

GOLDEN GATE

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Weigh well your words, lest they be swords.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

It is in contemplating man at a distance that we become benevolent.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.—*Colton.*

There is nothing so minute or inconceivable that I would not rather know it than not.—*Johnson.*

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

A man of pleasure is one who, desirous of being more happy than any man can be, is less happy than most men are.

Light is above us and color surrounds us, but if we have not light and color in our eyes, we shall not perceive them outside us.—*Gatthe.*

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, go by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps.—*Emerson.*

Our sins, like our shadows, when our day is in its glory, scarce appeared. Towards our evening how great and monstrous they are!—*Sir J. Suckling.*

With us, law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm, living public opinion. Let that die or grow indifferent, and the statutes are waste paper, lacking all executive force.—*Wendell Phillips.*

A union of hearts and a union of hands in any noble work tends to draw together those whose hopes are cheerful and whose objects are the bettering of the condition of manhood.—*Rev. James Shrigley.*

It is not only in times of danger and distress that we want God's presence, but in the time of our well-being, when all goes merry as a marriage-bell. Live away from Him, and the happiness you enjoy to-day may become your misery to-morrow.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.
—*Whittier.*

The time which passes over our heads so imperceptibly makes the same gradual change in habits, manners and character, as in personal appearance. At the revolution of every five years we find ourselves another and yet the same; there is a change of views, and no less of the light in which we regard them; a change of motives as well as action.

We talk of human misery: how many of us derive from life one-tenth part of what God meant to be its natural blessedness? Sit out in the open air on a summer day, and how many of us have trained ourselves to notice the sweetness and the multiplicity of the influences which are combining for our delight—the song of birds; the breeze beating balm upon the forehead; the genial warmth; the delicate odor of ten thousand flowers?—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

THE President of the United States is only the engine-driver of our broad-gauge mail-train; and every honest, independent thinker has a seat in the first-class cars behind him.

MEN who are out of humor with themselves often see their own conditions reflected in the world outside them, and everything seems amiss because it is not well with themselves.

THERE are few things in this world more valuable than knowledge, and youth is the period for acquiring it.

ward bond. I then applied for and was received as Coast Guardsman.

My duties often gave me time and opportunity to converse with my (then) invisible spirit friends, who used to rap on the rocks on the beach during my patrol, in answer to my questions of inquiry, often foretelling events that were to happen, such as shipwrecks, seizures, etc.; and I in turn would warn my mates, until they began to regard me as the evil one when they saw these prophecies fulfilled.

It was not until I found my present medium, Fred Evans, whose past life resembled my own when on earth, inasmuch that he has followed the sea and has met with many of the same experiences that I passed through. I impressed him to come to California so that I could demonstrate through him, knowing that this was a good field to spread the knowledge of spirit return.

I have found my medium best suited morally, mentally and physically, to carry out my work through him of enlightening humanity, and I hope for greater things

The Abbe Roux.

[The following remarkable article is taken from the June number of the Golden Gate magazine. It is from the pen of Mr. Jesse Shepard, who was the first in America to review the Abbe Roux's latest work, having received a copy direct from the eminent author, who with one bound has become the literary lion of France. It will be read with deep interest, especially by those who are already acquainted with Mr. Shepard's deep critical and philosophical acumen.—ED. GOLDEN GATE.]

Full well we feel, full well we know
Great sorrows spring from little deeds,
Great happiness from some great woe;
The truth humanity most needs
Affliction's fires can best bestow.

Talent is the faculty of acquiring knowledge by the cultivation of certain gifts, such as singing, acting, story-telling, picture making, prose painting and the like, which may be moulded and modelled after almost any fashion; time, patience, imitation, and memory, being the principal factors in its development; and if "poetry is truth in its Sunday clothes," talent is genius *en dishabille*; the mimic of the model, poetic, plastic or philosophical; wit without thought; spirit without soul, head without heart.

Original thought and profound feeling constitute a union of the intellectual and emotional faculties which we may term personality. Without this blending of brain and nerve we have only the imitator, who mistakes the prevailing modes of psychological rhetoric for the highest and the deepest conceptions of united mental and moral attributes.

Clever repartee and clatter, some wordly experience, an apt mode of expression, sympathy and humor diluted to cover the susceptibilities of a large portion of humanity who judge of genius by the laws which govern their own limited capacity to know and to feel, these things, with much more of equivalent import, are what cause the master of mere words and action to be mistaken for the profound thinker and creative artist.

From the times of Socrates to Dante and George Eliot, the individual environment has mystified the most experienced psychologists. Genius is rarely, if ever, displayed under a garb of physical attraction. Nature spreads before us an illusive show which deceives all who are not close observers of her laws. Compare the shrill cry and brilliant plumage of the parrot and peacock with the plain colors and pleasant song of the lark and the nightingale; the brightest flowers are commonly the least fragrant, and placid waters have the profoundest depths. These examples might be multiplied without limit, humanity itself presenting the most interesting and instructive; and in spite of the claims of certain professors of physiology, we find in almost every instance where the highest and most complicated natures are involved, that undecipherable hieroglyphs encompass the soul around about, and "thou shalt not know me," written on the emblem of each lofty brow.

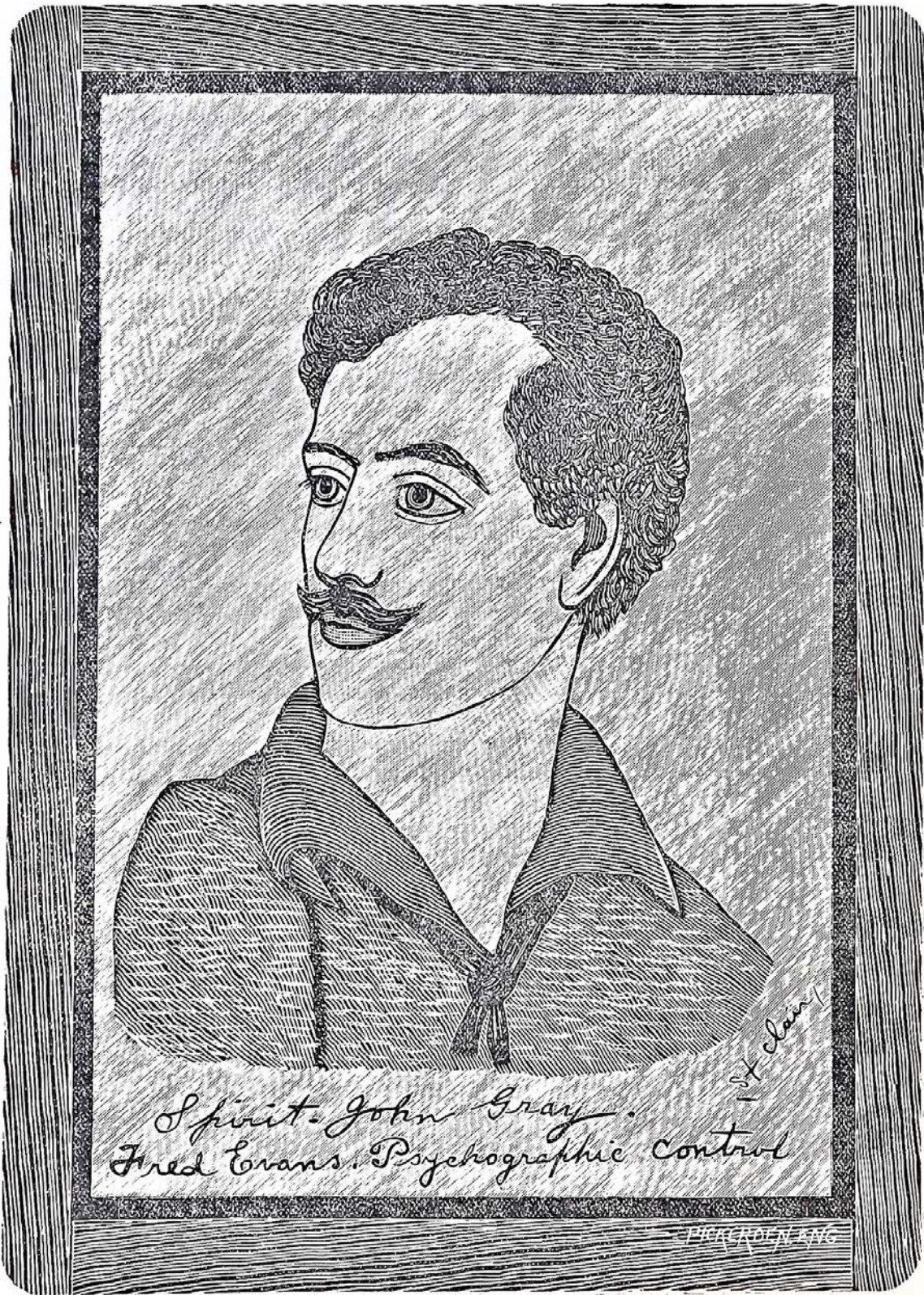
How this phenomenon surprises us in the drawing-room, in the council-chamber, on the field of battle, in art, politics, religion, philosophy! The wit shines in conversation, leading men to suppose him possessed of reserve force, but he is only subtle; the general conquers the world and men look for philosophical greatness, but he is only powerful; the genius hides under seeming imperfections and is looked upon with mingled feelings of doubt and misgiving, and the whole world stares in silent wonder when nature's Titan walks forth clothed in the unique habiliments of his own creations.

It is one of the signs of true greatness when fire consumes the mind and heart without an appearance of smoke.

To live a life of self-abnegation and solitude, in a sphere of thought and labor far beneath one's real self, and yet remain morally healthy and intellectually vigorous, is an ordeal which only genius can survive. The Abbe Joseph Roux is one of these. This humble parish priest, living a life of isolation, studied first his own heart, the sooner to arrive at a knowledge of that outer world which he had only known in history and fabled romances.

Without stopping to question Emerson's saying that, there is no such thing as chance, I may say that M. Paul Maricton's discovery of this great man, already

(Continued on Third Page.)



SPRIT PICTURE.

[This picture was taken by independent spirit power, through the mediumship of Fred Evans, between closed slates, in the hands of the editor of the GOLDEN GATE, the time occupied in its production being less than one minute.]

Spirit John Gray.

[A brief sketch of his life written by himself, independently, within closed slates.]

I was born in London, England, June 10th, 1816, and commenced a seafaring life in December, 1830. After making many voyages and experiencing two shipwrecks, I returned to London in 1835. I then began to experience strange visitations, which of course I know now to have been from the spirit world, and who advised me to ship at once for America. So on the 17th of August, 1835, I shipped on the ship, "Chevy Chase," bound for New York, under the command of Capt. Roberts. August 30th found us leaving west End Dock for New York, at which place we arrived December 25th, 1835. I secretly left the vessel on its arrival and kept away until she left New York home-

John King often materialized for me when going my nightly rounds on the beach and told me I had not long to stay on the earth plane, but had a great work to do in the spirit world. His prophecy came to pass October 27th, 1837, when the barque "Espray" was wrecked off the coast, and in attempting to save her crew I was drowned, and thus came to the spirit world in all the health and vigor of manhood at the age of twenty-one years, four months and seventeen days, but with the knowledge of a new home in store for me.

After meeting many old friends who had crossed the river before me, and who kindly assisted me to understand the workings of my new quarters, I commenced to control various mediums, moving my influence from one to another, as I found their moral, mental and physical conditions more suited to aid me in demonstrating beyond a doubt the existence of spir-

itual beings who once inhabited the earth plane, until I found my present medium, Fred Evans, for his honest and earnest endeavors to place before the world the most skeptical inquirer (if he is only honest to himself), that these manifestations come from the source claimed for them.

I must now thank J. J. Owen of the GOLDEN GATE, for his honest and earnest endeavors to place before the world the facts and proofs of spirit phenomena that have come under his notice during his investigations with my medium, and also to the many spiritual and secular papers who have recounted their experiences and republished in their columns that witnessed by their contemporaries, for they have all united in spreading this knowledge of spirit return and causing those who are in darkness to seek the light. With the happy knowledge that I will one day meet you all and welcome you to the spirit side of life, I remain your co-worker in spirit,
JOHN GRAY.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Random Thoughts.

BY MATTIE PULSIFER.

The scheme for a people's church to be located in New York city, has been slowly maturing since 1873, and up to the present time five hundred thousand dollars are assured for the building that will cost six millions, and be known as the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The circular lately addressed to the citizens of New York, by Bishop Potter, discloses the admirable character of the proposed institution that in the least shall be a noble ornament to the city. The Bishop says: "It should be the people's church, in which no reserved rights could be bought, hired, or held on any possible pretext whatever. It would be the rightful center of practical philanthropy, having a foundation, or endowment for mission work of the great city, and especially for the education of skilled teachers and workers in intelligent as well as emotional sympathy with our great social problems. It should have a pulpit in which the best preachers within its command, from all parts of the land and of various schools of thought, should have a place and opportunity, thus bringing the people of the great metropolis into touch with the strongest and most helpful minds of the age, and affording presentations of truth, wider, deeper and larger than those of any individual teacher. Thus it would be a fitting shrine of the memorials of our honored dead heroes, leaders and helpers, whose names have adorned the annals of our country, and whose monuments would vividly recall their virtues and services, and finally, it would tell to all men of everywhere that 'the life is more than meat, and the body more than the raiment.'" To the establishment of such a church, we may look to the reconciliation, if it be possible, of the differences and wrangling of creeds and mere beliefs. When all men are given free religious speech from one pulpit, we may expect a better, if not a perfect, understanding of each other, that must lead to the mutual benefit of all who would be enlightened.

The Civil Service as carried on at Washington is, according to a New York correspondent, mainly exercised against the women of the various departments, and it was plainly stated by a male official that they had entered upon a systematic and concerted effort to get rid of them. The same person enumerated a good many objections, the first of which was that "the women are hard to get along with." Twenty per cent of them are gone and the others are going so fast that it is thought a woman will be a rare sight in a department before many years. No complaint is made against their competency and work; so far from it that it is said many of them are far better than men in the same positions. The charges against them could doubtless be brought against the men who take their places, but would they be of equal force? It is hardly to be supposed, since men, and not women, are wanted at present. But there will be other administrations, and the good-work and faithfulness of the wives and daughters of our dead soldiers, will be remembered as in the past, when they were justly and deservedly given places in the great beehive of Uncle Sam, where they have ever done credit to their sex and country. A little while and we shall see if one class of honest workers are not still entitled to have some consideration on the same grounds as another.

It would seem that of all people, Christians should be the first to put aside and forgive animosities, engendered by whatever course; but as regards the feelings created by the late war between the North and South, they are the last, and May 26th, recorded the meeting of the General Assembly of Southern Presbyterians in St. Louis, to discuss "the advisability of organizing a union with the Northern Church." Strange to relate, the balance of opinion was against the union. Rev. C. K. Vaughn thought the church could not be expected to change its relations as quickly as business men and politicians! The "color line" was impossible to him, and he said, "After a time you will see the elegant black gentlemen offer his arm to your white girl and she will gratefully accept it." We did not suppose that anything was of greater importance to the church than a human soul, but when a minister will discuss the "color line," it sets one to doubting. An what an admission, that more should be expected from other sources than that of religion! Why, the Church should have been the first to have gone forth when the strife of war was ended, with words of admonition and counsel to the subdued South to accept her defeat as a dispensation of Providence, and yield gracefully to the chastisement of patriots armed by God for trafficking in immortal souls!

Wishes and desires make one poorer than actual needs, often, therefore we should be watchful that they do not exceed our means of gratification, and many of us would find ourselves better off than we supposed. The true philosophy of living is, not to want what you can't afford; but this maxim is thought by many to prohibit aspirations and ambitions. We do not think so. It is possible for one to hold in remembrance that which we would like to possess or attain to, without the possibility of attainment or possession detracting from present contentment. In

other words we must learn to want a thing or to be something, and at the same time, be satisfied without it, or until we obtain our desire. The means is greater than the end, for if we forget or neglect the first, the last will never be ours. The trouble with most persons is, that they are impatient with the means or way to be gone over in reaching the latter, and when they get them, ignore it altogether. "That was only a stepping stone," we often hear, as though the stone was of no consequence. We may reasonably wish for that which we are striving for, since what we expect to get by hard endeavor, is never extravagant. Luck or chance, or natural endowment alone, brings splendid and fabulous things.

If evolution is the result of improved conditions and environment, as we suppose it is, we may look to the dog of today as an illustration of the theory, for this animal is receiving more care and attention among the rich and even the only well-to-do, than the children of the poor. The dog is a noble animal, the truest type of fidelity—yes, we mean what we say, for he was never known to betray or forsake his master or a friend, but is ever faithful through good or ill treatment. But still, there is a prevalent idea that he ranks below the human species, and until recent times he has not put in positions to rival the importance of children. Now, however, there are dogs and dogs, whose characters and reputations are as much public property as are those of politicians or other men of more consequence. Guff Astor is one of these rising canines, and is the protégé of Mrs. William Astor. He has seventeen hundred dollars in his own name, won by exhibiting his ugly self at Dog Shows. His mistress has invested this sum to his account, the yield of interest going to his support and adornment. If Mrs. Astor would just reflect for a few minutes on Guff's opportunities, she would see that he might become more famous as a philanthropist. He might live at her expense, and turn the income of his investment over to poor dogs, or, perhaps children, who roam the city friendless, in hunger and in rags. If Guff could only be made to understand the responsibility resting upon rich dogs, he would doubtless respond with that tight curled tail of his most heartily, and perhaps be willing to dispense with some of his purple and golden toggery to lessen the expense of his keeping, if only his miserable fellow creatures might be saved some of their discomforts and hardships. The great St. Bernards will live in history for their noble deeds of humanity. Guff Astor may save life indirectly, but as surely, by becoming a public benefactor. Coming Dog Shows will add to his present fortune and the increasing interest would rapidly widen his sphere of usefulness. By all means should this dog be allowed to thus distinguish himself. If he takes kindly to ragged children and beggars, his mission in life is plain.

There is no toiler but who has grown weary again and again with the monotony that attaches to all work under the sun, and wished that it was done forever. This is a tired old world, and tired mortals live in it, and cling to it as though there was none other, sometimes. But there is no escaping weariness; it comes in a worse form to those who are idle, and often it shows them how much and how many are overworked because they imitate the lilies of the field. Every working man and woman should be educated to feel their superiority over those dependent upon them. Money furnishes machinery for facilitating labor, but without human hands to direct and control it, it would be as worthless as gold cast into the sea, or never be made at all. Money creates demand, but the supply must come from muscle, directly or indirectly applied. It is estimated that if everybody in the world stopped work, we would be starving in just three years and in rags; that with all modern machinery and devices, supply keeps only thirty-six months ahead of demand, hardly enough margin to provide against famine. Should we not all be merry workers, regardless what our trade is, if we are only doing good? The world is growing great for future generations, may they not forget the means that made it so, and which will make it yet greater?

This will be a memorable and lonesome year for a little boy who has grievances that no one appreciates but his chums in trouble. The showmen have sent in no complaints to headquarters against the monstrous thing known as the Inter-State Commerce law, but it bears so heavily upon them that the smaller institutions will succumb, and thus the average boy will see no circus in 1887, for the big standard shows that can sustain the pressure of the new law, will not visit the lesser towns. It is estimated that the increased travelling expenses of shows under this law, are two millions annually. It is a good time to cultivate home talent; and local attractions will have an opportunity of proving their good qualities as never before stimulated by better patronage. Small towns should not lose this chance of making a reputation out of their own resources, of which all possess more than they are aware until called upon. The often deadening effect of a big, glaring circus, will not be one of the obstacles to overcome this year in the path of young home talent, so no time should be lost in getting to work.

SAN JOSE, Cal.

Short Chapter on "God—Life."

BY ABBA L. HOLTON.

NO. 5.

"When man," says Alexander von Humboldt, "interrogates nature with his penetrating curiosity, or measures in his imagination the vast spaces of organic creation, of all the emotions which he experiences, the most powerful and profound is the sentiment which inspires him of the plenitude and the universal diffusion of life. Everywhere, even to the frozen poles, the air resounds with the song of birds and the hum of insects. Life breathes, not only in the lower strata of air wherein float thick vapors, but in serene and ethereal regions. Wherever have been ascended the ridges of the Cordilleras of Peru, the southern shore of the Geneva, or the summit of Mont Blanc, in these solitudes have been found animated beings. We have seen on Chimborazo, at heights nearly 8,500 feet above the summit of Etna, butterflies and winged insects. Even supposing that they had been drifted by ascending currents of air and that they wandered as strangers in those places where ardor for knowledge conducts the timid steps of man, their presence, nevertheless, proves, that by reason of its greater flexibility, the animal organization has considerable resistive power far beyond the limits where vegetation expires. We have often seen the giant of vultures, the condor, soaring above our heads, higher than the tops of the snowy Pyrenees, higher than all the summits of India. This powerful bird was attracted by his rapacity in the pursuit of the Peruvian sheep with his silky wool, which assembled in flocks, wandering like the chamois, in pastures covered with snow."

This picture of life which the human eye can perceive spread over the whole earth and its atmosphere is but a speck in comparison to that which is unfolded by the microscope. The very air we breathe is peopled by invisible germs, and the soil is one mass of life, both animal and vegetable.

Vegetable life prepares and mixes, by virtue of its vital force, the substances that are capable, after innumerable modifications and transformations, of producing the conditions of nervous fibres. The air being the medium through which these elements must pass from one body to another, physiologists, since the days of Lavoisier, say, "that every living being on the earth was organized from the air. Respiration producing heat and heat being the measure of life, Liebig made this comparison for the first time: 'Animal combustion, by means of respiration, is like that of combustibles in a stove,' but we have to remember that our animal body is not like the stove never consumed, but is burned little by little, combustibles and envelop together. Nature always provides some way of wearing things out, whether it be man, lest he lag superfluous on the stage, or 'the everlasting hills' themselves.

The atmosphere accompanying the vegetable life is a skillful physician and chemist. He prepares for us, food, fire, clothing and all our material elements necessary for our earthly existence, if we make a careful summary of their qualities. But let us see what physiologists have to say of the exchange of matter, especially Moleschott whom the world knows as among the wisest: "Ammonia, carbonic acid, water and a few salts—these compose the whole series of materials with which the planet constitutes its own body. By means of the albumen other albuminous bodies take birth—legumin, gluten, and coagulated albumen; these two latter are deposited in an insoluble form in grain. Albumen, sugar and fat are the organic materials which serve to construct the animal. The blood of the animal is a solution of albumen, fat, sugar and salts. An absorption of oxygen which becomes stronger and stronger, converts the fibrine of muscles into reducible principles, into the glue of cartilages and bones, into the substances of the skin and hair. Those substances, with fat, salts and water, form the totality of the body of the animal. In the same plant, albumen, sugar and fat are decomposed in alkaloids, in acids, coloring matters, volatile oils, resin, in nitrogen, carbonic acid and in water. In the animal the same substances are resolved into lucine, tyrosine, creatine, creatinine, hypoxanthine, uric acid, formic acid, oxalic acid, ammonia, carbonic acid and water."

Thus death, or decomposition, is but a phenomena of gradual evolution. Thanks to the ruling power that "counts the sparrows as they fall and the hairs of our head," the atoms composing all bodies glide by that silent law toward the goal they are destined to form or maintain.

Liebig maintains that a man exchanges his entire substance in twenty-five days. Many scientists have ascertained that by placing persons under a careful regimen, that a mean loss of one twenty-second part of their weight has taken place in one day. Moleschott and Marfels and other physiologists have published the statement, "that from certain facts, that the human body renews the greater portion of its substances in from twenty to thirty days." A month is but a little time, and whether the body renews itself within that time or takes a year to do it is of but little consequence, but the more rapid and formidable science can demonstrate this change of matter, the better it will be for our theory of the spirit in matter.

Materialists assert that "only material molecules exist; that they alone constitute

the living being from birth to manhood and from manhood to death."

How do you account for old age when you affirm "that we are made of nothing but a collection of molecules?" The sexagenarian and octogenarian is only a month old according to your own words. The molecules that are immutable, such as iron, oxygen, gluten, starch, sugar, etc., we have absorbed, never grow old, but we ourselves have grown old. Therefore in our existence there must be something besides those molecules that have grown old, matured, let us say. Physiologists call old age a want of equilibrium between recomposition and dissimulation. Can any one explain what organizes this equilibrium in the youth and brings it up to a perfect body, the receipt and expenditure at all times in harmony to create a living man or woman? Why, after a certain number of years, does not the body keep right on increasing in stature when it absorbs as much aliment, and even more, than at birth?

This "vital whirlpool," as Cuvier terms it, can not be explained by playing with words. There must be a force to organize, to repair, to destroy the mechanism of an animated machine. How else can we explain the construction of a body?

M. Scheffer replies, "by chemical and physical forces." Each of those forces exercises on the others an influence by which the whole organism receives in all its parts a certain uniformity of a very elevated character. Methinks that this explanation is luminous with absurdities. How could gluten and albumen in grain work upon a plan (or any of the properties of matter), in accordance to an idea which they are incapable of having? Matter alone is incapable of making movement, let alone to determine the reproduction of species, the choice of appropriate aliments, the birth, growth, life, decay, old age and death.

The man we met yesterday on the street is what the world calls to-day dead from a bullet wound. It is the same body, the same face, the same hands, nothing has changed, but why doesn't he move? The molecules are all that he had in active existence. Why does he not speak? Ah! his life has fled. The force which constituted his life which was a special force, that acted in the presence of corporeal molecules harmoniously distributed in a faithful unity, has been withdrawn, and in a short time we all will see these same inanimate molecules separated, each drawn its own way; the dust of the earth and the claiming each its own atoms. Thus we see all natural bodies not living, and all living bodies composed of the same materials; and the living bodies only differ from the others by the special and wonderful properties of life.

Life must be a sovereign force, since the living body is but a vortex of transitory elements, all the parts of which are incessantly changing, and since while matter passes off, life is indwelling.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 24, 1887.

Mrs. Ada Foye in Chicago.

(R. P. Journal.)

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society of Chicago has good reason to congratulate itself on the success of its venture in engaging Mrs. Foye. Although last Sunday evening was very warm, Avenue Hall, 159 Twenty-second street, was comfortably filled with an attentive and highly intelligent audience. The main interest of the evening centered in Mrs. Foye's experiment in giving evidence of spirit presence by the ballot test. The lady at once won the good will and sympathy of her audience by her candor and the open-handed fairness of "conditions." The names of sixteen spirits were given, including several very peculiar and quite uncommon middle names. Some fifty test questions were answered, either by raps, or by writing through the medium's hand, or given her clairvoyantly and then announced to the audience. Not an error occurred and all receiving tests were strangers to the medium and most of them not Spiritualists; several never before having witnessed anything of spirit manifestations. The audience was enthusiastic and on motion of one interested listener it was unanimously voted that the Society be requested to secure Mrs. Foye for the following Sunday evening. The arrangement was perfected, and on next Sunday evening, at 7:45, Mrs. Foye will again occupy the rostrum at Avenue Hall. She requests those intending to be present to prepare themselves by writing the names of spirit friends on separate slips of paper before reaching the meeting, so as to avoid delay, and render the conditions more secure, if that is possible.

AFTER looking broadly over the religious field *The Christian Union* concludes that "in spite of much apathy and some bitter hostility, the tendency toward more definite and cordial relations between the evangelical churches, which has hitherto shown itself only in local and sporadic manifestations, appears to be growing into the dimensions of a national movement, with a deepening and broadening current."

When it is said that Scripture is divinely inspired, it is not to be understood God dictated every word.—*Bishop Tomline.*

The Mystery of the Ages.*

[Light, London.]

The first thing that strikes us on running rapidly through this volume is the wide significance that the author has given to the term Theosophy. That which can include Hermeticism and Kabbalism, Egyptian and Christian Gnosticism: which is found among the Brahmins, Magi, Druids, and Buddhists: which is discoverable in the systems of Tao-See, Lao-See, and Confucius, alike with the Pagan Mysteries and the Pythagorean system of philosophy: which underlies the Mahommedan and Christian teachings: which lays under contribution the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, *The Perfect Way*, and *Esoteric Buddhism*:—this term must indeed be admitted to have a most extended significance. It is by no manner of means the Theosophy of which the world has heard so much in these latter days. Indeed the author explicitly claims for the Secret Doctrine which underlies all forms of religious thought in all ages an unlimited existence.

It is important then to state exactly what Lady Caithness desires her readers to understand by the terms that she employs. She begins by a claim that she has discovered "in the esoteric doctrine or universal Wisdom-Religion, which forms the Secret Doctrine of all religions, the solution to that mystery of the ages which satisfies the aspirations of both soul and intellect." This she elects to call Theosophy, the science of Divine Wisdom. It is the oldest science in the world, though the "outward name has been adopted by an extensive organization, inaugurated in India [in America rather, we should to say], with which it has perhaps become rather too exclusively identified of late"—a society of which Lady Caithness is herself a prominent leader. Further on we find this statement of the author's views. "Theosophy is the essence of all doctrines, the inner truth of all religions. . . . God is Spirit, and Spirit is One, Infinite, and Eternal, whether it speak through the life of Buddha or Jesus, Zoroaster or Mahommed. . . . The ideal of the Theosophist is the at-one-ment of his own spirit with that of the Infinite. This is the essential teaching of all religions, and to obtain this union you must believe in and obey the voice of your own higher conscience; for the true Christ is the Divine Spirit within you, and thus, God manifest in humanity."

This Theosophy the author proceeds to illustrate by a detailed consideration of the various religious and some philosophical systems which have existed from age to age in this world. Amongst these the Christian naturally plays the largest part. There is much in the earlier part of this elaborate work that any ordinary reader, who has not made such an exhaustive study as Lady Caithness has of any given branch of her vast subject, must take for granted, or must receive with suspended judgment. The books cited, the range of reading displayed, are enough to show that the work has been one that must have occupied a busy life for many of its years. It is not easy, indeed, to understand how, in the midst of the multifarious claims that the world makes on one in the author's position, time can have been found for a work which presents such evidence of patient and wide research.

It is impossible, without entering into a lengthy analysis for which our limited space affords no scope, to give our readers any reasonable idea of the author's arguments. Rather than mutilate, we prefer to recommend to those whose taste lies in this direction a perusal of the book.* Lady Caithness believes that the reign of the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter, has already commenced: and that we are living in the very time when the new development of Christ's teachings is being wrought. The knowledge of God comes to the world in cycles or waves, and old systems of religion recede as the new advance. Certainly popular Christianity has receded far enough from the primitive teaching of the Christ, and the world sadly needs a new baptism of Truth. And what is the conclusion? "The true Theosophy is universal, and not merely a momentary or ephemeral mystic craze, or badge of party, but is and ever has been the highest, because truest, aspiration of the soul, and its secret is the union of God and man."

We are struck, as we conclude a notice which has no higher aim than to introduce the book to our readers, with four things:—

1. The wide grasp of the subject everywhere displayed.
2. The enormous range of authorities consulted and cited.
3. The clear and unpretentious style in which the book is written.
4. The gentle and tolerant spirit that pervades it.

* "The Mystery of the Ages Contained in the Secret Doctrine of All Religions." By Marie, Countess of Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar. London: C. L. H. Wallace, Oxford Mansions, W., 1887. Price 10s. 6d.

THERE is a decided revolt in Holland against the rationalistic tendencies of the State church. Six pastors and fifteen thousand people recently withdrew from the Old Dutch synod because that body would not discountenance ministers who deny the deity of Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures. The kirk session at Rotterdam is taking the same course, and the movement is spreading under the eloquent leadership of Leon Cachet.

(Continued from First Page.)

past fifty, looks very much as if there was. To M. Marieton is indebted not only France but the whole world of thought and letters.

But however suddenly such minds may be discovered and brought before an enthusiastic public, there is no science, spiritual or material that can suddenly develop an accomplished and practical thinker, who not only knows what he wants to say, but how to say it. Good taste, noble aims, judgment, patience, and above all innate culture are necessary to temper the flow of intuitive thought which might otherwise swamp the intellect in poetic illusions of various kinds.

But in the Abbe Roux's "Thoughts" what strikes the reader most is their universality of idea and application. To the ordinary mind used to conventional forms of criticism, the separation of talent from originality is not thought of. Dryden's maxim that "genius must be born and never can be taught," is quite a *propos* here, and although Joseph Roux received a classical education, it is safe to say that for the most part it served not to develop but to restrain the natural progress of his own temperament. Talent which imitates and adapts from models and memorized tablets the rules and conditions of art and method, must have these examples, but the poet-philosopher, the life-artist, born with understanding to analyze the mysteries of head and heart, who is gifted with that freedom of soul and speech which characterized the immortals of old, must be untrammelled by the formulas of critics, or fear of conventional censors. Nevertheless, the works of the Abbe Roux are sufficiently original in spite of his rigid school training to rank him among the creative writers, not only of France but of the world.

This new light in the firmament of durable literature has appeared at a time when the example of a powerful personality is most needed. Certain literary formulas long in vogue among the French called for a *coup de grace* at the hands of a master like Joseph Roux, who half hidden among the peasants of Limousin was brought forth from obscurity to finish what Victor Hugo and a few others set in motion some years ago. Under this influence the routine of form and precedent which has so long swayed the higher literature of France, is at last giving place to more rational and favorable methods of style and expression, while under this fresh stimulus of vivid criticism and healthy inspiration, not only poetry but prose will receive new life, yielding a healthier influence in the interests of true philosophy and art. Nothing impresses a man more than to read thoughts closely akin to his own secret sentiments expressed by a stranger and a foreigner in a far off country, who lives and moves in a social and political atmosphere wholly unlike his own!

We marvel at the exhibition of a gift that can make the cultured of all nations feel that they are reading the sentiments of one of their own kind in spirit and in substance!

We feel when we read the maxims, word-pictures, and intimate thoughts of a writer like this, that we have known him long, and understand him well; that we have suffered his afflictions; drunk from the same cup of bitterness; eaten the same bread of disappointment; lived his seclusion; waited like him in silence, and at last entered with him into unexpected fame and victory.

It was Flaubert who said that, "Every work deserved condemnation, in which the author can be divined," but as M. Marieton says: "I prefer to think with M. Paul Bourget, that no poetical work can be necessary to another soul if it has not first been necessary to our own."

Nothing is truer than that we seek the acquaintance of an author in his works, in order to discover what manner of man he is, and if we fail to discover something which we can apply directly to our life experiences, our interest in the author cools and diminishes. As a proof of this, I may say that we all like those authors best whom we most clearly understand, for without this understanding, there can be no sympathy, and without sympathy no appreciation. The good that a writer may do us depends on the kind of influence his thoughts and opinions may have on our minds and actions, and no amount of sermonizing will move us if our sympathies are not aroused toward the author. And in this regard, the thoughts of the Abbe Roux have the most direct bearing on the inner lives of thousands who deem themselves intellectually and morally isolated by the force of just such peculiar circumstances and conditions as are described in these unique volumes.

Isolated from men of thought and culture, his spirit almost broken by a rude yoke of psychological restraint, his individuality hampered and humiliated in a sphere of spiritual servility, his literary aims thwarted by cruel disappointments and losses, I regard his peculiar position and experience as having no parallel in modern literature. For years he has been familiar with solitude and melancholy, those mighty and inexorable elements, which make a hot-house of the soul, where fruit and flowers are forced, without regard to time or season. Poet, priest, philosopher; some of his pages border on paradox, while others might be misconstrued by the surface reader into open pessimism. But pessimist he certainly is not, although his whole life is anomalous and contradictory.

Notwithstanding this, it is not a difficult matter to discover the real meaning of these volumes. The writers and thinkers who hide their convictions under a guise of neutrality may be likened to the Swiss, whose country is admired, but whose character is ignored. They are in the intellectual world, what Switzerland is in the political, neither feared nor respected. The Abbe Roux has nothing to do with this class. He has no sympathy with the modern phases of scientific investigation, and strictly speaking, science and art dwell in regions apart, separated by a chasm which can only be bridged at the expense of the artistic, to which side he justly belongs, and boldly declares himself. When science leaves the domain of physics it is dangerous; when art leaves the domain of metaphysics it is degrading.

But this seeming inharmonious of thought and action is only another proof of the Abbe Roux's originality. Only genius finds a welcome in the realms of the untied, the irregular, the unique. The form of thought which is reduced to the limitations of rigorous rules, preconceived and pronounced, has no business to tamper with innovations where the creative faculty alone can hope to succeed. Whenever this is attempted by mere talent, both the novice and the work fall back into mediocrity, often beyond the pale of criticism, into the absurd and obscure. We approach great and incomprehensible minds through their foibles and necessities, as we gaze at the sun through a piece of smoked glass without being dazzled; and in these aphorisms we feel the imprint of that seal, antique and classical, that sadness which necessitates an outcry of passion and pain, which touches a common chord in the hearts of intimate humanity of whatever creed or opinion. This is the suppressed cry which at last seeks expression in all forms of nature, without which nothing really beautiful can exist; it is Autumn in the seasons; it is minor in music; in the mind it is melancholy; in philosophy pessimism. In art and literature it gives that indescribable grace of pose and pathos so vividly depicted by the Athenians. It was the unity of poetic melancholy with physical beauty that perfected and immortalized the Greek conception of art.

I can not make more than a passing notice here of a peculiar prejudice not at all at variance with the moral and spiritual standard of Joseph Roux's early theological training and convictions, and, although this minor fault does not affect him as a poet, it does to a limited extent taint some of his judgments as a philosopher and critic. But then the poet is greater than the philosopher, and it is to the poet that I allude principally in these remarks, and in spite of this characteristic bias the human heart-throbs of the artist render his thoughts and emotions palpably and permanently intimate to the student of the higher forms of literature wherever found. More than this his opinions are graced by a large-hearted charity which at once introduces us to the poet-priest acquainted with the vanities and follies of the world, incapable of petty envy or malicious remark, a man of silence and solitude too far removed from self interest to fear public opinion, and too conscientious to favor it.

But there are in the corners of the minds of men dark spots which the sunlight of reason can not dissipate, nor the lamp of experience dispel. These spots in the mind of the Abbe Roux appear to the reader more like shadows of prejudice than the quality of it, for he is too great a reasoner to give prominence to this universal weakness of humanity, and when it does appear the poet in every instance rises superior to its conditions, proclaiming a unity of song and sentiment applicable to every soul, fitting every place and occasion.

"The heart of man is a lyre of seven chords; six chords for sadness, a single chord for joy which rarely vibrates." This is the dominant tone of Joseph Roux's life and writings, but it is only a repetition of what all profound minds have passed through, whose thought and example have been effective and durable. But it must not be supposed that these two volumes of "Thoughts" are filled with the bitterness of disappointed genius. There are chapters given to joy and fortune, as well as to love, friendship and friends; each subject being handled in master strokes of the pen, as if the ideas burned his finger ends in the hurry to be put on record. Nor must the reader open these volumes with the impression that it is the work of a parish priest whose inspirations alternately flow between religious melancholy and poetic enthusiasm! Open where we may the heart of man is dissected, the mind laid bare, every nerve made to quiver, every muscle made to move under the scalpel of this moral anatomist, who speaks out in accents as clear and polished as his knife is sharp and penetrating!

In these pages there is no sign of submission to a fear that his maxims will fall heavy on this or that head; always as elegant as he is forcible, he could not be coarse or personally uncharitable; and there is that air about the character of this man that we look for in all eminent minds, but seldom find developed to perfection in any age—an air of supreme culture which resembles nothing so much as a spirit of universality. With what gentle vigor he says: "The difference between a cultured and an uncultured man is not greater than the difference between a king and a beggar," as if to remind the sympathetic reader that his life has been

sacrificed on the altar of the peasants among whom he has lived and preached so long, like an intellectual giant among pigmies. With a single stroke he tells what is only to be learned by a combined experience of travel and human nature, and perhaps this is the only instance where so much actual wisdom has been displayed within limits at once so isolated and contracted.

Victor Hugo might have written the following: "Those who agitate much, and those who reflect much, contract an experience of men and things which makes them understand each other by the least word or sign." There is a deep analytical insight, an impulse springing from the depths of human necessity which permeates the spirit of these aphorisms, unaccountable on any other hypothesis than that of intuition and genius. But there is no such thing as inspiration superior to the creative faculty of the individual; and it must not be forgotten that Joseph Roux is before everything a man of meditation and thought, whose whole life may be likened to an Aeolian harp fixed in the turret of a deserted castle, so finely strung that the faintest breeze awakens a pensive and thoughtful tone.

There is nothing so self-conscious of power as genius. All other qualities and condition of talent continually remind the possessor of a certain weakness, and is too frequently a source of envious strife, which often approaches the malicious. My friend has no doubt encountered this petty spirit, even in his obscure parish, for he says: "The fate of a man of talent is to be pitied. His mediocre and jealous brethren cry out like the brothers of Joseph in the Bible: 'How are you to become greater? Ought we to serve and submit?'" And this consciousness is a potent element even in the life of an author, before his name is given to the world in any form, the most brilliant example being the subject of these remarks, who says in the preface to the second volume of "Thoughts": "My pen, early disciplined, did not need a Saint-Hilaire or Saint-Sylvain to strike off maxims. Witness the fifteen quires of 'Thoughts' and other manuscripts destroyed at Chateaux by the Prussians in 1870. Returning to Limousin I collected, as best I could, my dispersed fortune. Several little collections, copied by my friends, were returned to me; I looked over my souvenirs and some images; some reflections were revived in this way, but I had to mourn for all that I had written under the inspiration of the moment. These things never re-present themselves. And still I sorrow for the loss of my manuscripts, because they are no more."

This lonely man was gifted from the first with the "patience of genius," a phrase often used, but little understood. It is the consciousness of superiority and final triumph, without which the mind would have no incentive to think, the hands no incentive to work, the heart no solace for suffering. This personal acquaintance with one's own inherent worth is one of the most curious as well as instructive features connected with the lives of original thinkers. It lends a strange fascination to the solitude they are compelled to keep, and the communion they constantly maintain with the spontaneous harmonies of nature is doubly consoling on this account. This reserve force was one of the attributes which caused the ancients to look upon their heroes as divine. It was this patient consciousness which made Mohammed triumph when an old world was to be won to a new religion; made Bonaparte victorious when a new world was to be conquered by old politics; made the baton of Beethoven greater than the armies of Austria, and crowned the dramas of Baireuth immortal after the labor of a lifetime.

The Abbe Roux declares that the making of maxims is his delight. He is interested only in reality, which means the ideal, and not in the material, which means disappointment, for he says: "When I return from the country of men, I carry back nothing but illusions and disillusion." To use the words of a French writer, "His spirit is ill, but his heart is sound." These things remind me that there is a close connection between the poet who has learned what illusion means, and the pessimist who has little faith in the progressive goodness of humanity here below. Poet, pagan, pessimist, are three terms which strike the senses with a singular unity of design and metaphor. How difficult it is to separate them, and how few there are who can rightly bear an analysis. If we judge poets by the standard which our brilliant maximist sets up, there will not be many left who can clear the barriers of paganism, and when we admit this there is nothing left but to admit pessimism in some form. It is impossible to deal with poetry in its broadest sense without at least appearing to follow the style and thought of pantheism, and the more one is given to solitude and meditation, the more susceptible does the mind become to its influence. The beautiful sentiment of Schopenhauer that "musicians speak the highest wisdom in a language which they do not understand," may be reversed somewhat and applied to the pessimistic poets of France of all degrees of merit, and all stages in history. Many of them, in spite of certain theological prejudices, have spoken and sung in accents far above their evident convictions, while, on the other hand, the thinkers, like Joseph Roux, who hold with great tenacity to creedal forms, often pass below their own

level of spiritual faith and appear what they are not. Like Montaigne, he sees, feels, and meditates in one mood, and reasons in another. In reading these powerful productions, it is sometimes necessary to separate the man of feeling from the man of reason. Here and there a line should be drawn between the moralist and the artist, and a distinction made between the poet and the priest. He is not all things to all minds, but he is susceptible to degrees and qualifications of physical moods and mental conditions, which are indeed the true birthright of all creative intellects, and were he not a theologian we might expect him to show a wit as keen as Voltaire, a sarcasm as penetrating as La Rochefoucauld, and a bitterness as hopeless as Pascal. As it is, he reminds one of all three, although so distinctly applicable to the present condition of philosophy and society.

It is one of the general laws that govern in this world, that when men's minds have received a surfeit in one direction, they receive an antidote in the other. Joseph Roux presents in a striking manner the three virtues which Goethe declared all should possess: Reverence for what is above us, for all that is beneath us, and for all our equals. It is not the individual he attacks, but the system; not the person, but the practice. He condemns what he believes to be false teaching, not by abusing the writers whose seeming efforts he hates, but by a single blow, directed with great critical acumen and rhetorical precision at the most vital and vulnerable part of their works, he demolishes the paper houses of theory and illusion which a false criticism mingled with a fatal skepticism built up on the sands of time. In this style the sober Boileau receives a fitting and effective eulogy, while the bizarre Montesquieu is dismissed in a few pointed and pithy lines which surprise, convince, and satisfy.

The opinion M. Marieton expresses concerning the Abbe Roux's portraits of Limousin peasants, is without doubt a correct estimate of that portion of his work relating more particularly to a new field in French literature.

It would be impossible, without quoting several lengthy passages, to give a proper idea of the force and fervor of these prose etchings, these antithetical bas reliefs, hewn from the native rocks of primitive humanity, whose figures and faces are lit with the pale humor of a sordid necessity, and whose rugged character glimmers with a rude poetry midway between superstition and religion.

I consider this chapter on the peasants of the country parish quite unlike anything in modern prose. With what mystery and charm he dashes into the bleak night, depicting at each step the lonely hut of the village sorcerer, her looks, her speech, her apparel, who, lamp in hand, goes out into the darkness not so much on a mission of mercy as of magic. With what bewitching touches he carries us over moor and meadow, through field and forest, by swollen streams and sterile plains, to the dwelling of the sick child, where a room full of soil tillers are awaiting the effect of the spell which the witch doctor has just intoned over the cradle.

He creates a chromatic meaning in the minds of his readers by these images brought forth from the depths of ignorance and misery which makes one think of Rembrandt, with his wierd ensembles of light and shade. At times we can only compare them with scenes in Macbeth or Faust, and certain it is that Joseph Roux in this respect stands on an equality with Shakespeare and Goethe. His ideas are so clearly mirrored on the surface of our imagination that one forgets the exquisite polish which purposely reflects every sentiment and emotion in a world where unbridled fancy wanders at will.

Perhaps in this portion of his writings, genius figures to greater advantage than in the preceding chapters devoted to maxims. There is an exclusive refinement of thought, an aristocracy of intellectual acumen, an elevation of poetical imagery, not to be found where talent alone abides.

The same impressions take possession of us when gazing at a master work on canvas, or listening to an epic in tone, and the work, once complete at the hands of genius, needs no mark of approval from the lips of the student whose business it is to accept, follow and honor.

There are intellectual pugilists, who, in argument, knock one down more by the force of will than superior knowledge, but the poet of Limousin is not one of these. The seal of meditation and wisdom is affixed to every sentence of his "Thoughts," and every paragraph bears the signature of that patience which has been his sustenance; that faith which has been his companion; that inspiration which has been his guide.

[Extract from "Random Thoughts," by Mattie Publisher.]

The bricklayer is an autocrat in his trade that has stood firm and unchanged against the sweep of invention which has revolutionized the world, even unto the declared eternal hills. The mason has been shown no other way of building stone and brick walls than did the Egyptians of four thousand years ago—by the hand, stone by stone and brick by brick. All grand enduring structures are types of character, built by the same original process since man lived upon the earth. We build deed by deed, action by action, thought by thought. No other way is there from manhood to angelhood.

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilray Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe the more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

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

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alchemy of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

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

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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

THE GIFT OF MEDIUMSHIP.

It is amazing how many people, who never believe themselves possessed of mediumistic gifts, have, by the observance of proper conditions, been developed, within the last few years, into very good mediums. Some who have reached middle life and even passed well on towards old age, have suddenly found themselves exercising gifts they little dreamed of possessing. So common has mediumship become of late that some phase of development may be found in almost every family. Even among rigid believers of Orthodox religions, among the Roman Catholics, and in families of the clergy, good mediums are often found, and are quietly consulted. With all such, the practice of the "gifts of the spirit" are close family secrets. It would not do, of course, to be suspected of such an awful thing!

Among the Methodist clergy, and in the families of those of this religious faith, will be found more of this covert sinfulness (?) than Spiritualists generally imagine; and they do not regard it as of the Evil One either.

When the twelve-year-old daughter of a Methodist clergyman—a friend of the writer—a few years ago, in San Jose, was approaching her end, her spirit eyes were opened and she saw and conversed with several of her mates who had passed to the other life, and was greatly surprised that others could not see them as she did. No one could make her sorrowing parents believe, that in that sacred hour, she was deceived, or that the spirits of her little friends did not actually come to meet and escort the gentle spirit of their companion to some beautiful bower of rest in the land of souls.

Those who would attribute such manifestations to some malignant spirit of evil, as do our Adventist friends, must have a very poor opinion of a God who would permit such an outrage upon innocent childhood. Incidents of this kind are numerous in the history and lives of nearly all religious people, and they are not backward in attributing them to angelic ministrations, which many of them believe in. But what are these angel ministrants but the spirits of those who once inhabited mortal forms, and have, to use a biblical figure of speech, "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?"

Our Catholic friends believe in the "communion of saints," and this belief is incorporated in the creeds of some of the Protestant churches; but with the latter it is generally a dead letter—they accept the form but deny the spirit. But wherever this communion is recognized within the church we can not see wherein it differs from the spirit communion taught and practiced by Spiritualists.

If the spirits of the departed are permitted to return to earth, as we and millions of our fellow-beings know they are, they must return in accordance with natural law; and as law is no respecter of persons, the sacred right of spirit communion is confined to no class of persons. The way is open to saint and sinner alike. In the nature of things no one can have a monopoly in the gifts of the spirit.

Now, as all religion is founded in the spiritual nature of man, no religionist is consistent with himself, and true to his highest spiritual perceptions, who persistently and dogmatically denies and rejects the evidence of spirit existence and return—such evidence as is now flooding the world through human mediumship.

IMPARTIAL.—The GOLDEN GATE has nought but the kindest feelings for all true mediums. We are ever ready to say a good word for them, and are always glad to have our correspondents give them prominent notice in our columns. Nevertheless, we have been criticised for giving special prominence to a certain medium, at the expense, it is claimed, of others equally as good in their respective phases. Now, it should be borne in mind that we are working for the public, and for the general good of the cause. We have undertaken a thorough course of private investigation and experiment with this medium, the results of which are surely calculated to arrest the attention of thoughtful people to the subject of Spiritualism. The GOLDEN GATE is not for a day but for all time. Other phases of mediumship, and other mediums, will receive special attention at our hands in due time. The highest good of the cause is, with us, far above all private consideration. Give us time, friends. What we do we want to do well.

A STUMBLING BLOCK.

One of the most difficult obstacles that many investigators of psychic phenomena encounter, especially in the physical phases of mediumship, is the disposition of mediums, or of tricky spirits operating through them, to deceive. We say "many investigators," for all, for some reason, do not meet with this obstacle. In fact, there are many persons who never fail to obtain genuine spirit manifestation, through any genuine medium, under conditions that no one would question for an instant.

In the investigation of psychic phenomena, we have noticed that confidence on the part of the investigator generally inspires confidence with the medium and his guides; while suspicion not unfrequently calls forth deception on the part of the medium, or powers working through him. It may be asked, How can one have entire confidence in a medium until one has demonstrated the genuineness of his or her mediumship? We admit that it is very difficult for some to do so, and it is this class that complain most, and have the most cause to complain, of their inability to obtain satisfactory tests. It is their misfortune.

But why should suspicion call forth deceptive practices on the part of the medium? That is a question much easier asked than answered. It would seem that a medium possessing well demonstrated powers of mediumship—one that can produce the most positive and satisfactory demonstrations for one person, would have no occasion to practice deception with another. He might not, in all instances, be able to produce spirit manifestations for all; but why should he attempt to deceive, knowing, as he must, that sooner or later he would be detected, as he generally is in nearly every instance?

May it not be possible that mediums are not always responsible for the deceptions they occasionally practice? We know how peculiarly sensitive they are to all kinds of influences, and that they are not always themselves even when apparently in their normal condition. Certain it is, if they are genuine mediums, they would much rather be honest than dishonest.

If all investigators could or would come to their mediums in a spirit of sympathy and confidence, thoroughly unsuspecting and confiding, we apprehend they would have but little cause for complaint of fraudulent practices.

Charity in all cases is a most commendable virtue; especially is this true concerning spirit mediumship. Persons not possessing these peculiar gifts can have but little idea of how great the need for kindness, sympathy, and gentle treatment on the part of our sensitives. Let us give them the best possible conditions, and encourage them in all honorable ways. We believe we have it in our power to so call forth their better natures, and surround them with gentle influences, as to make deception impossible with them.

STANLEY ST. CLAIR.

This is the name of the spirit artist whose slate pencil sketches of prominent Spiritualists, and others who have passed to the other life (including a likeness of himself, which appeared two weeks ago), have frequently embellished these columns during the past six or eight months.

These sketches, as we have frequently stated, are given independently, through the mediumship of Fred Evans, in the full light, upon slates held in our own hands, and upon which we *know positively* there was no previous preparation picture or writing of any kind. The writer's wife is generally, but not always, present at these experimental seances, and *knows*, as do we, that they are the production of an independent, intelligent occult power.

It will be remembered that, upon the margin of the slate containing the likeness of the artist above mentioned, it was written that the next picture would be the likeness of the medium's well-known psychographic control, Spirit John Gray, for the appearance of which many of his friends are anxiously looking.

Last Monday evening was the time appointed by the artist for this seance, a fact which we incidentally mentioned to a few persons who are deeply interested in these experiments. We were on hand as per appointment, when it was written upon the slates, over the signature of St. Clair, that so many minds were centered upon the experiment for that evening that it would seriously interfere with the work, and that he would be obliged to defer the attempt for a day or two, whereof he would advise us. John Gray also added a few lines in which he facetiously expressed his disappointment at not obtaining the likeness.

We then asked St. Clair several questions concerning his history, which were promptly answered by telegraphic raps upon the table. He stated in reply to our questions, that he "passed on" from New Orleans fifteen years ago; that he had no studio there, his work being mostly of a private character; that during the war he was a resident of Germany, studying his art; that there were persons residing in New Orleans who would remember him; that he remembered the lady in Oakland who had known him and recognized his likeness as published in the GOLDEN GATE, etc. We then asked him if he could not vary the program and give us some other picture, a landscape sketch, or something that the mental influence of others to which he had referred would not affect. He said, if we had time to wait, he would try.

Mr. Evans then took two large slates, both of

which were thoroughly cleaned and placed upon the table under our hands. After about fifteen minutes, a signal from the artist announced the completion of the work, when upon one of the slates was found, what St. Clair called a rough sketch, in colors, of a portion of the old German town where he had resided for a number of years. The green of the foliage, the blue of the water, the background of pine forest, and the red roof tiles, are all there, constituting the most marvelous production by independent spirit power we have yet witnessed. In the foreground of the picture is a wolf, and the artist informed us that the wolves were quite numerous there, and were frequently seen in the streets of the town where he resided. (This picture may be seen at this office.)

On the following day we received a note from the medium, stating that if we would call at his residence then the artist would give us the promised picture of the medium's psychographic control, as no minds were fixed upon the subject then to interfere with his work. We called at about midday, and upon preparing the slates as usual, the picture, as it appears upon our first page, was produced. The time occupied in its production was not to exceed one minute, and the entire seance scarcely lasted five minutes. John Gray informed us that after the medium's public work for that day was finished he would write out, through his medium, a short biographical sketch to accompany the picture, which he did.

We had hoped to be able to give, in connection with this picture, a likeness of the medium, but the engraver was unable to have it ready in time. It will appear in our next issue.

ON THE LINE.—The question, "Does prohibition prohibit?" will soon cease to be asked, since it is being anticipated and answered from all quarters where prohibition has had a trial. From Iowa, where it has had the hardest struggle with "technicalities," the report comes that crime in the State has largely decreased, and the *Sac Sun* advertises the jail of that county for rent, stating that it is empty, and will probably so remain while prohibition lasts. Various kinds of suasion have been tried on the rum-sellers, and in very few cases indeed has mental and moral reasoning been effective; but legal suasion does the work effectively when applied with determination, and it can never be too strong. Prohibition and free whisky, however, stand so near the frontier line of reform, that they hold about the same relation, as does the house at Wickersdorf, near Weimer, to the dividing line of Saxony and Attenuburg, that cuts the cooking-stove in the family precisely in the middle. Notwithstanding this close proximity, we accept nothing from the brewers and distillers' side of the stove, while they are forced to accept not a few of our preparations. Finding them healthful and nutritious, it is not too much to predict that the opposition will be abandoned ere long, and the whole stove devoted to the same legitimate purpose.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.—Gradually, but surely, the Indians are being brought into the fold of civilization. Government schools are common, in which they receive a diversity of training, designed to develop whatever is good and useful in them, and it is only a question of a short time when the Indians of our country will be an independent, industrious class of people. Those that are impatient of the process, and prefer to revenge their wrongs upon the innocent, taking to the war path, must ultimately die of their own violence, while the instigators of their wrath go free and unharmed. The peaceable and tractable will, with the efforts being made for their improvement, soon outgrow the reservation plan, and find greater liberty in their own possessions, and thus make homes for their families and acquire fixed habits of living. The Government Indian School at Albuquerque, New Mexico, probably exceeds any of ours in size and design. It has the advantage of years, which have witnessed various and important improvements. Now, a large bath-house, laundry and hospital are to be erected, which will be ready for use at a very early date.

RELIGION VS. SCIENCE.—In a late lecture by Sir William Thompson, the conclusion was drawn from recent calculation, that not more than twenty million years of sunlight could be allotted to the past, or more than five or six million years to the future. About this time, a clergyman of Seymour, Ind., startled his congregation so suddenly that it is claimed he has lost his pulpit for his rashness. His name is George White, and his heresy is the declaration that he believes "the world is a million years old, and that likely as not, it will last another million before the judgment." His flock were certainly startled, but whether at his ideas or at the revolution of their own, is uncertain. Whether he was ahead of his congregation, or they ahead of him, is difficult to say, but the result will doubtless be the same in either case. We presume, however, the good minister would have gone further, had he dared, in which case he might have met a flood of honest opinions that would have placed both himself and church on a new and higher plain. Now, however, he can give his attention to geology.

DISCONTINUED.—The *Spiritual Offering* of June 25th announces that with its issue of that date it will cease to exist. The causes leading to this step are insufficient patronage, ill health on the part of both Col. Fox and his talented wife, Nettie P. Fox, and a good opportunity to merge the subscription list into a new spiritual paper about to be started in Cincinnati, Ohio, and to be known as *The Better Way*. The latter paper is to be published by an incorporated company with a capital stock, subscribed for, of \$25,000. The *Offering*, with some changes of name and place of publication, has been in existence nearly nine years. We supposed it had become a journalistic fixture. We regret the necessity that orders its discontinuance, for the cause of Spiritualism needs all the helps it can harness into its service.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.

That Mrs. J. J. Whitney is becoming more and more attuned to the heavenly symphonies is self-evident to all who have watched her unparalleled progress as a platform test medium. Her meetings have drawn together the largest audiences ever assembled for spiritual consolation in the name of Spiritualism, in this city, a fact most gratifying to her host of friends in and out of the ranks.

We admire, above all else, the beautiful manner which characterizes all of her tests. It is the same gentle, Christlike spirit which marked all of Mr. Colville's utterances, and won for him so large a following. Loving kindness for all, is the great indicator of advanced souls. Mrs. Whitney never utters a word that would give offense to the most sensitive mortal. If tests are given to persons present who do not wish to recognize them, the controls simply pass them by, not choosing to force any one to acknowledge these tests if they are not so disposed. The controls are right, for it is certainly no credit to a spirit to compel public recognition by hints and insinuations that they could if they would "a tale unfold," etc. Mrs. Whitney and her noble unseen co-workers are on a more elevated plane than to give that order of tests.

Assembly Hall, on last Sunday evening, was, as usual, filled to its utmost capacity with the same refined and cultured audience which are regularly in attendance. And the medium was in fine inspiration, fervent and eloquent in expression; her utterances falling like gentle rain into expectant hearts, blessing alike the one who gave and the one who received.

The announcement that this unsurpassed medium would occupy the platform at Camp on Wednesday evening, drew again the largest audience of the season. She was simply superb; the beautiful surroundings of lake and field no doubt added to the spiritual feast which the hushed multitude drank in, as test after test followed each other in rapid succession.

Owing to the fact that Mrs. Whitney is to be formally ordained, as minister of the spiritual gospel, on next Sunday evening at Camp there will be no service at Assembly Hall; but on the following Sunday, July 10th, she will hold forth as usual, for at least the remainder of the month of July. The anticipated trip East will perhaps take her from the city shortly thereafter; but wherever she may go, we are sure she will not be permitted to be idle; she will not be allowed to hide the light of such beautiful gifts, which are of so great a comfort to suffering humanity. May the good angels speed the grand work on.

W. J. COLVILLE.—We are informed that all arrangements have been completed for a grand opening by W. J. Colville in September. The Sunday services will be held in Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, as formerly; lectures at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.; answers to questions at 2 P. M. Classes in Spiritual Science, covering the salient points in Metaphysical and Mental Healing and Christian Science will be held in the elegant Encampment Hall, Odd Fellows' Building (on the same floor with Friendship Hall, where classes were held last season), Mondays and Thursdays at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M. The morning and evening classes are entirely distinct, enabling persons unable to attend in the morning an opportunity to receive the same instruction in the evening. Classes will also be held in Hamilton Church, Oakland, Friday afternoon, and lectures in the evening. The terms for instruction in classes will be \$5 for a course of twelve lessons. The charge for reserved seats at the Sunday lectures will be \$1 per month. Persons desiring to retain the same seats held by them last September can do so by making immediate application for them. Membership in classes and seats for Sunday services can be secured by personal application or by letter to Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, who will have exclusive charge of the business of Mr. Colville's lectures and classes in this city and vicinity.

W. R. COLBY.—The writer, accompanied by a friend, called on Sunday while at Camp, on Mr. W. R. Colby, the noted slate-writer who, with his wife have been comfortably domiciled for the month on the Camp-grounds, overlooking Lake Merritt. There is one feature with which we were particularly struck, and that was his method of demanding certain and positive facts of the spirit before allowing any communication from them, such, for instance, as the full name, and their relation to the sitter. The name is given clairaudiently, or written through his hand, or independently on closed slates. Mr. Colby was much exhausted from his labors of the evening before, on the platform, and we were unable to receive any independent writing, but the short message, which was given through his hand, in answer to a question held in our hands, was very satisfactory, especially as only the initials were written on the ballot, and the full name signed in the communication. Neither the name nor the relationship could Mr. Colby have possibly known. It is not always the amount one gets from mediums, but rather the positiveness of what is given that satisfies. We were much pleased with this our first sitting with this medium, and hope as opportunity offers, to see more of his powers. He impressed us most favorably with his sincerity and fidelity to the cause he represents. He returns to this city July 5th, and can be consulted at his old headquarters, 43 Sixth street.

Elder E. G. Wagoner, one of the editors of the *Signs of the Times*, lectured last Friday evening, in Oakland, on Spiritualism, claiming that its phenomenal facts were not jugglery, but that they were the works of Satan. In the course of his remarks he said, that "our only safety against 'the insidious teachings of this pernicious doctrine' was in implicitly accepting the plain 'teaching of the Bible, even against the evidence of our senses.' Will the good brother please inform us for what purpose our senses are given us?"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Only one more Sunday in Camp. Let it be made a grand jubilee.

—The GOLDEN GATE will be represented at the principal Eastern Camp-Meetings, the present and coming seasons.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig will preach for the Unitarian Society of Oakland Sunday, July 3d, at 11 A. M. Subject: "The Inevitable."

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney will be ordained as a minister of the Spiritual Gospel, at Camp-Meeting tent, to-morrow (Sunday) evening, after which she will give a few tests of spirit presence.

—Two more numbers will close the fourth volume, and second year's existence of the GOLDEN GATE. Subscribers who would renew (as we hope all will) can save us agents' commission by remitting for another year.

—The meetings at the Camp, during the past week, have been of deep, and increasing interest, and no doubt great good has been accomplished. The eagerness of the people for light on the subject of spirit existence and communion is something amazing.

—Mr. A. A. Wheelock, the eloquent speaker just from the East, will speak at the Camp this (Saturday) evening, under control of Spirit Wm. Denton. His subject will be "The Science, Philosophy and Religion of Spiritualism." Look out for a rich treat.

—What a jolly and peaceful world this would be if all good people would only be considerate of the opinions of all other good people—that is, respect and honor them notwithstanding their opinions. Spiritualists have much to learn in this respect.

—The Annual Election of a Board of Trustees for the State Camp-Meeting Association, held at the Camp on Monday last, resulted in the election of the following: C. E. Eliot, J. H. White, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, G. H. Hawes, L. B. Chandler, S. B. Clark, H. B. Wilson, Mrs. C. E. Eliot, C. H. Gilman, C. P. Hatch, N. Walker.

—The last *Banner of Light* just received contains Prof. Wallace's lecture on Spiritualism, recently delivered in this city; also a lecture by W. J. Colville, delivered at our last year's Camp Meeting, on the subject, "Who are the Saviors of the World, and what Constitutes Salvation?" The *Banner*, GOLDEN GATE and other spiritual papers may be had at Cooper's, nearly opposite Bancroft's new building, on Market street.

—We are in receipt of matter enough to fill at least four pages of the GOLDEN GATE, defending a certain materializing medium in the East who has been charged with fraudulent practices,—a medium we have never seen and of whose mediumship we know nothing! We are willing to "work for nothing and board ourselves," but do not think it fair to be obliged to pay (compositors, papermen, etc.) for the privilege.

—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "Modern Spiritualism, with all its alleged 'attendant phenomena,' has probably received 'its death blow at the hands of the Seybert Commission.' A grain of sand dropped into mid-ocean would create less ripple than the report of the Seybert Commission has upon the surface of the great ocean of Spiritualism. Intelligent Spiritualists everywhere simply smile in pity at the magnitudinous profundity of stupidity and ignorance exhibited by said Commission."

—We can heartily commend Mrs. Albert Morton as a most reliable medium for diagnosing disease, her medical control being one who was a most eminent physician in earth life. Her beautiful little Indian control, "Millie," is well known for her reliability in transmitting intelligence from the higher spirits to mortals. She rarely makes a mistake. Mrs. Morton is an honor to the cause she so ably represents, in the character of her wonderful gifts, as well as in her own beautiful nature.

—Dr. Grady, of Baltimore, proposes that churches have weekly classes to teach children domestic economy—needlework, cooking, and general domestic service. This is always good, but it would be better if it included boys as well as girls. Just why girls should be especially educated to keep house and minister to husband and children, when it takes two to make a family, we do not understand. Until the boys of a family are as self-helpful as girls, there will be overworked and unhappy mothers. If men and women were equally capable in household accomplishment, they would live more happily, prudently and wisely.

—One of those "terrible wild Americans" took the City of London by storm a few weeks ago, and still holds it by the charm of "The Wild West Show," through which he has won his way to the heart of royalty, so completely that the Prince of Wales passes by all other amusements to feast his æsthetic sight on the handsome and noble contour of Colonel the Hon. William Frederick Cody, alias "Buffalo Bill." The London *World* does him honor in a flattering sketch of his life adventures and person, his appearance being the main attraction. It is astonishing how those Londonites will run after the "crude production of an uncivilized country!"

—The *San Diego Bee*, in reviewing the current number of the *Golden Era*, thus refers to the author of the masterly article on the "Abbe Roux," which we transfer to our columns: "But 'over and above any production in the magazine' is an essay upon the 'Abbe Roux,' by 'Jesse Shepard. Mr. Shepard has long since 'earned an honored reputation in both Europe and America as a musician of unparalleled 'power and beauty. This poet, philosopher, 'wit, musician and artist is one of those peculiar 'men of diamond-like rarity, whom it is no flattery to denominate genius. We understand 'that his work will be continued during several 'forthcoming numbers. If so, a genuine gem 'is added to the *Golden Era* of San Diego."

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

DEAR SIR:—A few weeks ago a friend in San Francisco sent me some copies of the GOLDEN GATE. One of them was dated April 16, 1887. On the fourth page is an article entitled "Eternal Torment," which impressed me considerably. I have thought much upon this subject for years. I have been a member of an "orthodox" church for many years, and yet I can not coldly hold the doctrine of endless punishment. I doubt it. I don't want to believe it. I am convinced that some other members of orthodox churches believe as I do on this point, and yet I am not prepared, nor are they, to overthrow the Bible declarations and go upon mere feeling.

You say in the article above referred to, "These preachers hold that the Sermon on the Mount and the heart of Infinite Love" maintain the doctrine of eternal punishment. Mr. Editor, that is just the trouble. The same infinite, loving Savior who said to the twelve, "I will receive you to myself, that where I go there ye may be also," said to the unbelieving Jews, "Where I am thither ye can not come." He also declared that for a certain sin there would be "no forgiveness; neither in this life, nor in the world to come." Perhaps that might be explained that for other sins there could be forgiveness in the future state. Then, too, it was Jesus' words which you quote in regard to "the narrow way that leadeth to eternal life, and few there be that find it," while He asserts that the broad way is thronged "leading to eternal death." And He spoke too of "the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched." What are we to do about it? It troubles me. If this language were from the lips of mere men I might think there was a mistake, but I believe that Christ, my Savior, was, as the Scriptures state, "God manifest in the flesh," and that His "words will not pass away."

Apart from these Bible declarations I sometimes take this view of the subject. I wish to be reverent in my thoughts. An Infinite Being, whose name and whose grandest attribute is Love, calls into conscious being creatures who have no choice whatever as to their own existence, circumstances and conditions in life. Is it consistent with a fatherlove that many of these should, through temptation, hereditary influences, ignorance, or from any other cause, reject the love of God or misunderstand the character of God, and then die and be lost forever? Might they not in their bitterness upon finding themselves in this "lost" condition in a state of utter despair, say to their Maker, "Why did you create me? I did not ask for existence. Is it fair that I should suffer for ever and ever for what I did in that brief moment of my earthly existence called life? It seems to me that God would be the most unhappy of beings if sin and sorrow and suffering were to last eternally! I would not wish to be in His place, and as you pertinently remarked, "Are we better than God?" And yet for me to throw away "the Word of God," to believe just as you do, to be easy about this matter, is to ask too much. What am I to do about it? I can not settle it. I must just come to the conclusion that God alone can settle these questions, and "shall not the Judge of all the world do right?"

I want to know what is truth. What does God want us to believe?

May He who is the Truth, the Way and the Life, guide us all into the way of truth!

This is not intended for publication, but if you can give any clear, satisfying reply, it would be appreciated by the writer.

I mailed your paper to the editor of *The Christian Union*, Rev. Lyman Abbott, but, as yet, have seen no reference to it. I marked several articles for his eyes.

Respectfully,

Mrs. R. B. T.—

ANSWER.

The foregoing letter is marked "personal and private;" nevertheless we give it a place in our columns, withholding the name of the writer. We know there are others threading the same mazes of doubt; hence, we trust that the few words we shall offer in reply to our sister may throw a ray of light upon some other's path.

In the first place, the Good Father has given us reason and common sense, expecting us to exercise those gifts to the best of our judgment.

Those who believe in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures surely have no authority for believing that the compilers of the books of the Testaments were inspired also, nor their translators, nor copyists, nor printers. Certain it is that somebody made numerous mistakes, or a new translation would never have been necessary.

It is not necessary to "overthrow the Bible" to discredit the doctrine of endless punishment. The very idea of the fatherhood of God, which runs all through the Scriptures, precludes that of endless punishment, for no father who was not a cruel monster could punish his child forever. Both the Old and the New Testaments contain much that is grand and beautiful—much that is good for man to know. Many passages that are interpreted literally are evidently allegories and figures of speech, the meanings of which are but vaguely understood, if at all. And no doubt there are many mistranslations that have no significance whatever for us.

The teachings of the spirits concerning a future state ought to be better evidence than any statement found in the Bible, of the true meaning of which we are in doubt, and the authority for which, even, may reasonably be questioned.

The spirits tell us that growth and development are possible in the other life. They assure us that they have found no place of torment from which it is not possible for them to escape. Each ignorant, sinful, or undeveloped spirit, passing on from mortal life, gravitates to his own level, there to receive instruction from teachers from the higher spheres, and they are thus aided to rise out of their lowly condition to a better spiritual state.

The spirits also teach us that there is no atonement or remission of sin except through growth—that as we sow so also must we reap. They have not found God, and never will, except as they find him in their own souls. Shall we not believe them in preference to the allegories and chimeras of an ignorant and superstitious people uttered in the infancy of the race? Shall we look to the night of the past for light, and shut out the bright beams of the present day? Is not God as much a God of to-day as of yesterday? and are we not as much worthy of his care as the people of bygone ages?

We apprehend that our correspondent is on the right track. The scales have evidently so far fallen from her eyes as to enable her to catch a glimmer of light—the light divine that shines for us just the same as it did for the prophets of old, and even for Jesus himself.

Fact vs. Philosophy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At the Oakland Camp Meeting an eloquent speaker expressed his belief that platform tests, as we witness them in San Francisco, are less convincing to the investigator of Spiritualism than an exposition of its philosophy by able lecturers. I am just disposed to raise an issue with the gentleman on the general proposition. I admit that many of the so-called tests, through some so-called entranced mediums, smack very loudly of wide-awake preparation; but I insist, nevertheless, that many others can be regarded as nothing short of crucial in their character.

For example: When Mrs. Foye reads a name that suddenly appears to her clairvoyant vision in the atmosphere of the hall, and the committee elected by the meeting handle the ballots till raps signifying that the one corresponding to that name has been reached, and on opening said ballot by the committee, that name is invariably found, I submit that it means something that jugglery can't explain.

But men wiser than myself are growing weary of the sensuous evidence of Spiritualism, and insist that it has grown obsolete, and should give place to the discussions and elucidations on the rostrum of its philosophy. Against this I must emphatically protest. It is like substituting theory for fact, when it is well known that one fact will outweigh a thousand theories.

When a medium whose modesty and fear of offending her church has made her obstinately refuse to allow her name to appear in print, and who could not by any possibility have had the remotest clue to the name of any one of my relatives, is made, by her control, while in a profound trance, to express the names of a dozen of them, a portion of whom passed from earth-life forty years ago, and also to relate particulars as to cognizance by those ancestors of the condition and occupation of their now living descendants, I am bound to believe that Milton was inspired in his soaring poetic flight when he said:

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Such a medium I found on my present visit to this city, and obtained through her more convincing proof that death should no longer be dreaded as the king of terrors by any who observe the Golden Rule, than all the camp-meeting orators could have furnished in a lifetime, unassisted by phenomenal evidence.

I hold that no one so luminously gifted in what so vitally concerns the happiness of mankind has a right to conceal her light under a bushel, and will, whether the lady in question likes it or not, refer the anxious inquirer after truth to 440½ Twenty-second street for further information.

Then I engaged in fraud hunting—fraud hunting, I say, because it is becoming fashionable to denounce all mediums in whose presence human powers are mysteriously extemporized by what is called materialization, as frauds. And this is not strange. When we are required to believe that something can be made out of nothing, and that this something in human form can instantly or gradually return to its nothingness, the moral tension of our credulity is put on too high strain for endurance.

But what are we to do with the facts? "A fact," said Bossais, "is more brutally obstinate and unyielding than all things else."

A distinguished clergyman said to me, "However clearly you may attest all other phases of your Spiritual doctrines, materialization must forever remain a delusion, for there is no law of nature that is not against it. Where do the blood and bones go to when the form vanishes?"

Disregarding his arrogant assumption, that all the laws of nature are clearly defined and understood, I said, interrogatively, "Your articles of faith declare that Jesus was very God and very man, now where did his blood and bones go to when he vanished in the room with his disciples?" The preacher looked thoughtful and changed the subject.

But to return to the facts. Facts are the basic structure on which all true philosophy, doctrine and system are built. In my hunt I was after facts more than fraud. I found the first in a shape, as Ingersoll says of the Ascension, that "surfeits wonder," and if the second coexisted I could not see even its shadow.

Myself and friend were conducted by a very respectable looking lady into a room, say sixteen feet square, on Mission street, near Third, and requested to search for all possibilities of trickery. We looked and so sealed the doors that we knew they could not be opened without our knowing it. Two white handkerchiefs were spread on the carpet, say eight feet apart. My friend took one of the lady's hands into his and I the other, at a little center table. Friend and medium began to sing, and in a minute or two were interrupted by a stentorian masculine voice apparently one foot from the medium's head—her head was about one foot from my own. The voice said: "We will make your eyes clairvoyant so that you can see the handkerchiefs." From profound darkness when the singing began we could now see the white spreads on the floor. One of them began to rise. It could be plainly seen on the head of an apparent female form clad in a white, gauzy attire. She approached me after taking it from her head into her left hand, then turned and sat on the lap of my friend calling him father.

A very tall man now approached me, laying his hand on my head and disappeared. Then came a tall female form from beyond the point at which the learned invisible lecturer was incessantly heard. She came within six or eight feet of me and seemed to dissolve in the air. Another form now approached, with her face a foot from mine. She gazed intently into my face, the voice saying she was anxious for me to recognize her, but I could not, though the light enabled me to scrutinize every lineament of her beautiful features.

And now came a form, my experience with which on that occasion is too sacred for narration here.

I merely furnish you with the facts and leave your readers to draw their own inference. Respectfully, G. B. C.

Will California Help?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

DEAR SIR and BROTHER:—I respectfully crave a corner in your able and widely circulated journal, to ask the friends of Spiritualism in this city and state to assist a matter of national importance to our cause. My own more than gratifying experience of Californian large heartedness, since coming among the descendants of the Argonauts of '49, inspires me with the hope that my present appeal will find a liberal response.

The matter is this: The First Society of Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., has, from among themselves and a few other liberal souls, just incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia, a "Liberal Real Estate and Building Association" for the purpose of erecting a hall with suitable ante-rooms and business portions for renting as a means of support, said Hall to be devoted to our cause principally, and also to other liberal and progressive reforms, so that the Capital of the United States may have a national hall devoted to our work—wherein our gospel can be dispensed right in the heart of the political and legislative machinery of the country, thus enabling all visitors to the Capital to find a hall—free, open at all times and at the service of all visitors who may desire to attend. Feeling, as already said, that this is a national matter, in its importance, I would ask: "Who will help it?"

To enable the above question to be answered, let me say the stock decided upon is thirty thousand dollars, and it has been divided into shares of five dollars each, and all who desire to purchase what will surely become a paying investment almost as soon as the edifice is completed, can communicate with the Secretary of the Association, Wm. H. Crowell, Sixth Auditor's Office, Washington, D. C. While those who may not care to take stock, but nevertheless would like to help can aid the matter by financial contributions, which I shall be glad to receive and see properly disposed of and accounted for. If the hundreds of liberal souls I meet at my services here would hand me a dollar apiece, California would come splendidly to the front! All contributions will be devoted to purchasing shares vested in the "First Society of Spiritualists," Washington, D. C., a regularly and legally incorporated body—thereby being wisely and usefully applied in the interests of the building and our work.

Good friends, though an Englishman—yet an admirer of your great country, as an earnest and devoted worker in the glorious philosophy it has given to humanity—"let me not ask in vain," but instead inspire these noble men and women who are undertaking this great work by helping them with money—"which talks" louder than words, and if you will send your contributions to me I shall be assured that California's heart answers the query at the head of this in a manner to fill with pleasure the breast of your faithful worker,

J. J. MORSE,

331 Turk St. San Francisco, June 25, '87.

Thought.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Human thought is deeply spiritual in its conception and can never be lost; but onward, ever varying and strengthening under the workings of eternal laws, it lives on, an active force, amidst the elements of mentality surrounding us.

Through the forces of our minds, we are able to unfold living thought—representative of eternal principles. Through us they have birth and start on their regenerating, creative and jawful missions—on a legitimate course, under or in harmony with the universal laws of the universe. Oh! the grandeur and glory of being!

A necessity, motive or aspiration may evolve and animate forces, exterior and interior, to work out needed problems. As with the ages, so with thoughts, they accumulate, act and react, and by degrees reach a culminating point, and the grand creative thought is ready for form in the world. We give it birth and clothe it according to its nature; it may be a key to a more thorough knowledge of laws governing mind and matter, and requiring a vesture of language, or we may suppose it a mere commonplace conception, an article of furniture, or a labor-saving implement, something that needs a tangible existence for recognition and use; yet, be it remembered, it first had existence in a spiritual form in the mind, prior to its having birth and existence in a material form; and its

spiritual birth was evolved and created by the action of great and eternal forces.

Is not the spiritual birth of any conception beautiful when viewed in the light of the great eternal forces that created them?

We are always more or less dissatisfied with the garb in which we, of necessity, must clothe our thoughts. Our physical language is only an expression of the outer garb of our spiritual conceptions, and it is but the few who can scan beneath the vestment not needed in their native element; but we present them in mortality, that they may become beacon lights, guides, prophets and comforters for the needy.

Our brightest creations, generated in our spiritual enfoldment, are but seldom recognized; we have no language for them, and we know not where or how to send them for recognition (or rarely).

Sometimes, when I feel free from the thoughts of others, unbound for the time from the world, these immortal children will play and exult in my being, until I am fired and all aglow with their entrancing light. I then perceive them as prophetic of a future, and by their light and revelations, I see that the key to all the forces governing mind and matter here, lie in a knowledge of the human soul and its relations to this universe.

My mind becomes exalted in this light and I realize, that by earnest, systematic mental work and frequent self communings, my own being may unfold and assert itself; that in time I may become a free immortal entity.

Time then seems to me a precious boon, and I pray that when I cast aside this mortality, I can don an immortal robe of my own creation, and joyfully step on the eternal shores, not unmindful of the pilgrimage; but go forward voluntarily and consciously by the force of my own inherent principles, gathering up the fragrance of my earth flowers for a home in my being forever.

NELLIE W. HUTCHINSON

VALLEJO, June 28, 1887.

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[ADVERTISEMENT.]

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROF. WAIT'S CLASS NOW MEETS AT DRUID Hall, 413 Sutter street, every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock. To bring the instruction within the reach of all, the price for the Course of Twelve Lectures has been reduced to \$2.50. Single admission, 25 cts.

ASSEMBLY HALL, ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING, Market Street (entrance on Seventh Street), every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, Test Medium, gives Tests from the platform.

OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION MEETS every Sunday at Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth Street, Oakland. Children's Lyceum at 10:30 a. m. Lecture and Conference Meeting at 7:30 p. m. Dr. C. C. Post, formerly of San Francisco, will occupy the platform until further notice.

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

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

CO-OPERATION.—ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED in co-operative enterprises are invited to attend the meetings of the Sinaloa Colony Club, at 39 Fourth Street, every Sunday, at 4 p. m. Free admission. No collection.

PUBLIC MEETINGS EVERY SUNDAY AT 11 A. M. and Tuesday at 3 p. m., at No. 1206 Market Street. Subject: "Health and Healing." Miss E. J. Bennett.

PASSED ON.

GILMAN.—From the Washburn Ranch, in Santa Clara county, Cal., June 25th, Mrs. Millian Gilman, of Turlock, Cal., aged 66 years.

[The subject of this notice was an excellent medium for the invisibles. Her last days were made comfortable by the kind care of loving friends, and her transition was one of perfect submission to, and confidence in her spirit guides, who bore her gently away to their home in spirit life. Her remains were quietly consigned to the bosom of Mother Earth, in Laurel Grove Cemetery, San Jose, at about sunset, Sunday, Mrs. Sweasy offering some appropriate and touching words at the grave. The funeral expenses were borne by that large-hearted lady, Mrs. Olive Washburn at whose country home she was staying at the time of her demise.]

—The *San Diego Bee* speaks of Madge Morris "as one 'whose powerful and subtle philosophy rank her among the greatest; and whose beautiful imagination and tender sentiment compel 'us to call her the divine canary bird of poetic song.' The *Bee* then adds its benediction as follows: 'May God give her life and strength 'to perpetuate her grand nature in the world, 'is the *Bee's* most fervent prayer.' To which we add a reverent 'amen.'"

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For Granulated Sore Eyes reduce the Nervine with water one-half at the start, or as strong as can be borne, and wash the eyes three or four times a day. For Burns, use freely, and every few minutes, until pain subsides. If the parts are raw, reduce the Nervine one-half with water or glycerine.

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jula-4w

OCCULT FORCES.

Substance of Remarks Made at the Spiritual Camp-Meeting at Ferndale, Cal., July, 1885, by J. C. Marshall.

What gives the heart its spasmodic action that forces the blood through the arteries to every part of the body? It is lost among the capillaries, finds itself in the veins and runs rapidly back to the heart. It runs up hill and down; but whether it is pushed or pulled along, or goes of its own will and accord, who can tell? I can not. To me it is occult—hidden from both the eye and the understanding.

Not long ago I was presented with a slice of Michigan white-clover honey. It was beautiful indeed to look at and luscious to the taste. But who, or what taught the busy bee "to improve each shining hour and gather honey all the day from every opening flower?" Where did she learn the economy of hexagonal cylinders? Ah, I know it is called instinct; but what is instinct? Echo answers what! It does not appear to be intellect. The insect tribes have the most instinct but the least brains. The knowledge seems to be spontaneous, not acquired by study or reflection. Scientists trace the life principle down to "protoplasm," and then say something moves on protoplasm. Aye, there's the rub! What is that something? Whatever it may be, it seems to be governed by intelligent will. There is the point to commence our inquiries after a first cause.

Sometimes very important information is given in our dreams, when the senses, the media through which the knowledge usually comes, are locked in sleep. Now the pertinent inquiries arise, "Whence came the knowledge? Who sent it? What brought it? How was it acquired?"

When a person is approaching your house it frequently happens that you will be thinking of him when he arrives. This occurs so often that it has passed into an adage in nearly all countries, "Speak of the angels and you will hear the rustling of their wings." We are told by some of our wise ones that an aura goes out from and precedes the approaching person; that this aura comes in contact with a similar aura of our own, and causes the thought to arise. Owing to my ignorance of what "aura" is, this explanation is as dark to me as the fact it attempts to explain.

This brings up the whole subject of our thoughts. What are they? Whence come they; so unbidden, unsought, unexpected, without intellectual effort or will? What put them in motion, and what directs them on their journey.

The molecules of matter pass up the stem of the growing plant, and each tiny atom seems to know just where to go to form all the parts of the plant, while the matter, if matter it may be called, astonishes us with the wisdom of its fine penciling.

The formation of crystals in the little cavities of the otherwise solid rock, makes us think of the "intellectual entertainments" of the little nucleolus of matter and motion.

The clairvoyant seems to read the thoughts of persons present or absent, and facts mental, moral and physical are discovered without reference to the intervening distance.

The oriental magic workers have for years, yes for centuries, astonished the world with their miraculous power over animal and vegetable life.

The facts of "pneumatography," of independent slate-writing, are among the greatest wonders of the age, and yet they can not be explained by materialistic science.

These are instances enough to show the difficulties that lie in the way of the student of nature who attempts to tread all of her unseen paths and follow the labyrinths of her mysterious ways. Science has become puffed up at her great and mighty materialistic achievements, when in fact she has only arrived at the threshold of the temple of knowledge. And he who dares to meddle with things that the philosopher's scales will not weigh, nor the laboratory of the chemist analyze, is pooh-poohed at as a wild fanatic and his researches are passed by with averted eyes and a smile of self-complacency upon the countenance, until the difference between religious and scientific intolerance and bigotry is scarcely discernible.

In what follows I have attempted to throw a ray of light upon some of these occult forces by the aid of an hypothesis that seems to roll away the stone from the door of the temple and allow us to enter and behold the sublime beauty with which the walls are draped and its mansions filled.

I am aware of the mountain of prejudice in the minds of many persons that needs to be removed before they can calmly look at anything that is out of the beaten track—everything to them that is new is necessarily untrue. Children attribute nearly all phenomena to the direct agency of God, but as they grow wiser and understand things better God seems to recede from them and this recedence continues. Many of the most learned men of the world—the greatest scholars of Europe and America—have continued this recedence till they have pushed God out of the universe, not being able to find him anywhere. The probable reason is that such a god as they were looking for has no existence; hence they con-

clude "there is no God," and the short-sighted wisdom of fools has been echoing this assertion for ages. And yet the world is full of evidence of an unseen, intelligent, working power, which is not affected in the least by any name we apply to it. "They overlooked,—looked too high for things close by."

HYPOTHESIS:—I look upon the solar universe as being composed of Matter, Force and Spirit.

Matter is an aggregation of minute indestructible atoms existing in the four states known as Solid, Fluid, Gaseous and Etheral. The general attributes that distinguish matter in the three forms of solid, fluid and gaseous are indestructibility, extension, divisibility, impenetrability, and last but not most important of all, inertia, while ether is matter in a condition so rare or sublimated that its divisibility is no longer possible in our present state of scientific attainments, and might be called impalpable matter. This ether fills the inter-stellar spaces and may be considered as self-existing, uncreated (*f. e.*—unorganized) matter.

Force is the life principle or being that permeates, vitalizes and moves matter. It is motion *per se*. Its attributes are dual, and might be called attraction and repulsion.

Force is the unresting life which changes every atom of matter, and fits inorganic masses to become organic. It is electricity in the air, magnetism in the earth, galvanism between the different metallic particles, and life in plants, animals and men.

Spirit is the one primordial, uncreated, eternal, infinite Alpha and Omega of being, which directs and controls the life forces of the universe. Its sole attribute comprehends and embraces all others, and must therefore antedate, govern and surpass all others, and is itself the prime cause of all effects, and that attribute is *will*. Some of the subordinate principles of will are love, wisdom, use, beauty, intelligence, skill, power, creation, etc.

In the primordial condition, away back in the infinite past, scintillations went out from the illimitable ocean of spirit directed by inherent will, some having a tendency to form spiritual individualities and others forming particled matter; and by the universal self-existent law which always existed in the very nature of things, formed worlds, systems of worlds and all things therein contained, and by the refining power of evolution man in time became a living, immortal being.

In Matter, Force and Spirit then we find the grand trinity of being which constitute the solar universe and all its inhabitants.

Now we are ready to make or assist in making the application.

Life is force, and force is motion, and motion is sustained and energized by spirit, the only attribute of which is will, and the only principle in the universe that has *will*. This applies to the life of minerals in the formation of rock or crystals and to vegetable and animal life in all their endless varieties and degrees of manifestation. This gives us intelligent motion in all the functions of life, from the tiny atom to the gigantic structure of the solar universe.

As we proceed outward from the primitive rocks, we come to the lowest forms of vegetable life. These forms do not appear to have sprung from a single plant, but to have been generally diffused throughout that formation everywhere. After eons had passed the world seems to have progressed so as to be fit for sustaining the lowest forms of animal life; and, to all appearances, these forms came in the same way, not by a single pair, but by an omnipresent springing into life all over the then surface of the earth; and so on through all the advents of each successive degree of the vegetable and animal creations. No reason seems to exist why the advent of man's first appearance should be an exception. Without doubt he appeared all over the earth at the same time. It is easy to conceive that the two principles of the staminate and pistolate plants may be formed in the soil, and when they are brought together vegetable life is the result.

A similar principle will account for animal life as well. Thus we are enabled to dispense with the mythical story of the garden of Eden and its unfortunate pair. The ancient philosophers (pagans, we are pleased to call them) said, in their modest way, "The little molecules of matter seem to be imbued with wisdom." But the great Swedish philosopher said, "No, no; that is atheism. It is the wisdom of God flowing through every plant and blade of grass." But Swedenborg also said, "God is wisdom *per se* and love *per se*," affirming essentially the same thing, making a distinction without a difference.

The instinct of the bee in making the honeycomb, and of the bird in building its nest, is governed by the same principle, except that the molecular wisdom operates on a higher plane of life. It seems to act upon the life itself, instead of on the molecules of matter; and hence, instinct might be called the will-power of the life principle. Huxley and Darwin might have found here what moves on protoplasm. The knowledge obtained in dreams, the perceptive power of the clairvoyant, the manifestations of ancient and modern magic, the wonders of "slate-writing," can all be explained by the intercourse that exists between our spirit in the body and spiritual intelligences out of the body, either those that have once been in the body or those that have not.

It is well, perhaps, to remember that individuality and ubiquity are antagonistic

terms, and therefore cannot be affirmed of the same existence; also that omniscience includes only what is or may be known; and that omnipotence does not include impossibilities.

No power in the universe can annihilate space, or cause two and two to make anything but four. No search is so unsatisfactory as seeking for that which does not exist. In the search for truth let no one blindfold your eyes. It does not affect the truth, whether you believe it or not. You may say I do not believe it; but the fact remains the same nevertheless.

It is amusing as well as instructive to notice the great variety of names given to the spirit power of the universe, and with what tenacity many cling to their favorite cognomen—God, meaning "good"; Jehovah and Lord, both signifying "to be"; "Providence," the providing power; "Our Father"; "The Creator"; "The All-Seeing Eye"; "Allah," to adore; "I Am," or breath of life; "Supreme Being," etc.

The main ideas seem to be, goodness and creative energy. The great question arises whether it is more reasonable to conclude that there exists somewhere an *individualized Being* that governs all things either by himself or by proxy; or, is the universe governed by a conscious principle of wisdom, love and power, diffused throughout all space and permeating all forms of matter? In either case it is an object worthy of our adoration.

The word worship is not generally well understood. As a noun, it means worship, worthiness, of great value. As a verb, it means to attribute a high value or worth, and supreme worship means the highest possible value—hence I worship my wife, my home, and my flowers, and yet I am not an idolator.

The path of duty shown us by the light of truth is to be loved above all other things, and nothing should turn us out of it—neither life, nor fame, nor honor, nor riches. Our whole mind, might, soul and strength should combine to keep us in the path of duty. This is certainly no myth.

Many persons mistake their zeal for knowledge, and thus deceive themselves and others. They seem to think they are willing to look fairly at all sides of a question, and yet the scales of prejudice over their eyes are as thick as the skin of the rhinoceros.

Life may be compared to an ocean, and man to the ship sailing upon it. The body is the hull, the soul is the cargo, with which it is laden, truth is the compass, reason the helm, and happiness the port. Our passions and prejudices may be considered the adverse winds and counter currents that baffle us on our journey. God is the polar star that governs the compass and enables us to adjust the helm.

Those who are too gross to see the love and wisdom manifested all around them must consent to be of the blind till their spiritual eyes are opened. They must build their habitations upon the barren hills of Gilboa, where there is neither rain nor dew, nor fields of fruitfulness.

Those who best understand the wisdom of the nature of things can worship with the understanding. When you thoroughly comprehend the conservation and correlation of forces, the atomic theory and the refining influences of evolution—that no power can be lost, that that which is poisonous to animal life in the atmosphere is absorbed by the vegetable, and in the laboratory of nature is manufactured into good and wholesome food for animals—you will be on the highway to discover that you may reasonably and rationally bow down in humble adoration before the great miracle that is continually going on around you.

When we consider the wisdom with which the atoms of matter seem to be imbued, uniting in fixed and definite proportions, so that from a few simple elements an unlimited variety of substances are formed, and also the refining power of evolution, carrying the lowest forms of organization by degrees up to the highest types of individuality of both matter and spirit—the precious minerals, with their innate beauty, the beautiful flowers with their exquisite fragrance, the birds of song, the more useful animals, and the ten thousand little pleasures that are bestowed upon us at every turn in life—well may we mingle love with our adoration and let worship be one of the most pleasing daily and hourly occupations of our lives. I see no superstition in this, nor ought the most enlightened intellect need fear or condemn.

The highest order of intellect in the world is not pleased with fulsome flattery. A heart overflowing with love and gratitude needs no trumpet tongue to express its feeling. Words are not needed where thoughts can be read.

Where masks are transparent we will be seen and known as we are, and esteemed at our true value.

Prayer is a sincere desire of the mind or soul for wished-for good. Worship and prayer must be in sincerity and in truth, and from the nature of things must be performed in person and not by proxy. It is an unwarrantable presumption for any one to attempt to change the will, purposes or intentions of the great "I Am" of the universe.

If you are not in the possession of the evidence of the individual existence of the soul after death, you should read "Transcendental Physics," by the late J. C. F. Zollner; also "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," by Epes Sargent. If human testimony is worth anything with you all doubt will be removed by the facts set forth in those two books.

Truth is divine, if anything is divine, and we should rejoice to find it, and be glad to accept it, no matter where it leads us, nor how many of our idols are sacrificed by its embrace. Reason, as well as instinct, tells us truth is better than error, and consequently any position or dogma that will not bear to have the light of truth thrown upon it should be abandoned.

"He who will not reason is an intolerant bigot; he who is afraid to reason is a pitiable coward, and he who can not is a fool."

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A Seance with the Emperor and Empress of Russia.

[From an article by Mr. Eglington, in "Light," entitled, "A Medium's Experiences in Russia."

The same morning I was informed that the Czar had requested me to give a seance on the following Friday, and wishing to have the most complete success, I refused all seances in the interim—no easy matter, as I found, when people of distinction were pouring invitations upon me. I was kept in ignorance as to where the seance was to be held until the last moment, when an Imperial sledge drove up to my residence and carried me off in a biting snowstorm to the palace of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. It has not often fallen to the lot of an Englishman to see a Czar of Russia, and although I am by this time familiar with Royalty, I confess to an exceeding nervousness in the consciousness that I was about to make the personal acquaintance of the Czar of All the Russias. The day before, M. Aksakof and I, desiring to retain some souvenirs of this seance, searched St. Petersburg for some suitable slates, and finding some to serve our purpose, I armed myself with a number before proceeding to the palace. I had imagined I should find the parcel opened and searched by the servants for fear of its being dynamite, but, to my surprise, on stepping from the sledge, I found not the slightest evidence that there was any one present to protect his Imperial Majesty from the terrible Nihilists, of whom I had heard so much, there being no other guard beyond the usual sentries stationed at the gates of Royal palaces. A pleasant interchange of ideas with the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg and their accomplished son, and other notabilities, preceded the announcement of the coming of the Emperor and Empress, and, beyond a hurried scamper across the *salon* to meet their Imperial Majesties, on the part of our host and hostess, and the drawing in line of the assembled guests, there was no more ostentation shown than in any ordinary drawing room. The Empress entered—*place aux dames*—first, a small, slender-figured woman, bearing a strong resemblance to her sister, the Princess of Wales, but without the latter's beauty. Behind her came a veritable giant, a man standing, perhaps, six feet three or four inches in height and proportionately stout, altogether an exceedingly fine specimen of healthy manhood. Dressed in the ordinary military frock coat, and wearing but two orders, with his sabre dangling at his heels, there stood the terrible Czar of Russia—that man-eater and fiery monarch whose autocratic will made thousands tremble! But how much his face belied the opinion which we have formed of him, for every line of it spoke of a simplicity, geniality and cordiality which chased away every thought of wrong or harshness. A highly intelligent head, with a huge forehead and projecting brows; keen and observant, but withal kindly eyes, with an expression in them at once revealing the good nature of their owner; a nose not well-shaped, and somewhat inclined to be spreading; lips giving no indication of the least traces of sensuality; and a chin which betokened great firmness of purpose, formed my mental photograph of the mighty person in whose presence I then stood. After greeting their friends and acquaintances, I was duly presented to their Majesties, the Emperor stepping forward and grasping my hand with a grip that made me wince, and saying in good English, "I am glad to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance, sir." The Empress advanced and merely bowed. They were accompanied by his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir and their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius, the Duchess being a grand-daughter of the Queen, and strongly resembling her in features.

After some time spent over tea, during which the Emperor and Empress both engaged me in conversation, from which I learned much of their connection with Spiritualism, but which I am, for obvious reasons, not permitted to record here, the Emperor requested me to give a dark seance in preference to the one for psychography, which I had proposed. Of course, I complied, and a party of ten, including their Imperial Majesties, adjourned to an adjoining room. Seated next to me on my left was the Empress, my right hand neighbor being the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg. Next to the Empress on her left was the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, the Czar, the Grand Duchess Sergius, the Grand Duke Vladimir, General Richter, Prince Alexander Oldenburg, and the Grand Duke Sergius. All hands being joined—the Empress firmly grasping my left hand—the lights were extinguished. Manifestations followed soon after, the most striking being a voice which addressed itself to the Empress in Russian, and with which she talked for some minutes. What was said I can not, of course, say, because my knowledge of Russian, like my German, as my friend Baron du Prel says, "isn't worth mentioning." A female form was then seen to materialize between the Grand Duke Sergius and the Princess Oldenburg, but it only remained a short time, and then disappeared. I omit a narration of the less striking phenomena, because they are so familiar to the students of Spiritualism, but it is interesting to note that a huge musical box, weighing at least forty pounds, was carried round the circle, until, resting on the hand of the Emperor, he had to call out for it to be removed, which was at once done. All this time the many rings covering the hand

of the Empress were making sad havoc with my flesh, until I was compelled to beg her not to hold me so hard. I began to ascend into the air, the Empress and the Princess Oldenburg following me. The confusion was something indescribable, as I rose higher and higher, both my neighbors clambering on to their chairs as best they could. It wasn't conducive to the mental equilibrium on the medium's part to know that an Empress was performing such antics, and might get hurt, and I repeatedly begged, during my flight, to be allowed to break up the seance. All to no purpose, and I continued to rise until my feet came in contact with two shoulders, upon which I rested, and which afterwards proved to be those of the Emperor and the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. As some one facetiously observed afterwards, "it was the first time the Emperor of Russia had been under any one's foot!" When I descended the seance terminated, I being quite exhausted, and the party delighted. The Empress acted throughout with great coolness and judgment, and even asked to be transported with me into the next room! As a rule I find the ladies are much more courageous at dark seances than men. Notwithstanding our success, both the Emperor and the Empress begged me to give them another dark seance there and then, but this I was compelled to refuse, owing to my weakened condition. I, however, proposed a slate-writing seance, to which their Imperial Majesties were pleased to give assent.

An interval for the ever-ready tea followed, and then we resumed what proved to be a most momentous and perhaps historical sitting. This time we were four only besides myself, the sitters being the Emperor and Empress, and the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius. Various experiments were tried, one which has frequently been accomplished, viz, that of four numbers being demanded in four different colours, the sitters choosing their own color, succeeding perfectly.* Then came the crowning point of this seance. Various answers having been obtained to questions propounded, the Emperor placed two clean slates together, and he, the Empress, and myself, held them above the table. Soon the sound of writing was heard, and on uncovering the slates, one was found to be filled in the handwriting of one perfectly well-known to me. I can not here state what the purport of that communion was, but as it is well known in Russia as well as to some few in this country, I may at least say that it had reference to an event which occurred a few days after, and which has now become a matter of history. Probably this slate—which is preserved—may in future generations be referred to as a striking instance of the power of the spirit of prophecy.

Their Imperial Majesties were much moved by this communication, and a painful silence followed. Luckily the Grand Duke Vladimir having given into the custody of the Czar a sealed envelope containing a bank-note, I was enabled to break the silence by proposing to get the number written. The Czar placed it between my Brahma-lock slate, the Czarina choosing a piece of red crayon. The slate rested under the hands of the Emperor and the Grand Duchess. After we had heard the writing the slate was opened and the number 716,990 was found therein. Upon opening the outside envelope the number was found to agree with that of the bank-note.† Rising from his chair and shaking me warmly by the hand, the Emperor said, "This is truly wonderful, and I thank you very much for having been the means of showing me such manifestations." All were delighted, I most of all, perhaps, but saddened somewhat by the events of the evening, and terribly exhausted. Half an hour spent in conversation with their Imperial Majesties terminated this eventful evening, and I hurried off in the small hours of the morning to M. Aksakof's, with all the slates with which we had tried our experiments in my possession. These were afterwards distributed to my friends as souvenirs of the occasion.

With this account of my first seance with the Emperor and Empress of Russia, I must hasten to make reference to other events and seances, lest I tire the reader. As no restriction was placed upon any reference to the sitting above recorded, beyond what was naturally left to my good taste and judgment, I have no hesitation in giving them publicity, but in regard to other interviews I am unable to speak. I may, however, say that before I left Russia I was the recipient of a handsome pair of diamond and sapphire solitaires, which I wear in token and remembrance of the events narrated, and because of the honor attached thereto.

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