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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Who has no inward beauty none per-
ceive, though all around is beautiful.

Where God is there is love. God is
everywhere, therefore love is everywhere.

A man's worth is to be measured by
the respect he pays to his mother.—
Renan.

Whatsoever is true, by whomsoever
spoken, proceeds from the Holy Ghost.
—*St. Augustine.*

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the
ever-living, ever-working Universe; it is a
seed grain that cannot die.—*Carlyle.*

Life is like a theater. During the play
we take higher and lower seats, but when it
is over we mingle in the common stream
and go home.

No one ever slips on a rough road; no
one ever did much, if he never had to
overcome difficulties that to him seemed
impossible.

There is no time in a man's life when
he is so great as when he cheerfully
bows to the necessity of his position, and
makes the best of it.

Life lies before us, not behind, and
when things are done with, it is a man's
duty to go past them and press forward to
new duties.—*Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*

God kindles the light of genius when
and where he will, and he can inspire the
highest and most regal thought even into
the meanest slave.—*Canon Farrar.*

Fear and laziness can accept beliefs;
only trust and courage will question them.
To reject consecrated opinions demands
a consecrated mind.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

You may put humanity down on its
knees before a scientific inquisition and
force it to say that God is unknowable, it
will rise up again and say, "For all that
I know."

No trait of character is rarer, none
more admirable, than thoughtful inde-
pendence of the opinions of others com-
bined with a sensitive regard to the feelings
of others.

Be thou like a bird perched upon some
frail twig, which, although he feels the
branch bending beneath him, yet loudly
sings, knowing full well that he has wings.
—*Mme. De Gasparin.*

There is that within us which solemnly
binds us to believe that no such cruel
falsehood would be played off upon man
as a great longing laid deep in his heart
without a corresponding object.

The best recipe for going through life
in an exquisite way with beautiful manner,
is to feel that everybody, no matter how
rich or how poor, needs all the kindness
he can get from others in the world.

Truth can no more be seen by the mind
unprepared for it than the sun can dawn
upon the midst of night. Such a mind
receives truth only to pollute it. He
who pours water into the muddy well
does but disturb the mud.

TWO WORLDS.

[A Lecture by Rev. M. J. Savage on Spiritualism, de-
livered at Saratoga last September, and repeated in Boston
February 20, 1887.]

Mr. Savage began his discourse with a
few general remarks regarding the univer-
sality of the belief in a future existence
among all the people of the ancient world,
and said that the central significance of
the renaissance was nothing less and noth-
ing other than an awakening from a world
trance of other worldliness, and a discov-
ery of this world. The other life had been
everything. Now, this life begun to be
felt for its own sake. It further began to
be believed that the connection between
this life and the next was generic, not
merely magical; and that, therefore, the
best preparation for the next world might
be the making the most and the best of
this one. Out of this state of mind science
was born, and the essential spirit of science
is the careful investigation of facts and the
demand for proof as a condition of belief.
It reverses the old idea of "authority for
truth," and, instead of it, takes for its
motto: "Truth for Authority." Its posi-
tion was and is a demand for common
honesty, for he who does not make a dis-
tinction between his knowledge and his
beliefs and his hopes may be very reli-
gious, according to popular standards,
but he certainly is not moral; that is, he
is not honest with himself. The scientific
demand for proof has enormously con-
tracted the range of celestial geography.
When suddenly asked for "titles clear to
mansions in the skies," either they could
not be produced, or else the evidence for
them was disallowed. Since popular be-
lief in a future life could offer for itself
no proof that did not seem in itself to
need proving, there has appeared that tre-
mendous reaction of feeling that takes the
name of agnosticism. It commends itself
to us for its honesty and its modesty, and
it is certainly a blessed ignorance that
takes the place of the most that ortho-
doxy has been teaching us as absolute
knowledge about the future world. I
have no very hard words for agnosticism
as compared with the tyrant it disowns.
But I can no more submit to the new
tyrant than to the old. When it attempts
to set limits to investigation, and warns us
off even from a rational search for "the
undiscovered country," then I rebel. But
grand as is the growth of science, it is
manifestly one-sided and incomplete. We
have gained a partial control of some of
the natural forces and made extraordinary
excursions into the heavens, but man is
very largely an unknown country. Many
have been inclined to give up the soul be-
cause they could not find it with a dissec-
ting knife, and others have given it up be-
cause our ordinary conceptions of space
and matter have furnished for it, to our
imaginings, no appropriate home. But
both of these positions are utterly unscien-
tific—a leaping to conclusions before all
the evidence is in. And this haste to set-
tle one's opinions is always an evidence of
an uneducated or only partially educated
mind. Then one of the diseases of our
present civilization is a sort of world wear-
iness that make many people, tired with
the sorrow and confusion of this life, ques-
tion as to whether they want any future
life anyway.

Now, let us turn sharply round and look
in the other direction. Contemporary
with this growth of science and agnos-
ticism is the enormous native develop-
ment of Spiritualism, and the sweeping in-
vasion from our old Aryan home of that
strange looking exotic, theosophy. Sci-
ence comes out of its inner temple, and
by the mouth of the more forward spokes-
men announces to the waiting world its
verdict, "Agnosco." But reasonable or
unreasonable, the toiling, struggling, dy-
ing, but still hopeful, masses refuse to
look on nonentity as a desirable acquain-
tance. So their answer to science and
philosophy is Spiritualism and theosophy.
The hungry human heart wails its protest
against receiving life as "a sunlit passage
to a sunless shore." I cannot say "amen"
to those who declare the logical outcome
of unbelief is suicide—that if there be no
future, then this life is not worth living.
For myself, the spectacle of the world's
dark and activities, with the glimpses
that may be gained of the upward march
of humanity along the pathway of the past
—all this is so wonderful, so fascinating

to me, that, however it ends, I am grate-
ful that I was invited to be even an hum-
ble spectator.

Traditional orthodoxy has nothing to
say to any one who needs to have any-
thing said. What it offers in the way of
proof is sadly in need of being proved
itself. Church tradition is authority only
to those who have not investigated it.
Biblical infallibility is a thing of the past.
The reappearance of Jesus after death
may be accepted by either one of two
classes. First, by those who accept it on
authority as a dogma; and second, by
those who hold that similar reappearances
take place to-day. In the first case it is
not evidence; and in the second it is be-
lieved on account of a supposed present
fact instead of its serving as a proof of this
fact. The church then is, for the pres-
ent, out of court as a witness.

The transcendental "I know," "I
feel," that seems to be satisfactory to so
many easy-going liberals, this, also, is ut-
terly lacking in probative force to any
mind that stands in need of proof. How
can a man's present consciousness testify
to the continuance of personal identity
into an indefinite future? It seems to me
that this talk of knowledge on such a basis
is simply a misuse of words.

With only such exceptions as prove the
rule the statement may be broadly made
that the desire for continued existence is
a universal one. When Mr. Frederic
Harrison tells me that I am selfish to wish
for immortality, that the desire is an im-
mortal one, it is a sufficient reply to say
that he is selfish and immoral to desire to
be alive to-morrow or this afternoon. At
any rate it is only the difference of my
wanting a somewhat larger slice off the
same loaf. And when any one informs
me that I am only a "worm of the dust,"
with no right to aspire to such destiny, I
reply that this is just the point in dispute,
and that I will accept my lineage, what-
ever it be, when it is established. The
practical universality of human belief in
immortality is all the past has made plain.
It is still taken for granted by the world's
millions. The reactions toward the older
faiths have this for their main motive.
The springing up of Spiritualism and the-
osophy on grounds burned over by fires
of the orthodox hell, and right in the teeth
of the east winds that blow from the
cheerless seas of doubt, testify to the hun-
ger of man for some assurance that the
loved and departed are not also the lost.
Death certainly seems to be the end, the
dissolution and destruction of the indi-
vidual. But on any theory conceivable
this story of immortal hope is a tale that
the universe has whispered to the trusting
heart of man. He stands related to the
universe as the coin is related to the die.
Whatever is in him was first in it. Any
characteristics of man which have existed
always and everywhere must, it seems to
me, be regarded as matching a permanent
reality in the universe itself. This is the
foundation of all science. I cannot see,
therefore, why we are not justified on the
clearest scientific grounds in claiming that
this story that the universe has always
been telling, no matter through what sym-
bols or by what methods, is an echo of
some reality that is a part of the universe
itself.

And then, again, it may be said that
so long as the most materialistic science
utterly fails to prove the negation, no one
can declare the grandest trust to be un-
reasonable. This natural faith is in pos-
session of the ground. Until it is forced
to vacate by some proper warrant, no one
need apologize for his faith. Materialism
is already an antiquated phase of science.
In presence of the higher problems of
thought and consciousness, materialism is
as dumb as the Egyptian sphinx.

Suppose immortal life be a fact? Is
there any prospect of its ever being dis-
covered? Prof. Fiske says that, "scien-
tifically speaking, there is not a particle of
truth for either view"—that is, either for
or against immortality, and he goes on to
speak of desisting "from the futile at-
tempt to introduce scientific demon-
stration into a region which confessedly tran-
scends human experience." But, queried
Mr. Savage, does the problem of immor-
tality "transcend human experience"?
Is not this an unscientific assumption of
the negative of the very point in dispute?
If, in reality, any man has ever entered
into immortal life, then since this man
was and is human, the fact of living be-
yond is in his case a fact of human ex-
perience, and in no wise transcends it.

Now I suppose that neither Mr. Fiske nor
any one else would feel himself warranted
in saying that, if there be immortals, this
supposition of possible relations with
them would be antecedently or inherently
impossible. Neither would it require one
to believe in the supernatural, for such
converse, if real, would be as natural a
fact as any other. If immortality be a
fact at all, and if it in any way touches
us, then, most certainly, it does come
within the range of human experience.
It is outside that range no more than this
continent was before Columbus sailed,
and we know now that even this had been
discovered, in ways that never became
fruitful to civilization, by sporadic and
scattered adventurers, over and over
again. So, it is claimed, have the mys-
terious seas of death been crossed over
and over again. If this pathway, this
mystery, should ever be brought under
control, then we should read the old-time
stories in a very different spirit. The un-
certainty, the intermittency, the appar-
ent lawlessness of these manifestations in
the past is no more against the possibility
of bringing them under voluntary control
than were the first manifestations of steam,
electricity and magnetism arguments in
discredit of the locomotive, telegraph and
mariner's compass. I protest with all the
earnestness of which I am capable against
both the shallow and flippant disdain of
this question, and the airy, aristocratic in-
difference with which theologians treat it,
while all the time they glare with holy
horror at any man who presumes to doubt
what they are so ready to admit is outside
of the limits of proof.

I shall now venture to set my feet, for
at least a little way, within the borders of
a country that at best has been but very
rarely traversed on occasions like this—
the regions of psychic research. Some
of you must be familiar with the work of
the English Society of Psychic Research.
I have been a member of the American
Society from the first. Besides this, I
have done what I could as an original in-
vestigator for eight or ten years. I think
I may therefore claim, without any breach
of modesty, to know something more of
the subject than those who have given no
careful attention to it whatever. Many
dismiss it on *a priori* grounds, many
others have made up their minds on the
basis of one or two public and probably
fraudulent seances, while others know
only what from time to time they see in
the newspapers. It is evident that these
people have no right to hold an opinion,
much less to express it. And yet, if
your experience is like mine, you will find
that they are more certain about it than
anybody else, and quite ready with their
shallow judgment as to the folly of any-
body who has really taken the trouble to
study the matter. I have long felt it to
be a part of my duty to investigate the
subject and to have at least a few facts,
for or against, on which to base an opin-
ion. Some millions of people in Europe
and America are Spiritualists on the basis
of what they claim to be personal experi-
ence. The belief seems to me to be
either the most lamentable delusion or
the grandest truth in the world. Which?
It really would seem to be worth while to
find out, if for no other reason than to
deliver the thousands that may be led
away by a fancy. When my parishioners
come to me in sorrow and beg for guid-
ance I feel that I ought to have something
for them better than a prejudice. In
what I say to-day, beyond what is ac-
cepted by competent, scientific investiga-
tors, I shall confine myself to my own
personal experience, and to the briefest
hints even here. I wish there were a lan-
guage in which people could hear better
than in English. When I delivered this
paper in Saratoga, a few months ago, sev-
eral good Unitarians left the hall because
they said I was defending Spiritualism.
A number of Spiritualists who were pres-
ent objected to it because I did not de-
fend Spiritualism.

Three things I now regard as settled.
They do not at all prove the claim of
Spiritualism, but they do go a wonderful
way in at least illustrating the power of
the soul to transcend ordinary physical
limits, and act through other than the
recognized channels of communication:
First, hypnotism or mesmerism. This
is now recognized by the medical fraternity
—in the words of one of them—has a
"distinct therapeutic value." Secondly,
the fact of clairvoyance is established be-
yond question. Under certain, as yet

little understood conditions, both seeing
and hearing are possible, apart from the
ordinary use of eye or ear or ethereal
vibrations. What is it, then, that sees
or hears? Thirdly, it is a fact that mind
may impress mind, and, in some excep-
tional cases, send messages to places far
away, or even half-way around the world.

Now, no one of these facts, nor all of
them combined, goes far enough to prove
the central claim of Modern Spiritualism.
But this apparent semi-independence of
the body does, at least, make the ques-
tion a rational one as to whether the soul
is not an entity capable of getting along
without the present physical body. And
while we are on the borderland of stupen-
dous facts like these, I confess I find it
hard to be patient with the conceited
and flippant ignorance that waves them
aside with a supercilious air, while it
gravely patters over a fish's fin, or a dug-
up vertebra of the tail of some extinct
mastodon, calling one science and the
other superstition.

Connected with Modern Spiritualism
there is, beyond question, an immense
amount of deliberate fraud. Then there
is much of honest self-delusion—much
honest misinterpretation of facts. But
when all the fraud, all the delusion, all the
misinterpretation have been brushed one
side, there remains a respectable, nay,
even a striking and startling body of
fact, that, as yet, has no place in our
recognized theories of the world and of
man. Whatever their explanation, they
are, at least, worth explaining. And
whether they prove or disprove Spiritual-
ism, they cannot fail to throw important
light upon many problems touching the
nature of man.

That physical objects are sometimes
moved in a way that no muscular pressure,
conscious or unconscious, can account
for, I know. That information is some-
times imparted that was never in posses-
sion of either of the sitters, I also know.
It is true that these cases in my own
experience are not yet common enough to
preclude the possibility of their being
coincidences, though the circumstances
have been such as to make this a strained
and improbable explanation. To have
information given me that it was impos-
sible the medium could know, this has
been a very common experience. To
call it mind reading is easy, but what is
mind reading? Any fact until it is ex-
plained must be either a constant chal-
lenge or a standing reproach to any science
worthy of the name. I have never paid
the slightest attention to anything that
occurred in the dark, or under conditions
where deception as to fact was possible.
I have seen plenty of these, but have
always ruled them out of court. Most of
the things that have impressed me have
occurred when the medium was a personal
friend, and not a "professional" at all.
I must let these bare statements stand as
hints only of a story it would take hours
to tell. As a result of all this, am I a
Spiritualist? No. Would I like to be
one? I would like to be able to demon-
strate the fact of continued existence and
the possibility of opening communication
between the two worlds. But I am a
great deal more anxious for the truth
than I am to believe either one way or
the other.

If not in the present age, then in a
more fortunate one, I believe the ques-
tion can and will be settled. Thoreau's
remark, "One world at a time," has often
been quoted as being the end of all
wisdom on the subject, but I cannot so
regard it. I do not think, as some do,
that morality is dependent on it. But I
do think that one's belief here may so
change his life-emphasis as to put a new
meaning into his whole career. In spite of
George Eliot's "Choir Invisible," it seems
to me that the enthusiasm which works
only for a certain indefinite future here
on earth, while all the time it is believed
that the whole thing is finally to end in
smoke, is, to say the least, a little forced
and unnatural.

But if all men could know that death is
only an incident, and that life is to con-
tinue for good or ill, right on, and if they
could know that, under the working of
the law of the cause and effect, they are
making that future life day by day; that
its condition is to be determined thus,
not by creed, or belief, or ritual, or wor-
ship, as such, but by character, is it not
plain that this would become the mightiest
of all possible motives? If it can be
(Continued on Second page.)

Answers to Questions.

[Through the mediumship of Mrs. N. G. Aylesworth, and phonographically reported for the Golden Gate.]

QUESTION.—How can we best discover truth for ourselves?

ANSWER.—In the discovery of truth there are necessarily elements, the discovery of which will be quite essential in order to correctly interpret its every manifestation. Truth may be discovered in every expression of life whether it be of an agreeable nature or not. Necessarily there is contained within every expression truth's manifestation; and for man to correctly discover that which will tend to elevate all thought expression toward that eternal light that ever illumines human consciousness is, first of all, to make each thought that emanates from human consciousness pure and clean, free from every stain of atmosphere through which error is expressed. Be careful ere a thought is forced upon the atmosphere from human brain, that it is as pure as a drop from the crystal fountain originating in that super-nal light directly from God.

God is truth, and truth manifests itself constantly through every expression of life. The soul in its earnest efforts toward gleaming the necessary experiences of life oftentimes comes in contact with these thoughts that are thrown out on the atmosphere of life, and thereby not being able to separate the dross from the pure, sometimes in its own expression apparently carries with it the germ gathered from this error of expression.

We do not feel that we can elaborate upon the subject as we would like to do, for it embodies so much, there is hardly a branch in the expression of human life that it would not become necessary to call your attention to were we to give you what we term the correct method by which you could become the better acquainted with truth in its divine manifestations.

As truth permeates the whole universe even down to the smallest atom, even down to the most feeble expression of life, it is quite difficult to bring it, perhaps, as clearly to your attention as we would like; but to keep the soul thought centered constantly toward that divine light from which ever flows germs of truth is the best method toward becoming acquainted with truth.

Q.—Is a state of perfection possible?

A.—If we understand you correctly you mean to convey the idea, is perfection in expression possible? To that we would answer, It is possible in time and eternity. As there is no limit to either we would not dare to say it never could be attained. But perfection in the expression of life as you and we are able to discover we could not truthfully say you could ever arrive at perfection.

To become perfect is to be one with the Divine in all expression and manifestations, and we have not as yet discovered in our investigations and study of spiritual laws that any soul germ sent out seeking expression through the material universe has ever, as yet, returned to its primal source perfect.

That you may become perfect in one expression of life we do not doubt; but that you may become perfect in all the expressions, in all the possibilities of the soul, we cannot answer yet. For instance, in your earthly experience you oftentimes find individual minds that seem to have become perfect in the expression of music, and in different branches of art; they are perfect so far as they are able to express and so far as you are able to comprehend to peer into the spirit of the expression.

Q.—Does God live in us, or we in God?

A.—Both. You live in God because God is everywhere; God lives in you, as he permeates every particle of this mighty universe of worlds. God is infinite; you as mortals and we as spirits immortal are a spark of the great infinite source, and consequently we must live in God and God in us.

God in expression dwells in the tiniest pebble that you find on the ocean beach, breathes through every flower that opens its petals to the golden sunshine, breathes through every blade of grass that sends up its shoots from the fertile soil, breathes through every wind that passes over our earthly universe, breathes and shines through every star that studs the firmament. To find where God is not is impossible, and in time you will think and feel the same of self; to find where self is not will be almost as impossible as to find where God does not dwell, for the human soul in its expression through material life is a spark of that divine source from whence all things, all forms, all life exists. The breath of God materialized again passes into the elements when the spirit is free from its tenement, and who has power to tell to what limit those particles of the organism may not float.

Who can know upon what breeze are borne the chemical qualities that have been utilized in the expression of the human organism? It is not as yet in the power of any spirit whom we have met to determine the possibilities as yet awaiting even the expression of one atom of the Infinite.

Oh, my friends, it is a vast subject; one that can be conversed upon, it would seem, for an eternity of time and yet not become exhausted. Think what the word God embodies! Everything that can possibly exist is God. Think of it!

Q.—What is the true Christ, or the Christ principle?

A.—A perfect purity of purpose. We

can but repeat somewhat the words we have recently uttered: To be pure in thought toward every expression of life is Christ-like. To be simple as children, to be loving, to be kind, to be charitable—always charitable, no matter how imperfect the expression may be, is to exercise the divine Christ principle.

Q.—What is the connection between the spiritual and material body?

A.—The spiritual body is an emanation from the physical body during that expression. The connecting link is a fluid-cord termed by some teachers the astral or magnetic, and plainly visible to those whose spiritual vision has become sufficiently clear to recognize it. But whether recognized or not it is an established fact by spiritual scientists that should this fluidic current be severed from any cause whatever, the spirit would immediately depart from the physical tenement and enter directly into the spiritual or magnetic body. It has formed during physical expression. The first body the spirit possesses after its entrance into the next stage of existence is of a quality differing according to the power of the soul over the elements it has called together in building its physical tenement. The link that connects the spiritual and physical body is weakened or strengthened by the life of the individual; oftentimes to the clairvoyant or psychic vision the cord seems to be of a very fine and delicate texture, and an ordinary observer would naturally suppose the cord would be very easily severed because of its seeming frailty. But the finer the cord, the more strength and power of pure spirit has entered into it. The grosser, the larger, the more material this connecting link, the more it partakes of the grosser qualities in the human organization, and, like matter, is more easily destroyed than that which is formed more purely of the spiritual elements.

Q.—Is that which we call our individuality or selfhood contained within the dimensions of the body or immediately around it?

A.—That which you ordinarily call selfhood is confined immediately around the body; but the real self, the ego, only acts upon the body as an illuminator. Never for an instant does it enter into even the astral emanation of the physical or spiritual body. It is like a sun set far in the heavens sending down its brilliant rays and illuminating, according to its power, the tenements which it has builded.

To understand fully the divine expression as a whole would be utterly impossible; but the constant reaching out for knowledge will truly in time bring to the soul all that it seeks.

Q.—How can we become superior to the condition of being drawn upon when among people that are not congenial?

A.—To become superior to any condition of life is to become more spiritual and positive. Oftentimes the condition produced, to which you refer, is as much what might be termed a fault of unrecognized thought in the individual who seems to be drawn upon. There are different reasons why these sensations are produced. We will give an illustration: In coming into the atmosphere of another individual you necessarily come in contact with the aural emanations around their physical and spiritual bodies, and as the lives of individuals are so different, their emanations are different—very different chemical qualities are contained in each—and the meeting of these forces, if they are not of a harmonious character, will reflect unpleasant sensations upon the consciousness of the individual most sensitive, causing a disturbance in the atmosphere of that sensitive.

To become superior to the conditions referred to, the soul must needs gain sufficient power over matter as to thoroughly infuse the being it has created with the "cleansing fire of the spirit." When that has been accomplished there will radiate from the soul center of being a light that will be as fire, destroying all elements that may come within its ray that would produce an inharmonious condition.

Q.—Lord Lytton in his work "The Coming Race," speaks of human beings inhabiting the central portion of the earth; what is your opinion of this theory?

We are not personally acquainted with the work you mention, and our opinion must be taken for what it is worth. We do not see wherein it would be utterly impossible for a race of beings to exist in caverns under what you term the earth's surface; we do not feel prepared to say they can not exist, or that they really do exist. We would rather suppose that the individual you mention must have had a very clear spiritual penetration and probably has made discoveries of his own, out of which may have grown the idea expressed. But as we do know there is no limit to the possibilities of a soul, we feel it might not be impossible for a soul to sometime project a race of beings that could exist in atmospheres interior to your earth. We can not say that we have ever, in our experience, met with people who have dwelt within the earth; but we do know we have met with individuals, and we can see them in expression to-day, who have lived upon other earth's surfaces before.

Please convey, for us, to the noble workers of the spiritual paper our most tender greeting, and tell them if it lies in our power to assist in any way the advancement of the cause they so earnestly promulgate in the messenger that goes forth each week before the people, most happily will we do so.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

The lines of light from the sun center, the love aura of the Infinite, wherein dwells holiness and right enwrapped in love which finds birth into and expression from the heart of the Father's children, radiate into the soul of the words Saidie would give to the children of her love at this time, in individualized truth which may and need be taken home to each child's consciousness.

Individuality strong, grand and pure, is the acme of human existence; to gain through, and by means of all life's experiences, its lessons, which should be treasured as a harvest of gold in the storehouse of the Infinite. Let each child look within and ask the inmost heart what would be the great harvest that will give satisfaction to the endless immortal life which awaits you in your own future. What would you sow in the field which is your portion of the inheritance from our common mother, Nature? What growth of beauty is your grand desire? What bud and bloom will best gladden the eye and sense of the best unfoldment your mind can reach as an ultimate of perfectness? Considering thus, look well to the preparation of the soil, and to the selection of seed you will sow, for Saidie says into each child's consciousness are woven many threads of responsibility which will make their own demands in each and every future.

The God of your own souls will be found inexorable in his demands. Saidie desires not to enshrine herself as the human gods have ever been enshrined, but as a loving mother would she be held within, one who, having had experience of all life can bring, would warn, counsel, guide and guard each child over the deserts, through the valleys, and over the trackless seas, wherein are hidden many rocks that threaten shipwreck to the traveler who must wend his way through all these. Saidie would have each and all gather to themselves the greater good, that there be no lack of soul possessions in the future awaiting them, and to do so there is one safe, sure and perfect way. The way of steady, onward progress, and if Saidie, in the earnestness of heart she feels, could but impress upon each child the wisdom of continually receiving the light she brings; could she but bring to your understanding a true perception of the wisdom and happiness to be gained thereby, half the work of the angel world would be accomplished. She would bring for your every-day study the law-book, containing the law of cause and effect. These can never be separated; if the seed time be neglected, the harvest must lack in grand fullness. Nature's soil is capable under proper culture to produce the most choice growth of fruit and grain, but each one versed in the lore of farming knows well that it requires toil and skill, would we have the very best results. All lands are not best adapted to raise wheat; one portion of land may be, another better for fruit, and so on through the varied requirements of that which is to be produced for the good and happiness of mankind; and so with the human life, in the varied schools which is entered, is learned at last when the robes immortal are earned and worn, that each and every lesson has been learned, and learned, too, by entering each class of the divine school of human experience.

The teachers of the different grades may be pupils in the grades still higher, and all together seeking the graduating class, from which, with honors, may each child be promoted into the higher school of infinite love and wisdom, there to solve problems unknown while upon earth.

There are attainments ye now little conceive; there are joys earth knows not of. For this Saidie would bid each work with a will understandingly, knowing that the gems of wisdom gained are unto you a precious jewel, whose value is untold in the treasure of earth. Saidie acknowledges the full worth of all life-classes, where lessons of value are taught and learned, but these fall short of the wisdom of the higher spheres, because all is not seen and comprehended in its truth by those who can understand and teach much they have gained unto themselves.

If it be asked, why have not true ideas of incarnation been taught in the past, Saidie would say the spheres from which so many ideas have emanated concerning it, see it not in the full light of truth. While spirits must wear at times the robes of earth, they are more or less bounded in their world of thought by the horizon thereof, seeing not beyond its boundary line. And, too, becoming satisfied in a greater or less degree with the wisdom to which they have attained, they accept and give that as the grand ultimate of knowledge concerning life's principles. Saidie speaks in no word of censure, for these limited horizons of thought must of necessity bound the fields they have thus fared. Yet in the future these same minds will explore new fields, seek an extended range of thought and of wisdom, from whence will be sent forth from the same brain new ideas, advanced principles, as these are seen and comprehended. Many times have Saidie's mortal feet trod the shores of the lands of her different incarnations, until to-day she wears the crown of wisdom, the robes immortal, and no more for her will be felt the need of donning of mortal robes. But from her home of light has she come earthward, the wisdom mother of the planet, which she has watched with a love as

measureless as the shoreless sea, and from whence her feet will not stray until her children are redeemed. My children, you who have stood in the temples above, who are now light bearers to the earth, and into its darkness have come, bearing the soul-lamps lighted in your Father's land, Saidie's heart whispers to yours ever her benedictions of peace, and in her mother love you will ever find an assurance that will be strong to bid the wild storm and life's surging billows "be still." Saidie would ask of all whose name is enrolled upon the book of the angels, that they center their thought upon the teachings and the principles she gives forth from time to time. They will be to you instructors in the wisdom of the higher spheres, upbuilding and uplifting you in the scale of being.

Saidie brings no fanciful, unreal doctrines; would lead into no myth-shrouded bowers of seeming rest, but would lead out of cloud land, uncertain seas of error, into the green fields and clear seas of truth, where the sun of the Father's love may be felt, where the lines of truth will reach your understanding, and where each and every one will be well fitted for communion and companionship with the good and wise of other ages, other worlds, other spheres of light.

The knowledge now gained is but the alphabet preceding the reading of that of the future. Mind will be opened toward the sun, when all incarnations with their need are over. And Saidie now says spirits have outgrown all need of incarnation who have become masterful, into whose individualized natures has been woven the power and force of the Infinite, who have evolved their God-given powers and gained the inheritance bequeathed by the Father of all. Many, to-day, tread the earth shores, who have come from the shores of sister planets; they are here for a purpose, not having outgrown all response to the call of Mother Nature, who had power to yet call them back, as their being robed in materiality fully shows. When again they respond to the call, "Come up higher," the crown of life will be theirs to wear, the robes immortal will be fully earned. They will sing the new song of redemption; then will the marriage morn of the soul have dawned, and they go forth in realms of light wherever they may be attracted, to work in the fields of the Infinite on other worlds. But to attain this must each one have fully solved the problem of life—have become free from every fetter that had power to fasten itself into their inner beings, even in the land of light and song. Some have fancied themselves free, who yet would feel the inward restlessness betokening something unearned, some power yet unproved which imperatively calls for a baptism in matter that the problem be fully solved, and the result unerringly given.

It is simply unreasonable to suppose that any earth-life, however full it may be, has solved all the problem of existence in material robes. The unerring law of cause and effect give no such solution, and all false theories concerning it will fade away before the light of actual truth, which will never dim, but grow brighter and brighter as years are told, making their record each upon the pages of time.

Saidie asks of her children who have willingly placed themselves under the banner of the Order, who willingly give the heart and hand of assistance to the angel host who have established the earth expression of the heaven-born Order, that they investigate fully the principles set forth; make yourselves familiar with the thoughts given from time to time; send your words of greeting to the center; send also your questions where Saidie, in materialized form, can give voice to the answers, and from whence they will be transmitted to you for your better understanding. Saidie would have her children interested and earnest seekers for the truth, and assures them that through avenues she herself has opened, will the true light and knowledge she promises be given far and near to all the children of her protecting love. Peace be with you.

Given by Saidie, of the Oriental Band, through Mrs. E. S. Fox.

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

OSWEGO, March, 1887.

THE *Atlantic* for January has a tremendous indictment of the drink traffic by Geo. F. Parsons. He says the saloon is an institution for the compounding and dispensation of poisons. These poisons cloud the reason of the victim, extinguish for a time his conscience and his moral convictions, stimulate all that is ferocious and brutal in him, and impel him to the perpetration of crimes. Alcoholic drinks made by the most honest processes are bad enough in their consequences, but the drinks of commerce are adulterated to such an extent that those who use them habitually and freely are exposed to a whole catalogue of diseases from which our ancestors with all their intemperance were free.

A JAPANESE gentleman, bearing the simple name of Azurizawa Kyochi Nichome Sanjukanboz Kiobashi-Ku, has discovered the secret of photographing in natural colors. It is hoped he will not, in imitation of Daguerre, christen the new process with his own name. Think of going to a photographers and telling him you want a dozen Aurizawaryochinichomesanjukanbozkiobashiknotypes taken!—*Norristown Herald*.

(Continued from First Page.)

attained, here is a power able to lift and transform the world.

It is not a question, then, that is all in the air, and is of no practical importance. I know of none that I believe to be more practical.

But if this certainty is never to be attained, I believe with Mr. Fiske in this, that the great majority of men and women will cherish the hope, at any rate, in the hours of sorrow and loss; and when the night comes, they will look up at the stars, and dream of other and happier worlds.

And this, at any rate, can be said for the dream, that no advance of knowledge as yet has proved its right to impeach it, or take away its comfort from the hearts that ache for the sight of faces that have vanished.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Poet's Heaven.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

I dwell in a city of beauty,
Engirdled with rivers of gold,
Where pleasure, imbedded with duty,
In sweet revelations unfold—
The temples are gilded and golden,
With walls that are carved and planned,
From the symbols and types that are molden,
By the art of a magical hand.

The oracles here that are given,
From the center of being have birth,
Where the glory and wisdom of heaven
Are set to the music of earth.
The sibyls are fresh as the morning,
And fair as the Angels of Light,
With eyes like the starbeams adorning
The mystical brow of the night.

And I know in this kingdom of splendor
Are temples that ever will stand;
Inspirations whose beauty shall render
A radiance immortal and grand.
Bewildered I sit in the twilight,
Enraptured I dream in the shade,
I sing to the sun in its high light,
And thus my omissions are made.

O up to my city, 'tis glowing
Like a pearl on the bosom of night;
Where the streamlets of beauty are flowing
Through valleys enchanted and bright—
I have tablets and shrines that are gilded
With many a gorgeous device,
And everything fair as I will it
To charm and bedazzle the eyes.

I have fountains whose waters are nectars,
Ambrosias whose odors are balm,
Enchanters, guides, pilots, protectors,
In danger, resistance or harm.
I have sweet-scented laurels and scions
Of mystical sceptres and wands,
By which the hyenas and lions
Are changed into satyrs and fawns.

'Tis an island of beauty, all paven
With emerald, opal and gold;
Of a charmed oasis or haven
Ah, this is the model and mold—
Then up to my beautiful city,
Away to my sweet paradise,
To be wandering so far is a pity,
To its splendors awake and arise!

I have barges to float on the river,
Gondolas to float on the sea,
And banners that tremble and quiver
Like arrows sped over the lea—
I have palaces, temples and towers,
Mosaic impressions and forms,
The center of magical powers,
The symbol of magical charms.

Groves, gardens and lovely valhallas,
And tomes of a language antique,
Combining the wisdom of Pallas
With the songs of sweet Sappho that speak
In measures of longing and yearning,
In numbers sublime and unique,
And poems of ecstasy burning
With the wonderful love of a Greek.

I have statues in deathless devices
Of all who have suffered and sung,
From Homer, as real as life is,
To Browning, Keats, Shelley and Young—
And goddesses, all the Immortals
Illustrious and noble in birth,
Who have opened the heavenly portals,
And brought down its music to earth.

Who have sung in melodious measures,
Who have trodden the circuit and goal,
Unlocking the manifold treasures
Enshrined and embalmed in the soul;
Who have read the fair scroll of Creation,
Attuning its secrets to verse,
And with plummets of inspiration
Have sounded the universe.

Then up to my city all paven
With shrines emblematic and bright,
And images sweetly engraven
With symbols eternal as light!
O up to my beautiful city,
Away to my rivers of gold,
Not episode, legend or ditty
One-half their enchantments have told!
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 25, 1887.

THE soul element is stagnant in three-fourths of the race. When the pressure induced by our criminally unjust system, social, religious and political, shall be lifted from the brains and bodies of men, this element will be liberated to an upward and outward expansion; and its liberation will mean nothing less than absolute impunity from disease, sin and even death. It will mean the beginning of the millennium.—*Woman's World*.

TRAMP (whose request for food has been denied).—"Well, ma'am, would you let me sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the barn if I won't make any noise?"
Woman.—"Ye-es, I don't mind letting ye do that."

Tramp (appealingly).—"Well, one thing more, ma'am, before I say good-night. Would you have me called at 7 sharp? I want to catch the limited cattle train West."

THERE are in the United States 15,210,141 church members.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Fortune-telling and Prophecy.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Fortune-telling may or may not reach into the future. The professional fortune-teller is satisfied and satisfies by narrating the past; the more sensitive the practitioner the more perfect the result. That even vagabond fortune-tellers are able to substantiate their claims to a certain extent is an every-day experience of their lives.

The story of the wonderful powers of Zschokke is often referred to because of his known integrity and ability as an author. He says that "It has happened to me, sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I feel so completely absorbed in contemplation of the stranger's life that at last I no longer see the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers. By way of jest, I once in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life. The people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know that of which I spoke; for what I uttered was the literal truth. I on my part was not less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality."

In Zschokke's time such an episode was rare and wonderful, but now more startling experiences are the every-day occurrences of psychometrists and clairvoyants. A shred of garment or lock of hair reveals to such sensitives the character and the events of the past lives of their possessors. This method is entirely distinct from that which forecasts the future, which is among the rarest endowments of the highest clairvoyant powers where it reaches into the purely and distinctly spiritual.

Repeatedly it is said that prophecy is impossible; that no future event ever was or can be predicted. The current of history sets by the headlands of accident, and is impelled by the winds of chance. This is the view taken by material science, and is an acknowledgment of ignorance rather than an exhibition of knowledge. Because the universe is ruled by fixed and unvarying laws prophecy is possible. There is nothing fortuitous; there is no chance, nor can there be. The game of chance itself is ruled by laws. The flight of birds, the burrowing of a worm, the falling of a leaf—resultants of interminable series of causes and effects, predictable, certain, and as such predictable by an intelligence able to grasp all contingencies.

Men prophesy; they draw inferences from known data and arrive at conclusions as to the future. Sometimes their predictions come true; more often there are causes they do not see which change the results. No mind fettered by physical limitations can grasp the wide range of conditions and thereby correctly foretell the future.

To deny the possibility of prophecy, as is so boldly done by some leaders in science, is to deny the fundamentals of science itself, which teaches that there being no chance, and law ruling supreme, to know the law, or combination of laws, is to know the result. Not to know the result is acknowledged ignorance of the laws which lead causes thereto. The throw of a die—there can be nothing more fortuitous, and yet a die never fell by chance. Whichever side was presented was determined not by accident, but by series of conditions. The erratic actions of individuals are held to the same determinable principles, and the history of nations can be read into the future as well as into the past. Because the most learned man cannot predict the events of tomorrow is not an argument against the possibility of the events of the next century being foretold by one who commands a sufficiently lofty height.

A few years ago a philosopher said that "It was wisdom not to hazard a conjecture as to the weather of to-morrow; then one would know only of the weather of his narrow locality. He might shrewdly judge by the direction of the wind and appearance of the clouds, but his knowledge was to be circumscribed to be more than a guess."

Now, an observer at Washington, through the telegraph, is in momentary connection with the whole continent, and with the other side of the Atlantic. He knows the temperature, atmospheric pressure, state of moisture, direction of the wind and electric condition, and all other meteorological phenomena, from the Gulf to Hudson Bay, from Newfoundland to the mouth of the Columbia, and is thus able by grasping all the conditions to predict the changes of weather which are to effect extended territories. When the unknown causes fill the atmosphere with a vast mountain in the northwest he at once orders danger signals, for he knows that down the sides of that mountain the cold air of the frigid upper regions will pour over the plains this side of the Rocky Mountains and meeting no obstruction will rush over the surface in tongues of biting cold until warmed by the southern

sun. If the current is moist he safely predicts snow; if dry a biting wind with fine dust-like particles which represent the last particle of moisture it contains. Observation over extended areas has thus reduced what has always been regarded as the most fortuitous realm, the ocean of the uncertain winds which blow where they list, to order and law, and the weather prophet, from a charlatan has become a profound and most useful philosopher.

If an astronomer should fall among savages and predict an eclipse, when the light of the sun was extinguished as he

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Club-Throwing.

It is hoped that Spiritualism, through the evolutionary process, has at last entered upon a time when the period of club-throwing is a thing of the past, and the work of the builder actually begun. In the pioneer time the newly fledged Spiritualist, in his attitude to the outside world, was much in the condition of the three-year-old child, whose most exalted mental operation in connection with its

of transition and change—ever supplying the better and higher in place of the lower and meaner, by which action old things pass away and all things become new.

These thoughts come in consideration of the course of the GOLDEN GATE as a means of promoting a knowledge of the great fact, that when a man dies he does live again. No little of the present success of this journal is because there is no room in its columns for subjects belonging to the province of the iconoclast, while they are ever open to receive anything relating to Spiritualism, or the truths, phi-

Letter from Emma Hardinge-Britten.

[From a private letter from this grand pioneer of Spiritualism, written from her home in Manchester England, Feb. 4th, we venture to give some matters of general interest.]

Your numbers of the GOLDEN GATE are excellent. My heart warms at the mention of names and places once so familiar to me in California, where I was certainly one, if not the pioneer lecturer on Spiritualism. The people there seem to have forgotten me, but I have always a warm and kindly remembrance of my early experiences and the kind friends who then sustained me. Nearly all those friends have gone to join the majority "over there," and I, like many others who have been pioneers in the ranks, find but few worthy to fill their honored places.

Amongst the very best signs of progress I note on the Pacific Coast is the publication of the GOLDEN GATE. The local articles are much needed. Your distance from the Eastern States rendering local representation much essential; in the meantime the tone and truly philosophic character of the editorials and writing generally, are beyond all praise and could only emanate from such vigorous minds and experienced journalists as my esteemed friends, J. J. Owen and his associates.

The Winter here has been unparalleled in severity, and the distress appalling. On one side are the fools and the frivolous, devising all sorts of costly plans to celebrate a jubilee in honor of the Royal Paupers who sap the nation's vitals to sustain them; on the other side, are armies of gaunt, starving "miserables," clamoring for church disestablishment, land reform, bread or revolution. I live in the north of England, wherein, as usual, you may be sure to find the brain of the land. Although I have neither time nor inclination to send reports or notices of myself to the spiritual papers, I am at work unceasingly and untiringly. Such is my life constantly, and as I am in the midst of the people, and always on their side, my life is passed amidst gnashing of teeth from the foes of progress and shouts and applause from its friends. I am often, by choice, lecturing in the thickly populated, bright, bold, free-thinking towns of Yorkshire and Northumberland. Last night, for example (Sunday), I had a large hall jammed, several hundreds turned away, and when I came out, the street was full of my audience, waiting to bid God bless me. My carriage could hardly get through the throng, and dozens of rough hands were thrust through the window to shake mine, and children held up to be kissed by me; and this is no unusual scene, my friends. All through the north "unpopular Spiritualism" is the most popular faith of the day.

Poor drones of parsons that cannot command a congregation of a score of people in free seats, can draw together a thousand, at a shilling each, to hear Spiritualism "exposed," or "exploded," so eager are our opponents to get rid of us.

The people here are poor and the distress frightful. Our meetings free, and pay small; but if we had half as many good speakers as you have to labor as I do, Spiritualism would be the religion of the people in less than a year. I did not intend to spin you such a yarn, my friend, when I began; had I intended to do so, I would have written in printers' style on one side of the sheet only; as it is, if you find any items that would be of interest or encouragement to your readers to copy for the paper, they are at your service, but as I am sure both your time and mine is now up, I will not add another word, save to thank you for the golden leaves of the GOLDEN GATE, to bid you and Mrs. Owen godspeed, and to assure you I am now, as ever,

Your sincere friend,
EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

SINCERITY becomes a man like a garment of righteousness, but sometimes it cuts in a way least expected. A good instance in point was, we think, afforded in Joseph Cook's prayer at the close of Sam Jones' address to ministers in Tremont Temple, Monday noon, Jan. 24th. Mr. Jones had been denouncing the drinking habit in scathing terms, and urging and exalting purity of life and godlikeness of character. But not a word was said about tobacco—a habit which Messrs. Jones and Small both indulged in until last Winter, when they publicly renounced it at Chicago; but the Independent says that they have since broken their pledge. Mr. Cook, being called on at the close of the address, prayed in equally vigorous language that men might keep themselves free from the evil of tobacco as well as drink, and that all narcotics as well as intemperance might be banished from the land. He who preaches sincerity and purity ought to practice what he preaches.—*Congregationalist*.

THERE are dumb souls—lives that finding no outlet have turned back upon themselves and become voiceless. The world is full of human victims; victims to a thousand social wrongs, but to no wrong like that great and incomparable lie that teaches us to shape our lives in conformity with narrow and bigoted creed, instead of giving ourselves to the natural and spontaneous development pointed out by innate inclination and native faculty.—*Woman's World*.



SPRIT PICTURE.

[Through the Guides of Fred Evans. From the "Carrier Dove." For description see 4th page.]

foretold it would be, they would worship him as possessing superhuman knowledge. They would have no comprehension of the phenomenon or the laws by which it was produced, yet to the astronomer it is a simple application of the principles of motion applied to revolving bodies, and the result has the certainty of mathematics. He not only can calculate the coming eclipse; he can as readily predict all that will occur for a million years, and all that have occurred in time past. The astronomer is a true prophet of changes in the heavenly bodies. In the same manner, one versed in the laws, influences and conditions brought to bear on an individual or a race may truly prophesy what the future of such individual, nation or race will bring forth.

Airing Rooms.

[Philadelphia Call.]

It is a great mistake that the whole house, particularly sleeping-rooms and the dining-rooms, receives little ventilating and purifying of the air, when it can be done with so little trouble and no expense. A pitcher of cold water placed on a table or a bureau will absorb all the gases with which the room is filled from the respiration of those eating or sleeping in the apartment. Very few realize how important such purification is for the health of the family, or, indeed, understand or realize that there can be any impurity in the rooms, yet in a few hours a pitcher or pail of cold water—the colder the more effective—will make the air of the room pure, but the water will be entirely unfit for use.

In bedrooms a pail or pitcher of water should be always kept, and changed often if any one stays in the room during the day, certainly be put in fresh when the inmates retire. Such water should never be drunk, but either a covered pitcher or glass bottle with a stopper should be used for drinking water, and always to be closely covered. Impure water causes more sickness than even impure air, and for that reason, before using water from a pump or reservoir for drinking or cooking, one should pump or draw out enough to clear the pipes before using it, particularly in the morning, after the water has been standing the pipes all night.

most prized possession, is expressed in the words, "I've got candy—you haven't got any!" The first impulse was to boast of superior wisdom, and next to proselyte by informing his neighbor how ignorant and absurdly foolish was the latter, through the free use of ridicule, argument, hate and contempt. This, in face of what is universally known, that you cannot reach a man's affections or convictions when he is in angry mood, or by assailing that which he holds most dear. In those early times, how many of us have invited friends who were imbedded in the old errors, yet really anxious to know something of this new occult power, to attend a lecture; and, when the occasion came off, not a word was uttered bearing on the subject proper; but, in place of it, a violent and venomous tirade against that which the friend considered the most sacred. There is no doubt that if Spiritualists had at first begun a course of respect for their heaven-born truth, and one also of self-respect, by confining their public work to the great fact of continued existence after so-called death, and communication connected therewith, instead of employing their energies to destroy the firmly and jealously held opinions of others, the world would now be advanced in this direction from fifty to one hundred years ahead of where it stands to-day.

It is, unfortunately, the way of some who call themselves Spiritualists, to get all their inspiration to effort and action—not through the organs of benevolence and spirituality, but through those of combativeness and destructiveness; and such persons are only happy when they can make somebody a target for the missiles of hate and ridicule. Man, from long habit, retains the primitive savage and undeveloped method of conquering all before him with brutal might and the force of violence, and himself occupying that which another has built up, making the ruins of his brother the foundations of his own success.

It often costs more to destroy a structure in making place for a new one than it does to build the new. The latter may be so constructed that through its very superior attributes others will be glad to leave the old hulks of error and make it their habitation instead of the old. And what then? A building unused soon goes to decay; and this is nature's great process

of philosophy and facts associated with it. People take up this paper, expecting the glint of rays from the swinging gate of gold will dazzle the outreaching sight, or, possibly, that they may see something in and beyond; and not specially to learn of the weaknesses of other isms, or to indulge in a cruel disposition toward those with whom we differ.

If there is one lesson above all others ever taught us by spirit-child and sage alike it is that of beneficence; and that the real happiness of the progressed and unfolded consists in reaching out the helping hand to every struggling mortal to assist him in climbing higher.

So we find that the indoctrinating of our fellows into new truth is not best done by felling them with a club, but by first showering them with kindness and then observing Spiritualism's great law of supply and demand, by feeding them the living bread as fast as they hunger for it in place of casting the cruel stones. This, too, is the method of reason and practical common sense.
H. W. BOOZER.
GRAND RAPIDS, Michigan.

How HORSES REST.—"Horses can get some rest standing," said an old trainer, recently, "provided the position be reasonably easy, but no full rest except recumbent. It is known of some horses that they never lie down in the stall, though if kept in pasture they take their rest habitually in a recumbent position. It is well to consider whether the habit has not been forced upon the horse by some circumstance connected with the stall he was made to occupy, in that it had a muddy earth floor or one made of dilapidated plank, uncomfortable and offensive to the horse that had been accustomed to select his own bed in the pasture. If the horse can have the privilege of selecting his own position for resting on his feet he can sleep standing; but while his muscles may be to a certain degree relaxed, and get rest in that position, what can be said of the bearings at the joints? Without relief through the recumbent position, the joint surfaces are forced continuously to bear a weight varying from 1,000 to 1,800 pounds. This must act unfavorably, especially upon the complicated structures within the hoofs which nature intended should have periods of rest each day.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1887.

MEDIUMISTIC CONDITIONS.

Investigators in the philosophy and phenomena of mediumship are often at a loss to understand the necessity for certain conditions in mediumship, or why it is that the manifestations cannot be given in ways they may choose to dictate or demand. They cannot understand how it is that one person can obtain satisfactory manifestations through a certain medium, while another, through the same medium, can obtain nothing.

Every person possesses an atmosphere, or aura, which wholly envelopes him, extending a few feet in all directions. This aura is a physical emanation, composed of the magnetic forces of the body, which are thrown off from the body, like the aroma from the flower. Upon this aura is registered the quality and character of the man. It is light or dark, as the spirit is pure and refined, or otherwise. Clairvoyants and psychometrists can readily perceive these emanations, and know of a certainty the nature of the individual.

Now, the aura or magnetism of each individual investigator constitutes an essential factor in the manifestations, determining their character and quality; for it is through this aura, interblending with that of the medium, that the spirit is able to manifest. Exactly how this is done is not known; but the fact exists nevertheless. Like every other fact or principle of nature we must accept this one and make the most of it.

If we would cause the expression of a rose, or produce so much as a blade of grass, we would not question the conditions necessary to such expressions,—we would simply comply therewith, well knowing that the more implicit and faithful the compliance the more perfect the expression.

So with spiritual manifestations; if investigators understood the matter better they would study how best to comply with the conditions requisite to the best results, and not set up conditions of their own, and insist thereon.

Now it is well known that in the phenomenon of independent slate-writing, for instance, the most perfect manifestations are obtained upon slates that the medium has had an opportunity to handle,—cleansing and drying them with his own hands. And these results are still further enhanced when obtained in the presence of persons with friendly and sympathetic magnetisms.

As for obtaining the writing between sealed slates it is no more convincing, if as much, as when given on the under side of a single slate placed in the hands of the investigator, and which is never for a moment permitted to leave his hands or sight.

As to the suggestion of the skeptic that the writing may possibly be placed upon the slate by invisible chemicals, and then made to appear under the investigator's hands, the idea is too absurd for serious consideration. If writing of any kind had been previously placed there the rubbing to which the slates are invariably subjected would remove every trace thereof. But the fact is apparent to any one with half an eye, that the writing is caused by the attrition of a pencil upon the surface of the slate.

Certain it is that California, and especially the region along the coast, is remarkably favorable for spiritual and mediumistic development. There is probably right here in San Francisco a larger proportion of mediumistic persons than in any other city in the Union, and some of these mediums are equal to the best in the world.—GOLDEN GATE.

We presume that this is so; but we regard it as anything but a compliment to California to be told that the Devil can work through people here better than he can anywhere else.—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We usually see in others what we possess the most of in ourselves. Now, our neighbor is unwilling to recognize any good in Spiritualism; to him it is all evil. The messages of love and comfort that come back to us from the dear ones whose pulseless forms we have laid away in the grave; the gentle admonitions from the spirit world to live nobly and wisely; the suggestions and promptings to a purer and better life,—all this is the Devil working through humanity! Why, brother, you surprise us. You should lift yourself out of that ungenerous thought element, and then you will not think so much about the Devil which you imagine you see working through your neighbors. Don't you remember that the Teacher saw no evil to condemn even in the poor, sinful woman that certain of his followers brought to him for judgment? He could see only the good in her, because he was thoroughly good himself. He wasn't always worrying himself about the Devil. If there is a devil, and he does a kind and noble act, why not give him credit for it? Why not eliminate him from your creed, and join hands with all good men and women in all good works.

SPIRITUAL CHEMISTRY.

Most mediums for independent slate-writing are able to produce the writing in colors, and without the use of colored crayons; or rather their guides, working through them, are able to do so. Mr. Colby writes in various colors; so does Dr. Stansbury; and as for Mr. Evans, we have had the writing through his mediumship, under absolutely test conditions, in as many as nine different colors, or shades of color upon one slate, and all produced at one time.

The question naturally arises, Whence do the spirits obtain these colors, and how do they apply them? They assure us that they extract them, by a process which they are unable to fully explain to our comprehension, from the atmosphere and from the coloring material of the carpets and upholstery of the room in which the medium sits. A private medium for this phase of writing, residing at Stockton, informed us recently that her carpets, lounges, and colored upholstery are actually being so despoiled of coloring matter by the spirits, for work of their own, as to show a very perceptible bleaching out. It would be interesting to know exactly how this is done; but is it any more mysterious than similar manifestations in physical nature? Whence comes the coloring matter that paints the rose, or the violet? From the black earth and the limpid air and water. Can any one describe the process? Has any one ever been able to master the chemistry of plant growth? When he can explain this, then possibly may the philosophy of spirit writing in colors be explained.

And here comes in another thought: The manifestations of nature all around us—of animal and vegetable life and growth—of attraction and repulsion—of gravitation, of electricity, of light, of heat,—all of these and more, with which man is familiar, are quite as great mysteries as those of modern spiritual manifestations, which the world is disposed to reject, simply because it is not familiar therewith. Familiarity with a thing does not change the fact of the mystery surrounding it. The occult forces of nature—the life principle that permeates and dominates matter,—is ever active, wherever the necessary conditions exist.

Now, what is there really more phenomenal or mysterious in the materialization of a human spirit in habiliments of flesh, during a period of ten or twenty years, than in the temporary clothing of the spirit in the semblance of mortality? Because the spirit of man can manifest through the physical brain, does it necessarily follow that there can be no other way for it to communicate?

What do we know of the occult forces of nature, that we should presume to say, "Thus far and no farther?" What do we know of our own souls, that we should presume to circumscribe their capacities and powers?

The true student of nature is the last to prescribe her forces, or question her methods. He sees mystery in all her manifestations, and modestly infers that there may be many things that he does not know. Instead of assuming to know it all concerning that of which he really knows nothing, as is the case with some of our self-opinionated scientists, he is ready to exclaim with the Psalmist: "Truly, the ways of the Lord are a great deep, and past finding out." He is patient, and willing to learn.

Whoever, in this spirit, approaches the investigation of spiritual phenomena, is certain to reap a rich harvest of golden and glorious knowledge for his pains.

OUR ANCESTORS.

"Eating matches," is what is called the gastronomic feats of the present time, but they used to be every-day affairs, or rather ordinary dining, amounted to what we would now call phenomenal achievements. The poor lout who can only eat fifteen pies and nothing else, will never be renowned in history as a glutton.

When George Shird was nineteen years old, and the king's watchmaker's apprentice, he could eat a leg of pork weighing six pounds, with a proportionate quantity of pease pudding and a pint of brandy. His name is classed with other illustrious dead whose appetites seem to have been the best part of them.

Nothing more clearly establishes the theory of evolution than does the lessening capacity of man's stomach. It is not necessary to go so far back as caves and caverns to find our ancestors when they lived to eat; they ate for pleasure, and indeed they had but poor resource in other things.

Living in houses without chimneys, without windows, without furnishings such as almost the poorest homes possess to-day; no newspapers, and no books save in rare instances, what could they do but eat? Well, they lived their lives, were great in their day, and live in history. They must look down upon their mincing descendants, and wonder at the change that has come over the race.

—The Sisterhood of the Seven Links returned a vote of thanks, at their regular meeting, March 7th, to all who so kindly contributed in making a success of the benefit to Miss Crews. The net proceeds of the entertainment were \$73, which was paid out on her piano, hence we think the young lady may feel quite released from anxiety on that point for awhile. There is a world of

possibility in her mediumship in the realm of music, and we hope nothing may retard her onward course. She has won many friends already by her modesty and the truly humble spirit she manifests regarding her beautiful gifts.

A WORK OF ART.

Mr. Briggs' fine portrait of Mrs. E. L. Watson has ornamented the walls of this office for the past week, and has been the subject of much comment and speculation. It has been examined, at our special request, by a number of our leading art critics, whose judgment was confined alone to the picture as a work of art, without considering the manner in which it was produced. They have unqualifiedly pronounced it a masterpiece. A noted artist, in this city, said he was astonished to know that any one in San Francisco could do such work. Another gentleman, a connoisseur of art, having visited all the great art galleries of the world, and for twenty-five years a "dauber in paints," said that especially the soft blending of tints of the face were the finest he had ever seen. These are high endorsements for the painting, and it does seem that if spirits can do a work which receives the highest encomiums from the best judges, merely on its own merits, Spiritualists should doubly appreciate the effort, and be willing to lend a helping hand to bring to the world this high proof of the power of the spirit.

The delicate and beautiful finish of this picture is demonstrated in the fact that one must study it closely in order to comprehend fully the artistic touches which is gradually revealed. Virgil Williams calls this the "poetry of drawing." We give below a note from that great teacher touching this very point:

Now a head of a beautiful woman if drawn in a hard, decisive manner, presents all its qualities at one view. You see at once how it is done. There is nothing suggested. It is all then staring you in the face. You have got to see the whole of it. But the same head if treated in a mysterious manner does not show all its beauty at the first glance. You have the dark, soft masses of shadow about the eyes, the soft shadow about the nose, the half-tints about the mouth, the strong masses of dark in the hair, but all expressed as if seen through a veil and softened to the eye—seen, as it were, in a dream, and that is what I want you to feel and try to reach—the Poetry of Drawing.

Mr. Briggs, the instrument through which this picture was made, is in need of assistance to get material for further work, and on account of this pressing demand he now offers the picture and frame for the small sum of seventy-five dollars.

We should be glad to see Mrs. Watson's friends take hold of the matter and secure the painting, to be one of the heirlooms for future years for the society to which Mrs. Watson administers. This gifted lady will not always be with us, and when her beautiful ministrations shall have ceased, it seems most mete that this fair prototype should still silently speak to the old and new ones who shall congregate under the name of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, as its founder and first "little preacher."

SPIRIT BANDS.

That powerful bands of spirits, embracing the wisest and best of the children of men of all past ages, are now organizing for the spiritual unfoldment of humanity, is the uniform testimony of all our mediums. These bands are concentrating their forces, not upon any individual, as some who have felt their influence vainly imagine, but upon all sensitives through whom they can reach the hearts and consciences of men.

These noble spirits are no respecters of persons; they come to the rich and poor alike, selecting their instruments from all classes of society. That their mission is one of special benefit and blessing to the race is everywhere apparent. They are to be the instructors of humanity in wisdom's ways—the monitors to a better life—the beacon lights to a future of endless happiness.

We hear frequent mention, among partially developed sensitives of "My Controls," and "My Band;" and some of these sensitives will name scores of the grandest souls of all past times as constituting a band especially devoted to their development and to work through them. These selfish assumptions of special consideration, when uttered in presence of others, are calculated to call forth the ridicule of the skeptic, and cloud the holy cause of Spiritualism with doubt.

But divested of this exclusive feature, which is the outgrowth of human selfishness, the idea broadens into a grand and glorious possibility. Multitudes of noble spirits, constituting mighty bands, are no doubt working through these individual sensitives, as they are through thousands of others, and preparing them for the grand work of bringing light and truth to the world. This thought does not conflict with that of the individual companionship and guidance of some one or more spirits who may be, and no doubt are, close to every life.

We would urge all sensitives, who pride themselves on the number and high character of their individual controls, to consider whether it would not be wiser, and more in accordance with the truth, to regard themselves as humble instruments of a common, but mighty, spiritual power now deluging the world; and that their spirit band is composed of many wise and good spirits who are working through many mediums for a common purpose of good to humanity.

—Will the friend who kindly sends us each week gems of thought culled from the works of the world's master teachers, please write on the unsealed envelope "newspaper copy;" then they will reach us with a one-cent stamp. As it is, the letters remain in the Postoffice, and we are notified that they are held for postage. We thankfully appreciate the favor conferred in sending the excerpts.

—In a seance with Fred Evans, on Monday evening last, we received nine slatesful of independent writing, one slate being held in our own hands and the rest scattered around on the floor, and all in sight.

ASSEMBLY HALL.

The last of the present series of test meetings at Assembly Hall was held Sunday evening last, when over one thousand people gathered to greet those very remarkable test mediums, Mrs. J. J. Whitney and Dr. Stansbury, who were in excellent condition and gave the most wonderful exhibition of public test mediumship.

After appropriate music, Mrs. Whitney appeared and immediately became entranced by her guides, who proceeded to give the names and descriptions of spirit friends until over one hundred persons in the audience acknowledged they had received most positive tests of spirit return. Some of the tests were of so startling a nature as to elicit spontaneous applause, notwithstanding the guides forbade it on account of disturbing the control. Mrs. Whitney's guides control her so easily that it is a pleasure to see her entranced, and the clear and positive tone in which the tests are announced is conclusive proof that her guides understand their business.

Dr. Stansbury then came forward and exhibited four slates; at his request, Mr. W. H. Northway and Mr. S. Fred Young took seats on the platform. A pailful of water was next brought in and placed in the center of the stage, into which the Doctor plunged the slates. In the presence of the committee, and in full view of the audience, two of the slates were taken out of the pail dripping with water and then thoroughly dried. A bit of pencil was placed between, and the Doctor held them out at arm's length; at the expiration of two minutes the slates were opened and a message found upon one of them from a father to his son who was in the audience, and who acknowledged it to be correctly signed in full and reading very much as his father would write.

The other slate was then covered with a towel and held as before, when, on removing the cloth, was found a long and characteristic message from one who was immediately recognized by parties in the audience, who declared that they had never seen the medium before.

The remaining two slates were then taken out of the water, dried and examined by the committee and freely exhibited to all in the front seats; they were then tied together by one of the committee and hung upon a wire suspended from the chandelier in full gaslight. The Doctor, being seated about ten feet distant, became entranced. At the expiration of about five minutes the slates were taken down, and on one of them there was found to have been written one hundred and ten full names of spirits, over one hundred of which, when read, were acknowledged to be correct by persons in the audience. We have examined this slate and find the names to have been very finely and closely written, and which we pronounce one of the marvels of independent slate-writing.

We regret that these excellent instruments for spirit communication should close their public meetings, as they have, when so much interest is manifested therein. But the reason therefor, we are assured, is because of their great amount of private work, the public meeting in addition so overtaxing their mediumistic powers as to impair their usefulness in the private seance.

W. J. COLVILLE.

The many friends of Mr. Colville will be pleased to know that he has been permanently engaged by that scholarly gentleman, Dr. Albert Morton, to hold services in this city, beginning the first Sunday in September. The Doctor has secured Assembly Hall in Odd Fellows' Building, for Sunday meetings, and the hall of the "church of the holy elevator" for his private classes, all of which will be under the efficient supervision of the Doctor, who has had a long and widely extended experience in the management of spiritual meetings. Among those who have lectured under his auspices or management are to be found the names of many of the most prominent lecturers, including Miss Belle Scougall, Mattie Hulet, Laura De Force Gordon, Helen L. Palmer, Warren Chase, E. V. Wilson, N. Frank White, C. Fannie Allyn, Prof. William Denton, Emma Hardinge Brittan, Elizabeth L. Watson, Geo. Chainey, Gerald Massey and W. J. Colville, and with but two exceptions the Doctor has labored without material reward, and sometimes at considerable expenditure of means.

We bespeak for Mr. Colville on his return one of the largest and heartiest receptions ever tendered a spiritual lecturer in this city. His work during his brief visit in San Francisco and sister cities met with such general approval that we shall look forward to a wide-spread awakening in spiritual matters, when he is once thoroughly established among us. The GOLDEN GATE, with a host of earnest hearts, eagerly awaits the coming of this high-souled evangel of Spiritualism.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE SLATE.—We have published several remarkable slates of independent slate-writing, drawing, etc., obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, written under our own hands. We give one this week, upon our third page, from the *Carrier Dove*, written under the hands of Dr. and Mrs. Schlesinger, and which they have kindly permitted us to use. Thus we have the confirmatory evidence of two other careful witnesses as to the genuineness of the writing through this medium. The slate is of the full size of the original. The history of the slate is given in full in the *Dove* for March. The background of the picture was made by rubbing the bit of slate pencil over the surface of the slate. The picture was then made with the tip of a lead pencil. The *Dove* declares that it "positively knows" that the writing was not done by Mr. Evans. All of the work was done by spirit power. We have another, and we think, still better slate of our own for next week.

—We are still patiently waiting for Mr. Colville's new book, "The Science of Health and Healing," of which he informs us he has ordered shipped to us 250 copies. That the book is out,

we know to a certainty, as we have received an unbound copy of the same. It is a book of 218 pages, and will be well worth the money. We refrain from reviewing it until we are able to fill orders for it.

PROF. WALLACE SPEAKS.

The grabbers of Mrs. Ross' spirits, thinking that Prof. Wallace, who had attended two of her seances, had been duped, and would probably acknowledge the same, "counted without their host," as the Professor now comes out in a long letter in the *Banner of Light*, in reply to Prof. James, in which he makes some telling points against the twelve "reliable gentlemen" who set out to expose that medium. The Professor says:

Twelve gentlemen go together on purpose to expose, and by their superior force are able to do what they please; yet, up to this date, we have no statement by them, or on their behalf, which is not either disproved by facts or quite consistent with the forms seized being what they profess to be. None of the alleged confederates were secured, or any steps taken to identify them. They have all vanished into space, and the "ghostly muslin" with which they were said to be draped has vanished likewise. The "frightened children" said to have been found in the cabinet were not asked for their names, or the addresses of their parents, so as to secure their appearance in a court of justice, if required. The tall Indian, the two young men and the two children are all as if they had no existence! If it is asserted that they must have been human beings from the mere fact of their visible and tangible appearance, then no evidence was needed; but if imposture is to be proved—not merely asserted—then we have a right to ask for some material and producible evidence of the existence to-day of the five alleged confederates; and not a particle of such evidence is given us! Again, we are entitled to ask, Was the mop-board story an observed fact or a mere inference? Will any one of the twelve gentlemen give us the exact particulars of this marvelous secret door, which twenty-one other gentlemen declare, after careful examination, to have left no traces of its existence? Will they tell us how wide and how long it was? Did it open with a hinge or by sliding? and if the latter, did it slide up, or down, or sideways? What was the character and size of the corresponding secret door into the cupboard in the back room, of which there is now no trace? Did any one of the twelve expose themselves pass through this opening, or even put their heads or their arms through it, so as to prove that it really existed? that it was, in theatrical language, "a practicable passage" for men, women and children? All this is of the essence of the question, whether the forms seized temporarily, but none of them retained or identified, were actual human confederates, since it is admitted that only by some such opening could confederates have entered the room. Yet up to the present time we have no single fact of this kind clearly alleged by eye-witnesses; and we are accordingly forced to conclude that these twelve gentlemen, who went specially to expose an imposture, came away without any careful examination of the one thing which would confirm their story!

These are pertinent questions, and until they are satisfactorily answered the evidence of the twelve gentlemen would hardly be accepted in a court of justice.

THREE LIVES.

"It seems as though we must all have two lives in view—the one we really live, and the one we intend to live. The latter is always vastly better of the two."—EX.

Yes, we all have two lives, certainly, but Spiritualists have three—the one we live on earth, the one we would like to live, and the one we shall live hereafter. These three lives are quite distinct, but we can put neither of them aside. The first is so exacting and intensely practical that it confronts us at every turn or move we make. The second is so fanciful and ideal that it holds us by enchantment, and we are always discovering new beauties and virtues in it, and we are more and more attached to it by the belief that we are getting nearer to it with each day's journey.

Well, we are somewhat justified in this belief since we do realize some of our desires regarding it. It is very beautiful and attractive, because it is connected with our material being and as tangible as flesh and blood can make it. But as we travel on the third life grows upon our imagination. It is the real and final destiny, and we at last come to view it as the only thing to be lived for. It holds the treasures that have been robbed from our two earthly lives, and it promises the fruition of all our fondest hopes and ambitions. It holds all possibilities and solves the mysteries that have perplexed our blinded eyes and narrowed minds, groping in earth's ways. It is to this final and eternal home that we all turn with wondering mind and heart throbbing, expectant of joy. There we shall find all, see all, know all that finite mind can grasp, and live always—forevermore!

MR. J. J. MORSE IN NEW YORK.

With the services at the Grand Opera Hall on Sunday evening, Feb. 27th, Mr. Morse closed his engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City. On the preceding Saturday evening a reception was tendered to Mr. Morse by the Society at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newton. After the services on Sunday evening the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. J. J. Morse is about to leave this city to visit the Pacific Coast, for the purpose of continuing his labors in the cause of Spiritualism in that far-away part of our country; and

WHEREAS, It is the desire of the First Society of Spiritualists of the City of New York to express its high appreciation of the services of Mr. Morse and his controls on the platform of this Society during the past few months; therefore it is hereby

RESOLVED, That the thanks of this Society be and hereby are tendered to Mr. J. J. Morse and his controls for the able and satisfactory manner in which they have treated the several subjects that have been discussed from the platform of this Society by them, and that in parting with Mr. Morse and his spirit controls we assure them of our earnest love and friendship for them personally, and of our continued interest and sympathy in their labors for the elucidation and promulgation of the truths and philosophy of Spiritualism, and that their services among us will ever constitute a pleasing remembrance.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK, Corresponding Secretary.

NOT SO, SISTER BRITTEN.—In an interesting letter from Emma Hardinge Britten, which we publish elsewhere, our good sister thinks the Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast have forgotten her. Not so, Sister Britten. Your name is a household word in many, many homes on this Coast. We remember well your grand inspirations, your noble advocacy of Spiritualism, and the lessons of love and wisdom that fell from your lips in other days. But the cause here has made a grand advance since those days of your pioneer work. There is a score of Spiritualists here now where then there was one. Should you ever visit us again you will find such a welcome as you little dream of. You would soon be convinced that you are not forgotten.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowles, the mental scientists, have returned from their Australian trip.

—Henry Ward Beecher, the eminent divine, passed on to the higher life, Tuesday morning last, from apoplexy. His demise was peaceful and painless.

—James A. Bliss, editor of the *N. D. C. Axe and True Keystone*, has our thanks for a photo of his pleasant countenance, which shall henceforth adorn our sanctum.

—The subject of Dr. W. W. McKaig's lecture at Armory Hall, Oakland, to-morrow (Sunday) evening, will be, "Life, Times and Personality of Henry Ward Beecher."

—The semi-annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Association of Spiritualists will convene in Des Moines, Iowa, March 31st. Arrangements will be made with railways to return all visitors at one-third rates.

—Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, will be reopened on Sunday evening, 13th inst., under a new management. The first hour will be devoted to a conference on spiritual subjects; to close with a seance for spirit tests, by Mrs. Ada Foye.

—The *Carrier Dove*, for March, contains fine lithographs of the three Fox sisters on separate plates, together with an illustration of their home in Hydesville where the rappings first appeared. The *Dove* for this month is an especially excellent number.

—W. T. Jones, President of the Southwest Association of Spiritualists of Michigan, who resides at Benton Harbor, in that State, arrived in this city a few days ago, and naturally dropped in upon us. He comes with a view to locating on this Coast. We hope he may not change his plans.

A conclave of Congregational ministers in Chicago refused to pass resolutions of sympathy with Mr. Beecher, in his last illness, because of the great preacher's heterodoxy in the matter of an everlasting hell. Some folks are apparently never happy unless they can have a hot place in which to put their enemies.

—The March *St. Nicholas* is brimful of bright sketches and graceful pen-pictures, clean and healthful for its child-readers. Out of its interesting contents we would specially emphasize "The Boyhood of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," "Historic Girls," and "A New Leaf from Washington's Boy Life."

—Wm. N. Slocum has an able review and criticism, in the last *Carrier Dove*, of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' late school-girlish fiasco on Spiritualism. Bro. Slocum picks her argument threadbare, and does it so nicely, that one feels really sorry that Mrs. Phelps did not exhibit better sense than to give such an article to the public.

—The *Overland Monthly* for March presents some capital papers, among the most delightful of which we may note "Street Scenes in Mexico," by G. B. Cole, and "The Perils of the High Sierras," by Dan De Quille. There is also an able paper on "Socialism," by Edward W. Bemis. The Pacific Coast is proud of its *Overland*.

—There came upon the slates at Dr. Stansbury's public seance, last Sunday evening, the following message from Judge Wm. R. Thompson, father of H. M. Thompson of this city: "The essential principles of primitive Christianity and the precepts of Modern Spiritualism are essentially one and the same, which, if practiced, would lead to the highest standard of morality and be the means of grace by which all might be saved."

—Hon. S. B. McKee, late of the Bench of the Supreme Court, passed on to the other life from his home in Oakland on Wednesday, of last week, after a brief illness from pneumonia. Judge McKee was a liberal thinker, a wise judge, and a kind-hearted, honorable man. The writer had known him well for a quarter of a century, and a more genial, unassuming gentleman he never knew. He was a subscriber for the *GOLDEN GATE* from its first number, and was much interested in the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

—Mr. Fred Evans, the remarkable medium for independent slate-writing, will appear at the California Theater in San Jose (instead of the Theater Lecture Hall, as announced last week,) on to-morrow (Sunday) evening. He will be accompanied by the editor of this journal, who will deliver a short introductory address, and conduct the meeting. Mr. Evans' psychographic control, Spirit John Gray, will undertake to demonstrate the affirmative of Job's question, "If a man die shall he live again?"

—Those two great spiritual lecturers, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and W. J. Colville, have exchanged platforms for this month, a pleasant exchange which shows what a beautiful spirit of sympathy and harmony exists between these two grand souls. Jealousy and envy is always the fruit of little minds, and something which could find no lodgement with either Mrs. Richmond or Mr. Colville. This is a plane all Spiritualists should strive to attain, and especially the teachers and leaders of our philosophy. We regret that there are not more Colvilles and Richmonds.

—Among the many interesting features of the March *Century* are two papers on "Faith Healing and Kindred Phenomena," one *pro* and the other *con*,—the former by Dr. Buckley, and the other by R. Kelso Carter. Faith-cure, spirit-cure, or mind-cure, whichever name you call it by, is undoubtedly rapidly gaining ground in these days, and these two articles will be largely sought for. The Lincoln biography by Nicolay and Hay enters a new stage in the life of the subject, and grows in interest with each succeeding development. This history is alone worth the year's subscription.

A GERMAN INVENTION.—While the German Government is taking all possible pains and measures to increase her army power, that country has a chemist whose studies and experiments of late seem to be influenced by a consideration of the miseries and sufferings of battle. At the same time it looks very much like a contrivance for facilitating the taking of prisoners. The thing referred to is the anesthetic bullet, which, it is claimed, produces instantaneous and complete insensibility, that will last for hours, during which time it is thought the bodies might "be packed in ambulances and carried off as prisoners." But we do not see how this would tend to diminish the horrors of war. The suffering would be just as great when consciousness returned, although the surgeon's work might be done. Whether it lessens the list of killed, would depend upon the wounded; and there would surely be as many maimed and crippled.

OBITUARY.

A notable death has taken place in our midst, which deserves a notice in the spiritualistic paper. Gen. Jonas Winchester, of Columbia, Tuolumne county, was born into the spirit world Wednesday, Feb. 23, aged 76 years and 6 months.

Mr. Winchester is well known by Spiritualists, from his connection with the "Ancient Band." Wells and Pet Anderson, spirit artists, produced some thirty life-sized portraits of these ancient worthies, Mr. Winchester bearing all the expense; said pictures are now in San Francisco. Photographs of the same may be obtained from the widow at Columbia. Mr. Winchester leaves a wife, one son, and three fine girls to mourn the loss of husband and father. But when the loved one comes back and through a writing medium makes known his presence, bids them dry the tear-drops from their faces, as he is with them still to bless and protect them, all this taking place while the cold casket of clay lay in another room, it seemed to the writer, as he gazed upon the scene, that death had lost its terrors, when children could comprehend life, death and immortality, and feel even buoyant, as the father was inditing messages as of old, only unseen by mortal eyes. It seemed a happy and harmonious group even under ghostly circumstances, the widow declaring, "that if it was not for the spiritual philosophy she could not stand it; he was so good and kind."

The funeral being on Sunday, a large assemblage congregated around the grave, the Odd Fellows granting permission, as Mr. Winchester was long and prominently identified with that Order, although not an active member at death. Mr. Winchester being a pronounced Spiritualist drew many spectators, expecting something extraordinary, being the first Spiritualist's funeral in this part of our State. The writer performed the services in accordance with the highest principles of progress. The effort was without preparation, except an original poem, which we wrote for the occasion. Said poem will be published to-morrow in the *Democratic Banner*.

We learn that many are anxious to investigate, as they never heard the philosophy of Spiritualism presented under such circumstances.

The day was very fine. The genial atmosphere made the outdoor exercises to be attentively listened to. It is truly a boon to humanity to rob death of its sting and the grave of its victory. No pictured despair blanching the cheeks of the bereaved, knowledge of a never-ending existence of the continued guardianship of the departed, the love of God, and watchful care of good angels—all tend to lighten loads of care and to brighten the pathway towards heaven. Few men pass away with a brighter spiritual record than Jonas Winchester, and few had the cause more at heart, being active in every good which his fertile mind and pen could accomplish.

JOHN TAYLOR.

COLUMBIA, Tuolumne Co., March 3, 1887.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society was held at the Temple on Sunday morning last, taking the place of the regular morning service. The President of the Board of Directors, Mr. F. H. Woods, called the meeting to order, and after a few well-timed remarks, presented his annual report which was read by the Secretary. The report [which see elsewhere] contains a history of the Society from its inception to the present time, together with its general workings, the charities that have been bestowed, the work accomplished, etc. He paid a glowing tribute to Mrs. Watson, and to Manager Dodge. Following the President's report came the reports of the Manager and Treasurer, of the Librarian, and of the Secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society. These reports were all ordered to be placed on file.

The Society then proceeded to the election of ten Directors for the ensuing year. Hon. Amos Adams nominated the members of the old Board, and on motion the Secretary was instructed to cast the vote of the Society therefor, which he did and the following persons were declared duly elected: F. H. Woods, M. B. Dodge, J. W. Chase, Abijah Baker, A. Weske, W. R. S. Foye, J. M. Mathews, J. J. Owen, Mrs. H. E. Robinson and Mrs. E. E. Staples. Thereupon, there being no further business the Meeting adjourned.

A meeting of the newly elected Directors followed immediately. Present, Messrs. Woods, Mathews, Baker, Weske, Dodge, Owen, and Mrs. Robinson. The Board was organized by the election of F. H. Woods, President, Mrs. M. E. Robinson, Vice-President, M. B. Dodge, Manager and Treasurer, and Wm. Emmette Coleman, Corresponding Secretary. J. J. Owen declined a re-election, as Secretary, his other duties preventing a proper discharge thereof, but consented to act *pro tempore*. The election of Secretary was postponed until Friday evening, March 11th, to which time the Meeting adjourned, to meet at the residence of the President.

J. J. OWEN, Sec'y, *pro tem*.

OUR KINDERGARTEN.

At a meeting of the Directors, Advisory Council, and Ladies' Aid Society of the Temple Society of Spiritualists, held March 2, 1887, at the residence of Mr. S. R. Robinson, Mr. F. H. Woods acted as President, and by request Amos Adams acted as Secretary.

Mrs. Robinson, Manager and Treasurer of the Jessie street kindergarten school, being called upon made the following report: Receipts for collecting donation from October, 1886, to date, March 1st, \$361.55; disbursements, \$292.55; cash on hand, \$61.30; average attendance at the school, 50. The Manager recommends that the teacher's salary be raised to \$50 per month instead of \$25 as at present. The estimated expense per month, with the advance in teacher's salary as recommended, would be \$75 per month. On motion, the report of the Manager and Treasurer was accepted and adopted.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

AMOS ADAMS, Secretary.

There is nothing which so completely hinders a man from understanding his neighbor as the foregone conclusion that that neighbor must be an impostor, a criminal, or a fool.—Mrs. Oliphant.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

Oh! ne'er were words so fondly meet
By tongue of mortal spoken;
Oh! ne'er was uttered thought so sweet
As that dear, holy, token—
I forgive.

I speak that soothing, sacred word—
It hath no tone of sorrow—
There's bliss wher'er its sound is heard,
It brings no sting to-morrow—
I forgive.

Oh! I've had wrongs and madly deep
My spirit has been stirred;
But anger soothed itself to sleep
When in my soul was heard—
"I forgive."

Forgive each word, forgive each deed,
If aught of wrong is done thee;
For soon thy aching heart will bleed,
If vengeful thoughts have won thee.
I forgive.

Each angered thought we must control,
The fires of passion smother;
No malice cherish in the soul,
No evil for a brother.
I forgive.

Forgive, forgive, if thou wouldst climb
Unto the heights empyreal—
If thou wouldst taste on shore of time
The fruits of the ethereal—
I forgive.

Forgive, forgive, if thou wouldst feel
On earth the joy supernal,
And on thy forehead bear the seal
Of Him who rules eternal.
I forgive.

Sweet memory's golden afterglow,
As beams that play at even,
Fills full the soul with bliss to know
The wrongs it has forgiven.
I forgive.

And as I speak the holy thought,
My soul with joy is swelling—
A thought with blissful feeling fraught
Beyond my power of telling.
I forgive.

I thank thee, dear All-Father, God,
That thou hast blest all living
With joys that's borne within this word—
The holy joy, forgiving.
I forgive.

Hate is a malicious devil, and like the flame consumes itself in its own action.

Who maligns others publishes thereby his own baseness. Conscious of self-depravity, he would have us believe that all are prone. Knowing the corruption of his own heart, he would teach us that none are pure. Unwilling himself to go, he would drag all others down.

There are those who are organically infidel to human improvement. Pessimistic by nature, they have no faith in humanity. To them the fallen are hopelessly lost, the degraded hopeless prone. Agreeing, possibly, that sentiment looks well enough in a poem, or serves to ornament a public speech, they only laugh in the faces of those whose earnest convictions would seek to exalt into a fact their high conceptions of truth, and purity, and beauty; and ridicule, as impracticable and visionaries, those who would follow to their logical conclusions the deep principles which are the basal rock on which all free society stands. These political Jack Punchcons, delighting in the misused name of conservative, cannot understand that *Right is always politic—Principles always practicable*. They cannot comprehend that the lowest are yet human, that the weakest have yet latent strength which needs but the encouragement of sympathy to enable them to stand erect.

These doubting Thomases have but to study their own lives—to look into their own hearts to have their errors refuted. Who of the best, has not at times gone astray? Who of the highest and purest, has not had to resist the forces drawing earthward?

The examples are without number of the low and vicious who have left off their evil habits and climbed into the pure atmosphere of virtue—not because they were morally better than thousands who have not climbed, but because of the more favorable conditions re-enforcing their resolves and bracing their steps as they went up.

Who has no sympathy for the fallen, no desire to aid in their struggles to rise, is himself down—not perhaps in the boiling caldron of passion and appetite; but in the cold and cheerless cavern of selfishness whence comes not a ray of human sympathy, not a love-beam of human affection. Pity his depravity, if you will, but heed not his sneers at your efforts to raise the fallen—to lift the degraded into higher life.

Humanity, like the physical universe of which it is a part, is in continual onward march. Forward is the law of its existence, and to halt is to die. It is a great human river with the ocean of eternity to receive its waters. With freedom to move, its motion is peaceful, marking each day an advance on the day before. Arrested it becomes stagnant and baleful; or, breaking dam and dike, it carries desolation and death in its course.

Ascending this human river as far as the geography of history will carry us, we arrive in the dreary regions of stagnant

pools and miasmatic death. Descending the channel widens and deepens, the waters growing clear and purer by their own flowing.

But whither? Though meandering sometimes, though held back sometimes by impediments, its gathered waters break dam and dike, and its onward course lies through the Land of Liberty. Here are peace and purity. Here grow pleasant fruits and beautiful flowers. Here flourishes the tree of knowledge laden with such fruits as exalt and ennoble those who pluck and eat. Here are grand forests of all the virtues—benevolence, charity, truth, courage, justice, temperance. No more turbid waters, no more destructive whirlpools—pure is the air, serene the sky, and grand and glorious the earth.

Who doubts most believes most. From doubt come investigation, reflection, and from these belief. Assumption is not belief, neither is blind credulity; although *credo* means, *I believe*. Who thinks not, believes not, however many dogmas he may blindly accept.

With many, to know a dogma is popular is quite enough, and they neither ask nor desire better argument. Against all deeper thought they draw themselves into their tortoise shell of stupidity and hiss disapprobation.

Knowledge is the mind's treasure; and the author of a new idea is greater than the builder of a city. The new thought becomes the thought of all mankind, and for each added truth all stand on a higher plane.

If money-getting were the great end of life, stealing would be in order and the Vanderbilts would dwindle Washington.

A millionaire dies and the world hastens to forget that he has been. A philanthropist, a philosopher, a poet, or a hero dies and his memory is embalmed in the popular heart, his example teaches through the ages, and his acts are added to the treasures of universal history.

All things worthy harmonize. Beauty is truth in color and form; truth is beauty in thought; and justice is truth and beauty in the act. They may move in parallel lines but can never conflict.

Col. Ingersoll's Family.

[Max Elliot in Boston Sunday Herald.]

Imagine, if you can, a tall, exquisitely-formed creature with the bust, shoulders, and head of a beautiful statue, with soft, fair skin and oval face, in which are set beautiful eyes that puzzle the beholder as to their color being gray or brown, and, drawn back from the forehead in a severe classic style that suits the wearer perfectly; soft waves of bronze brown hair that is caught at the back of the head in a loose coil, setting off the exquisitely-shaped head to perfection. A clinging, graceful gown of white silken material, with lace draperies, envelops her figure, and half hides, half discloses her lovely neck and arms by the fashion in which the bodice is cut.

This is a portrait of one of Col. Ingersoll's daughters. I thought her one of the most superb creatures, and yet with a tinge of daintiness about her, I ever looked upon, and this opinion is shared by every one who has the pleasure of knowing Col. Ingersoll's family. In their refined, handsomely appointed home they are occupying in Fifth Avenue this Winter, she and an equally handsome sister reflect every charming and womanly grace imaginable, and their list of friends and admirers is legion.

Col. Ingersoll is at home every Sunday night to his more intimate friends. He is always hospitable, always agreeable, and always entertaining, and one will meet some of the most noted men and women in the world of art, letters, science, and society at his house upon any Sunday evening. Recently it was the 25th anniversary of his marriage, and while no special invitations were extended he quietly asked a number of his friends to drop in in the evening, and a friend who was present tells me they had a very merry evening, and among their guests were many distinguished people, whose name and fame have extended far beyond the precincts of New York's social circles."

Name Identified.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I noticed in the *Banner of Light* of February 25th, under the head of "Independent Slate-Writing," a notice of your meeting and a copy of the slate. On it appears the name of "T. Starr King." Being blood relations (cousins), and also knowing his signature, can verify the correctness of this as if written when in the flesh. Our people (Shakers), are most all Spiritualists, and this manifestation seemed to give them more hopes that, in time, they will hold ground far exceeding their doubting friends. Respectfully,

THEO. P. PARSELL.

SKAKER STATION, Conn., Mar. 1, 1887.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, March 13th. 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 1 p. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. All are invited.

FREE PUBLIC MIND-CURE MEETINGS ARE held every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 2:30 o'clock p. m., at Grand Pacific Hall, 1045½ Market street. The morning meetings are devoted to questions and answers and healing patients. At 2 o'clock a paper is read, followed by testimonies and closing with a social. These meetings are for the purpose of showing people how they have power in themselves to remove all disease and trouble.

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

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spiritualism from My Standpoint.

The promulgation of Spiritualism depends not wholly upon its phenomenal features. It has for its basic principles, strong, firm, scientific philosophy.

The mind often imbibes from false education an erroneous idea, concerning the future destiny of the soul, and nurtured in this idea the perceptive faculties become impaired; trusting implicitly in these "false teachers and blind guides," and the mind vibrating between hope and fear at last brings man into a condition of negation and doubt, which leads him to the very brink of despair, looking with dim eyes and forlorn hope into this chasm of unbelief and uncertainty, without a ray of hope from his feeble consciousness to illuminate the darkness.

Is it a wonder then that creeds and church dogmas fail to give to man the satisfying proof his soul longs for? With what joy does the inspiring evidence of a life beyond come to man, after the midnight of doubt and despair, as is found in our grand spiritualistic faith.

These faint shadows of a spiritual dawn will not shrink away, "nor down," at the scoff of the skeptic or the church. Spiritual truth has yet revealed but little of the beauties which yet await us; it is still in the embryotic state and struggling to become emancipated from its dark prison of undevelopment, and come forth into the light of the soul's full completeness, then will man be awakened to the realization and responsibility and possibility of his own existence. Not depending upon the merits and the sacrificial offering of innocent blood to atone for our sins, but a full restitution for the transgression of nature's laws, which will not be abated one "jot or tittle."

"God (or nature) is no respecter of persons." "He visiteth the iniquities of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation." If the parents transgress the laws of nature, by the laws of heredity they are transmitted to their offsprings which no atoning blood will wash away. But the streams of human life must be cleansed and purified through the channels of a pure, healthful, physical organism. Live according to the dictates of your conscience, and future generations will "rise up and call you blessed." The consciousness of your own soul will be the highest tribunal before which you will be arraigned to give an account of the deeds done in the body, and if your record is white and without blemish, the satisfying conviction of your soul will be your greatest reward.

It is this development of self-consciousness which Spiritualism is seeking to unfold, to elevate the moral and spiritual nature of mankind; and to bring this great fundamental principle of soul culture to that state of perfection which should become like a burnished mirror, reflecting every impulse of the human soul, making us more afraid of viewing our distorted conscience than meeting our deadliest foe in mortal combat.

The soul of man has been tried in the crucible of "doctrinal belief" and submitted to every corroding chemical that the "church militant" could devise, until there is but a faint showing of the original conception which the Almighty designed for the fulfillment of His laws in regard to man's immortality.

Man's powers of comprehension are limited and crude, not having the refining elements of spiritual intercommunication from which it derives its buoyancy and elasticity and makes them receptive to great truths which are demonstrated by the living witnesses which surround us to-day, and proving without doubt the influx of a new element in the economy of nature. I will qualify that last remark in saying, there is nothing new, but on the contrary very old, which has ever existed in different forms and expressions.

Matter is ever organizing and disorganizing. It brings into existence those chemical properties of adhesion and attraction which will naturally find their component parts, and as the laws of adhesion are affected by consanguinity the whole structure of Spiritualism rests upon a natural basis.

Each and every atom in the material world retrogrades and accelerates according to the propelling power with which it is endowed. Nature being the great arbitrator of all things receives all contingent particles of matter and arranges and classifies them in her vast laboratory. Nothing is revealed until the period arrives for it to come forth and join the grand triumphant army of eternal progression which includes all things from the glorious god of day who drives his golden chariot through the blue heavens to the most minute atom which floats in space.

It would be an omission, an infringement, of this law which governs the universe, if the human soul should not be included under this great head of designs which prove so effectual and perfect in every other instance—perish the thought that the soul, the highest expression of Deity made in his own image, should prove recreant to this law; these human souls which have accomplished so much in the world's history should be relegated to oblivion with all their glorious possibilities paralyzed when the most insignificant particle of inorganic matter is transformed into something more beautiful and useful.

Is it possible that the mind, the soul,

can become supine, inert, after divesting itself of matter? Will it not rather become more glorious in its resemblance to Deity, creating for itself more perfect and higher conditions for unfoldment? Some say we believe the soul is immortal, but do not believe it ever comes and manifests itself to us on earth after passing out of the earthly body. Why not? There is no limit to the unfoldment of the soul power. Can they not while on earth annihilate space and bring into subjection all inanimate matter? and would it be very unreasonable after the immortal self is untrammelled by mortality, it can, with its clear perceptions and full understanding of the laws which govern matter, make it subservient to their will? From what source comes this knowledge which is unfolding our mediums of to-day? Whence comes this knowledge which confounds the wise and learned by their clear, concise and truthful arguments in relation to obtuse subjects which would take the natural man years of study to clearly comprehend.

"No Pen can do it Justice."

[Jesse Shepard, writing from San Diego to Light in the West, says:]

I have made many trips to the mountains in company with friends, and in all my long experience I have never seen anything to equal the magnificence of the scenery, or the perfect serenity of the atmosphere. No pen description could do justice to this peculiar climate, with its superb fruits, its rich soil, its life-giving air, and its sublime scenery. It is one of the few places which cannot be described. One must live here, feel its influences, see its sights, and revel in its sunny atmosphere to know what it is. Mansions and villas are being built by the wealthy and the cultured, who arrive from the East by the score, all eager to leave the damp and chilly winds of the Atlantic and the northern lakes to come and live in this beautiful country. Statistics show that the climate of San Diego is the most equable of which any knowledge exists. There is no cold nor great heat here, either in Winter or Summer. Flowers are in full bloom, and I have seen a peach tree in blossom in January. I have never seen such orange and olive groves anywhere, 2,600 oranges growing on one tree, and thirty gallons of olives on a single olive tree eight years old. Much more might be said about this wonderful country did time and space permit, and I hope in a future letter to give more details.

Women in Street Cars.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

The man who sits in a street car when ladies are standing up is deservedly an object of reproach unless he can excuse himself on the ground of age or infirmity. As much as the American men are accustomed to speak with pride of their superior gentleness and courtesy to the sex, it is a matter of doubt whether the surly and selfish fellows who cling to their seats in a car with a resolute tenacity in the presence of ladies who are standing up, are not increasing in number. To gentlemen with the true manly instincts of deference to women at all times and in all places, a man who does this is an object of contempt. But while we hold such men in aversion, we are not certain that women themselves are altogether undeserving of some censure.

While it is right that they should expect and receive the largest measure of courtesy from men, they often seem to forget that there are occasions when they should yield what they exact. Their selfishness in the street cars is sometimes as reprehensible as that of men, and there certainly is great room for improvement in the code of etiquette which they seem to adopt in their manner toward one another on such occasions.

For instance, it is rare, very rare, that we behold a woman tender her seat to an aged or disabled member of her sex. It is a daily occurrence to witness some old lady hanging on to a strap and rudely jostled about, while the seats are filled with strong and healthy women, who never think of rising. If they, especially the young ones, were to know how gracious and kindly such an act would make them appear in the eyes of men whose good opinion is worth having, they would not loiter back in their seats with the cold and languid indifference which they usually display.

The sight of a young woman giving her seat to an old man or to any man who is infirm or in physical distress is equally as rare. It is consequently not to be wondered that there are some men who justify themselves for their own gross negligence in this matter of every-day courtesy by declaring that nice women themselves are so selfish they are not deserving the good offices of the stronger sex. This does not excuse their own churlishness, but there is, nevertheless, a good deal of truth in what they say. The young woman who will give up her seat in the car to the old or the feeble of both sexes ought to be seen much oftener than she now is.

ENGLAND, the land of the Angels, takes its name from one of the chief tribes of low German invaders, and the term Anglo-Saxon as applied to the language represents the union of dialects of the Angles and Saxons.

THE editor of the Calicoon (N. Y.) *Echo* states that his nine-year-old daughter assists in setting up the paper, and adds: Our little compositor is in her ninth year, and no doubt is the youngest known in the trade. She sets the type, justifies her own lines, but is not yet able to empty her "sticks." Incredible as it may seem, the little type-setter often sets from one to four stickfuls from our manuscript, sometimes correcting a slip in our grammar or spelling, and is never as happy as when sitting at the case "helping papa."

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
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

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SHEW'S

Rest and Recreation in Spirit Life.

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

There is one subject that I have not as yet spoken of, in connection with our life, that I think would interest you; that is, the way in which we take our rest and recreation. You have, no doubt, read of musicales, lectures, and the other many ways in which mankind find enjoyment, as being also enjoyed by us, and have wondered how it was possible that being spirits, without bodies, (or visible bodies) we could meet and enjoy in the same way the same things we used to in the body. You have heard also of the "music of the spheres" as being transcendently beautiful, far beyond any melody heard by mortal ears.

The spirit of harmony is our music, the spirit of eloquence our lectures, and all that is beautiful or instructive to eye or ear can be enjoyed by us in its most perfect form, for all these things tend to elevate as well as please, when rightly understood, and what would Heaven be to the philosopher or student, to the artist or musician, if none of the things were to fill his life which had filled it during the time he had spent on earth. If we had not our highest desires gratified, and our senses (which are more acute in some ways) satisfied by what is beautiful and satisfactory to us before, where would we be the gainers by our having left earthly conditions behind?

We have our social reunions, but have none of the tiresome part of them; our musicales, without the jarring discords which often arise among the different claimants for applause when on earth; our lectures, where all may come and learn—that feel the desire—and discuss whatever topic seems most to demand discussion. But the houses wherein we meet are not made with hands; the beautiful visions of hill and dale, and smoothly shaven lawns, dotted with beautiful flowers, whose fragrance exceeds that of earth's flowers, are all what you would call visions. Our lives would be as a dream to you in earth-life, but the reality comes to us in the realization of what life really is, and the aid we are enabled to give those whose battle is not yet ended, whether they be of the spirit or of earth. Of course each one sees from their own standpoint the situation as it appears to them at the time of writing, and if their views undergo a change, are not able to, perhaps, communicate their change of views, and so erroneous opinions are sown broadcast over the land and erroneous ideas obtain among even earnest and thorough investigators; therefore, it behooves us to be cool in our investigations and moderate in our expressions, not giving to the world our opinions unqualifiedly, but leaving each one's reason to be the rule to judge whether or no what is communicated to them appeals to that reason, and let each one accept what they can, and take our expressed opinions for what they seem worth to themselves.

I had seen before I passed out of the body many communications, printed and otherwise, relative to the future life, and, unfortunately looking at that subject, as I did, with an agnostic's darkened vision, did not give credence to them save as the hallucinations of unbalanced, wholly-biased minds, and therefore did not become interested in the subject sufficiently to afford me any light while in the body on what seems to me now to be of paramount importance to learn all one can before passing into the higher life, and therefore I feel the greatest interest in gaining all the knowledge I can, and not only benefiting myself thereby, but others whom I can reach through this means. As I said before, our lives and pleasures would seem as a dream to you. The spirit while still held to the body by the invisible cord of mortality sometimes catches in dreams glimpses of the higher life that cannot be dispelled even when the stern realities of life again claim their attention.

Those who lie in trances are treated to these rare glimpses and see and speak with friends whose place in their mortal life has been empty for years, and very sick people often have their spiritual sight given them before they pass out of their suffering, and see the loving faces and feel the tender touches of hands they had long since missed from their lives. It is a mistaken idea that obtains great credence, that each family have a separate and complete home, isolated, if they so desire it, from others. To be sure, all that makes a home of beauty and tenderness can be ours, but not houses built by workmen. Our homes are what our desires make them. Our furnishing what will best contribute to our pleasure and satisfaction, and that of those whose tastes correspond with ours, and whose presence is a continual source of pleasure to us. And when one whom we love is coming to this side the life, we strive to gather together all that will conduce to their pleasure, whether it be friends whose faces they long to see, or "things of beauty" which shall prove "a joy forever." I have written only of the side of the picture you will be likely to see, and the associations you will be likely to come in contact with, unless your desire to help others lead you to go to other scenes, for there is another side to this picture of life, as there is in mortal life,—a side that belongs to those who, through the misfortune of birth and surroundings, or from choice resulting from such surroundings, make their homes from their desires, until the light penetrates through some

crevice and broadens into a desire for higher life. Life, so dark in its earth-bound condition that sensitive souls shudder and cannot look upon it without horror, yet all shall, in the mill of eternity, be purified and made clean. "The mills of the gods grind slowly" in many cases, but surely, and the grand life principle that exists in all nature, will prove triumphant in its outcome, and the day of judgment that comes to all (not as a literal reading of the Bible brings it, as one last day, but the revelation of what has been, which is the judgment, and in which each soul is its own judge), will in time purify the souls of men as with fire, and all shall be clear that has seemed dark, and men shall be "clothed in their right minds." WM. G. CLAYTON.

Some Objections.

[Light for Thinkers.]

"Spiritualism is a faith in precisely the same sense that Christianity is a faith." Does not Christianity "believe" entirely and completely? None denies that. Its facts are eighteen hundred years old. Faith is "belief." Do the Spiritualists "believe"? We think the word does not apply. Many Spiritualists "know" that their spirit friends live; and upon that rock they build. Is "knowledge" faith? You say it is not. How, then, are Christianity and Spiritualism both faiths in precisely the same sense?

The Spiritualists are basing their philosophy and religion upon facts now occurring. In the absence of knowledge, faith is a great comforter, but the mind will ever be uncertain. The Spiritualist feels no uncertainty; he no longer has a faith in an immortal life, but he knows that his friends live, communicate with him, and that if they live he will also. Therefore it is folly to say that as Spiritualists we are in the house of faith only. The Christian does not even believe it possible to hold communion with spirits, and decidedly has no faith that we do. Were we only "believers" of spirit-life and a possibility to communicate our faith would not be at all in the same sense of the Christian.

There is no possible analogy between the two classes of people. We have stepped into the inner vestibules of life and have present-day revelations, and are not in the least building upon a record of an olden time nor of others witnessing. Unto all is the fact given, who shall search for it. "But the phenomena are obscure." The obscurity of the spiritual phenomena depends upon the darkness of the investigator. They are not concealed, unintelligible, destitute of light, unknown, retired, unnoticed, etc. These and other meanings of the word "obscure" will apply in a degree to dark circle seances, but to that one class alone, and we depend the least on that class. They are not confined to one locality, but are prevalent the world over. In thousands of households, and for thousands of public platforms are these evidences given. In nearly all the phases there is an external independent evidence, shorn of all possibilities of deception. In the mental phases there are positive evidences of intelligence beyond the medium. In all nations are found every class and caste of people who indorse and have witnessed the phenomena. In thousands of different modes do spirits produce the evidence. There is no obscurity; it is an open book, widely diffused and flooded with a heavenly light.

Jenny Lind's Later Days.

[New York Times.]

I was speaking the other day with an elderly Swedish gentleman about stories one hears in America of the sensation Jenny Lind created there in 1850—of how people still told of hearing her marvelous voice in the streets outside the hall and churches in which she sang. He had known her ever since childhood, and is an intimate friend of an old gentleman still living in Stockholm who was the tenor in the old operatic company she first belonged to away back in 1837, and who was once engaged to be married to her. He told me many curious things of her later life. She is plain and white haired now, with a severe expression of countenance. She is very pious, and most of her talk is devoted to bemoaning the days when she was sinful enough to appear on the stage. She is intolerant toward young singers, sneering at their voices and their vocation alike, and rebukes anyone who ventures to address her by the name of Jenny Lind—or even refer to the name. I was told of a case some years ago, when she was visiting here in London, when her host brought her a young Swedish soprano who had won fame and respect in Europe and America, and was proud of this opportunity of paying homage to Jenny Lind. She made the mistake of alluding to this name, and was so cruelly snubbed in consequence that M'me Goldschmidt was never again asked to that house.

SHE said she wanted a ticket to Boston and return, and the pale, gentlemanly agent with the dark mustache asked, as he took up the pasteboard,—"Single?" "It ain't any of your business as I know!" she responded tartly. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd a-felt like providin' for some poor, shiftless wreck of a man!" He doesn't ask any ladies if they want "single" tickets any more. He's afraid to.

PUBLICATIONS.

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—OR—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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