon the event and its explanation, says:

"This is, beyond all dispute, a very remarkable story, and we are by no means satisfied with the explanation with which, at the distance of sixty years and more, apparently from fear of being laughed at, he tries to explain away, on principles which may be deemed rational, and such as might save him from—

"The world's dread laugh, Which scarce the firm philosopher can bear."

But the explanation sadly halts; for it is clear that he did not at the time suppose that he was asleep; and even on the supposition of this after thought, the dream is nearly as remarkable as the vision. That Brougham and his friend should have made such a compact is not so remarkable, as they must both have known what was then believed on well-authenticated evidence, that David Hume and Adam Smith made a very similar compact with each other when walking together in the meadows behind George Square. It has also been recorded on equally reliable testimony that the feeling produced on Adam Smith's mind after Hume's death by the recollection of their compact was such that nothing could induce the author of the "Wealth of Nations" to continue a walk in the meadows after dusk. Lord Brougham's father was notoriously what is called a philosopher, and we have heard, on the authority of those to whom he was personally known, that he used to say that Harry had cleared away his remaining doubts as to the authority of revelation. But Lord Brougham's later history indicates that he was afterwards subject to strong religious convictions, and certainly did not sit in 'the seat of the scornful,' like poor Sydney Smith, that 'vagabond priest,' as Jeffrey calls him, and others of the Edinburgh reviewers. A strong impression was made on Brougham by the vision or dream alluded to, and by the fact that his friend in India died at the very time his appearance in Scandinavia so much startled the survivor. We know that our Lord has said in the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," (Luke xvi., 31); but we agree with the Edinburgh *Daily Review* that the indelible impression evidently made on Lord Brougham may have been at eventide attended with permanent spiritual benefit."

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The evil effects of tobacco are mainly due, however, to the volatile alkali, nicotine. This poison is scarcely inferior to prussic acid, one-tenth of a grain killing a large dog in the space of three minutes. A hundred pounds of dry leaf yield seven pounds of pure nicotine. Thus, in smoking a quarter of an ounce of tobacco there may be drawn into the mouth "two grains of one of the most subtle of known poisons." The empyreumatic oil is also an acid and dangerous poison.

To the most deleterious habits of smoking and chewing we would now give a few moments' attention. Smoking has become so common with young and old that we wonder as we see boys just emerged from short clothes with cigars in their mouth, at what age they acquired the habit. Smoking debilitates the nervous system and weakens the physical powers; but one of its distinctive evils is the injury which it inflicts upon others. The smoker has neither the power nor the wish to consume his own smoke. All in his company must share it. No one expects the strong arm of the law to be invoked to remedy the wrong done to the non-smoking public; but common justice and the popular idea of right should purify the atmosphere.

The evil and listless effect of the continued use of tobacco on nations is finely illustrated in the case of the Turks. Centuries ago they stood high among the powers of Europe; but becoming a race of inveterate smokers, have lost all strength as a people, and are now the most indolent of Europeans. The extravagance of the habit alone would condemn it. More gold is expended by the people of the United States for tobacco in its various forms than is required to furnish our whole population with daily bread.—*Sel.*

A LITTLE four-year-old of my acquaintance was much impressed with her first out-of-door in the starlight. On her arrival home she skipped joyfully up to her mother with the glad tidings: "Oh, mamma! I've seen the moon and all her little children."

EVERY man who uses alcohol, tobacco, opium, and the like, must transmit to his posterity physical decay, mental unbalance, and moral perversity. Purity—especially sexual purity—in thought and act, is an imperative demand which the sacredness of actual or possible fatherhood places on all men.—*Philanthropist.*

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SEND TWO 2-CENT STAMPS,
Lock of hair, state age and sex, and give your name in full, and I will send you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS of your disease, FREE. Address,
J. C. BATDORF, M. D.,
Principal Magnetic Institute, Jackson, Michigan.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCTOR FELLOWS



Is a regularly educated and legally qualified Physician and the most successful, as his practice will prove. Cures SPERMATORRHEA and IMPOTENCY (as the result of indiscretions of youth and excesses in married life, etc.), by an External Application of his own discovery, which is entirely unknown to the medical profession. It is a medicine to be dissolved in water and then applied externally to the parts affected by pad and bandage, which accompanies the remedy. It cures by absorption, which is the only reliable method of curing the above named complaints. Those who are ailing should send for this outward application, if they can possibly do so, as it never fails to cure in the most advanced cases. Now, reader, if you are one of the afflicted, send the Doctor at once five 2-cent stamps for his "Private Counselor," telling all about the above named complaints, what the price will be for a cure, with strong, convincing testimonials sworn to. Address, **Vineland, New Jersey**, and say in what paper you saw this advertisement. From the WORCESTER, MASS., DAILY PRESS.—We cordially endorse Dr. R. P. Fellows as an able and learned physician, who has been so highly successful that his name is blessed by thousands of those who found no relief in the old medication, but were cured by the scientific method originated by Dr. Fellows. octy-17*

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS
Are The Best
Established 1860.
Used by the BEST PENMEN
Noted for Superiority of Metal, Uniformity, and Durability.
20 Samples for trial, post-paid, 10 Cents.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.,
753 and 755 Broadway, New York.

B. J. SALISBURY.
—DEALER IN—
—{ Real Estate! }—
SANTA ANA, • LOS ANGELES COUNTY, • CALIFORNIA.
Inquiries from abroad answered promptly.
may22-tf

DR. ROWELL'S FIRE OF LIFE
A MAGIC CURE
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, PSYCHIC PARALYSIS, ASTHMA, SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO AND DYSPEPSIA.
Everybody Should Have It.
G. G. BURNETT, Agent,
327 Montgomery St., S. F.
Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists. *Call and see.*
DR. CHAS. ROWELL,
OFFICE—426 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

GOLD
fields are scarce, but those who write to Sisson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from \$5 to \$25 per day. Some have made over \$50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

\$1.00 FOR WATCHES
CLEANED AND WARRANTED. GLASS 10 CENTS.

T. D. HALL, Jeweler,
No. 3, Sixth Street, : : : San Francisco.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry retailed at wholesale prices. Clocks and Jewelry repaired. Orders and repairs by mail attended to.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out if you are wise you will do so at once.
H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

WM. H. PORTER,
(Successor to Lockhart & Porter),
—{ Undertaker and Embalmer, }—
NO. 116 EDDY STREET,
Between Mason and Taylor Street, opposite B. B. Hall, one block and a half from Baldwin Hotel.
PRESERVING BODIES WITHOUT ICE A SPECIALTY.

RUPTURE
Quickly and Permanently Cured by the Celebrated DR. FLECK'S PATENT MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS. Original and ONLY GENUINE. Electric Truss, Perfect Retainer. Easy to wear. Instantly relieves every case. Has cured thousands. Began 1875. Send for Free Illustrated Pamphlet No. 1. **MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,** 304 NORTH SIXTH STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO. 3704 SACRAMENTO ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SHAW'S
Photograph Gallery,
No. 523 Kearny Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, : : : CAL.
What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery and Market streets, when the very best work can be obtained at this Gallery for half the price. Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how restless, a good likeness guaranteed. 5
ENGLISH FACE POWDER.
BEAUTIFIES AND PRESERVES THE COMPLEXION.
No poisons are employed in its composition, and it can be used freely without injury to the face. The guide from the angel world evolved the idea that a harmless beautifier of the complexion would be a blessing to the world, and it has been placed in all the drug stores of San Francisco, for sale. Price 25 cents per box. nov 20

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Outcast.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

Wandering, aimless, up and down
About the noisy, crowded town,
With heavy heart and aching head,
In tattered garments—wanting bread—
She drags her weary steps along
Amid the brilliant, eager throng.

Scores of homes in that city wide—
Homes of joy and hope and pride—
But none for the wretched they hurry by
With scornful frown or averted eye,
While she scans each face with a bitter pain,
Seeking for mercy and seeking in vain.
The merchant and lawyer eye her askance;
The preacher of God gives a careless glance;
The Christian, the moralist, mother and wife
Murmur, in scorn, "She has led a dark life."
So the wind blows cold and the sun goes down
On the poor outcast, the "woman of the town."

The shadows of night are gathering fast;
Her rags are tossed by the wintry blast;
Her body is numbed by cold and pain,
Yet wildly still throbs her heart and brain,
As on she toils with bleeding feet—
Cast out to die alone in the street.

She sees, through a window, bread and pies,
And looks at them long with hungry eyes—
Oh, for a penny to purchase bread!
She draws her shawl o'er her poor bare head,
And watches them eat and laugh and eat,
Standing alone in the cold, dark street.

A flower-girl comes, with her weight of bloom,
Filling the air with a sweet perfume,
Hurry by in the dim lamplight,
With roses and lilies pure and white.
Two great bright tears roll silently down:
She yet can weep—the "woman of the town."

She paused by a mansion stately and fair,
And pushed from her forehead the heavy hair;
Soft lights were gleaming in parlor and hall,
And the fire shone warm on the tiled wall,
Where the wedded wife in her joy and pride
Was queen of the board and the bright fireplace.

The little ones prattled in childish glee
As they nestled close to the mother's knee,
Waiting and watching the father to greet
When the circle of home should be complete.
Ah! little they dreamed of the outcast wild
As she gazed and thought of her own dead child.

For the man who looked on his wife with pride,
And smiled on the children who pressed to his side—
His children—Great God! His child and her own
In a pauper's grave, unmarked by a stone,
Sleeps under the snow! She sinks slowly down
And writhes in the dust—the "woman of the town."

The lamps are all out, the city lies still,
And the moon gleams faint on the western hill,
Calmly and quietly sinking to rest,
Like a tired babe on its mother's breast,
But the stars still beam on the silent night
And tinge the dark sky with a pale soft light.

The hoar frost glimmers over all the ground;
The dark waters heave with a sullen sound
As the dreary night winds go wailing by,
Now solemn as a dirge, now rising high,
Then low as a sigh in the pines they sink
Where the outcast stands by the river's brink.

But the winds seem hushed to a whisper low,
And the stars for a moment veil their glow
As the black waves part with a mocking groan,
And the outcast sinks with never a moan—
Sinks quietly, slowly, hopelessly down
To her last cold couch—the "woman of the town."

PALOMAR, CAL., March 13, 1887.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Too High—Too Low.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Where can I rest my soul? I am so weary
Of whirling from the sunlit mountain peaks of bliss
Down to the fearful caverns, cold and dreary,
Where no light is. Oh, I am tired of this!

Flopping of bats' wings one day, next the eagle's screaming
In the sun's face, wide-eyes, and jubilation of life;
But yet no still, low bow for quiet dreaming,
Where exultation is not, nor yet strife—

Where one might pluck a rose, its flaky roundness
Contenting more the soul than flakings vain
For bright star-roses, burning in profundity
Off where creation loops through space her chain.

My eyes ache watching comets, stars, and lightnings;
My ears ache with the ominous sounds I hear;
I shut my eyes and dream sweet doves come whitening
The lurid sky—ah, in some far-off year!

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

On The Heights.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

Low the clouds hang o'er the valley,
And the autumn breezes daily
With the leaves;
And the mist on Talcott Mountain,
Like the spray from distant fountain,
On me breathes

Cold and dismal; and the chilling
Creeps into my heart, unwilling
Though it be;
Life itself grows damp and dreary.
Like the landscape; nothing cheery
Comes to me.

All at once my sight is lifted
To the mountain top, and rifted
Seem the skies;
Sunlight breaks upon my vision,
And the hilltop grows elysian
To my eyes.

Then I learn anew God's teaching,
Through all days of sorrow reaching,
And the nights:
Look beyond, and cease repining,
For the sun is always shining
On the heights.

Optimism.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I'm no reformer; for I see more light
Than darkness in the world. Mine eyes are quick
To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn
And slow to note the cloud that threatens storm.
The fragrance and beauty of the rose
Delight me so, slight thought I give the thorn;
And the sweet music of the lark's clear song
Stays longer with me than the night-hawk's cry.
And even in this great throng of pain called life
I find a rapture linked with each despair
Well worth the price of anguish. I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old.

Strength for To-Day.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
For there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Symbols.

[From Woman's World in response to an inquirer on the subject.]

Light and Life is historical, excellent;
But not likely to help you. Permit me to
give you a word about symbols. First:
It is almost sacrilege to speak of them to
any one; they are especially shown to you;
if you speak of them, a common result is
that you will see no more for some time.

Next: To interpret them, you should
talk to them, hail the pleasing feature and
express joy; take the unpleasing or puzzling
feature and insist it can have only
a good meaning. Treat symbols as living
and they will live for you; stare and
wonder and they will pass on sadly; just
as people do who feel you do not care for
them. Dismiss all fear of not understanding
them right, just as you would with
strangers whom you can not get anything
from so long as you are ill at ease and
puzzled. Declare that no evil can be intended,
for there is none, and that will
clear the air for the true meaning to be
shown you. Declare you have access to
the Divine intelligence from which you
sprang; and in that calming thought, the
symbol will display its life and meaning
fearlessly. Declare all this, and you will
not feel anxious lest you should treat a
patient wrongly on the suggestion of a
symbol. Make a warm, kind, easy im-
partial mind for the poor little symbols to
play their parts in; if you frighten or court-
martial them, if you analyze, squeeze and
torture them, they will not come. Never
mind if yours pass before the interpreta-
tion flashes to you; nobody will be angry
with you for the delay; you have not men-
tioned the symbol, and so presumably
you have no critics.

As to how to advance in Light and Life
you must train yourself. If you were
learning to sing, you might have fine
teachers, but must, after all, get on to
thoroughly friendly terms with your own
throat and lungs, find out their resources,
watch and compare. So you proceed in
the study of inner phenomena. Any list
of meanings that could be written, would
have originated in the feeling people had,
and this feeling you have as much access
to as they had. Thus, why do you want to
read in a printed book that red means en-
couragement, love, warmth, satisfaction?
Does not the color red give you these feel-
ings?

Books on symbolism are usually histor-
ies of religion; and in each religion some
particular meaning was given to colors and
forms. You might get good from taking the
Bible and studying the priest's clothing,
and the vast symbols of the prophets.
You might get good because you start
with the idea that it is the translation of
symbols you want; you are a fellow student,
so to speak. Certainly nothing could be
sadder than to see these great wild pictur-
ings, or quaint fancies in jewelry, seized
by ordinary biblical commentators;
scolded because their meaning is obscure,
and put under the microscope by learned
Hebrew scholars who do not know what a
symbol is.

The soundest rule for us all is to accept
what is shown us as a gracious message,
and leave love to teach us the meaning.
Love is the great interpreter of all things
because it makes us so sensitive to small
meanings that might escape us. Trust
Love the Teacher.

The subject of symbolism is very won-
derful in its entrance into our life, whether
we will or no, and is likely to enter into
the life of every person whose intuitions
are quickened, either by lifelong habits or
by the study of mind. The All Good
teaches us through pictures, just as we
teach children through a picture book;
and there is no more harm in our won-
dering what the pictures mean than there
is in the children's innocent wonder and
eager interpretation. Silence is only our
duty when we are shown pictures in a per-
son's life. For we have probably no right
to share these peeps with any one. That
is to say, we might mention a symbol for
the sake of getting its meaning, and find
that so doing we had bared a life secret to
unfriendly eyes.

CONVENTIONAL symbolism is of many
kinds. There are symbols that have been
handed down to us from countless genera-
tions, (circle, triangle, cross). These
have settled meanings which have varied
at different periods. The circle means
eternity, what is unending. It meant that
ages before the time of Christ. This subject
is vast; it has to be studied in Church archi-
tecture. Heraldry (shields, crests and
coat of arms); jewelry (masonic ornaments)
etc.

Books: Lord Lindsay's History of
Christian Art; Mrs. Jameson's, edited by
Lady Eastlake; Prof. Alexander Wilder's
work of New York; Mme. Blavatsky's Isis
Unveiled, etc. Each of these books will
refer the student to a dozen others; each
of the writers is deeply learned; but had
to die of some illness that could have been
cured by a western farmer, or a western
farmer's wife who had never seen a book
on symbolism, but had studied Christian
Science.

Of course it is in the oldest department
that we can learn the meaning of what
mankind has always recognized: Colors,
numbers, animals, times and seasons,
simple forms, jewels, parts of the human
body. And of course out of all this, forms

of words have grown, like proverbs, rules,
charms, incantations, fortune telling.

If you want the explanation and history
of these things, here is the branch of the
stream you must travel up.

The stream is as full of snags and drift-
wood as the Mississippi at New Orleans;
and there is no fountain of healing at the
source when you get there.

If healing and life ever lay at the source
of these strange things, it does not lie
there now; and when the traveler eagerly
leaps from his battered boat to read what
seems written on the guide post, he will
find these words: "Why seek ye the living
among the dead?"

Swedenborg's SCIENCE OF CORRESPOND-
ENCE. Swedenborg was indeed a great
seer; his works will clear up many of the
contradictions of older symbolism. They
explain a great many of the symbol pic-
tures by which the All Good tries to teach
us. I referred to Dr. William H. Hol-
combe of New Orleans, La.; he says
"Anyone who is beginning to enjoy and
notice his or her intuitions, should examine
the works of Emanuel Swedenborg, who
is the best authority on symbolism and all
its phenomena. I recommend the Dic-
tionary of Correspondences, Representa-
tives and Significatives; and The Science
of Correspondences, by Edward Madely
of England. Each book costs two dollars
or less, and is to be had of the New
Church Publication Society, 169 Tremont
Street, Boston. Madely's book is limited
to Bible symbolism."

Dr. Holcombe is one of America's best
writers, and ablest and freest expositors of
Swedenborg.

The symbolisms about evil will prove
quite as useful to the Christian Scientist
who believes there is no reality in evil, as
they did to Swedenborg who took evil in
such a different way.

PRIVATE SYMBOLOLOGY. This means that
the ordinary or conventional meaning is
not true for you; but that you are given to
understand something special. For ex-
ample: The red color generally means
love, hope, encouragement. To one
student of symbolism it always comes as
what it may also mean, viz: a sign of
delirium.

MODERN SYMBOLOLOGY. Most people's
symbols are about modern objects,—rail-
way trains, statue of Washington, a flower
pot, their national flag. It is useless to
search for these in any dictionary; but
such study will cultivate the power of in-
terpretation, no doubt.

To any one, the merest beginner, who
has seen a symbol, nothing could be fun-
nier than the idea that most of the com-
mentaries and guides to symbolism have
been written by men who never saw one,
and did not know that "see" is part of
intuition. What would be thought of a
man who wrote a book on practical gar-
dening but had never been a gardener,
never sown a seed, never pruned or
grafted, never budded a rose, or planted
a strawberry runner, or knew a person who
had?

In illustration of all these, I give the
following:

SYMBOL.—The girl stepped out of her
old dress; left it behind her on the floor;
went off with a light step, full of a new
purpose. She was clad in a new and
handsome dress, but designed for morning
wear, that is, it was a working dress.

MEANING.—She has dropped the old
ideas that made her an invalid and is full
of new life and aims. A symbol like this
needs no dictionary or teaching to make
it plain, does it?

Say nothing good of yourself, you will
be distressed; say nothing bad of yourself,
you will be taken at your word.

TOADS are an article of merchandise in
Paris, being kept in tubs and sold at the
rate of two francs a dozen.

PROFESSOR RICHARD A. PROCTOR is
going to Germany next Summer to witness
the total solar eclipse which takes place
on August 18th.

THE President and Mrs. Cleveland
have inaugurated the custom of walking
about the city. Their walks are chiefly
confined to the vicinity of the Washington
Monument.

At the Vesuvian Observatory, Palmieri
has found that when steam is condensed
by cold, negative electricity is developed,
but that positive electricity is produced
during evaporation.

This is the way an African savage de-
scribes Dr. Livingstone: "A white man
whose words were always gentle, and
whose manners were always kind; whom
as a leader it was a privilege to follow,
and who knew the way to the hearts of all
men."

"HAVE you anything to say before the
Court passes sentence upon you?" Pris-
oner—"Well, all I got to say is, I hope
Ye Honor'll consider the extreme youth
of my lawyer, an' let me off easy.—The
Judge.

ARBITRATION.—"Are you going to
strike, ma?" asked the little boy as he
tremblingly gazed on the uplifted shingle.
"That's just what I'm going to do."
"Can't we arbitrate, ma, before you
strike?" "I am just going to arbitrate,"
she said, as the shingle descended and
raised a cloud of dust from the pan-
talons. "I am just going to arbitrate, my
son, and this shingle is the board of arbi-
tration."—Boston Courier.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST
RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT
of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, at
8:30 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centerville,
Wright, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek,
Santa Cruz, and all way stations—Parlor Car.
2:30 P. M. (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alva-
rado, Newark, Centerville, Alviso, Agnew, Santa
Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder
Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.
4:30 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and in-
termediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to
Santa Cruz.
\$5 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and
\$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, to re-
turn on Monday inclusive.
\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sun-
days only.

8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los
Gatos for Congress Springs.
All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek
and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

To Oakland and Alameda.
\$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$10.00, \$10.50,
\$11.00, \$11.50, A. M. 12:00 P. M. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M. 1:30 P. M. 2:00 P. M. 2:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 3:30 P. M. 4:00 P. M. 4:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 5:30 P. M. 6:00 P. M. 6:30 P. M. 7:00 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 8:00 P. M. 8:30 P. M. 9:00 P. M. 9:30 P. M. 10:00 P. M. 10:30 P. M. 11:00 P. M. 11:30 P. M. 12:00 P. M. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M. 1:30 P. M. 2:00 P. M. 2:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 3:30 P. M. 4:00 P. M. 4:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 5:30 P. M. 6:00 P. M. 6:30 P. M. 7:00 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 8:00 P. M. 8:30 P. M. 9:00 P. M. 9:30 P. M. 10:00 P. M. 10:30 P. M. 11:00 P. M. 11:30 P. M. 12:00 P. M. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M. 1:30 P. M. 2:00 P. M. 2:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 3:30 P. M. 4:00 P. M. 4:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 5:30 P. M. 6:00 P. M. 6:30 P. M. 7:00 P. M. 7:30 P. M. 8:00 P. M. 8:30 P. M. 9:00 P. M. 9:30 P. M. 10:00 P. M. 10:30 P. M. 11:00 P. M. 11:30 P. M. 12:00 P. M. 12:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M. 1:30 P. M. 2:00 P. M. 2:30 P. M. 3:00 P. M. 3:30 P. M. 4:00 P. M. 4:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 5:30 P. M. 6:00 P. M. 6:30 P. M. 7:00 P. 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