

GOLDEN GATE

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

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{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
734 Montgomery St. }

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Growth is the law of all intelligence.

Law is not honored in punishment but in obedience.

No holy tear is lost. None idly sinks as water in the barren sand.

In truth the earth grows more beautiful as we grow better and wiser.

Kill not a bad man, but rather persuade him to goodness.—*Confucius*.

They sin who deem there can be discord betwixt love and love.—*E. H. Bickersteth*.

In the gentleness of tears there lies a spell mightier than arms or bolted chains of iron.

Our little life is interwoven with the universe of God's eternal counsels.—*E. H. Bickersteth*.

Restless and homeless the soul of man will wander through life until it finds rest and a home in God.

There is an unbelief that grows out of ignorance, as well as skepticism, that is born of intelligence.

The end of life is the progressive assimilation of man to God by the voluntary appropriation of his gift.—*Origen*.

He who knows that men were not born wise, but have to become so, will never be angry with the erring.—*Seneca*.

He who listens to the voice within will not fail his destiny. He who hears the gods, him the gods hear.—*Epictetus*.

A man of thought is willing to die, willing to live. A man of affairs is afraid to die, he is pestered with terrors.—*Emerson*.

The difficult task of knowing another soul is not for young gentlemen whose consciousness is chiefly made up of their own wishes.

Many persons have been praised as vividly imaginative, on the strength of their profuseness in indifferent drawing or cheap narration.

There is a power mightier than pride, or war, or pleasure's thrall, or greed of gold,—the intolerable pangs of conscience seeking rest and finding none, the terror which hath torment.

Strange that some of us, with quick alternate vision, see beyond our infatuations, and even while we rave on the heights, behold the wide plain where our persistent self pauses and awaits us.—*George Eliot*.

They who are in perception of the Lord's presence are in the perception that all and every single thing that befalls them tends to their good, and that evils do not reach them; hence they are in tranquility.—*Swedenborg*.

Much of our lives is spent in marring our own influence, and turning others' belief in us into a widely concluding unbelief which they call knowledge of the world, while it is really disappointment in you or me.—*George Eliot*.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Formation of Worlds and Origin of Man.

A Spirit's Answer to the Question, "How did Man Originate?"

You wish me to tell you how man originated, and I shall now proceed to do so:

In former letters I tried to make it plain to you how his spirit originated; I now understand you to ask me how his body originated, or how did he come into possession of his present form. And you may as well ask me how the trees were formed, how animals came into existence, and how came the birds and fishes to live, move, and have their being.

Man thinks that he must have been created by some especial or miraculous power which he attributes to a being he calls God; and he adds, that God made the sun, moon and stars, also. But you want to know how he made them, or how they came into existence; and in all my letters I have been trying to lead up to this point.

I have told you that before form existed there were two great principles in nature that never had a beginning, and consequently can never have an end, and these two great principles were matter and spirit; they were the male and female principles, and within these two principles dwelt the germs of all things that exist in nature.

Now, it was the laws of attraction and repulsion that caused all things to be as they are at the present time, and it was the uniting of spirit and matter in an eternal union that caused form to spring forth. The proper name of this spiritual principle is magnetism, and every little atom of magnetism attracts and holds in its embrace just an equal proportion of matter. But the magnetism is an invisible power, as you very well know, and if you do not you will soon find it out by examining a magnet. But matter is not invisible, for matter is the substance of all things.

In the beginning of form matter and spirit coalesced, or mixed together in equal proportion, and every little point, or atom of magnetic flame, covered itself all over with matter, or substance; visible substance.

Now, spirit, or magnetism, in reality, represents the female principle, and matter the male, but it is usually understood the other way, as you will hear people say, "Father God and Mother Nature"; but this is not true, for magnetism really represents the female and not the male, and substance, or matter, represents the male. Now, the little flame of magnetism attracts and holds, and covers itself with matter. So, now, we have one little atom of visible substance in the exact form of an egg, and the little magnetic flame within is just in the form of the yolk of an egg, but the little spiritual flame is invisible so that the little atom appears to be hollow at the central point, and the whole atom is not larger than the point of a fine cambric needle. Now, the little flame within heats the substance about it, and instead of being inert it becomes an active, living, moving little atom, vitalized at its very core, and it moves and speeds about with great velocity. We have said that all things seek their level, or like attracts like. Now, this atom seeks other atoms like itself, the same as water seeks water; and as it rolls about it comes in contact with other atoms that have been formed in the same way, and the magnetic attraction holds them fast until a large ball or globe is formed. Now this law has been forming a great many other globes at the same time, and they are all wheeling with great velocity in space.

When globes first came into existence they were all quite small; and after they had attained a certain size—we will say the size of a goose egg—their rapidly revolving motion repelled each other and drove and kept them asunder. This is the law of repulsion; and the nucleus of all the primary planets in existence is not larger than a goose egg. These were the primeval planets, the first ones that ever existed. These were the first forms that spirit and matter brought forth after their marriage; but they are continually bringing forth. We will go on with one or two of these primeval planets—baby worlds—in the form of eggs, rapidly revolving eggs in space.

All space is filled with countless atoms, like the first one described; and as the eggs revolved and revolved they attracted and held atom after atom, atom after atom, and as the ages rolled on they became great balls thousands of miles in circumference.

The lowest forms of insect and reptile life bear the male and female principles within one form; so the first baby worlds bore within them the male and female principles, and while in their babyhood, or primeval state, they were soft—about as soft as kneaded dough. There were no rocks, or bones, or backbones of any kind; and as they rapidly revolved the outer surface loosened from the inner part, for the time had come with them when the great law of generation or form multiplying form must take place. So as the planet whirled and whirled, and a larger and still larger space grew between it and its loosened surface, as its revolving motion must naturally cause, the outer shell rifted asunder as ice does on rapidly running water; and as the rift widened and widened, as the shell, by its own power of attraction, drew itself together, the smaller world within gradually escaped from its shell and became independent of it.

Now the planet had multiplied itself and thrown off a child. Now the ring which it had thrown off soon gathered itself together in a ball, as its revolving motion and power of attraction would naturally cause it to do; and now the motion of these two worlds repelled each other and kept each other at a proper distance, and yet their power of attraction held them bound to each other at this proper distance, and the smaller world, which was the ring, became the satellite of the other.

At this time these worlds were in darkness, for there were no suns at this period of formation, but there were already countless millions of these planets, but they were begat in darkness; and these primary worlds are being formed to-day just as much as they ever were. Nature is continually repeating itself. But we are about to trace out two worlds, and all others are formed after the same plan.

Now we have two small earths—the parent and its satellite; but the satellite has become cool and hardened throughout all its parts, and its power of attraction is therefore lessened so that it does not grow as rapidly as its parent, but the parent is yet warm and soft, and soon by its attracting power it has become too large again and another ring is cast off. Now it has two children, and so it goes on until it has cast off seven rings. By this time it has become so cool and hardened, and is so completely hemmed in by its children, that it can attract atoms but very slowly, and the seven other planets attract atoms but very slowly, and they cool and harden almost immediately.

Now we have a system of worlds, all very small to be sure, but yet a perfect system or family—a mother with seven daughters, for there are as yet no suns. These are the first or lowest forms of planets and hold the male and female in one. But the time has come when a higher order of things must take place, for all things move onward and upward, or progress from the lower to the higher.

At this period of growth, each planet bore within itself its own heat and light, for they were merely vast bodies of spirit and matter, equally proportioned; they were strictly and evenly balanced. As the shells, or rings, were thrown off from the parent worlds, the rings, of course, were hollow, and, as we have stated, cooler and harder than the central earth which had thrown them off; and as they, by their own power of attraction, closed themselves together, they became seamed and broken everywhere, and their surface was extremely ridged and uneven. Look at your moon through a telescope and you will see a fair sample of it. Now this formed the primary mountains, hills and valleys, but we have no water as yet, neither any sun, but all these primary planets are very warm. Now comes a time when these planets must have a sun in order that they may go onward and upward in the scale of progression.

The parent globe that held the male and female principle in one, after throwing off seven rings, or baby worlds, came to that point where it ceased to throw off any more. In other words, it had become too old to bear any more children. It had become too hard throughout all its being, but its surface was smooth and

even. The time had come when it must yield up its spirit. You remember that its being was completely permeated with spirit, or magnetism. The time had now arrived when they must separate and become two distinct forms, for reasons that will hereafter appear. Now every little atom of matter must yield up its little flame of spirit that it held at its central point, and so, as it rapidly revolved, it shot forth rays of magnetic light in all directions. It yielded up its ghost, or spirit, from every particle of its being; but the spirit having once been within a form, could not go back to its first condition,—for nothing ever takes a step backward,—but it gathered itself into a form precisely like the one that it had left. But its substance was entirely spiritual, or magnetic.

Now, you ask, what became of the body which she had left? They were one, but now had two distinct forms; and this was the only way that light was ever created,—that is, material light, or the light of a sun. The globe that had yielded up its magnetic principle, became a sun, and the magnetic spirit which it had yielded up, became its invisible counterpart, but not invisible to the eyes of spiritual beings. This sun, now, was black and dark as night, and therefore it also was invisible. We might say that the parent of these first baby worlds had grown old and died, or yielded up its spirit, but only that it might be a thousand times more potent and powerful.

Your sun, and its counterpart, is a dead world, or one that has become a spiritualized planet. Now, the sun, and its counterpart, had taken a grand step in the onward march of progression. They had become two distinct forms, and yet were one; and now a higher law stepped in, and magnetism and electricity commenced their play, and the result was light and heat. The sun held its magnetic counterpart just the proper distance, and farther away it could not go. The sun continually begged for magnetic food, or spiritualized food. The counterpart gave to it lavishly. Magnetism continually set the sun on fire, and as he flames in bright glory, every ray of light and heat he shoots forth passes directly to the body of his counterpart, and by her is again resolved into magnetism proper, and is again transmitted to the sun in great waves.

As the sun shoots forth his rays of electric light, and his counterpart sends forth her currents of magnetism, their children, the seven baby worlds of which we spoke, being grouped between the sun and his counterpart, are warmed, clothed, and fed, by their spiritualized parents. That is, every ray of light which the sun sends forth on their way to its counterpart, strikes these planets in their course. And every wave of magnetism, as it is passing to the sun, bathes the planets on their way, and thus the planets are fed with light, and heat, and magnetism. But as yet there is no water. We suppose you would like to know how water came into existence. There had to be a sun before there could be any water.

The ancients dimly grasped at the truth when they said that God was a triune being. But the ancients, or sun worshippers, never meant by God anything but the sun. The sun is really triune in its nature. The father, which is the body of the sun; its spirit, which is its magnetic counterpart; and its soul, which is its principle of heat. And you Christians say, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," not allowing any female principle whatever. Yet, all nature contradicts the assertion.

But it is our business now to tell you how water came to bear its present form. We have already stated that the primeval planets were soft, about the consistence of dough. The material part of each atom held just as much water as it did hard substance, but it was mixed equally together, something after the same style as flour and water. It was evenly balanced; one weighed just as much as the other. Water is the counterpart of solid substance, and they are forever and eternally united. One can not exist without the other. Water is the female principle; solid substance the male. But they had not, as yet, been separated in the baby worlds. It was the work of the sun to do this. We will now consider one of these primeval planets, which was a hardened ring cast off from its parent, and, as before stated, in breaking up and closing itself together at its central point, its sur-

face became extremely ridged, mountainous, hilly, and uneven; yet, taken as a whole body, it was evenly and justly proportioned, as one might take a perfect orange, and seam, and cut its rind into a thousand grotesque forms. But as yet the planet was comparatively soft, water and solids being equally proportioned.

But now the sun has commenced to shine upon the planet, and the sun's rays are hot, as hot can be. Presently a sort of baking process commences, and intense heat separates the water from the solid part, for they also must bear two distinct forms that a higher state of things may spring forth.

The water as it was squeezed out and separated from the solids, ran all over the surface of this earth, and as all things are constantly trying to find their level, it ran down into all the lowest chasms, and formed itself into millions of rivulets. But as yet there was no ocean. The earth kept on baking and hardening, until every drop of water was squeezed out of the solid parts, and all the solid parts had become solid rock. Now we have a world of rocky mountains and water. The waters had gathered themselves together in lakes all over the uneven surface of the earth; and as yet there was no ocean.

Geologists call this age of the earth the age of rock, or stone age, and your Bible, if it was rightly understood, calls it the age of the deluge. For this is really the meaning of that old story, all jumbled and oddly mixed together.

Now we have an earth composed of nothing but rocky mountains and vast lakes, but as yet there is no atmosphere. The lakes lie motionless, the rocks glisten hotly in the sun, the waters begin to feel the heat of the burning sun, for there is no atmosphere to cool it, nothing to ward off the burning heat. At last the lakes became so heated that they were all boiling, seething caldrons of hot water. Now water bore within itself the constituents of atmospheric air, or gas, and as it boiled, and bubbled, and roared with intense heat, it yielded up its spirit, which was atmospheric air. Now we have a triune earth of rock, water and air—body, spirit and soul.

As the water yielded up its spirit, the air, it had first to become vapor, and in the form of vapor it would part with its air, that is, before it would become cool enough to separate or condense, it would rise to a mean distance of about three miles, when it would leave its air at a proper level and fall back to earth. Now the earth moved faster than its first atmosphere, and by its movement constantly repulsed the air, at the same time it attracted the water, or vapor, back to itself, and this caused a rushing wind, and as the earth not only rotates on its axis, but is moving in all directions, the atmosphere not keeping pace with the earth, the winds began to blow in all directions and now there was a fearful state of things. Hot, rushing winds, boiling, vaporizing water, and direful commotion everywhere. Great whirlwinds shook the face of the earth. Currents of electricity from the sun rent the rocks asunder, and the winds raised the lakes into great waves, while the earth was densely surrounded three miles thick by hot vapor, and the vapor constantly cooling and falling back to earth, and so forever washing the earth at all points. The action of the water commences to wear away at the rocks, to gradually grind them into powder, and then to chemically separate one ingredient from another, and as like attracts like, and the powdered rocks yielded up the different substances of which they were composed, sulphur would form itself into great beds or mines, and each mineral as the water carried it along would gradually settle in beds or mines by itself. But many things were soluble in water, and all things that go to make up animal life are soluble in water, and these the waters kept to themselves. Salt and lime and phosphorus are three of the principle ingredients. Of course there are many more, but we cannot here speak of them all. For brevity we will say that lime was to help form the bones of a fish, phosphorus its brain, and salt its blood.

As the ages rolled on, the waters washed away the rocks, gathered themselves together, and the ocean was formed. The atmosphere had now cooled the waters and the rocks, but yet the earth was very, very warm, as were also the waters.

Now, moss began to form upon the

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

A True Story of Child-Mediumship.

BY LYMAN L. PALMER.

Far away to the north a boundless expanse of bleak prairie, bordered on the south by a skirt of timber. O'er the prairie, far as the eye can reach, only russet-hued grass; on the timber not a leaf, save here and there one, brown and sere, and limp in death. The earth, under foot, sodden and wet with fast-melting snow; the sky over head blue and cold as steel, with great cloud-argosies sweeping from horizon to zenith and on to horizon, lashed and driven by an angry March wind, chill and bleak. On the brow of a hill an old-fashioned rural graveyard; an open, new-made grave; a few neighbors gathered together to pay the last sad rites of burial to one who was born and reared in their midst, and who has been cut down in the first flush of her early womanhood; a gray-haired father, a veritable patriarch, whose silver beard is sported with by the wind and gleams in the fitful sunshine, stands beside the open coffin and looks for the last time, with eyes all dimmed with tears, upon the calm features of his dead child; on his arm hangs the trembling form of the aged mother, her heart bursting with its agony of sorrow, exclaiming, Nokomis like,—

"Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I was dead as you are."

Beside that still, pale, pulseless form, and facing the father and mother, two men are standing, one of middle age and one with the first down of manhood on his cheek. They view for the last time the face of the dead girl, and the lid is closed. A flood of grief in the elder finds its vent in tears, but the younger stands statue like, with dry eyes but a breaking heart. The father gently leads the mother away, and the elder man slips his hand through the arm of the younger, and they walk mechanically out to the public highway, and thence on and on, so that they may not hear the dismal thud of the turf and clods as they fall upon the coffin.

Those men had never met before that day, but they felt very close to each other then, in the hour of their common sorrow, for one, the elder, was the brother of the dead girl, and the other her betrothed lover. On and on they walked till the village was reached, talking of her whom both had loved, and whom both believed was lost to them until that very uncertain and long-distant time when the resurrection trumpet should call all forth from their long sleep of death.

More than a year has gone by. It is the time of the beautiful dreamy Indian Summer, when all the world is bathed in a halo of mellow mist, robing it like a bride for the Winter king. The young man, by chance of circumstance, is passing through the town where the elder one resides, and as they have not met nor had any communication with each other since that sad day, still so fresh in the memory of them both, he resolves, at the last moment, to stop off and pay him and his family a visit for a few hours—till the next train shall come. He alights at the depot, goes to the hotel, and, at the end of half an hour, proceeds to the home of his friend. As he approaches the house he sees a little girl run in from the front gate and peer out through the window at him as he ascends the steps. The young man has never seen the child before, nor her mother. The bell is rung and the mother appears. The father is asked for and no card is given, and no name is mentioned.

The stranger is invited in, given a seat, and the mother leaves the room in quest of the father. Immediately the child comes boldly up to the young man, her great brown eyes dancing with delight seemingly, and says: "Take me in your lap." Then she says: "I have three kisses for you, one on the forehead, that is reverence, one on the cheek, that is friendship, and one on the lips, and that is love." Then leaning back and looking him full in the face, her great eyes filled with tears, and throwing her arms around his neck and nestling her curly head upon his bosom, she vehemently exclaims: "I love you, oh, I love you!"

Just then the mother and father enter, but she heeds not their presence, but only clings the closer to her newly found friend.

"Why Mary," exclaims the mother, "what does possess you to-day, any way?" Turning to the stranger, she says: "A queer thing has happened here to-day. Mary was sitting on the floor playing when the train whistled. When she heard it, she listened for a moment, then springing up exclaimed: 'Oh, mamma, there is a man on that train coming to see us.' She then took up her station at the front gate to watch for her expected visitor. Dozens of men have come up the street since, but she paid no attention to them until she saw you turn the corner, and then she came bounding in, and pointed you out among the whole crowd while you were half a block away."

"Yes," the young man readily assented; "it is very strange," and then they talked of many, many things, and later on took a ride around town, and then had supper. At no time was the child, who was only four years of age, away from the young man for a moment, and during most of the time sat upon his

knee and seemingly feasted her soul, through her eyes, upon his face.

After supper, with a mother's pride, the lady told how wonderfully precocious the child was, stating that she could read a newspaper as well as a grown person, and that she could play and sing with great exactness any song she had ever heard. With alacrity the child sprang down to the floor, ran away and got a paper and began reading as readily as any one would. Then she was asked to play on the organ and sing. Choosing Wm. B. Bradbury's last Sunday-school song book, "Fresh Laurels," she opened to a song and said, "I don't know this very well, but I guess I can play it." A volume of music burst from the instrument and her tiny fingers danced over the keys like automata. She at once seemed to become *en rapport*, and with a fixed gaze heavenward, and away off and out from her immediate surrounding, she sang most beautifully:

"They hover around us, bright angels are near,
To glory immortal they win,
Then gladly we'll open the door of our hearts,
And let the good angels come in.
How kindly our Father has sent them to keep
A watch o'er His children below,
They're with us in slumber, their eyes never sleep,
They're with us wherever we go."

"To comfort the lonely and strengthen the weak,
Their mission of mercy and love,
And oft on their beautiful pinions of light
They bear our petitions above.
O, let them come in, they are holy and pure,
Their presence how tenderly sweet,
They echo the song of the happy and blest,
They learn at Immanuel's feet."

Turning the pages listlessly along she suddenly stopped and said, "I must sing this one for you." "Why for me?" the young man asked. "Oh," she replied, "I don't know; only just it is all for you; just like I knew you were coming here to-day." And then she sang:

"Above the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life—
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
My home is there, my home is there."

"Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where buds and flowers immortal grow—
Where trees their fruit celestial bear,
My home is there, my home is there."

As the sweet harmony of the last chord died away she sprang from the stool and in an instant had her arms clasped about his neck, and gazing steadfastly into his eyes with a far-away look, she exclaimed: "My home is there, and yet I am with you always!"

At last the hour for parting came. She threw her arms about his neck and snuggled up close to his breast, and sobbed as if her little heart would break. "How can I let you go, I love you so!" she exclaimed. At last her mother came and gently removed her from the young man's embrace. After she had left the room she came running back and said: "I must kiss you three times, once on the forehead, so, for reverence; once on the cheek, so, for friendship; and once on the lips, so, for love. Love can never die. I love you; I love you. Good-bye."

That night no sleep came to that young man. He had heard voices from the "echoless shore." The three kisses, and the "Love can never die; I love you. Good-bye," had been the manner of his parting with her whom he thought was dead, and the words, aye, the very tones, intonation and accent were those of a voice that he had thought was hushed forever and ever. He has never seen or heard directly from the little girl from that day to this, and long, weary years of earth-life have passed since then, but the words, "I am with you always," still ring in his ears, and through the "Gates Ajar," at times, the presence has come to him very distinctly, blessing him in hours of adversity, cheering him in days of gloom, and making lighter the burdens of life's pilgrimage.

ST. HELENA, Cal., Feb., 1887.

The Pay of Some Ministers.

(Cor. Philadelphia Press.)

Mr. Beecher, who has just returned from England, had, by the way, a very successful trip, financially and otherwise. He has a salary of \$20,000 a year from Plymouth church, and refused a substantial increase which was at one time suggested; he earns some \$15,000 a year by his lectures, and has a moderate income as an author. Formerly he received a salary of \$5,000 a year as an editor. No clergyman in the United States has ever received so large a pecuniary return from his labors as Mr. Beecher. In a single year he has earned over \$50,000, yet he has only a very moderate fortune. His former friend, Dr. Storrs, has an income of about \$15,000 a year as a clergyman and lecturer, lives in fine style on Brooklyn Heights, one of the finest urban localities in this country, and is said to be worth \$250,000. He is a well meaning man, and is president of the Long Island Historical Society, to which, in his life of busy idleness, he devotes considerable attention. He is, I believe, one of the wealthiest clergymen in Brooklyn. In New York the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the son of the late Gen. Dix, is understood to have a fortune of \$500,000. One of the clerical pets of the late half-demented Mrs. Morgan, the sale of whose art effects made such a furor, is said to have received and kept, as with a death clutch, some \$600,000 in government bonds, which the lady, in a moment of aberration, appears to have given him.

Most Christians have motion but no progress—like a boy on a rocking-horse.

Birth to the Higher Life.

(The following description of the change we call death, as witnessed clairvoyantly, by A. J. Davis a number of years ago, although familiar to most old Spiritualists, will be of interest to later investigators of the spiritual philosophy.)

Death is but a door which opens into a new and more perfect existence, and there is really nothing more painful or repulsive in the natural process of dying (that not induced by disease or accident) than in passing into a quiet, dreamless slumber. The truthfulness of this is illustrated and confirmed by the observation and investigation into the physiological and psychological phenomena of death, which my spirit was qualified to make at the moment of the physical dissolution of a personal friend.

She was a woman about sixty years of age, who had consulted me as a physician about eight months before her death. When the hour arrived, being an inmate of her house, I was fortunately in a proper state of mind and body to induce the superior condition, and previously sought a position where I might make my observations unnoticed and undisturbed. They were these:

I saw that the physical organization could no longer subserv the many purposes and requirements of the spiritual principle. But the various internal organs of the body appeared to resist the withdrawal of the animating soul. The muscular system struggled to retain the element of motion; the vascular system strove to retain the element of life; the nervous system put forth all its power to retain the element of sensation; and the cerebral system labored to retain the principle of intelligence. The body and soul, like two friends, resisted the circumstances which made their eternal separation imperative. These internal conflicts gave rise to manifestations of what seemed, to the material senses, to be most painful and thrilling sensations, not of pain or unhappiness, but simply that the spirit was dissolving its partnership with the material organism.

Now the head of the dying person became suddenly enveloped in a fine, soft, mellow, luminous atmosphere; and as instantly, I saw the cerebrum and cerebellum expand their most interior portions; I saw them discontinue their appropriate galvanic functions; and then I saw that they became highly charged with the vital electricity and vital magnetism which permeate subordinate structures and systems. That is to say, the brain, as a whole, suddenly declared itself to be tenfold more positive over the lesser portions of the body than it ever was in health. This invariably precedes physical dissolution.

Now the process of dying, or the spirit's departure from the body, was fully commenced. The brain began to attract the elements of electricity, magnetism, motion, life, and sensation, into its various and numerous departments. The head became intensely brilliant; and I remarked that just in proportion as the extremities of the body grew dark and cold, the brain appeared light and glowing.

Now I saw, in the mellow spiritual atmosphere, which emanated from and encircled her head, the indistinct outlines of the formations of another head! The reader should remember that these supersensuous processes are not visible to any one, except the spiritual perceptions be unfolded; for material eyes can only behold material things, and spiritual eyes can only behold spiritual things. This is a law of Nature. This new head unfolded more and more distinctly; and so indescribably compact and intensely brilliant did it become, that I could neither see through it, nor gaze upon it as steadily as I desired. While this spiritual head was being illuminated and organized from out of and above the material head, I saw that the surrounding aural atmosphere, which had emanated from the material head, was in great commotion; but, as the new head became more distinct and perfect, this brilliant atmosphere gradually disappeared. This taught me that those aural elements, which were, in the beginning of the metamorphosis, attracted from the system into the brain, and thence illuminated in the form of an atmosphere, were indissolubly united, in accordance with the divine principle of affinity in the universe, which pervades and destines every particle of matter, and that they developed the spiritual head which I beheld.

With inexpressible wonder, and a heavenly reverence, I gazed on these holy processes. In the same manner in which the spiritual head was eliminated and unchangeably organized, I saw unfolding in the natural progressive order, the harmonious development of the neck, the shoulders and the entire spiritual organization. It appeared from this that the innumerable particles of what might be called unparticled matter, which constitute a man's spiritual principle, are constitutionally endowed with certain elective affinities, analogous to an immortal friendship. The innate tendencies which the elements and essences which her soul manifested, by uniting and organizing themselves, were the efficient and imminent causes which unfolded and perfected her spiritual organization. The defects and deformities of the physical body were almost removed in this spiritual body. In other words, it seemed that those hereditary obstructions and influences, which had arrested the full and proper development of her physical constitution, were now removed; and

therefore that her spiritual constitution, being elevated above those obstructions, was enabled to unfold and perfect itself, in accordance with the universal tendencies of all created things.

While this spiritual formation was going on, perfectly visible to my spiritual perceptions, the material body manifested to the outer vision of her friends around her bed, many symptoms of uneasiness and pain; but they were wholly caused by the departure of vital or spiritual forces from the extremities and the viscera into the brain, and thence into the ascending organism.

The spirit rose at right angles over the head of the deserted body. But immediately previous to the final dissolution of the relationship which had so long existed between the two, I saw, playing between the feet of the elevated spiritual body and the head of the prostrate physical form, a bright stream or current of vital electricity. This taught me that what is termed "death" is but a birth of the spirit from a lower to a higher state; that an inferior body and mode of existence are exchanged for a superior body and corresponding endowments and capabilities of happiness. I learned that the correspondence between the birth of a child into this world, and the birth of a spirit into the higher world, is absolute and complete, even to the umbilical cord, represented by the thread of vital electricity, which, for a few moments, subsisted between and connected the two organisms. And here I saw that a small portion of this vital electrical element returned to the deserted body, just before the separation of the thread, and instantly diffused itself through the entire structure, to prevent an immediate decomposition.

As soon as the spirit, whose departing hour I thus watched, was disengaged from the tenacious physical body, I directed my attention to the movements and emotions of the former; and I saw her begin to breathe the most interior or spiritual portions of the surrounding terrestrial atmosphere, which at first was done with difficulty, but soon with ease and delight.

And I now saw that she was beautiful, yet in every particular with those proportions which characterized her earthly organism; so that had her friends beheld her (as I did) they would have exclaimed, "How well you look!"

I did not particularly notice the emotions of her fast unfolding spirit, except to remark her philosophic tranquility, and her non-participation with the members of her family present, in their bewailing of her departure, to unfold in love and wisdom. She understood at a glance that they could only look upon the cold and lifeless form which she had just deserted; and she comprehended the fact that it was owing to want of true knowledge that they thus vehemently regretted her physical death. The period of this change was about two hours or more, but this varies in different cases. Becoming accustomed to her new situation, she descended from her position over the body, and, by an effort of her will-power, passed out of the open door of the bedroom. It being Summer, the open doors offered no obstruction, and I saw her pass out from the house into the atmosphere! To my delight and surprise I saw her walk in the atmosphere, as we tread the earth, which all spiritual organizations can do.

Immediately she was joined by two spirits from the spiritual country; and, after tender recognition, the three gracefully ascended obliquely through the air. I gazed upon them until distance shut them from my view, and returned to my external and ordinary condition.

An Arch Destroyer.

There is no doubt that in the near future, in all the public schools and in the great majority of educational institutions of every class, the use and abuse of narcotics and stimulants will be taught in connection with physiology, in a practical manner. The *New York Pharmaceutical Record* says:

"Alcohol does not destroy its victims, in most cases, suddenly, as in the dead sleep of profound intoxication or in the wild maniacal ravings of delirium tremens, by slow and measured steps, in most cases by inducing cirrhosis of the liver. Bright's disease of the kidneys, ascites, rheumatism, rheumatic gout, defective visions, fatty degeneration of the heart, arteries and muscular system, which finally end in paralysis, imbecility and insanity, alcohol encircles its victims in irremediable and everlasting ruin. Without a doubt alcohol occasions a vast amount of disease over the face of this mighty republic, and carries death, destruction, dishonor and shame into thousands of happy homes. Alcohol is at the bottom of a large proportion of the crime committed in the United States. Alcohol de-thrones reason and poisons the fountains of sentiment and morals, and is even more destructive upon the moral and intellectual nature than upon the physical nature of man."

INGERSOLL is credited with saying not long since that "the time is coming when a man will be judged by what he does with his money."

ACCORDING to the report of their last General Conference, the Universalists have in this country 900 churches and 35,214 members.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Early Truth-Seeking.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

In October 1860 I landed in New York from an Aspinwall steamer determined to spend a few weeks in seeking for evidences of continued existence, through spiritual phenomena. Previous to that my opportunities had consisted in table-tipping without a well-developed medium.

The steamer landed early Sunday morning, and, during the day, I attended a spiritual meeting, where, at the close of the lecture, it was announced that on Monday evening there would be a spiritual meeting at a certain street and number. On inquiry I found that strangers would be welcome on the payment of twenty-five cents. A total stranger in the city, I attended and found about twenty people assembled in the double parlors of a respectable residence. About a dozen were sitting around an extension dining table, and the medium, Mrs. Malone, at one end. I also took a seat at the table. The first manifestation consisted in the medium personating some one dying of bronchial consumption. The medium gasped for breath and seemed in such a painful struggle that some one lowered the upper sash so as to admit fresh air. Several inquired rather eagerly, "Is this my spirit friend?" to all of which the medium shook her head. I sat quietly, not expecting anything to come to me personally, until the medium motioned to me with her right hand. I then arose and took her hand in mine and said, "Is this George?" a brother who had passed over during the year. She shook her head, but soon took her watch from her belt, placed it in her left hand and pointed to it with her forefinger. I thought I saw in her face the peculiar expression of my brother who passed over ten years before and had followed the occupation of a jeweler. I could but exclaim, "This is Matthew!" She nodded her head in assent. I then addressed him saying, "Have you anything further to communicate?" Her hand was convulsed, and, seizing a pencil, she wrote, "I have exhausted the medium, but at another time I will answer all your questions."

The next day I sought the rooms of the medium, and, as she went into a trance, I conversed with my brother for an hour in an intelligible manner regarding our early life, as well as his experience in spirit-life. Much was also foretold which has since been realized. Making a large margin of allowance for the skill of a professional medium, and knowing all that Leroy Sunderland had taught of mesmerism and pathetism, the impression was strong on my mind that I had conversed with my spirit brother. I realized that in an assembly of twenty persons it is always safe to personate some unknown spirit dying of consumption. I also realized that a clairvoyant could read another's mind—"pick his brains" not only of that which was there actively but what was written on the tablets of memory, but was in a latent or unconscious condition. But all of this did not seem to account for all I had witnessed, and the spirit hypothesis seemed the most plausible and best justified by the fact, and I was satisfied; but later on in life doubts crept in.

Soon after this Mr. A. E. Horton, now of San Diego, told me he knew of a medium who would write me a letter from my spirit friend and sign said spirit's name, and that if I wished he would introduce me without giving my name so as to make the test more conclusive. This being in the line of my desire, we went to said medium's seance which was held in his own house, he taking no fee for his services. He was a man about fifty, who wrote under a strong influence. After writing several letters to parties in the company he wrote one to me and signed the name of the brother mentioned in the above account. This letter was in a handwriting strikingly similar to that of said brother; there were similar phrases, and there were more capitals than the rules of grammar required, which was a peculiarity of my brother's writing during his lifetime. All doubts of the fact that these manifestations were produced by a disembodied spirit were cut off by independent slate-writing, twenty-five years later.

THE OLDEST LIVING PERSON.—The oldest person in France, perhaps in the world, is said to be a woman who lives in the village of Auberive, in Royans. She was born March 16, 1761, and is therefore 125 years old. The authentic record of her birth is to be found in the parish register of St. Just de Claux, in the department of the Isere.—*Scientific American*.

A MISSIONARY, writing from Burmah, says he sleeps every night with a pistol under his head, and he never ventures into the Sabbath-school without a revolver in his hip pocket. He says it is very funny when the superintendent gives out the hymn "Come ye sinners," when one reflects that he has his weapon ready in case they come too suddenly.

In the investigation of the spiritual phenomena, a capacious, cynical and coldly critical frame of mind is as much to be avoided as the blind credulity which accepts all so-called manifestations as trustworthy. Both spirits are wrong, and are alike detrimental to true spiritual growth.—*Light in the West*.

(Continued from First Page.)

rocks, and kelp within the sea. Presently the moss took on the form of small ferns, and sponge and starfish began to form within the waters. The little knat and mosquito came into being, and the tadpoles within the waters. The knats and mosquitos germinated within the water. Now small worms and snails, and from the worms and maggots came the flies. Now we have got from the starfish and tadpole to the insect, and thence to the small bird. All things kept pace with the earth, and as fast as the earth was fitted to receive them, she brought them forth, always from the lower to the higher.

At length fishes began to swim in the sea, birds and insects to navigate the air, worms and reptiles to crawl over and hide in the crevices of the rocks and feed on tender ferns and moss. The fishes began to feed, the higher upon the lower. Birds began to eat the insects and worms, and they grew large and strong, and constantly brought forth higher and better.

The ocean is constantly changing its bed, and water is constantly pulverizing the earth, and as the ocean changed its bed, deep, alluvial soil was formed, and as the ocean receded and left it filled with all kinds of decaying fishes and dead animal life, great forests of vegetation sprang up. The earth at this time was very tropical, rank and luxuriant.

Now crocodiles and lizards and serpents held sway, and vultures and carrion crows, and from thence the storks and ostriches, and gradually the lizards lived in the trees.

Now came the rhinoceros, whale and elephant, and all these were gradually evolved one from another, from the lower to the higher.

The lizards, after awhile, took on the form of long-tailed, chattering apes, very small at first, but larger and larger as time went on. Now we have apes living in tree and walking on the ground—long-tailed, to be sure, but he was eventually to part with his tail; from thence he walked the earth in the form of a short-tailed gorilla, with a stick in his hand, and he wielded his club well; from thence he became a red or black savage, as the case might be, and the particular climate favored; and the first form that man took after the gorilla was a squat, bent, dark, hairy, disgusting savage, but remember he was being evolved out of the brute, from the lower into the higher. From the native, or savage, you can have no trouble in tracing the rise of civilization, and the progress and God-like attributes of man.

And now we have given you the true origin of man's present form—that is, his material form, and in other messages we have told you how the spiritual germ was breathed into the lungs of both man and beast from out the atmosphere.

A. G.

Soap.

BY "A. C."

[Suggested by reading an editorial in the Golden Gate, entitled, "Its Virtue."]

Soap, cosmetic of the gods!
May I assay to speak thy worth?
I falter: feeling that this pen of mine
Is all too weak compared with virtue's thine;
Yet know I some will ridicule my theme
(Light minds of hidden virtues never dream),
And jeer at one who thus could condescend
To exalt a thing base-born as thou
And but created for ignoble end.
Yes, they'll cry out, "Will wonders never cease?—
A silly dabbler in the ink pot dips her pen
And goes off in this hifalutin strain
O'er a base compound of mean ashes and vile grease.
Ashes! what meaner stuff could scarcely be?
Fit type, indeed, of that humility
Job felt, when given o'er by God to Satan's power,
Smitten with boils from crown to sole of feet,
His garment sackcloth, ashes was his seat.
Our poet won't, howe'er, insist, we hope,
That Job through this was purified by soap.
Well, they may jeer and taunt, or what they will,
But soap, thy honor, we'll defend it still,
Thou fit companion of pure water fresh from heaven,
Unto ye both be honor ever given
By all who in clean hands e'er take delight,
And those who love to walk in garments white.

O, for some saponaceous combination
With which, if possible, to cleanse our nation!
Religion, morals, politics, all foul as Augea's stable,
Ere great Hercules turned the river's course that way
And cleansed it of its filth in one brief day.
Let all pure minds invoke the God of heaven
That some great Hercules to the world be given,
With wisdom to perceive and strength to do,
And knowledge of the beautiful and true,
And power of healing, like the Nazarine,
By touch or magic whisper, "Be thou clean."
If e'er to attain to heaven mankind may hope,
'Twill be through principles that lie in soap.
Where is the Hercules for this Augean age?
I hear a whisper from the sacred page:
"The rejected stone will one day crown the corner,"
Will woman suffrage be the world's reformer?

SPIRITUAL GROWTH, like all other growth, is acquired by certain appointed means. For example, the natural seed is planted in the soil; the warmth and moisture causes it to sprout; it is then cultivated, and in the light of the natural sun it grows. So with the spiritual seed implanted within the soul of man; it may lie dormant, to all appearance dead; but, under the vivifying influence of spiritual truth and divine love, the germ warms into life, expands and transforms the whole being.—*Light in the West.*

BEWARE OF busybodies. A man who meddles in other people's affairs is sure to make mischief. He generally meddles to serve himself, and consequently puts different constructions on the same things when said to different people, so that the most innocent words get distorted into applications which those who used them never intended they should bear.

Somnambulism.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

"Powers there are

That touch each other to the quick, in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive."

The term somnambulism is compounded of two Latin words, which signify sleep-walking, but in common acceptation it has acquired a wider meaning, and comprehends the various phenomena which occur in connection with sleep-walking. Hence somnambulism may be demonstrated a *sleeping trance*, accompanied by physical exertions or movements intelligently guided, usually superinduced by extreme mental activity in the direction of the manifestation. In these states of unconscious mental and physical activity, all the powers of the mind seem to be concentrated upon a particular object, or as it is held by a majority of writers upon this subject, certain mental faculties are more keenly alive than at any other period, whilst others remain, for the time, in a state of suspension.

Thus is it that inventors, musicians, authors and mathematicians have, in such a state, been able to achieve successes quite out of the reach of their normal perceptions.

In the form now recognized by magnetizers, somnambulism was first observed by the Marquis de Puységur, near Sissons, in 1784, and Dr. Bertrand, a member of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, in treating of the subject says: "The somnambule acquires new perceptions furnished by interior organs, and the succession of these perceptions constitutes a new life, differing from that which we habitually enjoy; in that new life come to light phases of knowledge differing from those which our ordinary sensations convey to us."

So, too, Robert Dale Owen in his "Debatable Land," says of himself: "I have, on many occasions, verified this phenomenon of what may be called double consciousness, attended by exaltations of intelligence in the abnormal state. But," continues this author, "the analogy between these and the various phases of intellectual and physical exaltation, religious ecstasy, involuntary hypnotism, spontaneous trance, is so close that one cannot reasonably deny the connection of one with the other."

Dr. S. B. Brittan, whose examination into the facts and philosophy of psychic phenomena, was as far-reaching as any modern investigator, agrees with Mr. Owen, as the following passage, quoted from his "Man and His Relations" demonstrates: "The vision of the somnambulist and the clairvoyance developed in a state of magnetic coma, are essentially the same and may be equally clear and reliable. The somnambulist generally walks with his eyes wide open, though this is not always the case; but whether the lids be opened or closed, the pupil is invariably dilated to its utmost capacity. The six muscles that move the eye appear to be motionless, and the expression is fixed, vacant and glassy. In this state the eye is evidently useless as the organic instrument of vision, since the optic nerve no longer conveys images of external objects to the mind. The pupil, though exposed to the solar rays, will never contract in the smallest appreciable degree, nor is this influence of the strongest light perceptible in the action of the glandular lachrymules.

"The eyes are open,
But their sense is shut."

Walking in sleep, however, is not the most marvelous example of this phenomenon, for the somnambulist not only walks, but rides, climbs, and with eyes shut or insensible, makes his way, with apparent indifference to danger, into positions perilous to one in the full exercise of his ordinary senses. Strange as it may appear, it is well authenticated that persons in this state have performed long journeys on foot and on horseback, keeping to the highway, paying tolls and avoiding obstruction. They have, by night, descended into coal mines, ascended to the roofs of houses, and climbed rocky cliffs in pursuit of some ruling object. Artisans, too, have pursued their various avocations without the aid of artificial light, beginning at the intermitted point of their unfinished labors, and doing their work with the ability and skill of their waking hours, but retaining no recollection of it afterwards.

There is an account of a cook who, having prepared himself a salad, simple cabbage was substituted for it, which he ate with equal relish. This would seem to imply that the sense of taste was meanwhile dormant.

Dr. George Moore, member of the College of Physicians, London, in a work entitled, "The Power of the Soul over the Body," 1835, relates a number of curious somnambulatory occurrences. "A man," writes he, "has been known to fall asleep while walking at the end of a fatiguing journey, and he could not be roused from his sleep without great difficulty, although he continued to walk in company with his friends for a considerable distance." It is also a well established fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore toward the Spanish coast, before the battle of Corunna, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march with their comrades. This circumstance has been so often avouched by writers, that it may be said to be firmly established as a physiological fact. "In these cases," said Dr. Moore, "we observe that the mind controls the actions

of the voluntary muscles, and continues attending to visible objects, without employing the sense of the sight, and apparently receives impressions of sound, while the auditory nervous apparatus is quite insensible. It may be true that certain portions of the brain sleep while other portions are awake; but what does that signify? Can one part of the brain subserve the purpose of the other parts, and those organs which phrenologists appropriate to thought, furnish a substitute in their own action for that of the instruments of vision and of hearing?"

"It is evident that the integrity of mental action is not dependent on the waking activity of the brain, or at least of that portion of it which is more immediately connected with the senses; for we possess incontrovertible evidence that the mind is sometimes employed more clearly in profound sleep than when the attention is in any degree directed to the senses."

Dr. Brittan, who, in his volume of a later date, fully indorses the views of Dr. Moore upon these interesting subjects, has presented a number of interesting cases as coming within his personal observation. He says: "Mrs. Newton, a relative of the writer, was a skillful seamstress, and was accustomed to the unconscious use of her needle for hours at night, when there was no light in her room. A friend, who was an accomplished horseman, often rode many miles while he was in a profound slumber."

Again he says: "Some years since, while a young lady—a member of the author's family—was at school, it was observed that she succeeded in her Latin exercise without, apparently, devoting much time or attention to the subject. At length the secret of her easy progress was discovered. She was observed to leave her room at night, and taking her class books, she proceeded to a certain place on the bank of a small stream, where she remained but a short time, and then returned to the house. In the morning she was invariably unconscious of what had occurred during the night, but a glance at the lesson for the day usually resulted in the discovery that it was already quite as familiar to her mind as household words." Similar facts are published in "Notes and Queries" of a young student from the Greek Archipelago, who, though extremely stupid, displayed great proficiency in his Latin and geometrical exercises, which were found to be acquired during the somnambulatory state. A case is reported by Professor Soave, of an apothecary's clerk, who not only walked while asleep, but would light his fire, pursue his studies, examining authorities, classify botanical specimens, engage in animated controversies with his employer or Prof. Soave, on chemistry and other scientific themes, and indeed perform any duty or service that he was accustomed to do in his waking hours. He would also carefully compound medicines, according to the prescriptions that were before him, but conscientiously declined filling false prescriptions, or such as would be likely to injure the patient.

Dr. Gall, the eminent psychologist, gives an account of a miller who was in the habit of rising every night and running his mill in the usual business way. There is also an account by Mertinet of a saddler who was accustomed to work at his trade while sleeping.

The following case is related in the first volume of "The Lancet": George Davies, aged sixteen years, in the service of Mr. Hewson, butcher, of Bridge Road, Lambeth, being fatigued, bent forward in his chair, and, resting his forehead on his hands, soon fell asleep. After ten minutes he started up, went for his whip, put on his spurs, and went to the stable. Not finding his own saddle in the usual place, he returned to the house and asked for it. Being asked what he wanted with it, he replied, "to go his rounds." He returned to the stable, got on his horse without his saddle, and was proceeding to the street, when, with much difficulty and force, he was removed from his horse. He fancied himself stopped at the turnpike gate, took sixpence out of his pocket to be changed, and, holding out his hand for the change, the sixpence was returned to him. He immediately observed: "None of your nonsense; that is the sixpence again; give me my change." When two-and-a-half pence was given to him, he counted it and said: "None of your nonsense; that is not right. I want a penny more," which was the proper change. He then said: "Give me my *castor*," and began to whip and spur and get on his way.

Dr. Abercrombie relates that an eminent lawyer, after several days of intense attention to a subject of great importance which had been submitted to him, got up in the night during his sleep and wrote a lengthy paper. The following morning he said he had had a most interesting dream, and would give anything to regain the train of thought which had occupied his mind. Upon going to his writing-desk he found his opinion clearly and luminously written out.

A former archbishop of Bordeaux has given an account of a student who composed a sermon and wrote music in the somnambulatory state; reading over his work, scratching out lines, substituting others, and interlining omitted words, with the care and precision of a practiced author, and this he persevered in doing, although a sheet of paste-board was interposed between the eyes of the sleeper and his paper, thus proving conclusively that he was copying mental images, unaided by his ordinary perceptions.

The foregoing examples have been selected almost at random, from a mass of similar ones, which have been preserved to us.

The subject is a very interesting one, as presenting many phases of mental phenomena, wholly distinct from the conscious exercise of the intellectual faculties and the subordination thereto of the physical organism in a normal state. It will be further treated in our next issue under the head of somnolism, or talking in one's sleep, which is only another phase of the phenomenon presenting evidences of mental exertion by system and method, at times when all the ordinary avenues to the interior perceptions are barred, and the physical man is withdrawn from the theater of his activity, wherein he plays his customary round.

"Spirit-Grabbing."

[The following appeared in the Banner of Light, over the signature of Dr. F. Hartmann, of Georgetown, Colorado, under date of July 28, 1881.]

The question has often been asked: "If a materialized spirit should be seized by one of the sitters, what would be the result?" A genuine case of this kind occurred at my house last evening, and an account of it will undoubtedly not only be interesting to your readers, but also prove a valuable contribution to spiritual science.

Mrs. N. D. Miller, formerly of Memphis, Tenn., whose history can be found in Dr. Watson's work, "The Clock Struck One," has been, in company with her husband, a welcome visitor at my house, and gave us a materializing seance in our parlor last night. There were present besides the medium and Mr. Miller, myself and wife, one Mr. Cree and a Mrs. M. Smith. From thirty to forty materialized forms, sometimes two at a time, came out of the cabinet. Most of them were well recognized, and some excellent tests were given. Toward the end of the seance one materialized form walked up to Mrs. Smith. When Mrs. Smith beheld the form she recognized the same as her deceased mother; and this fact excited her so much that with the cry "Oh, my mother! my mother!" she went into hysterics. She seized the spirit's arms with both of her hands, while she kept on screaming, "Oh, this is my mother! Do not take her away!" We all witnessed the struggle of the spirit to free itself from the iron grasp of Mrs. Smith, who is herself a powerful woman. The struggle took place about eight feet from the cabinet, and fearing that some injury might be done by it to the medium we went to the assistance of the spirit. When we took hold of Mrs. Smith's hands they were still clinging to the wrists of the spirit; but the body of the spirit was gone. While we were trying to pry open Mrs. Smith's fingers to make her release the spirit's arms those arms ended in nothing beyond the wrists, and there was no body attached to them. Finally these spirit arms, still encircled by the grasp of Mrs. Smith's fingers, melted away, too; while Mrs. Smith herself kept on screaming, and was too much excited to be reasoned with or quieted down. What the result would have been if this "spirit-grabbing" had been intentional and malicious, we do not know; but as it was, Mrs. Miller, after coming out of her trance, complained of lameness and fatigue in her arms, and sickness at the stomach.

Of the many other remarkable occurrences during the seances, I will only mention that the medium's babe became restless, and was taken by a materialized form into the cabinet and there cared for, while other forms kept on appearing and walking over the floor. Each one of the sitters was taken into the cabinet to examine the medium, while spirits appeared outside and talked with the rest. One lady-spirit who had passed away some months ago in Hot Springs, Ark., and who had promised to my wife on her deathbed to come and appear to her, did so, and, taking my wife's arm, said to her, "Did I not promise to return? Here I am." She also gave her full name, which, however, was unnecessary, as my wife fully recognized her. I must also remark that the agreement entered into between my wife and this lady was known to no one, not even to myself.

I might continue telling of the remarkable tests that were given at this wonderful seance; but all these things have been described in the *Banner of Light* so often that it would appear only as a repetition of well-known facts. All that appears new are the above-given facts of spirit-seizing, the truth of which I herewith most emphatically and solemnly affirm.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that during the struggle between Mrs. Smith and the spirit our heads were touched and coats pulled by other spirit-hands, while at the same time the voice of "Red-Face" spoke from the cabinet.

H.

Be cheerful; do not brood over fond hopes unrealized, until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain-spring of cheerfulness and social life, not the traveling monument of despair and melancholy.—*Arthur Helps.*

THE deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and, leaning over to her scapegrace nephew, she whispered: "Have you got a card about you?" "You can't play in church!" was his solemn, reproving answer; and the good woman was so flustered that she forgot all about the text.

"Shadows."

[John Wetherbee, in The Watchman.]

Prof. A. R. Wallace, F. R. S., of London, has been lecturing on "Darwinism," at the Lowell Institute, in Boston. He is a scientist of high rank, and a pronounced Spiritualist.

It has been my pleasure to meet him at a seance at Mrs. Ross', where he was present. He is a fine-looking, white-haired man of seventy, and impresses one as a gentleman and a scholar. No fussing, or putting on airs, but quietly observes—and when the seance was over, some things showed that he had no intention of being fooled, and he was not, and he made known the fact approvingly.

I do not propose writing about him, nor of the seance we attended, though both points would be interesting reading for Spiritualists. I have not time.

I have just been reading a report of Rabbi Solomon Schindler's sermon on "The Resurrection and Immortality." He is a very able man, and has said many wise things in his late Theological course of lectures. He is a Jew, but quite a rationalist. He reminds me, somewhat, of Felix Adler. I rather pitied him for his hopeless outlook with regard to a future life for man, and it makes me wonder what motives a man can have for being a priest or a minister, whose knowledge in the spiritual direction stops at the grave.

I read a passage in Prof. Wallace's essay that was printed in many secular papers and copyrighted some months ago. It was a very strong and sound spiritualistic article, and the passage to which I refer was near the end of it, and it came prominently into my mind, and is very apt to when a minister does not find the "gates ajar." It reads thus:

"The modern philosophers can give no sufficient reason why we should practice virtues, if man is to be stilled and ended at death, but when the fact of a future life can be taught, not as a set of dogmas on an unknown authority, but as being founded on discreet knowledge of a spirit world, the virtues are logically in order."

The reverend agnostics, confessed or understood, can say eloquently: "Be virtuous and you will be happy;" but every living man knows that platitudes is only a "glittering generality;" but if a human life is not a *terminus* at the grave, but as Victor Hugo says, that dark opening for the worn out body, "is not a blind alley, but is a thoroughfare opening out into the morning of a new day," then a man can preach the virtues, and the hearers in their hearts can say, amen.

But let us quote, briefly, some of the "glittering generalities" from this discourse of Rabbi Schindler's, to which I have referred.

"In regard to our existence after death we know absolutely nothing. We may instinctively feel that death cannot end all; we may even anticipate new forms of life; we may reason that God, who has planted the yearning in our hearts, cannot deceive us; but all this does not supply a valid proof for our existence after death."

Again, he says:

"Creative imagination may paint the glories of resurrection day in the most vivid colors—but the time of credulity is past, and in our age of reason, nothing can stand that is not supported by facts."

Well, we who are Spiritualists, endorse the sentiment that "nothing can stand that is not supported by facts;" but why are ministers so blind to the facts on the point so easily within reach?

The facts in the experience of Spiritualists not only prove man's conscious survival of his body's dissolution, but throws its luster back on what this Rabbi calls "creative imagination," or imaginings, and lifts superstitious fables into probable truths, explains the oddities of ancient celebrities into wisdom ahead even of our age, except to those who look at the past through the spiritualistic lens, Socrates, Augustine, Swedenborg, and others, are healed of their weak spots, their weaknesses were their strength, and we see celestial influences instead of mental deformities.

I think the great fact that settles this whole matter is intelligence. It is the intelligence that is back of all the manifestations, that is the point of interest, and the only point of interest. Prove intelligence that is disembodied, and you prove a future life.

The ablest minister in Boston, Rev. M. J. Savage, says, and I agree with him:—

"That one fact and one alone will prove the great claim of Modern Spiritualism, and that is, undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present."

I have no question but Mr. Savage believes in Spiritualism as much as I do, and he has said all he dares to without identifying with our present unpopular body from a worldly standpoint; he likes, naturally, his popularity, and thinks, possibly, he could not carry his constituency with him. He saw that the great Joseph Cook, that found the pabulum for half the ministers in New England, overestimated himself when he came out boldly in favor of the "manifestations," and had to take the back track to please his stubborn and stupid laity.

But I am spinning this out into twice the length I intended to; so my snapper on the end of this article is this: "Know all men by these presence, etc.," that I have had that "one fact" of which Mr. Savage speaks, not only once, but many times.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

HUMILITY THE FLOWER OF HEAVEN.

A story is told of a messenger who was sent from the celestial spheres to spend a whole day among the flowers of earth, and on returning at nightfall was to carry home the loveliest one he could find, which should be cherished in the bright garden of infinite love. The angelic messenger visited the rose, the lily, and many flowers of gorgeous hue and tint, but found none fit to be transplanted into a purer realm. The night shadows began to fall, and still the angel lingered, in sore distress lest he should be compelled to return without his sought-for treasure; and when almost despondent, and he was going to turn away, his eye fell on a new-made grave on which were laid a cluster of modest violets. "Ah, sweet flowers, what do you here?" asked the angel. "We guard the spot of a sleeping child," answered the violets. "Are you content in such humble service when the great world would give you homage for your beauty?" continued the messenger. "Oh, yes, we are well pleased; for when we breathe a sweet lullaby over this mound, the soul of the infant lying here is soothed." The angel was touched and dropped a tear, which the violets drank up, and when the angel winged himself away to his home above, a violet nestled on his heart.

What a beautiful lesson is herein taught. It is not the noise we make, or the world's notice of our acts which makes them sublime, but, like the humble violet, simply doing our duty contentedly. The greatest deeds are often those of which the world knows naught, but which are known and understood by the recording angel at our side. How vain and foolish to vex our souls over the vanities and frivolities of mortal life,—how insignificant and incompetent when compared to our higher desires, our higher possibilities, here and now.

Think not, weary sojourner, that any unselfish thought or deed is lost because unmarked by the multitude. It is the sweet spirit of humility which fits a soul to blossom among the fair, white flowers of heaven.

A GOOD BILL.—After a long and continued cry from the press, over the outrageous land-grabbing in our country by non-resident foreigners, one of our Congressmen has framed a bill that would effectually abate the evil, if it is so fortunate as to become a law. Strange it is our Government itself seems far less concerned in the rapid diminution of its public domain than the people at large. It is like an individual, who, conscious of his own personal and material safety, can sit quietly in affluence, while his neighbors are being robbed and starved. However, there is in Senator Ingall's bill that which promises a better interest in the land question at Washington, even though it should fail to carry. It provides that no one shall hold, own or lease, more than six hundred and forty acres in the United States. Whoever owns more than that amount shall sell the surplus within three years. If not sold within that period it shall revert to the Government. Aliens shall not be permitted to hold real estate in the United States, but must sell their lands. Homesteads of one hundred and sixty acres are to be inalienable for debts. This is going to the root of the evil of absentee landlordism, as well as providing the means of lifelong homes for the poor of our country. No better or more important bill was ever framed by a legislator of this land, and how it can fail to become a law, under the present state of things, is difficult to see.

TOPOLOBAMPO.—Paul A. Smith has recently returned from a trip to Sinaloa and the new socialist community recently located at Topolobampo, on the Gulf of California. He gives quite a different account from that of the doleful story which appeared recently in the columns of a morning paper. He says there are some four hundred colonists there, living in tents as yet, but that is no serious inconvenience in a climate of perpetual Summer. The men are busy grading roads, digging irrigating ditches, planting and cultivating, and getting ready to live. Instead of being a desert waste as described by the pessimist of the aforesaid morning paper, the land is extremely fertile. The bay swarms with fish. Mr. Smith caught, in one evening, with a torch and a hastily improvised spear, some three hundred pounds of Spanish mackerel. The colonists are men of character and intelligence, who have gone there to make themselves homes. They are not dissatisfied, nor easily discouraged. Mr. Smith thinks that if the scheme proves a failure it will be the fault of the colonists themselves, and not of the country. He will give an account of his visit to the colony, etc., at Washington Hall, to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

GRAIN AMONG THE CHAFF.

One of the obstacles that stands in the way of the world in its investigation of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism is the oftentimes unsatisfactory nature of the messages coming from the spirit side of life. "If these spirits are what they purport to be," they say, "or if they are spirits at all, why do they not give us better evidence of that fact?" And then we are cited to some literary rubbish purporting to have come from some of the great minds of past ages, and we are forced to admit that there are reasonable grounds for their questioning.

Now, a not unreasonable answer to these objections would be that perfect expression cannot be had through an imperfect channel. A Bacon or a Shakespeare, in the senility of old age, for instance, could not express, through their own physical brains, the vigor of mentality that characterized their earlier years; and why? Not because the spiritual or intellectual man has degenerated, but simply for the reason that the instrument is nearly worn out, and is no longer the perfect medium for expression that it once was. The spirits are obliged to manifest through other organisms than their own; hence, they must necessarily exercise their intellectual powers at more or less disadvantage.

But we deny that all messages from the spirits are of an inferior order of mentality. In fact, many of them are of a very high order, and far superior to any expressions of thought that their mediums are capable of. Take the inspirational poems of Lizzie Doten, the trance discourses of Cora Richmond, Elizabeth L. Watson, W. J. Colville, and J. J. Morse; take the medium James through whom Charles Dickens finished his "Edwin Drood," after passing to spirit life, and so completely that the best judges cannot distinguish between the mortal and spiritual side of the work,—surely, in such illustrations as these all objections on the ground of inferiority must fail.

And again, let us take other lines of inspiration, as that of Jesse Shepard and Liana Crews in music (we borrow some illustrations near at home), Anderson and Mrs. Diss De Barr in drawing and painting, Selden J. Finney in oratory, and many others that could be named in the same and other lines of thought and genius, and it will readily be seen that mediumship appears in a new and better light.

Admitting that there is much that is unsatisfactory and even unreliable in spirit communion; that mediums are not all what they should be; that there is much that we would like to know that we imagine the spirits ought to be able to tell us but cannot, or do not,—aside from all this there is a vast amount of grain among the chaff, as every experienced Spiritualist knows to his delight and profit. Sweep away all the features that the skeptical investigator finds objectionable—all the fraud, and trash, and foolishness that are laid at the door of Spiritualism—and there will still remain a residuum of the pure gold of truth that will stand the test of reason, religion and common sense.

Science and theology must admit that if Spiritualists, through their phenomena, can demonstrate beyond question the fact of a single spirit existence, and its communion with mortal life, they have proved their case. Hundreds, yea, thousands of such cases have been demonstrated to the world. Our literature is full of them, and so is the individual experience of thousands. It is too late in the day to deny in toto, simply because, through the many forms of manifestation, and of the millions of spirits who have found their way back to the hearts and consciousness of their friends, all are not wise, or honest. If the earth does seem to be an endless plain to many, most of us know that is round, or nearly so.

ANOTHER DIVISION.—It has been the custom of our Government to restrict the various Indian tribes to the smallest possible limits, and these limits are contracted from time to time to suit the changing official mind. This continual driving back, back, is one great source of so-called "Indian outbreaks." The Umatilla Reservation of Oregon consists of two hundred and fifty thousand acres, which is soon to be surveyed, the main part to be set off in townships and sections for sale to the public. The remaining sixty thousand are to be divided among the tribe. In the distant future that sixty thousand will be thought susceptible of another division, and it will be made, irrespective of the number of Indians living upon it. As there will not then be left to the Indians any amount of land worth dividing among them, it will be found necessary to put them in a herd as formerly. Oregon is doing what the whole United States have been doing for one hundred years, and unless the Umatillas die out, or diminish to insignificance, she will have "Indian troubles" as a natural result of confinement in too close quarters. Of course "Poor Lo" always gets the worst of conflict, and, like his ancestors, his only chance is to "move on."

—"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" Let me tell you, mother, father, that the chances are ten to one that you would find him in some of the hundreds of dives and underground saloons of this great city, playing pool for the cigars or beer, or learning the game of poker, or listening to the ribald stories of men old in sin. He is

learning his first lessons in vice—taking the first step in the downward road that leads to dishonor—perhaps to ruin and death.

AND STILL THEY COME.

Now comes another case of "spirit-grabbing," with the alleged "exposure" of the well-known medium, Mrs. Ross, of Boston, followed by the usual reportorial chuckle through the columns of an unfriendly press, together with contradictions and denials by the medium and her friends. So nothing appears to be gained. "The grabbers" are satisfied that they caught a trick; while the friends of the medium are satisfied that they caught nothing of the sort.

At this long range we shall not attempt to express any opinion in the matter, except a reiteration of that which we have hitherto expressed in such cases, and that is that the materializing seance should be so arranged and guarded that, in the first place, fraud would be impossible, and secondly, that such restrictions should be placed upon visitors to such circles that no "grabber" or "fraud-hunter" could possibly obtain admission thereto.

As for conditions, they should be made as simple as possible, avoiding, in the placing of the cabinet, all doors and passage-ways, and every possibility of the admission of confederates. Mediums who refuse such conditions, or who do not invite the fullest and fairest investigation, should be avoided. And then no man or woman should be admitted to the materializing seance who is not vouched for by some personal friend of the medium, and who will not pledge his honor not to seize or hold the forms that may appear. If he thinks the exhibition is a fraud, he can certainly enjoy his privilege of staying away.

There will be time enough for skeptics to investigate this phase of the spiritual phenomena when it shall have reached a higher plane of development—when the forms can present themselves in such a light, and under such conditions, that no question of collusion or confederacy can possibly enter the mind.

No amount of "exposing," or "grabbing," can disturb in the least the firm conviction of thousands in the great truth of spirit materialization. The main fact is beyond question with all who have investigated the matter fairly. This can not be done at one seance, nor through a single medium. Baron Hellenbach, the eminent German scientist, attended hundreds of seances before he was prepared to express his unqualified belief in the manifestation of the psychic form. Some of our modern investigators are ready to condemn without stint after attending a single seance! The truth will surely come uppermost some day.

PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT.

A complimentary benefit has been tendered to the new musical wonder, Miss Liana Crews, by the Sisterhood of the Seven Links. The ladies have taken this course in order to assist Miss Crews in buying a piano, and surely such gifts as hers will meet with hearty encouragement from all generous-souled Spiritualists; and all true Spiritualists are most generous one to the other, and toward all humanity.

The entertainment will consist, besides the performance by the fair beneficiary, of recitations, dramatic scenes, and several vocal solos. But, to all lovers of music, to hear Miss Crews alone is more than worth the dollar. Her execution is simply exquisite, and harmony divine. There is a heavenly sweetness in those grand, classic strains that human hand can not give. We can well understand, after listening to those angel-inspired airs, as given through this psychic instrument, the pleasurable emotions produced by good old orthodox notion of a never-ending concert in the celestial courts.

The parlors of the President, Mrs. O. M. Washburn, 2728 Howard street, will be opened for the occasion, and from sixty to seventy-five tickets will be disposed of. It is expected to be a very brilliant affair, and that every seat will be readily taken. The evening of Monday, February 28th, is the time decided upon for the musical. Tickets can be had of Mrs. Washburn, Mr. S. B. Clark, or at this office, at one dollar each. We hope to give the full program in our next issue.

CHEERFULNESS.

We are all creatures of habit, and if we could all realize how we are made or unmade, by these arbitrary rulers of our life, we would be very careful to discriminate between good and bad ones.

Few persons are able to separate their appetites, desires and manners from self, of which they are prone to think they form essential parts, but they are mistaken. They are mere external growths that may at any time be cut away to our advantage, and others of different character be taken on, provided the former are objectionable, and we can be made to see it. Were this not the case our various methods and systems of culture would be useless; and what would become of individual effort to improve one's self.

We are all at some time in life bound to be excusing our bad habits by shortly declaring that we "don't care; we cannot help it." Nothing so well proves that we can, for the words are full admission that we know our failings, and knowledge is the first essential to correction.

It is our best encouragement that we feel within in we may become what we will that is better and more perfect. One of the best aids to success, next to perseverance, is cheerfulness. We all know how it lightens work, and we may all know, if we try, how it will correct all that is unlovely in our daily life. Moroseness invites many indifferent companions, and should never be entertained. If we form our habits upon a basis of cheerfulness, there will be no bad ones, for cheerfulness comes of correct and good living.

—Negotiations are in progress looking to the return and permanent location of W. J. Colville in this city.

THAT PROMISED PICTURE.

The picture we were to receive through the mediumship of Fred Evans, on Sunday last, for the GOLDEN GATE, was given as promised, together with other wonderful manifestations of spirit power.

The picture is that of "Snowflake," the bright and beautiful control of Mrs. Aylesworth of this city. The spirit artist, Stanley St. Clair, who may henceforth be regarded as a member of Mr. Evans' powerful spirit band, feels that he could improve the picture in some respects, especially in the draping of the form, now that he has become better acquainted with his subject and her medium; hence he requests us to withhold the publication of the picture for the present.

At said seance the chief control, Spirit John Gray, assisted by the artist, gave us a new phase of his marvelous powers, in the instantaneous transference to white paper of the picture of "Snowflake," and also of D. D. Home, taken two weeks previous. To do this we were instructed to place our hands upon a common reporter's writing pad, of foolscap size, with the edge of one side and end sealed to hold the sheets together.

In the first instance the transference of the picture occurred on the third, and in the second on the fourth sheet of paper, and could be removed only by tearing off the preceding sheets. If done by mortal hand the pictures must have been placed upon the sheets before they were bound, as it would be impossible to get the hand in between them to do the work. A close examination showed the pictures to be a perfect transference of the originals in delicate lights and shades.

We were assured by the guides that this is but the beginning of far more marvelous manifestations in this direction, through Mr. Evans' mediumship—that they will not only be able ere long to transfer photographs and other pictures instantaneously to paper, but that they will have power to project upon paper or canvas perfect likenesses of mortals and spirits, as well as pictures of earthly and celestial scenery, and all without copies to guide them.

At this seance we also received several slates full of writing from the psychographic control, written as usual under our own hands.

These experiments are opening up new wonders in psychography, wonders that Mr. Evans never imagined possible. All of the best results of these experiments will be given to the readers of the GOLDEN GATE, and we predict that hereafter our pictorial illustrations will constitute a most valuable feature of our paper.

Mr. Evans' powers as an independent slate-writing medium have increased amazingly during the last few months, and he finds himself unfolding in all the elements of spiritual excellence, and true manliness of character. We predict for him a future of unprecedented usefulness.

NEVER GROW OLD.

Why do we count one's age by years, when we have so many examples to show that they do not always, or alone, constitute it?

History records the lives of women who were still young at sixty. (We speak of women only because men are not supposed to grow old, and if they ever do it is a matter of honor rather than jest.) But, as a matter of fact, no one is old until there is a feeling of age; for what we do not feel we are not apt to show. While the fast and excited living of this age is not conducive to longevity of youthful looks, feminine fashions are so decidedly that way as to hide in a wonderful degree the traces of Time's fingers upon the features.

If it is difficult to tell a woman's age by her looks to-day, it is far more so, or quite impossible to pick out the grandmothers of the present generation, except in rural homes, and not always there. This tendency to preserve young appearances is one we very much like, since to our mind it shows an interest in life and its attractions, not at all out of keeping with matronly wisdom and dignity. Everything in Nature sets the example, and why should not the human form, with soul of love and tender sympathies, make its outer life as beautiful in decline as those other forms that are laying aside their first robes for the mantle of Winter's sleep?

Cheerfulness of dress is conducive to the same of spirit, which we should all cultivate to its fullest degree, as a preserver of health and long life. In this sphere we are making our raiment for eternity; let it not be dark.

WOMAN'S VOTE A FUTURE NECESSITY.—While government by the people is doubtless the truest form, individual suffrage should not be made too easy an acquisition. We think it is well proven in our country that the privilege of voting is granted to men under too few conditions and provisions; and then, the suffrage laws should be the same in all States. But in sixteen of them it is only necessary for residents to declare their intention of becoming citizens, and they may vote without their naturalization papers. There should be property, educational and moral requirements, which would sift the political grain somewhat of its chaff. Our country has a large foreign voting class whose ideas of government and free speech are not at all in harmony with American principles and American citizens, half of whom, however, are not yet enfranchised. Woman's long and earnest request for this simple justice, will, we believe, yet be granted as a necessity, to counterbalance growing alien influence. The superior intelligence of our women over the mass of male voters, would speedily make itself felt; the ruling half of creation would fall into a "brown study" of the past, considering what might have been gained had not their selfishness overruled their sense of right.

—All persons interested in psychological studies should not fail to read the most remarkable instances ever recorded. One is known as "The Wateksa Wonder," the other as "Mary Reynolds," a case of double consciousness. Both are

well authenticated and can be had at this office, in pamphlet form, for the small sum of fifteen cents.

GOV. STANFORD ON CO-OPERATION.

Senator Stanford has introduced a bill which provides for the association and organization of individuals with or without capital. It gives no exclusive privileges, and is intended only to aid the natural right of association. It is especially aimed to promote co-operation among laboring men or wage-workers of every kind, and to make the laborer more independent and intelligent. In speaking in support of his bill, on Wednesday last, the Senator gave the following thoughtful utterances on the general principles of co-operation:

In a large sense, civilization itself rests and advances on the great principles of co-operation. The industries, the thoughts, the great ideas which produce vast and beneficial results, find their full development in association. Thus the discoveries in art and in science are distributed or availed of, and they inure to the benefit of the whole community—often to the whole civilized world. So the organization of individuals for a common purpose gives the strength, the capacity, of the ablest in the association. The weakest, and the one of the least capacity, is brought up in advantages to the level of the best. The result of this association is to bring the individuals of the association closer to the entire fruit of their united industries. With a greater intelligence, and with a better understanding of the principles of co-operation, the adoption of them in practice will, in time, I imagine, cause most of the industries of the country to be carried on by these co-operative associations. The co-operation of individuals in kindred pursuits would have the effect of furnishing, from their variety of labor, continuous employment. Thus a combination of men could even do farming—rendering for hire their services to the farmers—and might find that continuity of labor so important to the laborer and conducive to the maximum power of production which arises from constant employment.

We are glad that Gov. Stanford is giving this important subject his thoughtful attention. We know of no one better qualified for the task.

TWO MORE EXAMPLES.

It is strange that among the victims of anesthetic poisons are found physicians. Through their duty of experimenting with their effects, and guarding others against their dangers, they often become the most helpless of slaves to the unnatural appetite. Of all persons, they would naturally be supposed the strongest to resist so well-known foes. Others are excused for their ignorance of such drugs.

The last of the medical profession to fall a prey to cocaine is one Dr. C. D. Bradley, of Chicago, whose practice, it is stated, was two years ago worth ten thousand dollars annually. Not content with experimenting on himself with the poisonous drug he caused his wife to become a subject of his insane theories, and both their bodies are scarred by a hypodermic instrument, and both are equally wretched from the effects of the powerful drug. From a man of affluence he is reduced to the utmost poverty, and goes about begging money with which to buy cocaine. He was adjudged insane on the 28th of January, while his wife lies dying in a hospital. What is still more strange in these and like cases is, that they do not deter others from going the same way. Tell a man his house is on fire, or that an assassin has laid a plot to murder him, and he will in both cases try to save himself; but tell him of the consuming fire in alcohol, and of the death that lies hidden in those lulling and soothing poisons that so fascinate his mind and nerves, and he will not heed you. Death from any cause, or in any form, does not terrify man unless it is to be sudden and speedy. At any distance he contemplates it recklessly.

MAN'S FRIENDS.—Night-time is man's rest, but the friends in nature to his plans and labors, are often diligent through the dark hours. Owls, night-hawks, and many smaller birds, are known to destroy hosts of man's enemies—creatures that would render almost useless his agricultural labors. The whip-poor-will and cat-bird, according to Mr. Samuels, live almost entirely on moths, the latter bird being one of man's most valuable friends. Chimney-swallows and bee-martins work with the foregoing as destroyers of caterpillars, beetles, grasshoppers, bugs, and all night insects. Man has a multitude of helpers he does not recognize as such, among the feathered tribe. The efforts being made to establish their acquaintance will doubtless be successful; then, the measures discussed in both worlds for their preservation, may hope for success. Also, mortals live long in proportion to what they learn; but the increase of knowledge in the last fifty years is so great and wide-spread, that it does seem as though ignorance in its true sense, had become a thing of the past. We of the present era pride ourselves on our humanity, but it is more a science of killing instead. Wisdom must be tender to be great.

BARBAROUS.—The custom of shaving the heads of persons condemned to imprisonment, we hold to be a barbarism. If greater cleanliness is the excuse we think the same could be enforced by other means. But we have proof that it is not. It is simply a mark of humiliation and ignoble distinction, along with the regulation prison dress, not designed in the least to improve a man's self-respect. The proof above mentioned, is to be found in the United States Penitentiary at McNeil's Island, Puget Sound. All persons taken there for confinement have the right side of the head shaved close, while the hair on the other side is left to grow in its own way. Criminals are human, and should be treated as such, since it is the avowed mission of our prisons to improve their characters.

—Some one borrowed our "History of American Spiritualism," by Emma Hardinge, about six months ago, and forgot to return it. If the borrower will kindly leave the book at this office at his earliest convenience, he will greatly oblige us.

—There will be a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, in the library room at the Temple, immediately following the morning services, to-morrow. It is desirable that a full Board should be present.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The long and embarrassing delay in the publication of Mr. Colville's book, must end sometime. Hence, we have hope. Subscribers have a good opportunity to cultivate the virtue of patience.

—Jesse Shepard, the musical phenomenon, is still alternating between work and rest in San Diego. Jesse is a marvelous instrument for the invisibles. We trust he will stroll San Francisco ward ere long.

—The snowbound mail throws us back mainly upon our latest received exchanges for copy, much to our annoyance, but it cannot be helped, and so we must conclude to submit patiently to the inevitable.

—The lecture at Washington Hall to-morrow (Sunday) night, promises to be one of special interest, the subject being "The Country, the Climate, the Mexicans, and the Colony, in Northern Sinaloa."

—The "blessed rain" has come in time to save California from the late gloomy prospect of a short grain crop. The farmers are jubilant. The frostbitten East is looking to our Pacific shores with longing eyes.

—Mrs. Watson's last Sunday's discourse, on "Practical Spiritualism," is pronounced by all who heard it as one of the very best of that grand speaker's beautiful inspirations. We regret that we have no report of it for publication.

—Send in your orders for "The Watseka Wonder," price only 15 cents. The book also contains an account of the case of double consciousness of Mary Reynolds—the woman with two souls occupying alternately the same body.

—We call the attention of our readers to the touching little story of child mediumship, entitled "I am with You Always," which appears on our second page. It is from the able pen of the author of the "Strange Story" that appeared in our columns a few weeks ago.

—We regret to learn that Mrs. L. Pet Anderson, the well-known trance medium, while crossing Madison street, in the city of Chicago, on January 28th, fell, owing to the slippery condition of the walking, and injured her hip so as to be confined to her bed for several weeks.

—Mr. W. H. F. Briggs, a recently developed medium for portrait painting in oil, is preparing to come before the public of this city with samples of his work. He claims to be controlled by one of the old masters, and says his work is performed invariably at night and in the dark. His address for the present is No. 315 Eddy street.

—Mrs. Dr. Beighle has removed from Octavia street to the Manchester House, 44 Sixth street, Room 22. These quarters will be more convenient to her patients, and better adapted to meet the emergencies of her work. One thing, the Doctor cures her patients so quickly and so well that the practice depends largely on continual new cases.

—If men and women would only open the doors of their souls to the "good angels" that ever stand without ready to enter, what a happy world this would be. How they would rush in to crowd out all selfishness and unkindness from the soul, and make of the waste places of human nature a veritable garden of beauty. Then why not "let the good angels come in."

—It is related of Father Taylor that as he was leaving Boston to journey in the East for his health, he said to his friends: "I commit to you 'my wife, my children, and my church.' But he 'who gives a ton of herring for breakfast to the 'young whales, will take care of my children.' That is all very nice for the young whales, but it strikes us that it is rather serious business for the herring.

—Those two eminent mediums, Mrs. Whitney and Dr. Stansbury, are meeting with excellent success with their Sunday evening meetings at Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, corner of Seventh and Market streets, and had a fine audience last Sunday, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The meeting was, altogether, very harmonious, and Mrs. Whitney gave some unusually fine tests. These services will be continued.

The Pacific Coast.

[From Demorest's Monthly.]

The development of the resources of the Pacific Coast is quite as remarkable in its way, but the actual figures of the census will not be so sensational. California was a mining region originally. Its first contribution to the wealth of the world was in the millions of gold it poured into all the channels of trade throughout the world. But mining is now one of the least industries of the region beyond the Sierra Nevada mountains. Grain-growing, fruit-raising, stock-breeding are now the main sources of its wealth. The mining boom produced unwholesome social disturbances. But the industries on which the people of the Pacific Coast now depend are more normal in their character. It is a marvelously beautiful country, and in the fullness of time will develop a race equal to the very choicest people of the East. It is probably the most wholesome country in the world. As a sanitarium, there is nothing equal to Southern California to be found anywhere. It is destined to support a dense agricultural population, for small farms of fifteen and twenty acres will produce as much wealth in the way of fruits, nuts, olives, and other valuable articles, as will hundreds of acres devoted to grain in other parts of the country. Then sometime or other a mighty commerce will be developed on the Pacific Ocean. China, Japan and Hindostan fairly swarm with human beings

whose commercial wants have not been developed. Then there is growing up in the British colonies on the Pacific tens of millions of Anglo-Saxons whose instinct it is to "go down to the sea in ships." The vast trade of the Atlantic Ocean will in the next century be far outstripped by the mightier commerce of the Pacific, which of course will enrich our descendants on the American Pacific Coast.

"The Priest of the Poor."

[Such is the name given to Father McGlynn, the deposed Catholic priest, of New York—deposed and ordered to Rome to answer to the Pope for exercising certain privileges of opinion as an American citizen. Here is a portion of his reply to Archbishop Corrigan:]

"Reaffirming what I said in my letter to the Archbishop, sent by the hand of Mr. Henry George, that, in becoming a priest, I did not evade the duties nor surrender the rights of a man and a citizen, I deny the right of bishop, Propaganda or Pope, to punish me for my actions as a man and a citizen in the late municipal canvass, or in any other political movements. I deny their right to censure me, or to punish me for my opinion in political economy, unless they can show that these opinions are clearly contrary to the teachings of the Christian religion. This they have not shown, and I know that they cannot show it. I have not appealed to Rome from the judgment of the Archbishop, and I have no desire to do so.

"I deny the right of bishop, Propaganda or Pope, to order me to Rome. The vow of obedience to the priest, of which so many absurd things have been said within the last few weeks, is simply a promise to obey the church authorities in matters concerning the priest's duties of religion. It were monstrous to imagine that this promise has not clear and well-defined limitations. My obligation, taken as a student of the Propaganda, was not, as some seem to imagine, to go wherever and to do whatever that institution should see fit to command, but simply to return to my native place and there devote myself to the ministry of religion.

"In an interview published during the late municipal canvass, I took occasion, from Mgr. Preston's political lecture, to admonish him and other ecclesiastical dignitaries of the grave danger of repeating the folly and the shame of condemning scientific truth as religious heresy—a shame and a folly of which their predecessors had been guilty in the condemnation of Galileo and Copernicus. It seems that they are fated to repeat this crime and blunder and to add another to the many reasons that have made men look upon ecclesiastical authority as one of the greatest foes of scientific progress, of national development and of rational liberty, and in large part a hindrance rather than a help in the way of bringing to the whole world the light, the purity and the comfort that come from the teachings and the ministrations of Christ."

Senator Stanford's Son.

The New York *Telegram* publishes a story from Washington to the effect that the spirit of Leland Stanford, son of the millionaire California Senator, has appeared three times to his father, and a similar number to his mother.

"It is reported," the dispatch says, "that the spirit of the departed son has given his parents a great deal of advice about the disposition of the vast property of his father."

The story goes that the spirit urged the Senator to take a certain proportion of his property and devote it to the establishment of a great university upon the Pacific Slope. The directions given upon these separate occasions have been most faithfully carried out. It is said that the Senator is daily awaiting another visitation, and that his entire estate will be disposed of according to the light which he receives from the other world. The Senator confided his experiences to a minister of the gospel, the pastor of one of the most fashionable churches. After listening to the story the clergyman became convinced that the Senator had actually been the object of a supernatural visitation and is satisfied of the truthfulness of the occurrence.

THE GRIP OF HABIT.—If the period between twenty and thirty is the critical one in the formation of intellectual and professional habits, the period below twenty is more important still for the fixing of personal habits, properly so called, such as vocalization and pronunciation, gesture, motion and address. Hardly ever is a language, learned after twenty, spoken without a foreign accent; hardly ever can a youth, transferred to the society of his betters, unlearn the nasality and other vices of speech bred in him by the associations of his growing years. Hardly ever, indeed, no matter how much money there be in his pocket, can he even learn to dress like a gentleman born. The merchants offer their wares as eagerly to him as to the veriest "swell," but he simply can't buy the right things. An invisible law, as strong as gravitation, keeps him within his orbit, arrayed this year as he was the last, and how his aristocratic acquaintances contrive to get the things they wear will be for him a mystery till his dying day.—*Popular Science.*

The Scriptures have been translated, in whole or in part, into sixty-six of the dialects of Africa.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

One thousand live Arizona quail have been received at Sacramento.

There is said to be a great religious awakening in Boston as a result of Sam Jones' labors in that city.

The Indian Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, reports 4,850 Indian church members.

Four hundred converted Jews are clergymen in the Church of England, three of whom have risen to the rank of bishop.

London Catholics are agitated over the fact that thousands of Catholic children are lost to the faith every year in that city.

The British Minister at Washington thinks the dispute between Canada and the United States will be settled before Congress adjourns.

David Fulton, son of Rev. Dr. Fulton, of Alleghany City, will sail from New York on March 7th on an entomological and botanical expedition up the Amazon river.

The *United Presbyterian*, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is of the opinion that "in all statistics that are given of contributions by Christians, the average per member looks ridiculously small."

Sophia Congdon of Willimatic, Conn., died on Wednesday week at the age of 110 years and 7 months. Her age is vouched for by the family, and the records are said to prove it.

The passengers on the blockaded trains at Colfax gave a concert and made amusement for themselves, thereby keeping in excellent humor. The trains were expected to be free last evening.

The Cabinet has decided to refer the claims of the Chinese for losses in Washington Territory during the riots, amounting to \$5,167, to Congress, with recommendation for their payment.

A man in Baltimore claims to have been forced, on three different occasions, to go through the marriage ceremony with women who were perfect strangers to him, and none of whom he has seen since.

The Old Middle Dutch Church in Lafayette place, New York, is to be torn down and a great clothing manufactory erected on its site. The society was organized in 1628, and the present building was erected in 1729.

The bull-fight which occurred in Paris, France, last month, was given under the cloak of charity, the object being to aid the fund raised for the sufferers from the floods in the south of France. Bull-fights may soon rival church fairs.

It is said that in Ottawa, Ont., a perfect reign of terror exists, owing to several outrages that have been perpetrated by liquor-dealers on clergymen and others who have been active in the enforcement of the Canadian Temperance Act.

The *Christian at Work* is authority for the statement that "the state of religion in Hamburg is very unsatisfactory. Godly people do not exist in such numbers as to wield a commanding influence." And yet over half the population is Protestant.

Russian agents in the Baltic States have been discovered in the act of organizing the Slav population for a simultaneous rising against the Governments of Bulgaria, Eastern Roumania, and Servia. The occupation of Bulgaria by the Russians is regarded in the above-named States as inevitable.

A bomb exploded in the San Francisco Opera House during Patti's farewell concert, on February 9th. No one was injured except the miscreant who prepared it. The design was evidently to hurl the bomb among the audience, and so set fire to the theater; only its premature explosion prevented the deed.

T. Harrison Garrett has presented to the Society for the Protection of Children from Cruelty and Immorality a handsome property about four miles from Baltimore, known as Hall Springs. It contains thirty-six acres, and is improved by a large hotel building. The cost of the property was \$20,000.

The *American Israelite* says: "It is an ominous sign of the times that a large number of young Israelites who were born in France, but have been residents of the United States for some time, are going back to the country of their birth to enter the army. There is little doubt that the day of trouble for all Europe is not far off."

In a recent article in the New York *Independent*, "A Catholic Layman" writing of the Dr. McGlynn affair says: "The great need of the Catholic Church is more Christianity and less show." Of course non-Catholics will readily admit that this statement is true of the Papal church; but is it not also true of very many of the so-called Protestant denominations?

Bakoo, the center of the great Russian petroleum field, was visited on the 7th inst. by an earthquake, which did considerable damage. At the same time a volcano burst out about ten miles from the city, illuminating the country for miles. The mud and scoria emitted during the eruption already lies from seven to fourteen feet deep over a full square mile of territory.

The reduction of the marriage license fee in Maryland to \$1 brought about a remarkable marriage at Snow Hill the other day. The bride and groom-elect had been living together for twenty-seven years, and were the parents of seventeen children. The groom claimed to have been honest in his intention to get married when he was able, but never felt so until a few days ago, when told that the marriage license fee had been reduced.

Evolution of Genius.

[Extract from Dr. J. Rhodes Buchanan's "New Education,"

"But what is genius?" That question suggests so many trains of ideas it seems too large a theme for a discourse. Genius is in one sense that amplitude of mind which fills a wider horizon than others know, and brings from an untrodden sphere of thought the conceptions which to ordinary mortals are unknown, wild, and wonderful. Genius is that penetrating power of mind which reaches into the deepest arcana of nature and brings forth the rarest jewels of wisdom.

Genius is the power which reaches out beyond the mechanical habituality of common life to realize a better way in all things; a better mode of agriculture to fill the land with plenty and with beauty; a better style of machinery to lighten human toil and promote human comfort; a better style of government for the happiness of the governed; a better education and literature to elevate the destiny of posterity; a truer conception of man, heaven, and the universe to illuminate and guide our destiny.

Genius is not the mere coruscation of language, copiousness of literature, or abstruseness of speculation. The so-called genius of Plato and of Hegel was but a mammoth shell with an almost invisible, worm-eaten kernel, scarcely food for a book-worm. The genius of Homer and Virgil was but a luminous flow of eloquent language; the so-called genius of Aristotle, Albertus Magnus, the "angelic doctor" Aquinas, the "seraphic doctor" Bonaventura, and the renowned Duns Scotus, whose literature governed the dark ages, was but a flood of muddy water that drowned the intellect and stifled the progress of Europe.

The *literati* have fixed our attention upon verbal expression, the grace of language, and the voluminous abstruseness of utterance which has passed too often for philosophy, and much of what they have hailed as genius is already food for oblivion and the paper-mill.

Genius is not a matter of words; it is a glowing reality, a guiding light. The true man of genius is he who discovers what other men cannot discover, who leads men out of the false into the true, who, if listened to, would guide humanity as its guardian angel.

Cutting short our definitions, we may say that the test of genius is originality; the power to grasp new truths and add to the intellectual wealth of mankind; the power to do what all other men cannot do—a power which necessarily makes its possessor a leader, no matter if he wait a century for followers. Genius is therefore the prophet and apostle of human progress. It is the divinest possible manifestation of the human soul; and in saying this I do not detract from the divinity of love, for love is a necessary influx into that complex power which we call genius. Without love and hope genius falls prone to earth, and expires in gloom, sensualism and animality.

Thus do we consider genius the divine love and wisdom embodied in man, and therefore the first requisite for its development is that he should be in sympathy with the divine, and should have a truly godlike model in his mind for imitation. That godlike model he will find when led to its contemplation by a true religion, unclouded by any false and debasing doctrines, and he will learn how to imitate it by the examples of illustrious men who have lived to lead and bless mankind. But before the understanding is expanded to divine contemplation, and before the grand historical examples are studied, there is a nearer and more attractive influx from the divine; it is the lovelight of a mother's eyes. That love is to us the representative, the miniature channel of the divine love which flows into the creation; that love develops the infant soul as the sun develops the buds and flowers of Spring; and if that influx continue through youth and through the whole course of education, from other sources, as well as the mother, the soul will reach its full stature and take hold of the infinite.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, February 6th. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 11 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 11 a. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all five subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. All are invited.

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FORM OF REQUEST.

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

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

"Bro. Burns," (et id omne genus.)

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Your "Red Flag" editorial of to-day is timely, incisive, just and to the point. I envy you your power of self-control in refraining from replying to "Bro. Burns'" ill-natured and ill-mannered article in a more caustic manner. Perhaps, after all, you may feel, notwithstanding your outward composure and courteous manner, a little as the sweet-tempered lady did, who, on entering a railroad station at one end, saw the train she wished to take glide out at the other, and hearing a man in a similar fix utter an impatient "damn it," sweetly smiled and bowed to him and said, "thank you," and so relieved her overwrought feelings. Now if I can do you a similar favor by commenting upon "Bro. Burns'" article with less courtesy than you manifested, perhaps I may win your gratitude.

Had I the whole of the article you refer to, I could comment upon it more understandingly, but its animus is clearly revealed by the few words you quote, and it is towards that I desire to direct my remarks. First, then, it matters little whether "Christianity gave us Christmas" as an original institution, or seized upon a pagan holiday, and converted it to a Christian one. It has become a Christian institution, and as such is observed by more persons than any other in the Christian world. Now what is the objection to such an observance? Does any harm come from it? Does it encourage vice or immortality in any form? On the contrary, is not the motto of the day, "Peace on earth," etc., the sweetest and noblest ever uttered? Does "Bro. Burns" object to the family reunion, the cheerful Christmas dinner, the merry, evening jollification of old and young, the oft returning and forgiving of the "black sheep" of the flock, the healing of old feuds and quarrels, and the general sweet and harmonizing influences of the day? If he never has been a participant in such scenes (and I should judge from the words you quote he never has) let him "try it on" once as a sweetener to a sour and prejudiced mind.

But it is evident that "Bro. Burns" objects to and hates Christianity more than he does Christmas. Now if everything that goes under the name of Christianity must be regarded as the genuine article, perhaps I might not wholly disagree with him. But what is Christianity? Is it anything more or less than the ordering of our conduct after the principles and rules laid down by the founder Jesus Christ? Does "Bro. Burns" object to them? If so wherein? Begin with the first recorded words of Jesus that partake at all of the moral and ethical, the Sermon on the Mount. Would "Bro. Burns" desire to have them read as follows, viz., "Blessed are the proud, blessed are the arrogant, blessed are those who do hunger and thirst for wickedness, blessed are the cruel, blessed are the corrupt in heart, blessed are the quarrelsome," etc.? Would he like a return to the good old times when eye was demanded for eye and tooth for tooth, and one was required to hate his enemy? Which of the inimitable rules for conduct laid down in this incomparable "sermon," so called, would he like to see changed or expunged? And where in all the teachings of the humble Nazarene is there an expression as to the conduct of life that will not make the world better if obeyed and worse if disregarded? Does any one of these vilifiers of Christianity show us any "better way," any purer code of morals, any sublimer rules for conduct? You, Mr. Editor, nor I, nor any one has ever seen or heard of any, and never will.

Out, then, I say upon these ill-natured "bulls," roaming over the field of discussion, head and tail up, bellowing with rage at imagining foes, pawing with anger and throwing more dirt upon themselves than their enemies. They are the real foes of mental progress and liberty, for in their blind rage they frighten away timid souls, who desire light, back into the fold they seek to escape from, but where they can at least enjoy quiet.

And this leads me to remark, in conclusion, upon the inexpediency, to say the least, of their repeated assault upon Christians and Christianity by so many so-called Spiritualists. It is in the Christian church alone that immortality is taught, and the great mass of church members and nominal Christians are believers in it. It is true that few have given the matter much study or thought even. But many are beginning to think and ponder. They have hitherto rested their faith mainly upon their spiritual teachers and upon the resurrection of Christ, but are beginning to ask themselves, "How does the resurrection of Christ, whom I am taught to believe is God, prove that I, or any other man, shall live again?" And, further, "Do my spiritual teachers know any more about this than I do?" Furthermore, many are hearing of, and some are witnessing, the phenomena that are giving demonstrative proof of a future life. Many are "almost persuaded," but lack the courage to break away from their surroundings, as they have been taught to believe from childhood that the church is the only body where truth is taught, and much it does undoubtedly inculcate. Is it the part of wisdom to noisily assail their cherished beliefs and so frighten them away from further investigation, or meet them at a point where we can substan-

tially agree, viz: immortality, and induce them to continue their investigations and search after truth? Let no one fear that the truth will not make its way finally, and often quickly, into the mind of one who sincerely seeks it. The field is rapidly whitening for the harvest. Let us not, by ill judged and ill-timed efforts, trample upon and destroy the tender grain not yet ripe for the sickle. W.

ALAMEDA, February, 1887.

What We Begin to Know of Spirit Wisdom.

[Henry Leane in Light for Thinkers.]

The vast spirit world and its billions of human beings therein, is a deep lesson for any mortal to study. We should never find fault with what any medium may receive from spirits out of or in the body. The progression laws are in themselves a chastisement unto both beings; a contradiction to our former selves as we progress and clothe our souls with divine wisdom.

What a mortal thought was right in one period of life, upon reflection and progression is found to be entirely void of common sense, much less wisdom. Hence, how are mortals to develop in order to attain the truths of what seems to be hidden from their conception? First of all, we must be truthful in all things we have in view, regardless of money or comforts.

Spirits ever pronounce charity a divine law to unfold the soul.

Immortality means love unto all men, regardless of birth or condition. Progress can never be with the selfish. Nature is mutual in all its growth. The animal and vegetable kingdoms should always be side by side in the unfolding of the above law. Classify them as you may; cheat one kingdom of the mutual principle of its nature and reprogression is sure to follow. The mind, spirit or soul, as it receives its earthly education, and above all its spiritual, rebels within at the selfish vanity of man; hence, the mind of the down-trodden reaches a state of anger which makes itself felt to the selfish. Nevertheless, it is as unseen as the surrounding spirit sphere is by spirits dwelling in lower spheres. Hence as mortals endeavor to do good they become more happy.

This is what we name progression—devoid of any cranky policy or weakness of mind. The above law is ever devoid of fanaticism, regardless whom it fits in selfishness or charity.

Previous to the war of the rebellion, the minds of the slaves, uneducated as they were, brought about such debates within the nation, that war was invincible. Since slavery has been abolished, the minds of mortals in Northern America have marvelously progressed.

Now the condition of mortals in this country is the best that can be found in the world.

A wilderness of humanity, if you must call it that—but a mutual liberty is extended to all, the same as it was in the primitive wilds of the Indian.

Any mortal who is reaching after exalted wealth to become distinguished as aristocrats, must repent in spirit of their ignorance and transgression; for the above riches will only be for a few days. Progression in the few mortals found to be with soul principle, will never allow this continent to become a land of modern slavery. It must fall; and let me warn all who have made themselves believe that money made them kings, that retribution is sure to come in the spirit world. Also to be the same for their rich descendants on this mundane sphere. Right and truth is a law to which all must bow with humble submission and say it is well.

THE common practice of telling children little "white" religious lies, has been exquisitely caricatured by the *Beacon*, a newsy society journal of Boston, in a little conversation between "Blanche" and "mamma" at bed-time:

Mamma—"Now, Blanche, you must remember that you have been a naughty girl, to-day, and ask God to forgive you."

Blanche—"Does God know that I have been a naughty girl?"

Mamma—"Yes, God knows everything."

Blanche—"Does he know that I am doing to say 'Now I lay me'?"

Mamma—"Yes, my darling."

Blanche—"Well, God's mistaken this time, for I'll tell him somethin' else."

In materialization spirit does not become matter; it only causes material elements to assume human shape, and uses that human form for the purpose of making its living existence and presence known to inquiring or doubting man. This it seems should establish the fact that spirit is an entity in itself separate and distinct from matter, yet having control over it to fashion it as it will. Some assume that this materializing phenomenon is simply a power of the mind exerted upon matter through the agency of electricity; but even granting this, it is unreasonable to suppose that this (mind) part of the spirit will become less powerful after it is relieved from the environments of this body of matter.—*Light in the West.*

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Mortal and Immortal Joys.

[Henry Moore in Light for Thinkers.]

What are all the pleasures of earth when compared to joys immortal? Earthly joys are evanescent and give no real satisfaction. Friends and lovers meet on earth, but only to part again. Oh, what unconsolable grief is often endured by mortals who truly love each other when they are parted by death! Especially those persons who have no evidence of a future life. Then all earthly pleasures vanish, as they seem but transitory, and give no consolation, as they have no value compared to the loved one taken from your arms by death, unless you have evidence to prove to you that the loved one still lives. All truth-loving souls consider such evidence the "Pearl of great price," as this evidence proves to them that life is not defeated, that in spirit-life love's full fruition will be realized during the ages of eternity. So, dear mortal, lose no time in gaining evidence of a future life, for this evidence of a future state is the only true consolation which can be given, when a loved one is taken away by death, and may become a guardian angel to the one remaining on earth. Thus in spirit they may hold sweet communion with each other until they shall be reunited to part no more.

A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT, under exceptional circumstances, may for a time secure a certain amount of material prosperity and even of moral and intellectual development, but in general this system must develop a type of character where the virtues of childhood are not only exaggerated at the expense of those which are the glory of manhood, but are liable also to be extinguished by the vices of manhood uncontrolled by reason or conscience.—*Pres. George Washburn.*

It is reported that a cargo of Australian rabbits is at sea, bound for the United States. The Hon. C. M. Clay, calling attention to this, says that he has made domestic live stock of all kinds a study, and that it would be better to have pleuropneumonia, small-pox, and the cholera spread over the United States, than to suffer the ravages that will result from the importation of these rabbits.

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
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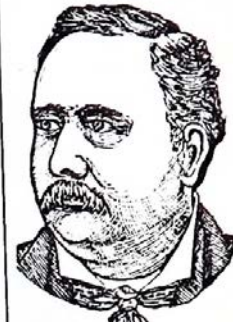
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

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The Human Face.

[Chicago News.]

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"As stupid as an acre of face can make him," was a witty woman's description of a dull man. She meant that the blank surface of his countenance gave one the impression of space, probably because the landmarks were not so distributed as to create expression.

The most important point is the proportion of the features. If you look at the ideal head in full face you will see that the line passing through the center of both eyes divides the head exactly in the middle, giving, for the nicest possible balance, as much height below as above.

Next, every feature and every trait should be entirely in harmony with the rest, all expressing the same meaning. It is not enough that one portion is made according to artistic canons—a fine nose, a beautiful mouth, a poetic forehead, a noble throat and chin; but the entire face should correspond with its most striking and perfect feature, if not in contour at least in significance. Physiognomists have tried too much to separate qualities, to locate certain attributes in certain parts, where it is as much the relation of every one to the whole that should be studied in determining character. The whole is in every part.

The two most important lines in every face are those which represent the cleft of the mouth and the contour of the upper eyelid. They are always horizontal, and horizontal lines are signs of stability and persistence. It has been asserted by careful observers that there are more good foreheads and eyes than good mouths and chins. If that be true, men have the advantage over women, because a beard can cover the defective line of chin, and the mustache can hide the pinched or sensual lips.

Small mouths have been likened to rosebuds, but it is the broad, flexible, histrionic mouth, after all, that has the most meaning in it. A certain form of the upper lip called "Cupid's bow" is considered very beautiful. The center of its upper line comes down to a sharp point, and the center of its under line comes also into a point, rather less sharp, and forming a little ball or drop that sometimes delicately clasps the lower lips, frequently hangs loose above it and parted from it. From these two points the lines sweep away on either side in two pairs of ogee curves. Painters are never satisfied without this kind of a mouth, and actresses imitate it with their rouge. Some one has said: "Nature makes the other features, but the individual is responsible for his mouth," which would seem to be true, as in children the mouth is entirely expressionless and ungoverned, while the eyes reveal the feelings.

If the upper head expresses the intelligence of a man, the lower one reveals the measure of his strength. The movable features, or the ones that have most to do with passing changes of thought and feeling, are the nostrils, eyes and brows. Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, both representing a very high order of beauty, had very expressive nostrils. The class of muscles that operate there were in both especially powerful.

The eyes are tellers of secrets, and their language is quite as well understood as that of the tongue. They are armed with the most potent of human weapons—tears.

The inner extremity of the eyebrow is a very expressive feature; there is as much menace in it as in a clinched fist.

Who has not noticed the resemblance to animals in human faces? It was said that George Eliot looked like a horse, Goethe like a lion, and Carlyle like a grizzly bear. There are plenty of human birds. Thoreau had an actual bird wildness about him. His high nose was like a beak and his eyes had the alertness and cleanness of the wood's creatures. Women are sometimes called hens, from their narrow range of ideas and their fussy, cackling ways. Among them, too, are many cats—soft, purring things, who love warm corners and caresses and dainty food, and who move with silent, stealthy steps.

Besides these we see among human types, the dog and the donkey, the sheep and the hog, the squirrel and the rat.

It is fortunate for both men and women that as years rob them of their beauty of color and contour they add by the delicate gravure of character, line upon line, pencil point upon pencil point, the history of the soul's progress. Every mark tells something of the inner history, and he would be great indeed who could gather man's multifarious passions and experiences, label each with its properly certified tag, assign it its place in face or figure, and then say: "Behold my exact science, physiognomy!"

W. S. GILBERT is credited with a witty remark: "It is easy enough for bishops to be good on salaries of \$5,000 a year," said the satirical dramatist, looking round

upon a circle of literary friends, "but we have to be good for nothing—a pause and some of us are."

Sweet-Minded Women.

[The Transcript.]

An exchange is credited with the following, whose authorship is unknown to us:

"So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her, that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sickness and death for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister, do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim to the earth in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room and sees his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as a balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit, that is wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smiles; the little one full of grief with its large troubles, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in a society with which she is connected."

To this we would add our testimony, and wish we could portray to others the depth of feeling we are sensible of with regard to the sacred and heavenly influence of a woman whose pure life and gentle ways makes her pre-eminently a help meet for man. Such a woman leads her husband, her family, her friends and associates constantly towards heaven, as surely as an unchaste and impure woman leads her victims down to hell! Oh, the sweet blessedness of that home whose center is the gentle, loving, patient, Christian wife and mother; and would to God that our growing young women had, to a greater extent, the virtuous ambition to become the centers of such homes, whose atmosphere is unselfish love. That man who sees, in the sphere of woman, only the supply of daily wants as a keeper of his house, and his counterpart in sex, is totally unfitted to assume the position of father of a family, and partner in a home.

Alcohol Produces Disease.

An exchange gives an extract from a letter recently written by R. B. Wilson, M. D., a well-known and highly popular physician of New York City, who makes the following significant statements:

"I think, however, that as effective work could be done for prohibition by showing up the deadly effects on the general health that alcohol constantly works, as by any other."

"It ought to be understood by the multitudes, that the fatal 'Bright's Disease' is produced almost entirely by drink. This is one of the most common of rum's hopeless diseases, and in which the necessary functions of the kidneys are attacked, and for which there is no cure. If the kidneys should escape, the liver, heart, brain and other vital organs—one or more, are always sure to become involved in the alcoholic meshes."

"It seems to me that fear of incurable disease ought to do more in working reform than any one thing. There self is concerned more than friends and kin, health and physical enjoyment resultant upon it being more restraining than home unhappiness, loss of respect, money, friends, etc."

"Besides, it ought to be kept constantly before drinkers and others, that one who is habituated to the use of alcoholic stimulants is in no condition to withstand the onslaught of any disease—nay, he is rather more disposed and subject to it."

"That popular and dreaded disease, pneumonia, makes short work of those whose blood is already inflamed and diseased by the use of stimulants, and whose vital organs have lost the power of recuperation. So with many other severe ailments; they are a hundred per cent. more apt to spare those of good moral habits, non-drinkers."

"I could give you many sad cases under my own observation, but desist, as 'twould only be 'the old, old story' of sin, and want, and crime, and—a loathsome ending."

A sick person wanting nourishment and having lost appetite, can often be sustained by the following, when nothing else could be taken: Make a strong cup of coffee, adding boiling milk as usual, only sweetening rather more; take an egg, beat yolk and white together thoroughly; boil the coffee, milk and sugar together and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in. This simple recipe is used frequently in hospital practice.

THERE are chords in the human heart, strange, varying things, which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals, the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most insensible or childish minds there is some train of reflection which art can seldom lead or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view.—*Dickens.*

Getting the Drop on Him.

[Chicago Interior.]

The following conversation is reported as occurring between two Chicago Irishmen:—

"Come in, Pat, and take a drop of something."

"No, Mike; I'm afraid of drops ever since Tim Flaherty died."

"Well, what about Tim?"

"He was one of the likeliest fellows in these parts. But he began the drop business in Barney Shannon's saloon. It was just a drop of something out of a bottle at first. But in a little while Tim took a few drops too much, and then he dropped into the gutter. He lost his place, he lost his money, he lost his hat and coat—he lost everything but his thirst for strong drink. Poor Tim! But the worst is yet to come. He got crazy with drink one day and killed a man, and the last time I saw him he was just taking his last drop, with a slippinose around his neck. I have quit the dropping business, Mike. I have seen too many good fellows when whisky had the drop on them. They took just a drop from the bottle, then they dropped into the gutter, and they dropped into the grave. No rum-seller can get the drop on me any more; and if you don't drop him, Mike, he will drop you."

TYNDALL, in "Fragments of Science": When I attempt to give the power which I see manifested in the universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all intellectual manipulation. I dare not, save poetically, use the pronoun "He" regarding it; I dare not call it a "Mind"; I refuse to call it even a "Cause." Its mystery overshadows me; but it remains a mystery, while the objective frames which some of my neighbors try to make it fit seem to me to distort and desecrate it.

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Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.

Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes.

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June12

PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

—OF—

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OF—

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN,

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

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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