

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.

A truth that one does not understand becomes an error.

We get no good by being ungenerous.—*Mrs. Browning.*

All aspiration is a toil; but inspiration cometh from above, and is no labor.—*Festus.*

The most completely lost of all days is the one on which we have no thought.—*De Finod.*

Nothing is more significant of man's character and culture than what they find laughable.

No evil is insupportable but that which is accompanied with a consciousness of wrong.—*Rassalas.*

To deprive most men of their faith in hell would be to take away their best chance of salvation.

The superior man is catholic and no partisan. The mean man is a partisan and not catholic.—*Confucius.*

It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when you come to the spring they rise up and meet you.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up.—*Holmes.*

The lion is born lion, and the horse is born horse, but no man was ever born man; only and at most he becomes man.

All of us who are worthy anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or in expiating the mistakes of our youth.—*Shelley.*

There is no great difference between man and man. Superiority depends on the manner in which we profit by the lessons of necessity.—*Thucydides.*

As the western clouds are tinged with gold even after the sun is lost, so does the memory of a kind act bring a smile to the face when its author may be forgotten.

Man's happiness, as I construe it, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an infinite in him which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite.—*Carlyle.*

It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love—this hunger of the heart—as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.—*George Eliot.*

Unselfish and noble acts are the most rational epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." By the birth of what is new, not by the growth of what is old is human nature transfigured. A new internal influence arises in the soul like a hidden spring bursting from a rock, or like fire descending from heaven.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

RE-INCARNATION.

BY JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

The doctrine of the re-incarnation of man, which has for long ages held so prominent a place in the religious and speculative philosophy of the East, has within the last few years taken a strong hold upon the minds of many people in Europe and America, and much has been said and written in defense of the theory, for we can call it nothing else.

Without referring to any of the arguments that have been put forth to sustain the theory of re-incarnation, we desire to point out some of the facts that militate against it.

It is now pretty generally admitted by all careful investigators and thinkers that there is a self-existent, uncreated entity, that has no limitations either as to extent in space, potential powers or possibilities.

This entity is accepted by all classes as the fountain from which all things flow, and by the religionists, is called God, by the materialists, it is called Force or Matter, by the pantheists, Nature, and by Spiritualists, all of these several designations are used, but the fact remains that all classes acknowledge the self-existent and omnipresent character of this entity, and only differ as to their conceptions of it in its primeval condition, and its relationship in the past and present to themselves and all other forms of objective being.

Now, if the self-existent and omnipresent character of this entity is admitted then it follows that all manifestations of being, are so many distinct expressions of this entity, each constituting a part of one universal whole, and that these several expressions must be the effects flowing from principles that inhere in this entity as operative causes, and the only rational conclusion that can be drawn from the study and investigation of the manifold expression of this entity is, that by and through these processes it is attaining to a higher and more perfect condition of self-existence.

It is a process of growth, of evolution, or of self-unfoldment and development of this cosmic entity. And this process of evolution is one of differentiation of potentialities, whereby it successively advances them from the potential to the active and manifest condition of existence.

It, therefore, would be a necessity that this entity should unfold and develop in a well defined and fixed order, advancing step by step from its primal, potential condition, up to its highest unfoldment, and each successive advance must constitute the basis and immediate cause for the succeeding one, nor would it be possible for this entity to omit any of these successive stages in its process of unfoldment.

Thus, this entity first express itself in the form of a world in its planetary condition before it can express itself in the vegetable and animal form, and it must likewise express itself in the vegetable and animal before it can express itself in the human form as man. This is such a self-evident proposition that it needs no argument to enforce it, for it is plain to the most obtuse understanding that there cannot be a vegetable growth unless there is first provided a suitable soil for its production.

It is equally true, though it may not appear as plainly, that this entity cannot retrograde in its process of unfoldment, for as its progress is made through a regular series of advancement, and it is constantly pushing up, as it were, from below, there is no way open for that portion that has been evolved to return to a lower or prior plane of being, hence from the inherent qualities and potentialities of this entity, its every expression of itself must, through evolution at each successive change, attain to expression in a higher form. A self-existent entity cannot cease to exist, and it matters not in what particular form it may express itself, it still remains the same entity; therefore if it attain to expression as man it has simply enlarged its plane of conscious being, but has not thereby divided itself, though it has finited and personalized its conscious existence in this human form.

The doctrine of re-incarnation is based upon three predicates.

1. That the personal *ego* of being evolved by the human form is immortal and eternal in its duration, and that it had an individual existence that antedated its physical life in the material body.

2. That this personal *ego* is separate and distinct from the universal, self-existent entity, and is not one of its evolved expressions of itself still constituting an integral part thereof; and

3. That this personal *ego* has not had sufficient experiences in the material body, and therefore needs to come back to supplement them.

Now as to the first predicate. If the *ego* of personal finite being is immortal, it must be because the form that evolves it is the ultimate and highest form to which the primal cosmic entity can attain, for if a higher form were possible, then through that higher form the primal entity could and would attain to a fuller and more perfect expression of its potentialities, and all lower forms of expression would be but so many steps in its ascent to the highest. The tree is pushed up from below, not down from the top. So this primal entity is ever pushing up from below, and as the fruit is pushed out by the inherent forces of the tree, so this entity seeks to embody and combine all its potentialities in an ultimate finite form, wherein it can exist consciously, and if the human form is the ultimate, then once evolved, its *ego* of consciousness must ever continue to unfold as a finite expression of the infinite entity, nor can it retrace its path by a single step, for the infinite entity is ever pressing forward towards this ultimate, and as every human form evolved by it evolves its own independent *ego* of consciousness, there are no empty organisms that an evolved *ego* can appropriate.

The question as to whether the human form is the ultimate of all forms is yet to be demonstrated, but the weight of evidence, so far as we have examined it, goes to establish it as a fact that it is. One thing is reasonably certain, and that is, that the continuity of existence of any form in which the primal entity may attain to expression must be the result consequent upon its inherent principles; therefore if one man is immortal, then all men are immortal, and if one man must be re-incarnated, then all men must be.

As to the second predicate, we would ask, How can an universal, all-embracing entity evolve something that shall be outside and separate from itself, or which shall not constitute one of its evolved members, as, for illustration, a finger constitutes a member of the human organism? And we will answer the third by an illustration. As a finger is a member of the body, so is man as a finite cosmic unit a member of the infinite cosmic entity or God. Now suppose that a child should lose a finger in early life, and that finger should say it had been deprived of its legitimate amount of experience, that a finger was entitled to, and demand as a compensation that it should be permitted to take a position on the hand of a babe just to be born, and thus gain its proper experience, and this demand being granted, when it was satisfied, it went to take up its original position on the hand that it first adorned, what would be the result to the hand it had used for the purpose of acquiring experience? Or, suppose that Socrates having reached the conclusion that further earth-life experience was desirable for him, came back a few years ago, and is now acquiring that experience under the name that you bear, we ask you where is Socrates now? And we further ask you where will you be when he has gained his additional experience and again lives as Socrates?

One of you two will have to be annihilated. There is no escape from it. The doctrine of re-incarnation means annihilation. A name stands for a personality, and in this case personality is everything, it is you, and it is I.

If Napoleon were incarnated in me, then Napoleon has ceased to exist, for I have an entity of my own, and don't propose to give it up, if I have any voice in the matter, and evidently I shall have, for if Napoleon could, at his pleasure, get re-incarnated, I think I shall have an equal opportunity, and Napoleon will find that he put himself into a position to get snuffed out, and that he is lost forever. In concluding to re-incarnate himself, and to masquerade as another individual, the mask assumed becomes by evolution the genuine character, the *ego*, the *I am*, of

the new personality, and the first *ego* is swallowed up and lost in the last one, thus proving its annihilator.

The fundamental, basic assumption on which the theory of re-incarnation rests is, that the *ego*, the *I am* of each human being, had a conscious personal existence, separate and distinct from the infinite entity, previous to its expression in a material human organism, and that it occupied this organism for the purpose of acquiring mundane experiences.

We must say for ourselves, that so far as our own investigations go in the examination of this assumption that we have not been able to find the first scintilla of acceptable evidence that tends to prove it to be a fact.

Does the chestnut produce the bur that encloses it, or does the bur produce the chestnut that it enfolds?

We know full well that neither produces the other, but that both during the period of their development constitute one object or form of which they are constituent parts, each being equally necessary to the attainment of the end sought, which we will assume to be the production of the chestnut. When the end has been attained a separation takes place. The bur loosens and drops away from the nut and soon is resolved into its elements through the process of dematerialization, but the chestnut remains. It still has an outer covering that encloses its kernel, but this outer covering is much more refined than was the bur.

Now, suppose we wish to re-incarnate this chestnut, what is the process we must pursue? We must plant it in suitable soil and it must manifest itself through the process of materialization as a chestnut tree, passing through all its stages of growth until it can attain to expression in new chestnuts, each of which will possess powers equal to its own.

To re-incarnate itself it had to give up its existence as a chestnut, and using its inherent powers draw from the infinite entity until it attained to an existence as a tree, and then it could reproduce itself in many chestnuts, each of which when shaken from its boughs would have an existence as independent as was its own.

We all see very clearly that the chestnut could not return to its parent tree nor to some other tree and introduce itself into a young bur just beginning to form and thus live over again the life of a forming chestnut.

Now there is not the slightest difference in principle between the evolution and growth of the chestnut and that of the evolution and growth of every human being, and it is just as impossible for the man, woman or child, after having withdrawn from the physical organism, which corresponds to the chestnut bur, to re-enter a physical organism just forming and make it its own as it is for the chestnut to enter a young bur.

The only rational predicate on which the immortality of man can be based is that man is the fruit, the ultimate development of the infinite entity, and, therefore, the only process through and by which man can be re-incarnated would be for each to develop as a world and thus reproduce themselves, for it takes a world to produce man,—that is, assuming that man is immortal, as the finite of universal unfoldment.

But before a fruit can reproduce itself through re-incarnation it must mature and ripen its seeds, otherwise they will not germinate. Observation also teaches us that full maturity marks the highest point of development and excellence in a fruit; therefore, a full maturity or ripeness can not be ascribed to anything so long as it is capable of further development. Hence, just so long as man is capable of further unfoldment and development he is immature; his powers are unripe, hence incapable of germinating the life that shall effect a re-incarnation.

If man is the fruitage of the existing evolved universe then his period of unfolding and development must be coequal with its duration, and the only re-incarnation possible would be in the evolution of a new universe, when the present one shall have exhausted its productive powers and dematerialized into its original elements, enriched by the experiences it has passed through.

An infinite, self-existent entity carries with it the irresistible conclusion that all things are but so many varied expressions and manifestations of itself, and that the highest form of expression only can be a

permanently enduring one, as all lower forms must by the process of evolution gradually prepare the substance that constitutes them to enter into the ultimate and highest form.

We enter a vigorous protest against the assumption that life, mind and consciousness are self-existent entities, for all the known facts go to demonstrate that they each and all are phenomenal expressions of principles that inhere in the Entity of Being, and that these principles can and do only attain to manifestation and expression under certain conditions.

An entity is a self-existent substance that cannot be destroyed, annihilated or changed in its essential character. Thus we have the Infinite Entity of Being *per se*, which presents itself to our consciousness in two elemental forms, as spirit and matter,—the one form, spirit, indivisible and imponderable, the other form, matter, as divisible and ponderable.

That portion of the Infinite Entity designated matter, being divisible, therefore partical, it follows as a logical sequence that each atom of matter is elemental in character, therefore indestructible and unchangeable in themselves. Responsive to the action of the entity, spirit, the elements of matter combine and constitute molecules, which are not entities, but forms or phenomenal expressions of an aggregate of primal entities, and the entity, spirit, acting through such forms, constituted of two or more elements of the entity, matter, produces a manifestation as an effect. Thus, if the form assumed by the elements of matter in its reaction responsive to the action of spirit is that of the vegetable, then as an effect the principle of life attains to manifestation through such form, and if such form be destroyed the principle of life ceases its manifestation. Or if the form assumed be that of the animal, then as effects the principles life, consciousness, sensation, and all that flow from the activity of these principles attain to manifestation, and if this form be destroyed, then as a consequence thereof the manifestation of those principles cease. Or, in other words, the continuation of an effect is determined by the duration of the form, through which that effect is made manifest.

Let us try to get at this by the use of an illustration: Here is a molecule of water. An element you say. Oh, no; not an element at all; only an effect composed of two elements, oxygen and hydrogen, held in chemical union by the all-pervading entity of spirit. These two elements so united constitute a form of being, and the effect of the Infinite Spirit Entity, acting through such form, manifests in the phenomena of water. We have stated that all effects and phenomena depend upon the continuance of the form that produces them, and now with this molecule of water will demonstrate it.

By extracting one hundred and forty units of latent heat from this molecule of water, we change it from a liquid to a solid state, but it is water still, and now by adding more heat to it we again change it to the liquid state, and by confining it and adding still more heat we change it to the fluid state as steam, but it still maintains in the chemical combination of its two elements of matter, the form of water. We now add still more heat, and drive the two elements asunder, thus destroying the chemical combination, and with it the form, and the water is absolutely annihilated. It no longer exists, but in its stead we have its constituent elements, as oxygen and hydrogen gases.

What is true of one form must be true of all forms, for forms are the result of the operation of the principles that inhere in the Infinite Entity of Being, and principles must be universal in their operations.

Effects can not antedate the forms that evolve them, and the effect begins with the beginning of the form, and becomes more full and perfect in its expression, just in proportion to the perfection of the form that it manifests through.

Is it not clear that the human consciousness is produced by the action of spirit through and upon the human form? And is it not also clear that the human consciousness is the essential *ego* of the individual, the *I am* of man?

If evolution is a fact, then the human consciousness is an effect, produced through the human form, and its duration must be contingent upon the continuance of that form, hence the immortality of

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Some Jubilant Spray.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

Upturned among my mail matter this evening a small roll; opening it a little ways carefully, so as not to injure the inclosure, exposing thereby so much clean, white paper, I quickly saw it was not a spiritual paper which always attracts my first attention, so I laid it aside unopened knowing well what it was. Prof. Longley had promised to send me a piece of music that he had just published, and I not being an expert in the divine art, I thought I would let it wait and attend to the reading matter first. You know the head is more selfish than the heart and claims first service; our older and better attribute the heart, the mouth-piece of the emotions, bides its time and always laughs last.

With this homely introduction, let me relate an incident or some circumstances in connection with Prof. Longley which led to this unusual apparition in my mail matter. You know, of course, he is the musical composer of many pleasantly, pensive tunes, some of them exceedingly popular and often sung at our seances, as well as our social gatherings, including funerals. No, that don't read *au fait*, certainly; however, I may stop to say there has been a marked improvement in those frequent occurrences, and a funeral to-day is not quite the lugubrious affair it was a half a century ago; it is due to the fact that we have learned that,

"There is no death, what seems so is transition."

I have seen a good deal of this modest professor, as the musician that plays and sings at some of the seances that I have attended. At the present time he sings regularly at Mrs. Ross' and at Mrs. Huston's. I was first attracted to the incident of which I am going to speak, last year when he was the musician at Mrs. Fairchild's.

Occasionally when he is present a spirit form comes out of the sanctum or cabinet; he says it is his niece. She stays out sometimes quite awhile, attracted to and aided by him. This spirit can stand a stronger light than most of them. I have seen her so many times I can easily recognize her and at different places. Sometimes he starts up a special sweet tune, the words as spiritual and as tender as the familiar one of "Home Sweet Home." Its striking line reads, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us." This spirit joins and sings it throughout with him. She sings the words with a clear voice, musical and distinct, and when she does so, it seems to be the attractive feature of the session. This spirit seems to know the words and music perfectly, but Mr. Longley says it has never been published. That, of course, may be no disability in a familiar spirit, but it is a pointer to the fact of the apparition being a spirit, not conclusive, of course, nor is it necessary from my standpoint, because I am otherwise absolutely sure that this departed niece is a spirit manifestation. Prof. Longley told me a week or two ago, at the conclusion of such a circumstance, that he was going to publish it and would send me a copy, and that the title would be the words I have quoted, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us." The reader will now see why I concluded that the upturned roll in my mail matter was a sheet of music and the fulfillment of a promise.

Now let us open the roll and close this article, by repeating the sentimental, but actually truthful and inspiring verses. There are exceptions to all general rules, including even prevision, and coming events do not always cast their shadows before. Alas! I was going to say the "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," though literally true, was not inside of that roll, but the interjection would have indicated disappointment or misfortune; but instead of the music I had a pleasant surprise surpassing all music, for I beheld instead the faces, looking not exactly at me, but as if they wanted to, of Mattie P. and J. J. Owen, the bright and shining lights of the GOLDEN GATE. Well, the paper, by that appropriate name, I liked when I first saw it, and better and better ever since. I often feel like thanking my venerable friend, Dr. G. B. Crane, of St. Helena, for sending me one when it first started, and saying it would be a well managed paper and I had better occasionally write an article for it, and I think too much of the Doctor to be regardless of his suggestions, though I am not a Philo M. D. generally. I sometimes think the editor may find a little fault with my exuberance, but one must remember the principal mouth or outlet of my river of thought into the sea of the reading world had been suddenly dammed up, by my love of truth and justice, and so, perhaps, overflowed the other outlets, but everything after awhile finds its level. The *Banner of Light* don't miss me, and the other "Lights" all over the country as mouths or outlets relieve me, and I shall try hard to be no infliction upon them, and among them, although not a "light" by name, is your GOLDEN GATE, it pleases me to say, while getting back to my point of digression, that it shines as brightly as the best of them, and I have often had reason to say so and I think to its advantage.

I have now looked steadily at the two faces that opened to my view in the roll to which I have referred. I like the looks of the lady—a strong face impressing me with firmness of purpose, honest and in a good way manliness. I guess she will

wear well. Now, let us look at J. J. who has been more in my mind, naturally, than his lady. When I write an article requiring a personality I am apt to picture the writer or editor, and I will freely say the picture of my friend before me does not look as I had imagined him. I thought him an older man than the picture of him seems to be, but that is no drawback at any rate; time will remedy it faster than we wish. The whole appearance of the face before me is one that if I was a bank teller I should pay a check presented by him, running the risk without troubling him to identify himself; a man, too, I should say, on the spiritual rather than on the material plane. I never saw him before, but by this presentiment of him he strikes me favorably. As a persuader I think I would swap faces with him; but I have said enough. I am not good at "taffy." The face will now be before me when I write for the GOLDEN GATE. If any reader should detect any improvement in my future efforts it will be due to its influence; will be seen, probably, in a neater manuscript, and, perhaps, more polish in the "visible supply," as the merchant would say, or the "spray," as I would be apt to say, making, of course, some allowance for the gradual improvement every one gains, or ought to by practice and time.

Not forgetting my friend, Longley, and his music, whom I have seemed to have dropped like a hot potato when I found I was following the wrong lead (but I can easily make my peace with him), the faces were a good substitute for the music, and if my time in this connection has been a little out of order my disposition has not been; so in a pleasant frame of mind I wish you both a happy and a prosperous year.

The Metaphysical Furor.

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

I would like to say a little about the good effects of this metaphysical furor. In itself it is but one of the phases of spiritual power, but so wisely has it been brought into notice that many of its ardent believers are unconscious that it is connected with Spiritualism and consider it truly "of the spirit," which to those whose belief in the religion of Spiritualism is founded upon knowledge is a "distinction without a difference"; however, the effect is the same. The truth is brought into notice and discussed and practiced, and much good will result therefrom.

As to its efficacy in alleviating suffering their can be no doubt in very many cases, but its adherents claim too much power, as is always the case when a new doctrine is first promulgated. That will be righted in time, however, and its disciples become "givers of good" and the cause of Christianity be aided (that is, true Christianity, which consists in doing and being better).

From our standpoint, healing should be applied to both body and mind, as in many cases mental trouble has the largest share in inducing bodily suffering, and any science, or whatever it may be called that removes this trouble, will produce beneficial results; but not every one that studies can be a proficient any more than every young medical student can become a successful practitioner. The power must accompany the study, and a successful metaphysician must possess the one possessing sufficient magnetism to enable him to project his or her force in the direction desired.

This necessarily includes a strong magnetic current that carries the power of mind from one to another for healing. Sometimes the positive force is insufficient to accomplish this, and then the object cannot be successfully attained. But the physician soon learns to know by his own impressions whether or no this is the case, as the medical practitioner sees whether or no the remedy he has prescribed acts as he expected or not.

However, the earnest belief in the purity and high principles of this phase of spirituality cannot fail, if used conscientiously, to be productive of great good, and comes in the light of religion as a relief from the old Church dogmas that fail to satisfy the reason and the longing of people possessed after something that appealed to their spiritual reason (if I may so express it) and is destined to elevate out of the darkness of bigotry and the calm security of the "elect," many whose souls stirred within them, and groping helplessly about in the darkness of their religion caught at this glimpse of something higher, purer, and more spiritual that came into their grasp, and found themselves lifted out and placed upon a footing that afforded a feeling of security before unknown, and brought them face to face with the great problem of the future with better opportunities for a clear conception of its boundless possibilities than their minds heretofore had any idea of; therefore I say, "Seek and ye shall find" in all the investigations that you make higher influences and greater purity of life before and after "death."

JANUARY 3, 1887.

An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance; but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, of prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blacken more fair names than one.—Charles A. Dickens.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mr. Badhusband—His Influence and Accomplishments.

BY G. H. ROMAINE.

The advance of knowledge and the analytical methods of the professors in the medical schools have resulted in great precision in the nomenclature of diseases. The list would be fearful were it not understood that the alphabetical specifications of the ills that flesh is heir to, in the health reports, are made up by a division into twenty or thirty classes of what used to be summed up in half a dozen. It is to be hoped that the skill of the medical profession is graded and distributed to the various diseases and discomforts with as much discrimination as is shown in tabulating diseases and symptoms.

There are still some family complaints, however, not epidemic but endemic,—and all the more formidable that they seem to be spontaneous—which have so far escaped scientific classification. They are not included in the divisions and subdivisions of the bills of mortality. Neither do they appear in the statistics of medical, social-science, or other conventions.

They seem to be practically unknown except by women. And they, poor souls, cannot tell what ails them, or if they can they are not disposed to confess their knowledge. Like other sufferers they endure, sometimes in silence, but often not in silence, the unhappiness from which they perceive no hope of escape. There is certainly none through the interference of outside advisers. To a great degree the women are right in their reticence, for "not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the sleepy syrups of the world" can minister to these ails of which their right to complain is undoubted if not unquestioned.

One of the most common of these domestic maladies has been exhaustively treated (not in a medical review) under the title of "The Married Man's Eye." It has something of the nature of magic or bewitchment in its effects. Its influence is usually restricted to the wife of "the man," although daughters, grown and half-grown, occasionally succumb to it. Young children, especially boys, defy it with impunity.

When a married woman comes fairly under its influence—which is pretty sure to happen when company is present—if she is talking her voice falters and ceases. If she is walking across the room her step becomes meek and undetermined. If she is sitting she fidgets. If she is abroad and there is any possible excuse for departure, she stands not upon the order of going but takes leave promptly. The face may flush to the roots of the hair or she may become chalky pale, according to temperament. It has been noticed that when the patient is alone with her husband after one of these attacks she sobs and is silent, or finds relief in a burst of words which do not lack in distinctness. If instead of looking at the wife the observer takes a sly peep at the husband, although that husband's face may be placid and even smiling, just watch his eye. Words may not describe it, but imagine what a basilisk's should be, and you have a realization of the fancy. What can medical art do for it?

Another domestic disease not treated in Buchanan nor any of the medical almanacs is the "Badhusband Fever." This may be simply a chronic form of the state produced by the married man's eye, or it may result from affection on his part still more pronounced. It may be the effect of late hours, indifference to home, capricious fault-finding, ill-humor, cold neglect or positive vicious courses, like intemperance and incontinent habits. It is always fatal.

The list is so long we are compelled to generalize. The "Bad Headache" frequently grows out of the carelessness of a father toward his children, his bad example being constantly presented in contempt of the mother's good instructions. The malady takes a very severe form when a woman must tacitly if not in precise words say to her children, "If you would be decent and respectable, mark your father's example and be careful not to follow it." It is a desperate condition of life when a mother cannot teach her young what is right without a covert suggestion of what is wrong in their father, but at the same time there are many fathers who would be terribly distressed did they know that their children would follow the paternal footsteps.

Domestic moral maladies cause more family wretchedness than all bodily ills, and they are, moreover, the frequent source of actual physical ailments. Many a woman, dejected and dispirited, and uncharitably classed as fretful and peevish, is really suffering from the "Badhusband" fever, and it is a painful experience. The patient sometimes gives over in despair and by a retreat to her room and bed compels the attention and deference which she could not otherwise command. But what a dastardly coward it is who drives her to this extreme!

The physician can really do nothing for her. But if he is a man of shrewdness he understands the case perfectly. And he understands, also, that he cannot reach it by any official preparation, and that he dare not take the character of moral censor and state the truth.

The poor patient, after repeated attacks, finding herself incompetent for the effort she is coolly advised to make, dies like

poor Mrs. Dombey, and is canonized as a dear, gentle woman, but weak. And, to do him justice, the husband is unaffectedly grieved. There are certain monitions of his conscience, not very distinct, to be sure, which cause his attitude of sorrow to vindicate his character as a true mourner. But none the less he killed his wife.

It is worth while for men to think a little of these matters and discover for themselves whether they would not, if moral infection were subject to law, be fair cases for quarantine. The married man's eye when constant in censure is the worst kind of an evil eye.

The "Badhusband" fever is often unconsciously caused by men who would scorn cruelty in theory. But there are too many husbands who selfishly pursue their own questionable enjoyments without mercy for their families. They exact sacrifices from their dearest and holiest connections, but will not themselves practice the smallest degree of self-denial. Says Homer: "Thy wife and thy children partake of thy dangers and thy fortune, good or ill; therefore prove for them a husband's and a father's care."

Historical Evidence.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In your issue of January 15th, under the heading "Why Dispute?" you say: "We think that any life must be better for believing that so perfect a being as Jesus once lived upon our earth; but as to knowing positively that he did or did not, is, we think, impossible." The first clause of the quotation is as grand a sentiment as was ever uttered, but with the last part I have fault to find. We have the same authority for *knowing* that Jesus lived, that we have that Caesar, Alexander the Great, Napoleon or Washington, ever had an earthly existence, namely, historical.

Judge Charles B. Waite, of Chicago, in his "History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred," a book written from the anti-canonical standpoint, says: "There are three good and reliable witnesses of the first century (that Jesus was a veritable personage); one a Christian, one a Jew, and the other a heathen:

"1. Paul.—The Epistles of Paul stand out as a fact, utterly unexplainable and incomprehensible, except upon the hypothesis of the life and suffering of the central figure of them all (Jesus.) That Paul wrote his Epistles in the first century, is attested by Clement of Rome, A. D. 97, who refers to one of them expressly, and by the fathers and writers of the first half of the second century, particularly Marcion, who, about 145, made a compilation of those then in circulation, ten in number.

"2. Josephus; who gives an account of the death of James, the brother of Jesus, *Antiq.* 20-9, in these words: '... Assembled the Sanhedrim of Judges, and brought before them the brother of Jesus, who was called Christ, whose name was James.'

"3. Tacitus; who, in the 44th chapter of the 15th book of the *Annals*, speaks of Christus, 'who, in the reign of Tiberius, was put to death as a criminal, by the Procurator, Pontius Pilate.'

Another proof that cannot be gainsaid or refuted by any kind of argument is the inscriptions in the catacombs at Rome into which the early Christians were driven by the furious persecutions of Nero and other rulers. Of these Tacitus says, 'They had their denomination from Christus, who, in the reign of Tiberius, etc.' see *supra*.

Again, Pliny, the Elder, in his letters makes a clear statement to the effect that a man called Jesus was creating a great excitement in and about Jerusalem on account of the wonders he was performing, and Pliny, the Younger, writes that 'the Christians were accustomed to meet before the break of day and sing a responsive hymn to Christ as to God.' The Elder Pliny died A. D. 75, and the Younger, A. D. 105; hence they were nearer the time of Christ than Bancroft is to Washington.

Renan, the renowned French writer, whose "Life of Jesus" has been read by believers and unbelievers alike, and who considers Jesus simply a man, goes fully and exhaustively over the ground, and concludes finally that, beyond a peradventure, Jesus did live at the time expressed in the Gospels.

I have been careful to quote no pro-Christian authorities, except Paul, and it seems to me the proof is conclusive. The arguments of those who deny the existence of Jesus partake largely of flat denials of historic evidence, and of syncretical reasoning. L. L. PALMER.

ST. HELENA, Cal.

THE spiritual thought is that which embodies the idea of eternal duration; the "material" thought is that which is time-limited. Eternal happiness in the abstract is a spiritual thought, and brings to the soul the realization of the idea it involves; worldly wealth is a "material" thought, and is dwarfing rather than enriching to the soul, for it represses its aspiration towards universalization and eternalization and imprisons it within the confines of selfishness. This is not the teaching of formulated principles of morality; it is the exposition of natural law. All true spiritual teachers are expositors of natural law.—*The World's Advance-Thought*.

NEVER was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I note by the GOLDEN GATE that you have that most excellent medium, Mrs. Maud E. Lord, with you, and in justice to her as well as to induce others to improve the time while they have the opportunity, I will give you an outline of my first experience in one of her circles. It happened in the Spring of 1883, my wife and myself being strangers to all present, the medium included, our former residence having been at Columbus, Ohio. We were present at a circle at the residence of Hon. A. H. Dailey, of this city, at which there were some twenty others, and within a few minutes, after the lights were turned out, a voice immediately in front of me addressing me said: Your brother is here. Without hesitation I at once responded, asking the question, "Is my brother Tom here?" to which the spirit responded, "No, not Tom, but David." I at once replied, saying, "David was dead five years before I was born," to which he again responded, saying, "No, not dead but living." The last response being in an audible voice and was distinctly heard by all present. The importance of this communication consists in the fact that my brother, David, passed to spirit-life as an infant of eight months old, and some five years before my birth, all of which occurred some seven hundred miles west from here, and over fifty years ago, and it was utterly impossible for the medium or any one present to have known anything of him, and I do not think I had thought of him in twenty years, and then only as a family history. Furthermore, the spirit did not accept the name I gave, but corrected me and gave his own name in an audible voice.

I have attended numbers of her circles since that time, and had numerous tests, in fact her mediumship is second to none; but from the moment I received this response I have required no further evidence of the fact of future life, and that our spirit friends can and do return and communicate with us. Her mediumship requires no explanation. Those who attend one will go the second and third time.

Truly and fraternally yours,

DANIEL COONS.

539 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, Jan. 16, '87.

From the Spirit Side of Life.

[From the spirit of John Whisting to his friend, Mr. Rand, of Brooklyn, New York, copied for the Golden Gate.]

MY DEAR MR. RAND:—I mean to be drawn to you again this morning, and I am not in a position to say why I should come at one time and not at another; why you should have dark and gloomy days, or why wrong should often triumph over right. These are questions, sir, which will be considered at some future time.

You have pursued your investigations of what is called Spiritualism, or spirit return and spiritual influences, and certain facts have presented themselves to your mind. But you are not in a positive inquiry yet as to the reason why certain effects are not always produced at your will. Why is one a writer, another a clairvoyant, and another who only sits for materialization, and so forth?

The anatomist gives you his analysis of the skin, brain, tissue and nerves, and shows that they are composed of the same constituents that the skin, brain, tissue, and nerves are of yourself and the medium, and contain the same elements. But, sir, from a spiritual standpoint, they are quite different. No two were ever known to be alike. You will find this well marked throughout the spiritual universe. As we are thrown into contact with different spirits incarnated in the flesh, we find a difference in influence from each and every one of them. Of course, spirit is spirit. Water is water, whether in the form of ice or steam, or in the finest attributes of its primitive element. Hence, you see conditions control everything; and if so in the physical, it is even more so in the spiritual.

Applying this to the influence of spirit over matter, or over spirit alone, we seize upon whatever condition we find the medium in,—your independent and mechanical writing mediums, your materialization or inspirational mediums, and other multitudinous forms of control,—are but the result of peculiarities of the spirit medium.

You will readily see, sir, the truth of these assertions, and as spirit is so diversified, so will be the different forms of control. Coming ages will see far different results in things you now see, as the two states of being will be brought into closer rapport with each other, and the results will consequently be far more satisfactory. Why everyone is so different, I cannot explain; but, as I have said, conditions control, and of this you are well assured.

Cold transforms water into ice, heat into vapor, and why it is so you do not know. How then can we, on this plane of existence, where I am now, be asked to explain these matters? When I shall have reached the higher spheres of spirit-life, probably. No? Surely, the mists will clear away and more of truth will be unfolded.

Your spirit friend,

JOHN WHISTING.

To the spiritual mind the atom is a thought; to the material mind it is a chemical principle. The former is soulful; the latter is mechanical.—*World's Advance-Thought*.

(Continued from First Page.)

man turns wholly upon the question whether the human form is the ultimate and highest form that matter can assume.

Again, if evolution is a fact, then the doctrine of incarnation is false, for evolution declares that all forms of existence are but the varied expressions of the self-existent entity of Infinite Being. The doctrine of incarnation is predicated upon the assumption of soul germs existing as entities, and if it can be demonstrated that these soul germs are wholly imaginary conceptions, and have no existence in fact, then the foundation of the incarnation theory falls for want of a base on which to stand, and if there is no incarnation, then assuredly there can be no re-incarnation in the sense that a human consciousness, evolved by one form, can enter into, possess and manifest through another form.

Let us briefly examine this question of soul germs in the light of reason, logic, and of well-known facts in regard to germs, and see what there is in it. A germ is not an entity, because all germs are organisms constituted of a combination of elements of the primal Entity of Being, and therefore of necessity is an effect or phenomena, the duration of which depends upon the maintenance of the form assumed by these elements in such combination.

Again, a germ is evolved by an existing form or organism, and a germ is a potential cosmos of its parent form, and, in unfolding, the germ will, in all important particulars, substantially reproduce a *fac simile* of its parent form. Further, a germ can never, by any possibility, antedate its parent form. The Infinite Entity of Being does not first produce a germ, and then from the germ produce a form, but it first evolves a form, and then propagates these forms germinally, by providing that each form shall evolve germs that shall be a potential cosmos of themselves.

We know that this is true of germs; the observed facts upon every hand demonstrate it. Then, if there were soul germs, of necessity they would unfold as forms similar to the forms that produced them.

Forms alone produce germs. Effects do not propagate themselves germinally. The soul, the self-consciousness, the I am of man, is an effect, produced by the Infinite Entity acting through the human form, and this cannot be propagated germinally, but the form that produces the effect is propagated germinally, and hence, every human form will evolve a self-consciousness, or soul, of its own, and by no possibility can there ever be a human form void of a human consciousness, that could be used for the purpose of re-incarnating a self-consciousness, or soul, that had been operative in a pre-existing form.

This question of germs opens up a vast field for investigation; but this paper is already too lengthy, and we must refrain from its further consideration at this time.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Instances of Impressibility.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I have always held that unconsciously those who by study and practical experience become adept in particular lines of thought, or practical affairs, were the most proper mediums for the communication of spirits dwelling in the same sphere of thought, and that such communications were continuously made unconsciously to the recipients. The weird stories which come up from the rugged toilers of the sea are full of interest in this particular. The infinite solitude of waters; the long and lonely watches, with the sweep of waves and the silent stars, conduce to a state of abstraction and reverie, peculiarly favorable to the reception of impressions. If there is need in this world of the watchful care of guardian angels, the sailor on the lone ship which plows the trackless waste at the mercy of the elements requires them most. Human skill and foresight may provide to the utmost, and yet there remains the greater dangers which cannot be foreseen or provided against. The sailor, feeling that he is helpless in the hands of the elements, becomes superstitious, though often what is called in him superstition, is belief in influences which future knowledge may accept as valuable accessions to the realm of mental science. I have from the lips of his brother, Capt. D. B. Edwards, the narratives of two incidents in the life of his brother, which illustrate this faculty of intuition, if we may give it that name, and if one were to gather up similar stories which are told by the officers, volumes might be filled.

Capt. John B. Edwards was in command of the steamship "Monterey," one of the New York and New Orleans line of steamers. In one of his voyages he came up with Sandy Hook in a terrible snow storm. The air was so full of driving snow that the officers could not see the length of the vessel. The sea was high and rapidly increasing, and no pilot responded. To remain was impossible, to go on was almost certain destruction. If the Captain could make the light-ship he would know his bearings and be able to steer into harbor. But in that drift of blinding snow and rush of waters, in which he had made his approach from the sea, he had been unable to make observations, and he had no assurance that he had not deviated his course under the

influence of the drift of wind or current, at least to the variation of a league or more. In his perplexity he ordered the ship to be stopped, and for a moment reflected on the perplexities of his position. While thus waiting, with every sense strained to the utmost, the impression came like a flash of light, that the light-ship lay in a certain direction. He immediately ordered the officers to keep a sharp lookout forward, for he should run ten minutes in a certain direction to test his impression. The great wheels again revolved, and the steamer swung obedient to command, and rushed on into the drift. In six minutes the mate on the bow threw up his hands, crying: "Hard a-port, hard a-port," and the steamer quickly responding to her helm passed the stern of the light-ship, from which the Captain easily took his bearings and softly steamed into the port of New York.

During the war Capt. Edwards was coast pilot for the government steamer "Vanderbilt." During one voyage he came up to the "Hook," a storm was coming on and no pilot in sight. The Commodore came to the wheel-house, and asked Capt. Edwards if he thought he could take the ship into port. Edwards shrank and trembled at the question, for he knew the ship was drawing as much, if not more, water as there was on the bar, and the responsibility thus thrust upon him was overwhelming. But suddenly he was forced to speak, replying without hesitation: "Yes, sir." "Go ahead," was the order of the Commodore. With every faculty intensely active, his strong and steady hand held the wheel and the ship went over the bar without touching, and all was well. His ability and trustworthiness for this action received highest recommendation from the Commodore.

It is sad to learn that this noble man sacrificed his own life in caring for his mate in the hospital of Rio Janeiro, who was a victim of yellow fever. From the many remarkable experiences in his own life, Capt. D. B. Edwards related, I take one which is characteristic of the others. He is a strong and powerfully built man, with every line indicative of honest resolution and endurance. He has retired from the sea-faring life, but has made his home by the coast. He impresses one with rare and sterling honesty and purity of character, and a self-contained repose which is characteristic of most officers who have passed their lives at sea.

He said that one bright day in March, sailing up Long Island, he was overtaken by a snow storm which suddenly concealed all landmarks, and the wind momentarily increasing, soon became a terrific gale. In that narrow strait one has not to sail for a great length of time in the wrong direction to reach the coast. As night came on the situation became more appalling, and wreck most certain. He gave the wheel to the mate and allowed himself time to reflect. He could arrive at no conclusion. Suddenly it flashed through his mind to steer by the lead! How? "Why, where the Thames enters the Sound it is deeper. When you reach that channel follow it into safety." It was the only chance, and he seized it. He went to the bow, for he would trust no one, ordering the mate to implicitly, and with utmost readiness obey orders, and hold the vessel on her present course. Standing at the bow with the spray falling in torrents over him, and the wind straining the spars to the utmost, he cast the lead to find the ordinary level of the Sound. He continued to cast until suddenly deeper water was indicated, and with joy he gave the order that changed the course of the vessel, and in a few minutes brought her into the still waters of the Thames. Then, he said, in a change of warm, dry clothing, they sat in the snug cabin and drank their hot coffee with a sense of peace words can feebly express.

Letter from San Diego.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It seems to an outsider that it is time the First Spiritual Society of San Diego was heard from, so I take the liberty of telling you that we still live and are flourishing finely under the ministrations of our good sister and trance speaker, Mrs. Wm. H. King. We have as large audiences as the churches, and far superior instructions. Mrs. King has a high order of intelligences who speak through her, and much good has been done in holding our society together and giving the light to many inquiring minds. She has been ordained, and can as legally marry as judge or minister.

We are also enjoying Jesse Shepard, who has been with us over a month and given a series of musical seances in private houses. He is a wonder to all who have heard him.

We hope next month to have Bro. Ravlin with us to stir up the orthodox element. He being a recent convert to our ranks, many will turn out to hear the how and why of his change of ideas.

It is our purpose soon to have a hall of our own, and be independent of the dirty, smoked-up place we are at present compelled to occupy.

During the temporary change of speakers, Mrs. King would accept a call to lecture elsewhere. Any society employing our good sister will be largely benefited.

Hoping for the continued success of your excellent paper, as well as the cause it supports, I am most truly yours for the truth.

SAN DIEGO.

SAN DIEGO, Jan. 18, 1887.

Spiritualism and Socialism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The following are the principal points made by N. F. Ravlin in a recent discourse on "Socialism from the Spirit Side of Life:"

1. In the material state of existence the leading principle is "each one for himself." If selfishness could be abolished the miseries of mankind would, in a great measure, cease; but selfishness can not be abolished, except by aid from the spirit world, for it is the nature of man to be selfish, and he can not be brought out of that condition by his own effort.

2. In the earthly state we have a mad scramble for material gain, each striving to get advantage of his rival; but in the spirit world there is no advancement except by living for others. There everything is subject to law; there every wrong is righted, every sin atoned for. That world is the source of reform on earth. The spirit world is the world of causes; this is the world of effects. Socialism will never be successful until it emanates from the spirit side of life, and when it comes it will come in a way different from that looked for by the advocates of socialism on earth. The attempts at socialism here, after the plans of men, will wreck the hopes of all who build upon them.

3. There are socialists who would destroy the fabric of the government to establish their own system upon its ruins; but the angel world will not permit them to do it. By the spirit plan reform is to be accomplished not through violent methods, but by love. How can people co-operate unless they love one another? And how are they to be led to love by socialistic methods?

4. The endeavors of socialists to overcome the selfish nature of man is like the building of bonfires with the expectation of changing the cold of Winter into the genial warmth of Summer, while the power of spirit forces to regenerate may be likened to the rays of the sun which, in due time, melts the icy mantle of Winter and brings forth flower and fruit.

COMMENTS.

1. This is the church idea of the nature of man, but it is a wrong idea. Man is a progressive being; he has within himself the germ of unlimited possibilities. Nature has implanted within each of us a never-dying desire for our own good. In the primitive man this desire found expression in a rude and brutal manner, in harmony, however, with his gross and sensual nature. As the race improved, so the mode of gratifying self changed from the cruelty and brute force of the savage to the craft and polish of cultured man. And as his intelligence advanced, and his moral and spiritual nature developed, so did man's mode of self-gratification change, until the highest and best finds his greatest delight in making others happy,—suffering temporarily himself for the attainment of a higher good to others. In such suffering even he finds gratification, but you can not properly call that selfishness. It has lost its primal character, and has attained to the height of a human virtue. How much of this mental and spiritual unfoldment comes by influx from the spirit world, and how much from the nature of man himself it were difficult to determine, but what I do know is that we can accomplish nothing without effort. A human being who does not advance is quite sure to retrograde, and it is poor policy to lie back on our oars, idly waiting for a spiritual tow-line, while our bark is drifting away from the goal.

2. This brief statement does not bring out as clearly as did Mr. Ravlin the idea that the people of this world are controlled by the disembodied spirits of men. By "spirit world" he meant disembodied spirits, as was clearly apparent by the context which I have not space to give. Here again Mr. Ravlin makes it appear that the "mad scramble for material gain" is a natural and therefore necessary adjunct of our unregenerate condition, and that the socialists' fight against it is a struggle against nature. This idea also is a relic of church teaching which many of us find it impossible to cast aside. Mr. Ravlin assumes that the spirit world is a very different sort of place from this world, and he speaks of being subject to law there, as if natural law were not universal, embracing all things, animate and inanimate—all worlds, material and spiritual. He speaks, also, as if that world were the source of all good. Now, while I do not deny that an influence is exerted by spirits upon us, I judge from the very nature of things that the influence of this world upon that is still greater. It is from this world that the spirit world derives its inhabitants, and they are what this world makes them. They begin there where they leave off here. If this be not true, if death divests men of their character and transforms them into angels of light, instructors and guides for the benighted of earth, then it must be, as some re-incarnationists believe, that not only are we merely temporary visitors to this realm, but that human spirits, divested of materiality, are without sin, and that we take with us from this world nothing but the result of our earthly experience, which modifies, perhaps, but does not radically change the character of the spirit. I do not say this theory is Mr. Ravlin's; I merely assert that it is a logical deduction from his teachings; and if this view of the nature of man be correct,

then the majority of Spiritualists will have to revise their creed from A to Izzard, for this fundamental fact (if it be a fact) upsets all our theories and revolutionizes all our methods. Heretofore Spiritualists have taught that reforms should begin here—that *here* is planted the germ that buds and blossoms in the life beyond; but if such teachings are to be accepted, we may as well "take life easy," and wait till the summons beyond the veil recalls us again to the glories of that existence from which we have departed but for a little time, and compared to which this life is but a troubled dream.

3. Socialists do not think it necessary for them to do anything to destroy established governments. They recognize the fact that the seeds of dissolution already exist, and only time is required for their development; in fact, such seeds are already well developed in all the governments of earth, including our own boasted republic, and the end is rapidly approaching. Spiritualistic socialists, like myself, believe that the "angel world," instead of endeavoring to perpetuate our present unjust system, will aid in replacing it with one which will recognize the brotherhood of the human race, and establish equal rights for all, something which does not now exist except in name. Instead of asking how people can co-operate unless they love, it would be more sensible to ask how they can love unless they co-operate. Our competitive system compels people to treat each other as enemies. It represses the noblest and develops the basest part of our nature. It is the foster-mother of dishonesty, the prolific parent of crime. Under a co-operative system our courts could be abolished, our prisons turned into schools, and the "love" that is considered as pre-requisite would follow as naturally as harvest follows the seed time. Our present disorder and crime are the natural fruits of our social system, inherited from our barbarous ancestors. The majority of men today are better than their religion, better than their government, better than their social code. The real nature of man is exhibited in times of calamity, when men hasten to succor those in danger and relieve those in distress. Perverted humanity is exhibited in the strife of business, where the weakest "goes to the wall" and human sweat and tears, human blood and human agony weigh nothing in the balance against the greed of gain which is born of our competitive system. Those who are longing for an exhibition of human love need not turn to the "far beyond" to find it; they have but to examine the workings of any successful socialistic movement for the evidence. Take, for instance, the establishment of M. Godin, of Guise, where hundreds of people (nineteen hundred at the present time) have lived in close business and social relations for many years, and yet there has never been a case of crime—not even one single arrest by the public—since the foundation of the institution.

4. Socialists generally do not desire to establish isolated communities. Their object is to enlighten the entire people as to the defects of our present system and the feasibility of establishing a better in its place. We all know that a change from the competitive to the co-operative system will ultimately take place in every enlightened nation, but meantime some of us hope to expedite the reform by giving a demonstration of the practical workings of socialistic principles. Perhaps these scattered efforts to lead humanity on to a higher level may be justly likened to the building of bonfires to melt the frozen hearts of men; but I think even this more sensible than to place dependence upon aid from the spirit land. This shrouding off upon spirit friends that which we should do for ourselves, seems to me like the orthodox idea of casting our sins upon Jesus—an old doctrine in a new shape—the main difference being that instead of gaining salvation through Christ alone, the power of redemption is spread all over the spirit world; and, in place of one Savior, we are given an unnumbered host of them. I have far more faith in that aspiration for the true and the good which fills the minds of those who are highest and best and leads them onward in the path of progress. Such unselfish souls, loving their fellow men, seek to help all mankind to the good they themselves attain, and in due season, as men grow into the capacity for a higher life, they will find that which they seek.

W. N. SLOCUM.

It is impossible to come into intimate relations with a large sweet nature without longing to be at once with it in all its modes of being and believing. But does it not occur to you that one may love truth as he sees it, and his race as he views it, better than even the sympathy and approbation of many good men, whom he honors—better than sleeping to the sound of the "Miserere," or listening to the repetition of an effete, "Confession of Faith?"—O. W. Holmes.

OUR business is not to sail as near the wind of what is popular as we can, but in a brave, manly way to keep our vessel's head toward the port of everlasting truth, though the world should think us sailing to destruction.—Rev. Henry W. Bellows.

TRYING to ridicule what you have not the intellect to comprehend is now a sure way to get on the popular side. But that kind of popularity will not last much longer.—World's Advance Thought.

Spirit Side of Life.

(Written by Spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon and copied for the Golden Gate.)

MY FRIENDS IN EARTH LIFE: We gladly extend the hand of friendship to you who are reaching out for strength and wisdom, in the hope that there will arise some unforeseen power to help and advise you and the one who is so dear.

We come to you with feelings of sympathy, fully realizing the many heartaches one and all pass through in earth life; understanding the ties which bind and surround us and our loved ones are to each and all as sacred as a mother's love for her child.

We come to you to-night, and we kindly invite you to drop all cares in earth life and come with us for a few moments in thought, where you will find on this side of life more loved ones waiting to greet you than you have on your side of the river—they meet you as one returning from a journey—happy to meet you and thankful to number you with the best.

All is beautiful and glorious on this side, with flowers, birds, little children, happily singing their songs and skipping among us in their innocent, childish glee. You who are not strong will feel better and more contented for this visit to our side of life where there is so much sunshine or brightness and loving influences, where there is no weariness and doubts to worry. There is one among you who could derive much benefit by visiting us at this time, and he is longing, patiently waiting for us to call for him and bring him to this country, ever green and beautiful. He is getting ready for this journey as he would to cross the great Atlantic ocean, feeling certain of gaining health and comfort after reaching the other shore, where friends have so often assured him that none are ever sick; where there is no suffering from disease and decay. My friends, your loved one will not be disappointed, for he will find that though we return and tell you of the glorious beauty on this side, our words fail to explain the reality, as they will learn upon coming over; *he trusts us*, and has no doubts, as he will be ready to assure you in his own words later on.

My friends, imagine yourselves on *this side* and the dear one in earth life coming nearer and steadily toward the river's bank, where you are patiently waiting to ferry him over to a country where there is no sickness and suffering. He finally comes down to the borderland, where he is given into your loving care, and you bring him safely home where he can enjoy the glorious rest he has been so long deprived of; where there will be no more sleepless nights, no more pain. All this has been left on the other side of the river. Could you imagine yourself on this side and taking part in the reception of your dear one, you would not grieve so very much as you do when your loved ones pass out of your sight; could you fully understand the truth of the life on this side, there would be less mourning for the ones gone before; for then you would realize the fact, that though gone before, they are ever working for you and preparing for the time when you, also, will come down to the river's edge to be met as they were, by loving ones gone before. Yes, dear friends, take up the cross of separation and disappointment that comes to every mortal, and keep your face constantly turned toward the brighter land on the sunny side of the river, and loving angels will ever be near to assist you.

Now, my friends, we will return to your side of life, feeling that this imaginary visit to us and our side, has made you stronger, and better enabled to finish your earth work before entering the life in the beyond; that you have been made stronger and more patient from passing through the "Golden Gate," in imagination, and though disappointment so frequently meet you on the way as you journey along the path that mortals have to travel, you will learn all you can of the laws regulating the life in the beyond, that you may the better be enabled to do your earth work well, and help your fellow-mortal to see this glorious truth of spirit return; for when this truth is fully understood, sin and wrong of all nature will become much less in earth-life than now; then it will be known that all good deeds in earth-life prepare the mortal for happiness in the Summer Land.

My friends, "death" is only a quiet sleep that comes to us all sometime, and we should look upon it with joyousness; for we leave a state of unrest for one of perfect happiness, from ill-health to perfect strength, from darkness and doubt into light; it brings us to the "Golden Gate" where loving ones gone before stand ready to greet and lead us into the fields of beauty, and to homes prepared for us by the loved ones on this side of life, where there is no parting in grief.

We come with loving greeting to you who are in trouble at the thought of separation, and want you to think of it not as death, but new life; feeling assured that angels from across the river will come to you with words of love and strengthening influences, and make it ever clear to you that though loved ones have gone before, that always and forever there will continue between you a connecting link that can never be broken asunder; that though the mortal does die, love never will. Affectionately yours.

FATHER KENYON.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1887.

THE SOLACE OF AGE.

It is a matter of frequent remark, by persons visiting Spiritualistic meetings for the first time, that the attendants are mostly people past middle life. Conspicuous among the men especially will be noticed the predominance of snowy locks.

This is but natural. To the young this life is usually so full of brightness, and the evening seems so very far away, that they do not care to trouble themselves about what lies beyond. And perhaps this is well enough, especially if they make a proper use of the present. The work of the world—the mighty enterprises of time—call for man's ripest judgment and highest intuition, leaving him but little time for psychic experiment or investigation. The shop, the office, the laboratory, the forum; agriculture, commerce, trade; all confront him with their persistent demands at every step; hence, we are not surprised that the young take but little interest in spiritual matters.

But there comes a time when all this is changed. The struggle for fame, for wealth, for earthly position, is past. To some has come success, in a worldly sense; to many, their early dreams and ambitions are far from being realized. But whether successful or otherwise, the time for toil, physical or mental, is nearly over. They realize that they are rapidly nearing their journey's end. The problem of physical life, with them, is approaching solution.

Now comes a time for meditation. They look around upon the world. Where are the companions of their early years? Gone over to the great majority. With faculties undimmed, judgment matured, and life enriched with many treasured experiences and memories, they stand with brows uplifted to the bending skies, eagerly questioning, wherefore? And well they may.

Let no one suppose that old age is necessarily filled with sadness. To many it brings the fruition of joys whereof youth and early manhood hold but the faint prophecy. Why should the aged not take delight in that which brings to their minds a knowledge of the future? They realize that their days are nearly numbered. What joy to them to know that death is not an endless sleep—that when they close their eyes for the last time on the scenes of earth they will waken to a new day in a world far more real than this, where they will take up the broken thread of existence and go right on to new conquests of the soul, to new joys and new activities.

And so we find among the most attentive listeners at our Spiritual meetings, and the most industrious students in this new and enticing philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, men and women who have passed the meridian of life. To them it is a solace and comfort beyond all compare. It is as if the mists and doubts of this earth-life had all been swept away, and the green valleys and sloping hillsides of the Summer Land, thrilled with silvery rivers and streams, spread out like a beautiful mirage before the eye of the soul. But, unlike the mirage, it is an eternal verity upon which they will soon enter and take up their everlasting abode.

UNHAPPINESS OF GREATNESS.

Obscure persons often deplore their fate, thinking they have been cheated out of some niche in fame which they were destined to occupy. If they but knew it, it is a kind hand that kept them back, as great men often think, as they contemplate the average mortal trudging along life's way with no one to consult but himself and small circle of near and dear ones—none others to make extremely happy or equally miserable.

The great Bismarck says his "life-work has brought him little satisfaction and fewer friends. No one loves him for what he has accomplished. He has made no one any the happier—neither himself, his family, nor any one else." On being reminded that he had secured the happiness of a great people, he sadly replied: "Yes, but the misery of how many? But for me, three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have perished; fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, widows, would not be plunged in grief. I have settled all that with my Maker, but I have reaped little or no pleasure from my exploits—nothing but weariness, anxiety and grief." This is the record of military glory; there may not be regret in all other kinds, but there is "weariness, anxiety and grief." He or she whose life has been as a constant ray of sunshine, will still have pangs of sorrow, sent by the shafts of malice and envy by those who covet unearned praise.

PUZZLING PROBLEMS.

There are many noble and generous natures chained to the belief of a traditional theology to whom its puzzling problems and monstrous inconsistencies are a constant source of anxious uncertainty, if not of positive pain.

They see how poor, erring mortals are thrust into the world against their will, by a mysterious providence they had no hand in shaping, and how they are often reared amid baneful surroundings which they could not control. They behold multitudes of these human beings, with souls clouded with sin and ignorance, swept into the grave, and then they are made to believe that for them a Loving Father has prepared an unending future of pain and punishment unutterable! Herein they perceive a depth of cruelty and injustice that they can in nowise reconcile with the wisdom and goodness of God.

And again, they are taught that for the transgression of an original pair the entire race, for all time, were condemned to suffer an eternity of anguish; and such would have been their fate but for the intercession and crucifixion of the only begotten Son of the Father, who took upon himself the sins of the world; and that this innocent and beautiful One, by his cruel death at the hands of a Roman mob, "paid it all," but paid it only for those who believe in Him, and conform themselves to a certain ritual; and that the number so saved comprise but a very small portion of the human race—scarcely one in a thousand.

The generous and justice-loving nature, who wants to lead an upright life, and believe what is best for him to believe, is staggered at the stupendous cruelty and injustice of this plan. He brings it home to his own life; he turns it over in his mind, and applies to it the standard of his finite reason,—in whatever way he regards it he can see only cruel wrong and injustice—all unlike what he feels he ought to expect at the hands of a Being of Infinite Love and Wisdom.

But in the new revelation of truth to the world, now breaking in a mighty flood of light upon the hearts of humanity, all this is changed. The frowning face of an angry and unrelenting Father becomes wreathed in smiles.

The gentle Nazarene did not die to become an atonement for the sins of a fallen world, but to set an example to mankind of fidelity to principle, even unto death. His pure life and noble teachings speak to the soul now as never before.

Man was not made for eternal misery, but for a destiny of happiness, and that he will attain to, in this life or the next, whenever he learns the true way.

There is time enough, and room enough, for all. The Divine Mystery that broods the universe, and sprinkled the immensity of space with starry worlds innumerable, will leave no soul untouched. It will find the last one, in its own good time, and bring it safely to the Father's arms.

And so the problems that puzzled many a good man in the past have been solved, and in the assurance of this belief that has become to him positive knowledge, he goes his way rejoicing. He is "reconciled to God," whose spirit is henceforth a lamp for his feet for time and eternity.

SEALED SLATES.

A few weeks ago we received a package containing sealed slates from Mr. J. M. Harper, of Colfax, W. T., with a request that we sit with Fred Evans for independent slate-writing. The outer covering being also sealed we did not remove it, but held the package with Mr. Evans just as we received it, returning it in the same way by simply re-directing it. At the same time we sent a request to the sender that he inform us of the nature of the contents, if any writing came. A day or two ago we received a letter from Mr. Harper in which he says: "Having just received the sealed slates this evening (Jan. 18th) that we recently sent to you, as 'proxy to have presented to the medium, Fred Evans, which you so kindly offered to do,—on opening them we find they are both filled on each side, with cheerful, loving words, from our 'kindred and friends from over the joyful river of life.' In preparing the slates before sealing 'them, we simply wrote a request on each slate 'as follows—on brother's he wrote: 'I wish 'to hear from some friend or relative, if any 'is present. Milton C. Harper.' On his we 'find a message from our departed brother, 'James Harper, with hopeful promises of soon 'being able to manifest himself in our own families. On my own I simply wrote: 'I wish to 'hear from some spirit friend. J. M. Harper.' 'And in response I received both sides filled 'with communications from friends over the 'bright river.'"

We are firm believers in the maxim that, for all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

What a grand maxim for man to adopt and follow. See a man's good qualities, and nine times out of ten his imperfections will have vanished as drops of dew vanish before the radiant glory of the midday sun. There is a vast more of good in the worst of mankind than the world generally accredits them. There are many who will eagerly seek for the frailties of their fellow, and never even get a glimpse of his angel side. Such natures are great afflictions to the world—massive carbuncles on the face of the universe—and of but poor comfort to themselves; for what

joy a man can get out of life, who sees everything and everybody through a glass darkly, is beyond comprehension.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF CHARACTER.

There is a Persian proverb which says: "To know the plant, you must know the spot where it grows," and, says Lamartine, "Man, up to a certain age, resembles a plant, and his soul is rooted in the soil of that locality, the atmosphere of which has nourished his mental and physical organization."

We believe with the great Frenchman, that the character of every man and woman depends largely upon the nourishment which the soul receives in the tender years of infancy and childhood, and there is one being above all others with whom rests the promotion of this growth, and that is with the mother. It is from this divine source that the soul is first nourished as well as the body. It is not what the mother seems, or what the world may think her, that is the silent force which molds the future character of her child,—but what she is. Her spiritual and mental aura becomes, to the little feet, a guiding element long before they have taken the first step on the "untried borders of life's mysterious land."

Of all the combined forces of the universe, which operate on man for his highest good, the most efficacious, the most potent, is the never-varying magnet of the sacred affections of a mother's heart. The life currents of hopes and aspirations vivify every fibre of his being, be they good or ill.

Show us a man or woman who has lived the first ten or fifteen years of his or her life in the atmosphere of a pure-souled mother, an atmosphere which was permeated by only high and holy thoughts, and we will straightway behold a noble person; it cannot be else, for the great countess of heaven's nobility has been indelibly stamped on the soul's consciousness.

The world writes its histories of heroes and heroines as they appear before the public gaze, and records with minute detail the great events of time. But who shall more truthfully engrave on the tablets of the world's history the deeper, inner significance of man's existence and his manifold destiny—of the hidden causes which act so powerfully upon him for his weal or woe—of the mighty workings of the secret springs of being impenetrable to human eyes?

When the time arrives wherein man can more fully understand the occult science of life and being then shall motherhood in its infinite grandeur begin to be comprehended. Then shall dawn the new era, the era of man's spiritual unfoldment. The heralds of that dawn approach and stand knocking at the door of progress, asking for its inauguration. Spiritualists, Liberalists, Progressionists, read aright the signs in the heavens, and from afar they catch, on the breath of the morning, the faint, glimmering rays of the new light, the new dispensation of truth.

VERY MUCH THE SAME.

Whatever form of religion men may hold, their conception of the soul's destiny, or aim, is pretty much the same. Life and all that it imposes and brings is viewed in nearly the same light, and the methods taught for attaining unto a life of happiness in the beyond are the same among all Christians; hence, we do not see why they cannot all unite in heart and spirit and set out in friendliness on one grand, broad-gauge road that would carry all on the same terms. When Mr. Talma forgets for a few minutes a displeased God he talks of earth and spirit-life with a ring of the true faith, only that death is not so much a calamity with us. Of the two lives he says: "It is a planet of weeping that we are living on," he says in a recent discourse: "We enter upon life with a cry, and leave it with a long sigh." He described the earth as gashed deep with graves. He told his hearers they were the fragments representing hundreds of regiments of joyful associations that are broken up forever, as far as earth-life is concerned. But although this is a world of sorrow he blessed God that there will be no sorrow in heaven; no sickness or death; no dresses of mourning, but plenty of white robes of joy; handshakings of welcome, but none of separation; "doxology, but no dirge"; banqueting, but no "funeral-baked meats"; no darkness, grief, sickness or death!"

THE OTHER SIDE.—That is a funny story told by the editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser. It appears that there is one region in the United States where gold is not king. This place is Plaquemine, La. The five, ten, and twenty-dollar gold pieces that lined Mr. Editor's pockets were regarded as contemptuously as though they had been lead or brass. On board trains, at saloons and hotels, and all business places, whatever, gold was refused with the remark that it was not good money there. This is what might be called the extreme opposite of the silver question. The Plaquemine people have seemingly united to a man to forestall themselves against possible contingencies in the poor man's medium of exchange. This one example should be sufficient to show the inconvenience and mischief the absence or refusal of either coin would work to the public. Ludicrous as it is it is no more so than the intelligent and still existent attempt to demonize silver. The fact is, the public necessities demand gold, silver and paper as currency, and these three we shall probably maintain in spite of all efforts to the contrary.

LEGAL FAVORITISM.

The time has come for Spiritualists to stand up boldly for their rights, and insist that their mediums shall no longer be classed as mountebanks and charlatans in the eye of the law, and compelled to pay a license, as is proposed in the new charter about to be submitted to the voters of this city for their approval.

Too long already have Spiritualists submitted to the ostracism of an ignorant prejudice, in church, in State, and in social life. They are now numerically strong enough, and certainly respectable enough, to make their power felt to the extent that henceforth they shall resolve to insist upon the same measure of consideration that is cheerfully accorded to people of other religious faiths.

Concerning the contemplated insult of the "Fifteen Freeholders" having the preparation of the new Charter for San Francisco in hand—an insult to at least ten thousand people of this city, embracing among their number some of our heaviest tax-payers,—we uttered our protest in the last issue of this journal, copies of which have been placed in the hands of said charter-makers. The matter should not rest there. Remonstrances should be presented for signatures at each of the four or five large assemblages of Spiritualists' meetings in this city every Sunday, and committees should be appointed by each of the organized societies to canvass for names. These "Freeholders" should be made to understand that Spiritualists do not intend to quietly submit to this unjust discrimination.

Mediums are not jugglers or charlatans, but sacred instruments of communication between the seen and unseen world. To tax their calling is to tax a knowledge of the spiritual world. There is no more sense or justice in it than there would be in taxing a teacher of astronomy or of physical geography. The fact that they charge for their services does not alter the case. So does the public school teacher and minister of the gospel.

What the world wants is knowledge. Do not the revelations of nature concerning the destiny of man and his spiritual unfoldment constitute the very highest knowledge? Shall we lay an embargo upon positive knowledge of this kind, and not upon that which approximates the same, as taught from the thousands of pulpits in the land? Let us be consistent and tax all alike, or what would be far wiser, let all alike go free.

We hardly think the "Fifteen Freeholders," now that their attention is called to the matter, will care to antagonize so large a class of voters as the Spiritualists of this city represent. They may need them all to crown their work with success.

As we place rare jewels in a deep setting to enhance their beauty, so God sets great souls in dark surroundings, that earth may better see their heavenly beauty.—BRANCHES OF PALM.

Nothing is of worth until tried and tested. The life that revels in sunshine and luxury holds nothing for other lives, unless, by sorrow, it is brought to see the dark side of mortal existence. Night is a sad coming to the bereaved heart; but to go forth into the darkness and look up to the shining hosts, is taking a step toward the infinite and eternal light. Their luminous rays that have been traveling earthward for millions of ages, are the paths of mortals to angels and of angels to us. When we turn, in disappointment and pain, from the glare and show of worldly splendor—when we find how fleeting and vain all things earthly are—when all desert us but grief—then do we see light in the darkness and turn toward that which is true and eternal. The setting of all human gems must fall away, and did we value the one less and the other more, mundane life would be less of a delusion and a snare.

SPIRITUALISM IN OAKLAND.—Mr. Ravlin delivered his closing lecture last Sunday evening before the Oakland Spiritualist Association. Grand Army Hall, was filled with a highly appreciative and intelligent audience. The platform was tastefully decorated with flowers. A beautiful floral motto, "May Love and Truth attend you," appeared upon the wall back of the speaker. The subject of the lecture was "Spiritualism the Religion of Comfort to Mourners, and of Hope to Man." A graphic contrast was drawn between the picture presented by the teachings of old theology, which consigns ninety-five per cent of the human family to eternal damnation, and the Spiritual philosophy, which lets the light of hope dawn upon the millions of earth. It was Mr. Ravlin's last address before an Oakland audience prior to his departure for San Diego. The speaker was never more eloquent. It seemed as though his lips had been touched by the finger of the Infinite.

ANOTHER COLLEGE CLOSED.—And now it is said that "Brown's University is standing still." It is strange that the fact was not found out some time ago, for all such institutions that refuse the admission of women to their privileges, are at a dead standstill. The above discovery was made when the first girl student entered this ancient establishment, lately, as a special pupil in chemistry. She is a graduate of the Providence High School, and passed easily the examination required for admission to the freshmen class. When that University does begin to move,—and move it must, now,—it will be to some sensible purpose. The young lady will not long remain alone therein. Her presence and influence will so soon be felt to be beneficial that Brown will open its doors widely.

—Prof. Sheridan Wait is giving a course of twelve lessons at the parlors of A. C. Stowe, No. 19 Ninth street, and has also organized a class at Miss A. M. Tremor's parlors, Fulton House, Larkin street. The subject matter of instruction is the Universal method of God in creation, The overshadowing power of God, A new philosophy concerning the nature of the soul of man, and kindred topics, all of which he handles in a new and masterly manner. The Professor intends to

give a course of public lectures as soon as arrangements can be made thereof of which the public will be notified. He will also form other classes.

WHY IS IT?

Why is it that while the better classes constitute the voting majority in almost all communities, that vice and iniquity, under the open or tacit sanction of the law, generally abound?

Even in this city, with its nearly four thousand whisky dens, and its long rows of brazen faces at the windows, we doubt not the better elements of morality and temperance prevail, and that if the majority felt so disposed, as they no doubt do, they could stop the traffic in death, or at least drive it from the public gaze. That they do not do so is due to the fact that the majority does not rule.

It is one of the seductive fallacies of our Government, supposed to be a government of the people, that the people govern. This is a great mistake. It is the energetic and persistent minority that always governs, and sometimes a very small minority at that. The minority do the political connubiating. They plan the elections, dominate the primaries, and pack the conventions.

The saloon-keepers of this city—an insignificant minority of the voters—fully realize their ability to prevent any legislative or judicial interference with their business. The people understand this, and so they quietly submit. They are not oblivious to the fact that the liquor traffic, aside from its objectionable moral features, piles up great burdens of taxation for them to carry, but they trudge along with their load, making no effort to cast it off.

"You can not prohibit traffic in intoxicating drinks," they tell us. Of course you can not, so long as you submissively vote for the candidates the saloons bring forward for you.

What San Francisco needs—and this city is not at all singular in this respect—is men who are not afraid of the rum power,—men who will vote as they honestly think, no matter whose business, that flourishes upon the vices and weaknesses of humanity, is affected.

It is the duty of the strong to protect the weak, and not leave them to drift to destruction. Much less should we permit legalized temptations to be placed in the way of the young to entice them to their ruin.

A FALLACY EXPLODED.—It now appears that there is actual foundation for the asserted lessening death-rate of England, lately alluded to in the GOLDEN GATE. Figures seldom lie, except during election returns, therefore we must accept the revealed facts of the British "Blue Books," as set forth by a noted political economist, which directly contradicts the growing assumption that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. Nevertheless, the former is so much more apparent, that the delusion—if delusion it is—will be long entertained by the general world. This inquiring economist finds that the persons in England paying taxes on incomes ranging in sums from two hundred pounds to one thousand pounds, has increased eighty-eight per cent in the last two years; while those paying taxes on incomes more than one thousand pounds, increased but thirteen per cent in the same period. Going back one hundred years it is learned that the average wages of the English workingmen have steadily risen and the cost of living as steadily lowered. If England can make as good a showing in her Indian possessions in one hundred years, she may win some admiration in spite of her Irish history.

THE WICKEDEST CITY.—As a rule every one stands up for his own community, regardless of its failings and demerits. There are, however, exceptions in a rare few who prefer the truth to favor and denounce boldly the wrong-doings in their midst. Every town and city in the Union has at least one of these exponents of evil; and as each one declares his own to be the most wicked of all, the proving would become quite a competition. Rev. Dr. Barrows does not confine his comparison to the limits of the United States, but rates San Francisco "the most wicked city in the civilized world." We think there is no city more in need of an understanding of the Spiritual philosophy, and that the GOLDEN GATE did not open its portals one day too soon. If a conviction of entire individual responsibility of sinning does not lead to repentance, we doubt the efficacy of brimstone.

MADE ONE.—Hon. E. Owens, of Franktown, Nevada, and Miss Mattie J. Aylesworth, of San Francisco, were united in marriage Jan. 23d, at Reno, Nevada. The ceremony was performed by Judge W. H. Young in the presence of a small circle of friends, after which the bride and groom took the train for Franktown, their future home. Mrs. Owens is a most charming lady, of a truly refined nature, and to know her well is to know all her noble qualities of mind and spirit. We most heartily congratulate Mr. Owens, for "she will bring him good, not evil, all the days of her life." The GOLDEN GATE wafts many golden wishes for the future life now made one. May the Dove of Peace and Angel of Love ever stand as sentinel at the threshold of the home.

—As the GOLDEN GATE is delivered in the lower part of this city on Friday afternoons, we improve that fact to call attention to Mrs. E. L. Watson's sociable to be held at her parlors, on the same evening, at Cosmopolitan Hotel, corner of Fifth and Mission streets. It will, no doubt, be a delightful affair, and all her friends should endeavor to be present.

—The American Art for January presents an unusual amount of interesting reading matter, sketches, illustrations, etc., with a frontispiece, in photo-etching, of Cape Breton fisher bay.

—Remember the Paine memorial celebration at Metropolitan Temple, this (Saturday) evening. A fine literary and musical programme has been prepared for the occasion.

—Another cluster of beautiful "Pebbles," from Bro. Isaac Kinley, will find a setting in the GOLDEN GATE next week.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—C. Payson Longley, the eminent composer of spiritual music, says, in a private letter to the writer: "Your paper—the *GOLDEN GATE*—is, in my opinion, a model spiritual paper, and I am proud of it."

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney announces elsewhere that she will answer sealed letters in addition to her other remarkable gifts. She has long been aware of her powers in this direction, and her guides now desire that the world shall have the benefit of her gift.

—We have received from the "Facts Publishing Company," of Boston, the following delightful music, all by Herbert Leslie: "When the Mists Have Cleared Away," "We Shall Know as We are Known," and "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters."

—Mr. and Mrs. Mozart spent the holidays at Paris, France. After sojourning there a month they have resumed their tour towards Italy and will remain in Rome a month. An interesting letter from Mrs. Mozart will appear in our next week's issue.

—Mrs. Carter, a most worthy lady, a helpless cripple from rheumatism, who has long resided at Mrs. Sleeper's in this city, will be given a benefit seance for form manifestation, by Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, at her rooms, 1037 Mission street, at 2 P. M. Sunday Jan. 30th. Admission 50 cents. The object of this benefit is one that commends itself to all Spiritualists.

—We congratulate our young friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, on the receipt of a beautiful message from the angel world in the personage of an infant daughter, which fluttered into their lives and hearts on Friday, Jan. 21st. May she grow to woman's state in wisdom and goodness, and crown the brows of its happy parents with an aureole of lasting joy.

—Bro. Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, will accept our thanks for one of his ingenious little "Psychographs," which he regards as a great improvement over the ordinary planchette. It consists of a tablet circled with the alphabet, and a revolving disk, delicately mounted, with a pointer. It is highly spoken of as a great help for developing mediums. Price, \$1.

—Mrs. E. L. Watson, the eloquent speaker at the Temple, addressed an immense audience, last Sunday evening. She was in one of her grandest inspirations, and won the heartiest approbation of all who listened to her. On Sunday evening next she will review Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' recent article, published in *Inter-Ocean*, on "Sense in Spiritualism." This is a prolific theme, and one in which the gifted speaker will no doubt appear at her best.

—John Slater left for the East on Wednesday, being suddenly called home on account of the severe illness of his mother. As the rent of his rooms is paid for two weeks in advance, he requests his developing circle to meet there as usual on Monday evening next, when their money will be refunded.—Mr. Slater having left the funds in the hands of Hon. Amos Adams for that purpose. He expects to return to this Coast next Fall, when he hopes to be able to bring his mother with him.

—Mrs. Eyster, who is well known as a charming writer of children's stories and miscellaneous magazine and newspaper articles, intends to make San Francisco her future home, with her daughter, Mrs. Scott Elder. Mrs. Eyster has resided for many years in San Jose, and has been one of the most active workers in the benevolent societies of that place; in fact, she has not been confined to San Jose in her noble charities, but all over the Coast and the East. We give her glad welcome to this broader field of usefulness.

—A subscriber in the "Old Granite State,"—Bro. S. W. Greene, of Salisbury Center—writes: "Your beautiful paper, the *GOLDEN GATE*, comes safe to hand the second Monday after publication. Every number is a gem; we could not do without it. Its high moral and spiritual tone is captivating the hearts of all New England Spiritualists who have read it, and while we cling to the dear old *Banner of Light*, we must have the *GOLDEN GATE* also; it has gone one notch higher in the realms of progress."

—The Sinolua Club of San Francisco holds public meeting every Sunday at 4 P. M., at 1045 1-2 Market street. Co-operation is discussed, questions are answered and the latest information received from the colony is given. The public is becoming deeply interested in this great work. The meetings are well attended by intelligent people. Gustav Faber, 349 Fourth street, is agent for the colony. Miss E. J. Bennett has a file of the papers published by the colonists, and other reading matter for the public to read at her rooms, 1045 1-2 Market street.

—"Yes, certainly, I want the *GOLDEN GATE* for another year," writes a Michigan subscriber to whom we gave notice that his subscription was about to expire, with a request for a renewal. "You have pampered and whetted my appetite for the good things it always contains, and need not now ask me if I want it for another year. I want it for its moral teachings, for its peculiar manner of bringing to light the things so vital to humanity, and that in all the ages past have been covered in and obscured from the common thinker and worker."

—Learning and wisdom should beget happiness, since they alone can guide one in all right living; but they do not, in as much as they awaken aspirations for the unattainable in this life. They carry us up to high peaks from which we behold for the first time veritable eminences that lie directly in our path of ascent. Some of them are spiritual perceptions, though none the less real to the one who, by long and toilsome endeavor, has raised him or herself above the average level of humanity. There are flowers in the

path of genius, but they have been "watered by its own tears." They are the sweetest blossoms that grow, and are never found except by those who scale the summits.

An Acrostic.

BY J. M. HARPER.

Go on, *GOLDEN GATE*, in lessons of love,
Oft gemmed with angelic light from above,
Loved and assisted may you ever be;
Developing mortals for angels to see;
E'en though your task should laborious be,
Never despair, your reward you will find,
Genuine wealth for depraved and refined
Are your bread of life to all of mankind,
The precious earthly gems of the gold mine
E'en dimly compare with soul-gems like thine.
COLFAX, W. T., Jan. 18, 1887.

EDITORIALLY, the *GOLDEN GATE* always points above. It depicts that class of money-changers in the temple called "business mediums." All causative power is spiritual, and therefore those spirits who have to do with earthly things have no power to make or unmake. What bitter experiences many have undergone in learning this truth!—*The World's Advance Thought*.

A Test Seance at Mrs. Fairchild's.

EDITOR OF *GOLDEN GATE*:

I am sure that all who desire the triumph of justice on the earth will be glad to know that this powerful and strangely misunderstood medium for the materialization of spirit forms, still holds her banner bravely above the reach of all opposers, and that the "Excelsior" inscribed thereon takes on an added lustre with each new obstacle she overcomes! The forms which walk out of her cabinet are so life-like, so real, that notwithstanding the good test conditions she has always given, people were found who wanted more done in that direction. They proposed that her cabinet (which is a skeleton of small scantling hung with simple dark curtains, stands on castors, and is entirely open at the top), should be rolled to the extreme bow-front of her parlor, and a seance given there. She consented (as she has always done to every test proposed), and appointed Friday evening, January 7th, for the trial. The bow-windows look up and down the street and are very near the sidewalk, making conditions as little negative or congenial to spirit-work as they could well be planned. The seance was a free one, and eighty of the intelligent Spiritualists of Boston occupied her spacious parlor. The curtains of the cabinet were kept closely pinned back around each of the four corners of the cabinet, so that it was entirely open on all of its four sides, until the moment of opening the seance.

A committee of gentlemen examined the room underneath and reported that the ceiling was unbroken. They took seats against the door entering from the hall, and remained there during the seance. The other doors were guarded by a dozen rows of sitters. Miss Parée Gibbons, of the New England Conservatory of Music, sang a beautiful solo, and a fine poem was read, which had been written for the occasion by spirit Forrester Gordon, through his medium, Miss Sara Williamson (formerly connected with the *Psychometric Circular*, but now a resident of Boston.)

After a few cheerful remarks by Messrs. Wetherbee and Darling the curtains were unpinned. They had hardly fallen when "Forest Queen," the medium's control, saluted us, and the forms began to walk out of the cabinet, the medium remaining out among the guests as usual. More than seventy forms appeared during the evening, coming often in groups of two, three and four at once. The applause which greeted the first spirit friend, and which was frequently repeated when faces familiar to those who had frequented her seances appeared, proved how deep was the interest that she should again stand completely vindicated, as she had done on every previous, similar occasion. Well-known military men walked out in uniform, old and young men and women, and several beautiful children. Independent voices of Blackhawk, Dr. Rush and others spoke from the cabinet and the success of the evening was unmarred by any unpleasant incident.

Since our delight in any external manifestation of the power of the spirit to subserve matter to its uses, must always increase in exact ratio with our spiritual advancement, it is indeed a fact which awakens the most profound gratitude that such sublime evidence of the soul's immortality and power has become possible on earth, and that so many are found receptive to its gigantic and unrivaled truth.

OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.

STATION A, Boston, Mass., Jan. 16, '87.

Light for Thinkers, Chattanooga, Tenn., comments as follows: "Shall we patiently hear the charge of being opposed to marriage laws? We say emphatically that we think the good of the race demands stricter and better laws, so that regeneration shall be more surely achieved by better generation. We advocate more stringency in marriage license instead of more looseness. We are advocates of the family, and believe it a sacred association."

THE PHILANTHROPIST, of New York, thus states a plain truth: "Every man who uses alcohol, tobacco, opium, and the like, must transmit to his posterity physical decay, mental unbalancing, and moral perversity. Purity—especially sexual purity—in thought and act, is an imperative demand which the sacredness of actual or possible fatherhood places on all men."

Interesting Correspondence.

FRIEND ALLYN:—Your very welcome letter, dated 7th of last month, was received. I am always glad to hear from you by letter, or to receive a paper from you, especially if the paper contains an article written by you. I have read the papers (*GOLDEN GATE*) you sent me with great interest, but I can not as yet find tangible and reliable proof of the doctrines of Spiritualism. I do not believe that the spirits of deceased friends or persons retain their identity and individuality, sense and memory, and visit those living in the natural flesh, and communicate with them. But I am open to conviction, and ready and anxious to receive the truth, let it come from what source it will. There are undoubtedly some phenomena manifested in what is called spirit manifestations and slate-writings, which are inexplicable by any known science or law of nature, but I am of the opinion, or at least hope that the natural laws governing them may some day be better understood.

I believe in evolution, because nature teaches it. I believe that there is a power and vital force which pervades the universe. It pervades all matter and fills all space, which is infinite in extent. And this vital force is God, and beside it there is no other God. This power or these vital forces are the cause of all organization of both vegetable and animal life. These organizations are some of them so complete (as in animals including man) as to have sensations and even intelligence. Animals have sensation and are cognizant of pain, because it is necessary they should to compel them to take care of themselves.

Were it not for the suffering experienced by mutilation or neglect to supply their wants, all animals (including man) would soon perish. But it is a law of nature that when an organized body has become perfect, or at least attained to as high a degree as the germ or nucleus from which it started is capable of carrying it, it must then soon decompose, recede and go back to the original elements from which it was drawn, each element of which it was composed returning to the general mass or reservoir from which it was drawn; matter (which is visible to our senses) to the general mass of matter, and the vital forces (which are invisible to our senses) to the general mass of vital forces which pervade the universe.

But organizations tend to evolution. The elements which have once composed an organization are thereby refined and prepared more readily to enter into an organization of a higher character. Thus one organic substance becomes food for a succeeding one, and even the decay of organic matter on the land leaves a deposit which enables a new germ or nucleus to form which will have more power than the preceding.

But to what degree was man evolved when the vital force which made up his mind and intellect and spirit became immortal, to live eternally in triumph over the law of retro-action and returning to the original mass or reservoir?

Do all men retain their identity and have future life? or is it the privilege of only a favored few? And if the Spiritualists' theory of a future life is true, what good is accomplished by it? Do they improve and develop faster after entering the superior or future life? If they do we have no evidence of it. What little I know of spirit communications furnishes no evidence of valuable improvement or development of the spirit after it leaves the natural body, nor does it prove that the spirit is in a happier state than it was in this life, nor can I see that the people now living in the flesh are benefited or in any manner improved by the supposed communications of departed spirits.

I have about settled down on the conclusion that these supposed spiritual manifestations are all produced from the spirits of the living by forces whose mode of action we do not understand.

I further believe or fear that all the notions and theories about future or eternal life are the offspring of man's love of life and dread of annihilation. We naturally try to build up theories which seem to harmonize with that which we desire. Most systems of religion have been an outrage upon the intelligence and morals of mankind. I want a religion founded on facts, science and reason, and not on mystery and absurdity. All former systems of religion have been based on miracles; or in other words on a pretense that their precepts and doctrines were given by the God worshiped, and that the authorship is proved by diverse violations or suspensions of the eternal, unchangeable and immutable laws of nature. In this respect Spiritualism savors too much of the same superstitions and modes of proof. I want a religion that will harmonize with law, and teach men to obey law. The Christian religion has a demoralizing effect on all who hold to it. The doctrine of the atonement in effect offers a bonus for sin. The terms of salvation offered by the Christian Church are so unjust and absurd that they must be a disgust to every honest man in his right mind. But true morality or true righteousness is the same in all ages and in all countries. It is to do that which is in harmony with law. I do not mean statute law, but the eternal law of our being, which cannot be violated without evil to ourselves or others.

Although I believe the churches and religions of the world stand in the way of progress in the development of the intellectual and moral faculties of man, and that desirable improvement in the intelligence and morals of the civilized world can be made only to the extent that the power of the Church is removed, yet I am not an "Iconoclast." I would not destroy the churches and their imaginary Gods if I could, without first showing them a better way. The way to induce a man to cast off his worn-out clothes is to present him with a better suit.

The horse will leave off eating bad hay when you furnish him good hay. So the business of the philanthropist must be to teach truth and righteousness, and show the people the absurdities of old worn-out theories; but this he must do in the spirit of love.

Very respectfully, M—R—.

ILLINOIS, Jan. 10, 1887.

FRIEND R—: Your letter of the 10th inst. contains so full and candid a statement of materialism as to deserve an answer.

While the finest and best effects of spirit influences are those that come to us personally, yet as a distinguished Unitarian clergyman has said, "To establish Modern Spiritualism there is an amount and body of evidence that would be recognized as conclusive proof on any other proposition whatever." It would seem that much of the difficulty consists in appreciating that intangible and invisible forces or entities, are as good premises for logical deductions, as those that can be recognized by the senses, the scalpel, the retort or the crucible.

Still you acknowledge that an invisible and intangible deific force pervades the universe, which has produced the organism of the human brain which manifests intelligence. Without claiming to comprehend the extent and power of this deific force, it is logical to presume that it has intelligence, at least equal to what

it has produced in the human organism. If this bodily life is all there is of humanity, when we consider the disease, misery and blasted hopes connected therewith, it is plainly a stupendous, tantalizing failure. But if, as Spiritualism teaches, this physical is a preliminary germinal mode of existence adapted to develop character and experience in the indwelling spirit, so as to fit it for a better mode of existence, the ways of God to man are vindicated.

You seem to lay great stress on a universe governed by law. This would seem natural to one who has practiced as an attorney for forty years. You should remember what the frogs said to the boys who pelted them with stones, "this may be fun to you, but is death to us, your clients." But joking aside, you admit the best facts of spirit phenomena. Many materialists deny the facts to exist, and attribute them to trickery. You admit them, but hope they may be yet explained by some law of nature not yet understood. Would that mode of logic be accepted in a court of justice, in explanation of evidences in a suit at law?

You think spirit manifestations do not show an advance in intellectual attainment. Probably the highest spirits pass off to join the society of their peers, leaving others to communicate, except in case of missionary work.

Spiritual literature is addressed to the masses of the people and is intended to instruct and lift them up. But it is not inferior to other religious literature, or scientific literature, both of which often go stumbling along like a horse lame of one leg and blind of one eye, because they do not recognize the world of psychical causes that surrounds us. The object of these phenomena is not to exhibit feats of intellectual athletes, nor mere maxims of wisdom; but to convince skeptics of the fact of future existence for humanity. You admit the doctrine of evolution, so if there be a future life it must be far superior to this life, and such is the testimony of communicating spirits.

Take the case of the messages written in twelve different languages. These were written between closed slates with but three persons in the room, and many of the languages unknown to either of them. Is it not "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," to attribute this to an unknown law and force, rather than to disembodied spirits? My desire is to induce you to investigate this matter with the best mediums, knowing that you will eventually arrive at the truth, either before or after you emerge from the body.

That a future life is the common heritage of humanity, and that the spirit life is superior to this, sufficiently answers some of your questions.

You inquire how those living in the flesh are benefited by spirit communications? It seems to me plain that for men and women to realize, as Spiritualism teaches, that each one must meet his relatives and friends in spirit-life, and take that position in society that the moral and intellectual character fits him for, where it is impossible to conceal or deceive, will constitute the strongest motive to lead a pure and benevolent life.

The limits of this paper will not permit me to go further and I must close, leaving the churches to fight their own battles.

Yours truly, JOHN ALLYN.

ST. HELENA, Jan. 18, 1887.

The Topolobampo Colony.

[From a private letter from L. A. Gould to a friend.]

We arrived at Topolobampo on the 20th of December. The 22d, I started for Ahome; thence through the river ranches to this place (Supazio), arriving last evening. The Mexicans treated us as well as they could, and would take no pay. Metcalf and I had a good time and were very much pleased with lands on the river and with the country generally. We visited two large sugar refineries. I think this is a country of great capabilities, with skilled labor to develop it. The railroad is being cleared, stakes are set for grading from this point to Topolobampo. Quite a piece is graded near Topolobampo. All the colonists are earnestly at work at various industries as clearing, grading and farm work. I order a good lot of trees and plants by this mail.

DEC. 25th, 1887.

THE *GOLDEN GATE* of San Francisco, Cal., appeared out in a double issue during the holidays. There is no use talking, friends, the *GOLDEN GATE* takes the lead in America for a Spiritualism that this world needs. It is a good deal to attain to, but we live in hopes to merge into just such a publication.—*Eastern Star*.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPIES.

As a special inducement to obtain subscribers, we offer to send *The American Spectator*, with *Facts*, for one year to any of our present subscribers who will send us one dollar and a new name, or to any new subscriber to *Facts* for \$1.25, this offer to hold good only until April. *The American Spectator* is one of the most desirable family journals published, the articles written by Dr. K. C. Flower on "Hygiene" being alone worth several times the subscription price.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, January 30th. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Subject: "Sense in Spiritualism." Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 200 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 P. M. Mr. Ravlin will lecture at 2 P. M., and also at 7:30 P. M. The proceeds will be expended in aiding worthy persons and objects. All are invited.

FREE PUBLIC MIND-CURE MEETINGS ARE held every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 2:30 o'clock p. m., at Grand Pacific Hall, 1045 1/2 Market street. The morning meetings are devoted to questions and answers and healing patients. At 2 o'clock a paper is read, followed by testimonies and closing with a social. These meetings are for the purpose of showing people how they have power in themselves to remove all disease and trouble.

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

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

On the record book of the higher life is this: "Saidie and the band of Orientals, who wear the bright immortal robes, have a mission to the shores of earth-land, which is recorded deep within their inner beings, and will in its full fulfillment flood the earth with light and knowledge, which will break all the bonds, unfetter and bid go free every child of the Father. But ere its accomplishment has well begun the soil must be prepared, and before this can be well done in many places must the giant oak of superstition be felled and the roots thereof, which now spread out like its mighty branches which hold back the eternal sunlight, must be removed from the soil; for, growing there, strongly imbedded have they become, rendering the work of the tiller of the same difficult in the extreme. Knowledge of this, we, as a band, possess, but the planet we have watched from its birth to its present unfoldment is now reaching its longed for soul into the future, if there it may see a beginning of the brighter dawn that surely is its birthright; so we, a band of masterful ones, made so by and through the law of unfoldment which waits its fulfillment on earth shores, have banded in oneness of purpose for the same, and we will consider no sacrifice too great if thereby can come the great good which is now folded close within the bud of promise waiting time and conditions of opening into the flower of perfection."

Many ages has Saidie watched and waited, and many plans are laid which the angel hosts are fully confident of carrying on to perfection, and to carry out those plans have many from the higher courts of life come earthward, donned the robes of the material shores, and are doing the will of the angel world. My children, it is well that unto you has come the trials and discipline of the present, though sore and grievous are they all, and with them are added burthens heavy to bear; but remembering the heart of Saidie enshrines you all in her mother love, and that she ever is near in your trying times and troubled hours to bid you be strong and brave, persevere in all your way, feeling ever sure you are treading the path that leads to eternal peace. Not all the children whose names are enrolled have touched the shores of earth for the last time, and not yet is the work of redemption carried to the highest peak of the mound angel watched. Yet the valley hosts have many, aye, a grand army which is continually being swelled by reinforcements that is marching thitherward, and in time all will reach the summit when will be recorded grand fulfillments; but until then children who have put their hands to the plow must patiently, persistently, work, counting not the trials and discouragements, looking not back over the troubled past, but marching ever forward, recording continued fulfillments at every turning tide of events, leaving no bridge uncrossed, missing at last no note of the sweet soul anthem to yet be sung in the better land. Great, mighty unfoldments yet crowd the gate of fulfillment, and Saidie says in great earnestness that not one stone in the temple of error shall be left upon another, but all shall fall, and upon the ruins thereof shall be built the temple of mighty truth whose plan is engraved on high, to be revealed to the sons of earth as time and circumstances will admit, and if need be these same circumstances will be crowded to admit the work of preparation for the same. The citadel of wrong must be overcome and razed to the ground; all heaven-born rights will be given to the children of the Father, not as worthless baubles tossed about at the pleasure of willful children, but as jewels loved and prized for their great beauty and value. Instead of oppression and ignorance, which ever stalk hand in hand, shall be seen knowledge and freedom; and in the sunshine of the Father's love shall his children yet live and rejoice.

But between now and then lie uncultivated fields, fallow grounds, where now grow and thrive the mighty oaks of superstition, the underbrush of bigotry and its hand-made ignorance, and wise indeed must be the method used, the implements employed to bring all into subjection that will best prepare the soil for the sowing of the seed. Small fields must of necessity now bear the deep plowing and sowing, but the growth thereof will show to others that the pure, good seed of the kingdom bear fruits better for the world at large. Years will leave their records upon the pages of time, ere many harvests ripen and are gathered in, but each year will record its own good, and each succeeding harvest will contain more of the choice grain. Forget not, my children, ye are pioneers. You have entered a land of great plenty, but within its borders have ye brought the light of truth, which is and ever must be an opposite to the teachings of ages, and it is for you to bear, as you must, all that opposing forces will bring to your sensibilities. The way cannot be made smooth, for error throws out its thorns, sows its briars, which you must tread; yet for each path so faithfully, fearlessly trodden, your feet will find one flower strewn awaiting you in the land of souls.

Saidie would bring before you many times, the great object of your present incarnation, that your hearts grow not weary nor faint by the way. We recorded our plans we planned in the ages when we were

watching, waiting the unfoldment of the planet guarding all the light that came to its shores, opening avenues for greater and still greater possibilities. All these ages we have patiently watched and waited, knowing that though slow, yet the time would come, and it has come and we are established even on the shores of earth. Our hearts begin to gladden, and into the hearts and lives of our earth-workers would we weave the lines of our gladness. We would bid you be firm and strong. Look never anxiously over the tide that washes the shores of the two worlds, but patiently gather all your gems, for the crown you will wear in the by-and-by towards which even now your feet are tending. With faces towards the promised land of the future, perseveringly tread the vales, climb the hill, and cross the desert sands of the present, knowing that the heart of Saidie is ever with you, and her love will send a halo of light wherever you may be called to walk.

The consecration vows of each in the baptismal hour of the far past has lost none of its force, none of its luster, and the purpose deep within the heart of the angel host never falters, but on and on with dauntless step, and firm, resolute will, do we unroll to the world page upon page of unfoldment; and still the hours are not yet filled with gladness, for slowly will the light dawn, the march of improvement must meet obstacles, but these are not insurmountable, and looking beyond, peering into the future, we read fulfillment in unmistakable lines. The lines of light radiating in the earth atmosphere will, in time, brighten the whole, for promises are sure, and no earthly power will for a long season hinder their unfoldment. Seeing this, Saidie bids the children of her love and care with renewed courage to enter upon the work of the new year. Shadows are not dense and dark upon the pages as they come before the vision in foreshadowing, but brighter are the records our Order will make in the year just before. There have been faithful ones called home, but they are with us of the Order here, and with brighter vision, deeper knowledge, and added zeal, will they work to help you on the shores of earth.

So to you will come added baptism, and all will be well. Saidie gives no idle words of prophecy, but words full of meaning, and which will prove themselves true, and each child who bears the test of truth and faithfulness shall receive full compensation for the same. Peace be with you ever.

Given by Saidie, of the oriental band, through Mrs. E. S. Fox.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

OSWEGO, January, 1887.

Intuition.

[Read before the Gnostic Society, San Francisco.]

When we speak of the intuitive mind it is from a spiritual or material standpoint. If materially, we mean "a mind who perceives without reasoning the agreement or disagreement of two ideas or the truth of things." But when the human mind is possessed of this power in material things, there lies back of matter a spiritual cause, a living monitor. And truth being a resident of the soul plane is dual in its relation to soul, and when intuitively expressed is the divine attribute of the soul. When we are conscious of this condition within, we then may understand the intuitive mind that feels within itself a knowledge beyond the finite mind to perceive. When the mortal mind is awakened to the voice of the soul truth will reveal itself to it in all of its beautiful characteristics, and along the telephonic wires, now duly established, will the answer come to every earnest question, echoing through the corridors of spiritual and material conditions, that reply which, if understood, would lead all into green pastures, beside the still waters, and bread that we know not of would be given freely. We cannot, as yet, conceive of the power of mind. Two forces are always at work, conscious and unconscious action.

We build structures of great strength, whose towering forms obstruct the pathway of the consciousness, making a tangled skein whose undoing, or straightening must be done, without waste or loss of material, by the unfolded consciousness. Thus, unconsciously the condition is made that necessarily development must undo, using the same material to rebuild, as was used in the misconstructed formation. "For nature abhors a vacuum," therefore, nothing should be lost, only reconstructed from the ruins of past conditions, using as framework each experience, as an architect, aided by intuitive power. We may change our material body, bringing health to dwell where disease has long held sway. Before this can be done we must understand the divine soul, or its relation to the mortal. When once its intuitive echo resounds back through sense and matter, the Savior has come—the Christ healing the sick, raising the dead, bidding the angry waves "be still," lives again within your breast. And this voice or principle that is love and truth combined, is the soul response or divine intuition. J. R. W.

He who sneers at Spiritualism is building the walls of his future prison, for without knowledge of the spiritual laws and their operations, the spirit is necessarily in bondage.—*World's Advance Thought.*

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Karma.

[Light on the Path.]

Consider with me that the individual existence is a rope which stretches from the infinite to the infinite and has no end and no commencement, neither is it capable of being broken. This rope is formed of innumerable fine threads, which, lying closely together, form its thickness. These threads are colorless, are perfect in their qualities of straightness, strength, and levelness. This rope, passing as it does through all places, suffers strange accidents. Very often a thread is caught and becomes attached, or perhaps is only violently pulled away from its even way. Then for a great time it is disordered, and it disorders the whole. Sometimes one is stained with dirt or with color, and not only does the stain run on further than the spot of contact, but it discolors other of the threads. And remember that the threads are living—are like electric wires, more, are like quivering nerves. How far, then, must the stain, the drag away, be communicated! But eventually the long strands, the living threads which in their unbroken continuity form the individual, pass out of the shadow into the shine. Then the threads are no longer colorless, but golden; once more they lie together, level. Once more harmony is established between them; and from that harmony within the greater harmony is perceived.

This illustration presents but a small portion—a single side of the truth; it is less than a fragment. Yet, dwell on it; by its aid you may be led to perceive more. What it is necessary first to understand is, not that the future is arbitrarily formed by any separate acts of the present, but that the whole of the future is in unbroken continuity with the present as the present is with the past. On one plane, from one point of view, the illustration of the rope is correct.

It is said that a little attention to occultism produces great Karmaic results. That is because it is impossible to give any attention to occultism without making a definite choice between what are familiarly called good and evil. The first step in occultism brings the student to the tree of knowledge. He must pluck and eat; he must choose. No longer is he capable of the indecision of ignorance. He goes on either on the good or on the evil path. And to step definitely and knowingly even but one step on either path produces great Karmaic results. The mass of men walk waveringly, uncertain as to the goal they aim at; their standard of life is indefinite; consequently their Karma operates in a confused manner. But when once the threshold of knowledge is reached, the confusion begins to lessen, and consequently the Karmaic results increase enormously, because all are acting in the same direction on all the different planes; for the occultist cannot be half-hearted, nor can he return when he has passed the threshold. These things are as impossible as that the man should become the child again. The individuality has approached the state of responsibility by reason of growth; it cannot recede from it.

He who would escape from the bondage of Karma must raise his individuality out of the shadow into the shine; must so elevate his existence that these threads do not come in contact with soiling substances, do not become so attached as to be pulled away. He simply lifts himself out of the region in which Karma operates. He does not leave the existence which he is experiencing because of that. The ground may be rough and dirty, or full of rich flowers whose pollen stains, and of sweet substances that cling and become attachments—but overhead there is always the free sky. He who desires to be Karmaless must look to the air for a home; and after that to the ether. He who desires to form good Karma will meet with many confusions, and in the effort to sow rich seed for his own harvesting may plant a thousand weeds, and among them the giant. Desire to sow no seed for your own harvesting; desire only to sow that seed the fruit of which shall feed the world. You are a part of the world; in giving it food you feed yourself. Yet in even this thought there lurks a great danger which starts forward and faces the disciple, who has for long thought himself working for good, while in his inmost soul he has perceived only evil; that is, he has thought himself to be intending great benefit to the world while all the time he has unconsciously embraced the thought of Karma, and the great benefit he works for is for himself. A man may refuse to allow himself to think of reward. But in that very refusal is seen the fact that reward is desired. And it is useless for the disciple to strive to learn by means of checking himself. The soul must be unfettered, the desires free. But until they are fixed only on that state wherein there is neither reward nor punishment, good nor evil, it is in vain that he endeavors. He may seem to make great progress, but some day he will come face to face with his own soul, and will recognize that when he came to the tree of knowledge he chose the bitter fruit and not the sweet; and then the veil will fall utterly, and he will give up his freedom and become a slave of desire. Therefore be warned, you who are but turning toward the life of occultism. Learn now that there is no cure for desire, no cure for the love of reward, no cure for the misery of longing, save in the fixing of the sight and hearing upon that which is invisible and soundless. Begin even now to practice it, and so a thousand serpents will be kept from your path. Live in the eternal.

The operations of the actual laws of Karma are not to be studied until the disciple has reached the point at which they no longer affect himself. The initiate has a right to demand the secrets of nature and to know the rules which govern human life. He obtains this right by having escaped from the limits of nature, and by having freed himself from the rules which govern human life. He has become a recognized portion of the divine element, and is no longer affected by that which is temporary. He then obtains a knowledge of the laws which govern temporary conditions. Therefore, you who desire to understand the laws of Karma, attempt first to free yourself from these laws; and this can only be done by fixing your attention on that which is unaffected by those laws.

Father Upchurch.

[Pacific States Watchman.]

There is fellowship in sorrow, and nowhere are we so deeply impressed with the sense of a common brotherhood as in the sight of the coffin and emblems of mortality. Moved by this hallowed feeling, it has long been the custom among the Free Masons of Europe to hold special lodges at stated times for the purpose of commemorating the virtues and deploring the loss of departed brothers. They are called Funeral or Sorrow Lodges. This beautiful custom has been introduced into this country by the Ancient and Accepted Rite. The lodge-room is hung with the insignia of death and immortality. Solemn music is played, funeral dirges chanted, and eulogies delivered on the life and character of the dead.

It would be well for the A. O. U. W. to borrow this custom, and at stated times, say once a year, hold a Sorrow Lodge in remembrance of our brothers who have fallen by the way. The anniversary of Father Upchurch's death would be a good date to fix upon. This is only a passing suggestion; but it certainly would be desirable to hold a solemn and impressive service in all our lodge-rooms while the sense of the present bereavement is heavy upon our Order.

It is a duty we owe to ourselves. "Look for the flowers to bloom in the silence that follows the storm," says the author of "Light on the Path." The loveliest bloom of the heart is apt to come forth in the calm and solitude of grief and sorrow. The stars may be seen at noonday from deep, dark mines. The solemn meaning of life and the grander reality of the future is always more clearly seen through tears. This is why it has become a common expression that we never know the value of our blessings till we lose them.

But this is a duty we owe to a worthy life. We have heard the sneer that Father Upchurch was a plain, unlettered, simple-hearted man, who had been made great by an accident. Be it so. A swinging lamp told the secret of the pendulum. A falling apple threw open the gates of the universe. A simmering teakettle disclosed the giant energies of the steam-engine. The quivering of a dead frog's leg, when touched by the poles of a battery, revealed the mysterious force of animal magnetism. But such revelations as these do not come to the crowd of louts and idlers that mope and loiter around the corners of the world. Father Upchurch was a poor mechanic, who had a fellow-feeling with the sons of toil, and had long racked his brain in trying to devise some way to lighten their load and brighten their homes. It is no marvel; he should have been first to utilize the beneficent principle of our Order. Only those who stand and listen in the path of duty hear the rustle of the angel's wing.

Then we may learn from Father Upchurch's example that true greatness does not consist in the blare of brass bands, bronze statues, and a prominent place in history and song. It cannot be ascertained by the weight of the brain. The name of this poor mechanic will live and be honored when poets, orators, statesmen and millionaires are forgotten. It will go on growing brighter with the passing years for the simple reason that he was one of whom it can be truthfully said in the language of Abou Ben Adhem: "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." Perhaps the poor man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," or the dear little woman who wrote "Nearer, my God, to Thee," has inspired more trust and gladness in the human heart than all the scientists and professional reformers of the age. Were we all to learn the meaning of such examples, our hearts would be filled with more joy, for we would realize, however lowly our lot, we may do something to make the world brighter and better.

Do not dam up the fountain of thought within your brain. Give it outlet through speech and pen. It is the perennial fountain springing forever from the great source of life, and the more it runs the clearer it becomes, and the greater its power to fertilize the arid places over which it flows. Women have been taught to believe that silence is golden; but too often silence is a good seal behind which thought stagnates, and becomes a fetid pool to poison the life that breeds it. Expression is better than silence as life is better than death. Every person has a genius of his own, and the world needs it, society calls for it, else why the formula of living at all?—*The New Thought*.

Practical Thoughts.

[Rev. J. Savage.]

The changes of most importance to us, as men and women, will be inner changes—changes of thought and feeling and purpose, that indicate brain and soul growth or deterioration. The first of January found us about what and where we were the last of December. The conditions about us and the materials with which we work will continue about the same. Let us not blame these, or wait for other or larger opportunities. The artist does not wait for better canvas, better brushes, better pigments, or a larger studio. If he cannot do good work, or at least show an improvement, where he is, there is little hope of his ever coming to anything.

So what we need to do this new year is to care a little more for truth, and work a little harder to find it. We need to cultivate nobler feelings, cherish finer impulses and higher motives. We need to order our outer active lives by higher ideals and models of action. Let us review life a little, its meaning and outcome. Let us make up our minds as to what are really the best things for men and women to be, to get, and to do, and then steadily, however slowly, seek to realize these.

Why is it that the year 1886 has not been a happy year to everybody? It is no fault of the earth, the air, the sea, the stars, the general condition of things. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." So says Cassius; so says all deep thought about the world and life. It is human ignorance, human selfishness, human passions—these that mar the earth and spoil our paradise.

The quantity of physical food one can assimilate is very limited; but there is no limit to the amount of spiritual food the soul can appropriate. The former does not nourish beyond a certain limit; the latter strengthens and builds up forever. —*World's Advance-Thought*.

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The Haunted Manor.

If you walk the lonely highway,
Close beside the manor wall,
You will see him in the garden,
When the dew begins to fall.
If you watch the upper window,
From behind the crumbling bars,
You will see her pallid phantom
Looking out upon the stars.

Here she came a bride one Summer;
But a twelvemonth she was wed,
When they laid her, lapped in lilies,
In a palace of the dead.
She was bared to bonelage,
Like the slaves in Turkish marts.
Listen to her piteous story,
And believe in broken hearts.

She was like a star, a sunbeam;
Like a bird or like a flower,
Or a fountain, dancing ever,
Or a rainbow in a shower.
Brighter than the budding roses,
Purer than the morning dew,
When across the snows of Winter
Allan Wilder came to woo.

But there came another suitor,
Bent and wrinkled, gray and old;
Wise in sin and weak in virtue,
But with coifers full of gold.
Sighed her mother, "He can give thee
Silks and gems and lace fine."
Stormed her father, "Thou shalt wed him,
Or thou art no child of mine!"

Though her cheeks grew pale with pining,
And her eyes with weeping dim,
And she kept her heart for Allan,
Yet she gave her hand to him.
Here he brought her to the manor,
Hid in cedars dark and tall,
With a grim ghost in the garter,
And green mold upon the wall.

Day by day her spirit sickened,
Mourning like a mateless dove,
Dreaming of forbidden kisses,
Yearning still for Allan's love.
'Mid the rose-woven thickets
Of the garden, night by night,
From the dark the lonely lover
Watched her flitting casement light.

Waned the moon, and fell the roses,
Flashed the sun, and dashed the rain,
Till there came a sultry midnight,
When the stars were pale, with pain.
Specters walked the gloomy chambers
Of the manor, and they say
Hands unearthly smoothed the pillows
Where the dying lady lay.

In the dawn she died; her women
Crossed her waxen hands in prayer,
Veiled her wan and wasted features
In her soft and shining hair.
Shrouded her in snow of satin,
And with pomp of pall and plume,
As became a wealthy woman,
Locked her in a stately tomb.

Death had scarcely dimmed her beauty
With his darkness and decay,
When the solemn sexton passing
By her resting-place, one day,
Found a youth of noble presence
In the long, rank grasses laid,
By his side a golden ringlet,
In his breast a slender blade.

In the long-deserted manor,
Birds and bats and beetles hide;
In the doorway spin the spiders,
'Neath the sill the serpents hide.
But they come when come the roses,
At the twilight's ghostly hour,
Walks the lover in the garden,
Leans the lady from the tower.

—MINNIE IRVING.

Three Words of Strength.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one;
But man, as man, thy brothers call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus gave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudelest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind. —SCHILLER.

The Old Year.

The old is gone: 'twill not come back,
The long procession passes on;
Joys, pains, neglected things, done,
Beyond our power to change are gone!
The paths of the past is this—when o'er
The leaf is turned—'tis turned forevermore!

The old is gone: mourn not o'er much;
And be not overmuch elate;
Success or failure—not alone
Thy strength or weakness made thy fate.

Upright or stumbling on the ways of Time,
The wise man's only care is—how to climb.

The old is gone: 'tis wise and well
That old things fade and pass away;
Each yesterday's the half-grown bud
That bursts and blossoms in to-day!

And from to-day's imperishable morn
The finer issue of to-morrow's morn.

The old is gone: yet all is here;
Whatever of the supremest worth—
The love, the beauty, and the truth—
Can never perish from the earth!

And all the joys that from our arms have flown
The kindly Death is keeping for their own.

The old is gone: through sun and shine
The old earth circles round the sun;
Forms change and pass, but evermore
The eternal year is just begun.

They who are servants of the immortal truth
She leads, through age, into immortal youth.

—M. J. SAVAGE.

The Dawn of a New Day.

[Baroness Salvador's Paris letter in New York World.]

I had often met Lady Caithness in society, always wearing diamonds that a queen might have envied; always surrounded by hosts of friends; but now I can not understand why I never suspected her to be more than a charming woman of the world, never thought her mentally superior to hosts of agreeable friends and multitudes of brilliant mondaines. When I heard of the publication of the new Theosophical review I decided to know from Lady Caithness herself her motives, her opinions.

"When did you first think of publishing a review?"

"Months ago I fought against the idea. In the evening the difficulties appeared insurmountable; in the morning nothing seemed more simple. At last I decided, and my path was made clear before me. Theosophists are Buddhists; above all I am Christian. I have an inspiration. Come in the room where I write and I will show you my guardian angel, Mary Queen of Scots."

Lady Caithness led me to an immense, superbly-furnished room, and on the writing-table I saw a picture painted on ivory, a picture of the martyr Queen, more beautiful than any I had ever seen before.

"She often comes to me. Sometimes I only feel her presence; sometimes she is visible."

Naturally I was much interested and asked Lady Caithness for an explanation.

"Do you believe in the return of a spirit upon the earth? If not, you can hardly comprehend what I would say."

"Not a believer in name, but one who knows that only a thin veil separates us from the world of spirits."

"You know, perhaps, that we have a sixth sense called spirituality, a sense that slumbers, but a sense that it is our duty to awaken and develop. In the narrow path marked for us, we can only advance step by step; to us the things we see at first do not seem possible, but our watchword is always 'forward.'"

"When did you first discover the bond between you and Queen Mary?"

"Years ago. She makes herself known in various ways; and many times from her I have received oral communications which I have immediately put on paper. Although I am not the only one to whom Mary of Scotland appears, still she calls me her 'dearest of all.' Once she said to me: 'Ah, my beloved Mary, all do not believe in my purity as you do. Because I was light-hearted, gay, and ardent, many thought that I forgot God and forfeited my eternal happiness for the vain pleasures of a day. They never dreamed of my devotion to my young husband during his illness.' My most wonderful interview with Queen Mary took place at midnight in the chapel of Holyrood, where Lord Caithness is buried."

"Will you tell me about this interview?"

"It was in 1874. I was in Edinburgh, on my way to Caithness Castle, in the north of Scotland, when Mary promised to appear at Holyrood. A friend was to accompany me; how I overcame her fears would require too long a time to relate. With a lantern and matches we took our places in a cab, and on the box was a faithful servant. When the carriage stopped, the gate leading to the ruined chapel was opened and we entered; when the gate was shut, and we were in the sepulchral gloom, my friend was seized with a sudden terror, and insisted that I enter the chapel without her. How glad I was, for I wanted to be alone with my beloved Mary. Never had the chapel seemed to me so beautiful, and the silence was so solemnly itself. No longer were the altars illuminated by torches and candles, but the stars of heaven shed their light from above, and there was no roof to separate me from their splendor. Where was once the high altar of Holyrood are now found broken tombstones, and kneeling upon one of those I prayed. Suddenly I said: 'Where now are Darnley, Rizzio? Where art thou, my beloved Mary?' 'Here with you,' said a voice beside me, and turning my head I saw a vague form like a cloud, which gradually took a tangible appearance. 'I have kept my word,' she spoke to me in language whose beauty I could not transcribe. She said that spirits belonging to all periods of history are organized in society under the form of a star. This association, called Star Circle, was founded at the time of the appearance of Modern Spiritualism, and has been developed since. During the period of the new dispensation the star rules the destiny of the world. Later, Queen Mary told me that the real title of this circle is Circle of Christ. Since then I have received a diagram in the form of a star with six points and six rays, which exhibits in a wonderful manner this perfect philosophy."

"Sometimes I have met persons who were unconsciously members of this circle, and I recognize them by seeing the star suspended above their heads or marked on their foreheads. While I was reflecting on what Queen Mary had told me of the circle, she said to me: 'More than twenty years ago you were chosen to be a part of this Circle of Christ, chosen because you have a well-balanced nature, which allows you to understand all sides of truth. The Eternal said to you: "Come higher, for I need thee; thou shalt drink of living waters," and from

that hour truth was communicated to you as rapidly as you could receive it. Now, the time has come when I can ask you if you are willing to promise an entire consecration to the service of God.' Then I knelt upon the tomb, made my vow of consecration, and before it was finished I received a warm kiss upon my forehead. Mary continued: 'As my earthly representative, I charge thee to keep the banner of truth pure. We have placed upon thy shoulders the mantle of truth and on thy forehead a seal. Aspiration is inspiration. Without aspiration there can be no growth. Inspiration comes from God. Our breath is an aspiration, and inspiration answers it. Each one of our acts should be a prayer, and each act has a result. Thou art a vessel chosen of God, and the star we have placed on thy forehead will speak to all who approach thee, and will tell them not to enter thy sphere with impure hands and heart.'

"Then Mary gave me minute details as to where I might find some of her jewels, among them a ring she was anxious I should possess. *En passant*, I may say that I own many jewels once the property of Mary of Scotland."

"All that Queen Mary told me I do not remember, but detached sentences come to me from time to time. Here is one: 'Use the Bible with respect,' she said, 'to be guided and instructed thereby. Read even with more respect the great Bible of Nature. Thou, my child, hast a mind capable of seizing the truths destined to inspire all nations and to make them free; and these events are taking place to-day. Mary, my beloved one, the faith that you have embraced possesses the rarest jewels the world has ever seen. Add something great to its literature. Be courageous, and remain in the high place which has been given you by the Star Circle. You may go on and never arrive at the end of your progress and your development, for the Father, whose perfection you should imitate, will inspire you and be your divine model. Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.'

"Then she left me and all was silent. I hastened to rejoin my friend, who was alarmed in the greatest degree. The next morning I called my maid, seated myself before the dressing-table, looked in the mirror, and upon my forehead saw a round, bright spot, which seemed like a red seal. That was the impression made by Mary's kiss, and I was willing the mark should remain always. It was the proof of her visit to me. As I gazed it disappeared, but with my spiritual eyes I always see the seal upon my forehead."

"And afterwards did Queen Mary appear as she promised?"

"Yes; rapidly as I could absorb the truths they were given to me to understand. Each day I feel my soul expanding and passing to a new state; peace is mine, new horizons of grandeur and perfection open before me, and my happiness is complete. So intense is the light, so wonderful the joy of my life that nothing known by me until this day can compare with it. Art, society, nothing has ever given me such delight: 'The peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding,' a foretaste of heaven, because 'the kingdom of heaven is within you.' As Mary said to me, I live in the present without looking back to the past or forward to the future, and I know I shall inherit eternal life, because I am already in that life."

Never have I been so impressed. I have heard the greatest divines of the Catholic and Protestant churches give the reason for their faith; but this fearless woman, standing alone as the exponent of a doctrine ridiculed by some, misunderstood by others, deserves admiration for her bravery, respect for her sincerity.

Lady Caithness gave me a poem dictated to her by Queen Mary, a few lines of which I quote:

Truth embodied bears all sin away,
Fear not to die, for Death an angel is;
And thou must meet with Death in many ways
Ere the finality of life begins to be a consciousness.

Which shall increase for aye.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has the following from one of its correspondents: "One day a woman appealed to a friend of mine to save her son from the punishment that was to be inflicted for a theft he had committed. 'He stole the goods,' she cried, 'but he is not guilty. It is I who am the guilty one. A few months before his birth my husband refused me means to purchase baby clothes for him. I then commenced pilfering small sums from my husband, and thus when the boy was a babe he was a thief, and has been so ever since.'"

WHEN that which is right in the abstract becomes the popular rule of action, it is too often perverted into a force of wrong rather than of justice.—*The World's Advance-Thought.*

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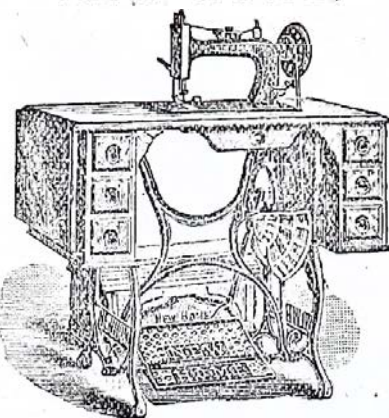
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