

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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

By Dr. Channing.

A great thing to have a soul in health!

The adoration of goodness,—this is religion.

Love is the life of the soul. It is the harmony of the universe.

Humility is clear vision. It is removal of the great film which prevents sight.

Man's glory consists very much in his capacity of being God's image—which is love.

A great idea lifts us above the power of evil. We can suffer for it. It is something impersonal.

A soul full of love and charity, moved by human misery, will think less and less of private comfort.

As we value sincerity, we should keep ourselves out of sight,—doing good without pride or egotism.

The idea of manly fortitude sustains men in suffering. How much more the idea of the God-like!

The hope of doing good to a beloved being, of acting nobly on a noble spirit, should be a great motive.

Give us simplicity godly sincerity. Teach us to avoid false pretenses, and to be true to our convictions.

To form a fine statue from the stone is nothing compared with bringing out beauty, proportion, from the soul.

It is more important to me to preserve an unblemished conscience than to compass any object, be it ever so great.

Who has attained the true life and peace of the soul? He into whose mind beams of the moral glory have shined.

There are deeper intuitions than we can bring out distinctly to the consciousness. Childhood is under the sway of these.

We can calculate mechanical force. Not so the mind. What steam and water can move we know, but not what mind can move.

The greater a man is, the less he is disposed to show his greatness. True nobility of soul rises above and suppresses the love of show.

We cannot chain our future selves. This is well. We might obstruct growth, fix permanently our present weaknesses or narrow views.

Infinite, endless punishment would make hell the most interesting spot in the universe. All the sympathies of heaven would be turned toward it.

The true loftiness is a feeling that there is a divinity within us,—a law superior to outward authority,—a self-directing, according to the voice of God within.

To the benevolent and cheerful spirit all nature breathes and speaks of love, of universal care, whilst the selfish, irritable, and gloomy mind, accustomed to brood over partial evils, looks on it as a vast prison or storehouse of calamities.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

An Address Delivered by W. W. McKaig Before the Oakland Society of Spiritualists, March 13, 1887.

There are emotions which lie beyond the domain of speech. Poetry with all its varied and delicate forms of expression toils in vain to catch and enshrine them. The attempt to embody them in words proves an empty mockery. The heart must ever carry the secret of its love or sorrow in silence and solitude. How often have we seen the little group of mourners, the widow and her orphan children, come around to take their last look upon the pale, cold form of one who had been their stay and hope for years, with feelings that only the silent tear or wailing cry can utter. However radiant may be one's assurance of the future, still it does not drown the unutterable sense of bereavement and desolation. With such an emotion the members of Plymouth Church but yesterday carried the remains of their great pastor to the grave. He had done his work and gone to his reward, but still how strange and voiceless the sorrow, when they realize that he who had baptized their children, been with them in their festal scenes and funeral days for forty years, would go in and out before them no more in this world.

Henry Ward Beecher was born June 4, 1813, in Litchfield, Conn. He came of a hardy, brainy stock. His father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was a power in the land. If not the ablest, he was certainly the most noted clergyman of his time. He was a seven months' babe and was laid aside as dead. After awhile one of the women noticed that the little thing breathed. The nurse said, as she washed and dressed it, "Poor thing! what a pity it did not die!" They actually put it into a quart cup, and yet that runt of a babe lived to be the father of the brainiest family in America.

During the early period of his life, young Henry gave no promise of success. He was a great, awkward boy, thick-tongued, dull in study, deficient in memory, and had some gypsy split the cards, turned a teacup, or cast a horoscope in those days, it is not likely the vision of America's most potent orator would have been seen. At Amherst College he did not take kindly to the drudgery of mathematics and dead languages, and, it is said, was only granted a diploma out of respect to his father, who had long been one of the pillars of that seat of learning. Still, he devoured the college library, and made his mark in the society debates.

The wing of the eagle panted for the liberty of the sky, and the fresh, pure air of the mountains. He studied theology at Lane Seminary under the tuition of his father, and as the young novice for orders began to preach around in the school houses on the outskirts of Cincinnati, it was soon whispered abroad that Henry was a "chip from the old block." His first pastorate was at Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1837, on three hundred dollars a year. In 1839 he accepted a call to a Presbyterian Church at Indianapolis, the capital of the State. Here he soon began to attract attention, preached to crowded houses, and during the session of the Legislature, it was quite the thing to go and hear the young Boanergese. The bold and fiery attack he made on the drinking, gambling, and licentious habits of that place, in a series of sermons, was the startling and dazzling precursor of his fame. Those discourses, under the title of "Lectures to Young Men," were published and had a wide circulation.

Going down to New York City to attend the great annual jubilee of the church, the meeting of the American Board of Home Missions and American Tract Society, he found the fat, sleek, doctrinaires of these bodies trying to tread on pro-slavery eggs and not break them. The soul of the young hoosier preacher was stirred within him, and he arose in his might and with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon smote the pharisees into confusion. About that time a few noble men in Brooklyn had resolved to wash their hands of this evil and start an anti-slavery congregation, and when they heard the scorching denunciations of

the brave, young preacher on that occasion, they said among themselves, this is our man for a leader. The result was that Mr. Beecher, in 1847, became pastor of the Plymouth Society, a little cluster of men and women who believed that a colored man had a soul worth saving. The straightened hall in which they worshipped soon blossomed into a plain, spacious structure on Orange street, about eight minutes' walk from the Fulton Ferry. It was admirably planned for the use of its great occupant. It was like him, capacious, light, cheerful, well-ventilated, with a noticeable aversion to "dim, religious light." There, on that broad platform, and behind a little desk made of olive wood brought from Jerusalem, more brave words were uttered in behalf of the poor, the down-trodden, and the enslaved, than in all the pulpits of those early days.

Beecher's advent in the Plymouth pulpit was at a period in our country's history when there were strange, ominous sounds in the air, eddies and gusts of wind that boded a storm, that in a few, swift years swelled into a hurricane that swept the continent and dashed fire and blood, like storm spray, upon every home in the land. It was a time when the pro-slavery sentiment was dominant in the country and arrogant in its aggressiveness. It was entrenched in the Constitution. It owned the Supreme Court. It elected the presidents. It shaped all the political platforms. The pulpits were dumb before it. Massachusetts' greatest son had signalized his entrance into the Senate of the United States by quoting the New Testament in apology for human chattelhood. Elijah Lovejoy had been shot to death at Alton for holding up the cross on which Jesus died before the colored man. James G. Birney had been mobbed in Cincinnati and his press thrown into the Ohio River. The terror of the slave power was so great upon the land that Bancroft remodeled some chapters of his great history for fear of offending it; even so good a man as Pierpont revised the catechism of his church, and Edward Everett went over thirty States with his lecture on Washington, leaving out the brave words of the wise Virginian, warning his countrymen of this evil, but during all that period Beecher prayed for the slave, preached against slavery, and would not accept an invitation to lecture before an association that refused to sell a colored man a ticket. When the basilisk of slavery came crawling with its slimy trail and blighting breath toward the fair acres of Kansas, the sharp report of Beecher's celebrated Minie-rifle sermons were heard over the land. It used to be said of the Border Ruffians, "Nor hell nor the devil can make them afraid," but how they writhed, foamed and swore under the terrible whip of the Plymouth preacher is part of the current history of those days. It should redound to the credit of his keen sagacity and judgment that during all that gloomy period he never lost his faith in the future of the Union, like Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and others. He always believed the black cancer could be cut out and the patient saved. His earnest addresses in England in 1863 on the causes of the Civil War, then raging over his native land, had a powerful influence in arresting the current of public opinion and turning it toward the Union. When Lee surrendered and the Confederacy caved in, the Plymouth pulpit first hung out the white flag of forgiveness. This great man had the soul of the warrior combined with the tender heart of woman.

Henry Ward Beecher had a marvelous capacity for work, and few men have accomplished more. For nearly forty years he not only preached to a congregation of not less than three thousand persons, but lectured in nearly every State in the Union. He was a prolific writer for the press. During his pastorate at Indianapolis he edited the *Farmer and Gardener*. For a long time he contributed to the *New York Independent*, and for two years was the editor in chief. He had much to do in founding the *Christian Union*, and for some time was the editor. He wrote and published not less than fifteen volumes, and his last days were largely devoted to a completion of his "Life of Christ," a work commenced several years ago, but arrested by the troubles growing out of his relations with Mr. Tilton, and now arrested forever by death. But it is not as a liter-

ary man that he will be chiefly known. Though his writings possess the freshness of the sunshine and the open air, the odor of fields and meadows, they belong to the evanescent class of literature that soon perishes. It was only in the pulpit that he shone forth at his best, and it is with his marvelous powers as an orator and teacher that we are now chiefly concerned.

The ministerial army may be divided into two classes. First is the fighting preacher or militant man of God. This class of preachers, as Dr. Chalmers once said, "have a fine nose for heresy." Baron Munchausen on a voyage to the East Indies had a dog on board the ship that surprised every one by pointing one day as if he scented game while the ship was three hundred leagues from land. As he continued to do so for some time, the Baron was so confident the dog knew what he was about that he offered to wager a hundred guineas that game would be found in half an hour. In less time than that the sailors harpooned a shark and on cutting him open there were found in his stomach no less than six brace of partridges. Now the fighting preacher can discount that dog, for he can smell the odor of heresy in the holiest prayer and aspiration, and effluvia of total depravity in a baby's smile. They are always in war paint and out gunning for heretics, new ideas, science, carnal reason and infidelity, and take delight in the number of scalps that line their theological wigwam. The church is a sort of armory hall where they keep a large assortment of badges, banners, war-cries, and weapons of antique pattern, rusty swords, cross-bars, flint-locks and catapults. The breeze that turns the weather vanes upon their churches blows up out of the dark ages. They believe in shooting down in cold blood every man who does not wear their doctrinal cockade. How they drove David Swing, Dr. Thomas and the Rev. Laurence Hamilton of Oakland out of the church is a part of the chronicles of the times. We had an extraordinary exhibition of the ugly temper of the militant preacher in Chicago the other day, as Mr. Beecher lay dying. When Senator Logan died his bitterest partisan-foes joined in the memorial service, and placed a wreath upon his coffin. Men who had fought Gen. Grant upon many a bloody field helped to carry his remains to its last resting place. But these Chicago preachers, who pretend to preach a Christ who ate with publicans and sinners, and who had shrived murderers and sent their souls flying from the gallows to Abraham's bosom, refused to join in a letter of condolence to a poor, heart-broken, old woman, because her husband differed from them in his views of a future punishment. Jackdaws pecking at a sick eagle.

Next comes the preacher of peace, bearing in his hand the white flag of divine love and sympathy. The prophet described them long ago when he said: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." They care more for character than doctrine. They take hold upon the strongest sentiment in human nature; the religious sentiment. They use this river of God, always full of water to the banks, to moisten the hillsides and meadows, turn lonely saw-mills, bear the trader's ship to the sea, and at the same time toy with the willows along the shore and toss a kiss to the forget-me-nots as it passes by. This class of preachers trouble themselves very little about sin in the abstract, but they attack sins, such as drunkenness, ignorance, idleness, lust, covetousness, vanity, hate, pride, and the whole brood of vices that hatch, creep, crawl, hiss and sting at the base of society. They are brave men much given to exploring new countries. They love to cut down the forests, scare away the savage men and beasts and raise crops of corn and herds of cattle on wild lands. They are becoming quite numerous these days, and the ring of their axes may be heard in the old woods, and the clink of their trowels upon new buildings in every direction. To them the church is a hospital with its ambulance wagons out upon the world's battle-fields bringing the sick and wounded. They are the good Samaritians, who deliver the poor that cry, and gladden the heart of the widow and orphan with joy. They are eyes to the

blind, feet to the lame. It was to this growing class of preachers that Henry Ward Beecher belonged, and he may be regarded as the most earnest and popular embodiment of that spirit of Jesus, which the author of "Ecce Homo" calls an "enthusiasm for humanity," that has been seen in these modern days.

As a preacher, he was undoubtedly the most thoroughly rounded and complete man of the age. James Parton once said, if he had a foreigner in charge and wished to give him a bird's-eye view of this country, he would take him to Plymouth Church, hand him over to the usher and say: "Stranger you have arrived; this is the United States, the New Testament, Plymouth Rock and the Fourth of July—this is what they have brought us to." He was a sort of a hotel man, and every body felt they could put up in him and call for what they wanted. The Baptists could take some stock in him because in his view the Congregationalist was a dry Baptist, and the Baptist a wet Congregationalist. The Methodists may claim him on account of his freedom and ardor in the pulpit and love of revivals. The Presbyterians had some interest in him, as he had been educated at one of their seminaries and his early ministry was under their auspices. The Quakers found much to admire in him on account of his high regard for the intuitions of the moral sense, and his dislike of all the badges, pomp and pageantry of ecclesiasticism. The Episcopal Church found a friend in him, in his intense love of music, the beautiful, and admiration of order and symmetry. The Unitarians claimed him for his independence and liberality, the Universalists because he believed God could make a better of use man than to damn him, and in his little work, "Overture of Angels," the Spiritualists may find much that is pleasing. The wonderful comprehensiveness of his mind and heart could be seen any Sunday in the miscellaneous character of his congregation. Like a mighty magnet he drew towards him people with all sorts of beliefs from the philosopher to the vagabond.

One great secret of Beecher's power was physical health and manly vigor. The soul carries the body as the tree its bark or the snail its shell, and so long as this marriage of mind and matter continues, they are practically one and must bear each others burdens. One cannot go on a spree and the other keep sober. The heart must beat rhythmically in order to give the soul the aroma of happiness. A bilious condition makes an atrocious temper. A man with peccant humors in the blood, filling the mind with all sorts of dismal fogs and vapors, ought to be forgiven for believing in total depravity and smelling the aura of the devil in all things bright and beautiful. Mr. Beecher was always a fine example of respect for the laws of health. That square, massive compact form thrilled in every member with the clear, bounding currents of the best arterial blood.

One of the great charms of his preaching was the spontaneity of feeling. Many men lose this in getting educated. They have great clattering mind-mills and big tanks of water, but no springs on their land. It never rains on their gardens and fields. A mountain spring supplied Mr. Beecher with a constant stream of pure, fresh water. No one can appreciate this marvelous inspirational gift who has not heard him in his own pulpit in his happiest moods.

Mr. Beecher possessed to a remarkable degree the talent of the instructor. It is said the Turkish government once mounted at the fortification of Constantinople, an immense gun that could sink a man of war at a single shot. But it took half a day to load and sight it, and in the meantime a whole fleet might pass by in safety. We have many such ponderous guns in the pulpit. They are learned men, rich in thought, but fail to make themselves understood by the average mind. Beecher possessed the happy faculty that could adjust his thought to the infant toddlers of his congregation. Though he was at home on the mountains, he could go back and patiently use his feet over the toilsome way to lead those who could not soar. He led men by operating on their consciences, their hearts, their best judgment and good sense. He never got behind his flocks and drove them towards the fold with the whip of

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Saidie's greetings to the children of the Order.]

Saidie's heart longs to break unto you the true bread of life. At the table of a Father's bounty it is your great privilege to sit; then why be content and satisfied with meager crumbs? The land is full to overflowing with adverse waves. Those that, if it were possible, would carry the higher truths as driftwood into the sea of the hereafter; and the children of the true light are few in number who see and appreciate the same. Saidie comes with a heart filled with longing to urge upon her children the vast importance to them, and to the whole land of taking a higher step, look high for truth and light. Be not satisfied with the flood tide that has poured its waves through the land. Spirits who were only unfolded in truth emanating no higher than the second sphere have flooded the earth with their ideas, and the meager principles they have seen and understand. They are given as all truth, for within their beings truth of the higher life has not thus had birth.

Within the sphere where Saidie has her home, has for ages lain plans to give the knowledge of higher life to the children of earth; and for this time, and to this end are spirits from the sixth and seventh spheres now incarnated, who work in unison with the angel band in homes of light. This band guide, guard and direct their workers here, walking hand in hand, and with their heart to heart, we'll bide the shadows till the "mists have cleared away." We sent these magnets earthward with our blessing warm in their heart. They donned the robes of earth, and faithful are they to their mission, doing well the will of the angel world. The dwellers of the sixth sphere who came, bringing with them their soul-lamps, have brought with them a power that is able to subdue and overcome earth conditions, quelling their violence by their strength of will. Dwellers of the second and third spheres of spirit return, and, being nearer the homes of earth, have rapped at the human door, been bidden to enter, and delivered their messages to you in intelligent language, and many are satisfied with the sentence heretofore given.

Friends and children of earth-land, the school which is opened has many classes, which are needed for your better instruction on both sides of the river of time. The lessons of life are not yet seen, and while Saidie acknowledges the good of the vantage ground thus gained, she would be indeed no wisdom guide if she bade you be content therewith. Therefore she comes with great earnestness and bids each child partake from the table the good things, be no more content with crumbs. Saidie bids be earnest and strong, investigate farther. Enter the rich mine of truth, and find each and every labyrinthian passage lighted with soul-lamps of those who have gone on before. Saidie would with a grieved heart bid beware of wolves in sheep's clothing, those who are fair of speech, with smooth flow of words would lead on into paths they know nought of. Many are false of heart and smooth of tongue, affecting much knowledge of the unseen, caring for nought but to gain a point for their own satisfaction. Such are the Jesuitical influences of whom Saidie has before warned her children, who carry the citadel as far as in their power they can.

Children of Light, hear Saidie's own voice of love and wisdom; she guides safely, and speaks unerringly. She gives her counsel and advice for your highest good; her children are enshrined in her heart's holiest affections. For your good she gives, from time to time, thoughts from her brain which are the safe guides of your life, and will enable you to ride over its trackless sea into the harbor of rest. The truth which is too often allowed to be carried as driftwood of no value, should be treasured in your heart's holy of holies, and when advice and counsel are your need, it is given by one who loves with more than a mother's love each child within this constellation, cast off from the Deific sun. With these words Saidie will return. Those who have come earthward at her call, who have incarnated for the good of themselves and of mankind, are endowed with light and strength from the spheres whence they came, and ever radiate the peace-giving rays of truth from those spheres. With love in their hearts they give forth the truth, actuated by a strong desire to upbuild the right and wisdom. While in earth land they are subject to its laws. If laws of health have been violated they suffer the consequence, whether the blame lies at their own or the door of others. But these same spirits through the power they hold over matter, and consequently through the law they have perfected within, making material things subservient, are able, and do so overcome the conditions in which they have suffered, that when free from the form they are free from that which separated them from the form, and they rise to their own proper place. This is why exalted spirits pass over free from the bonds which hold so many to earth, causing sorrow and trouble to sensitives with whom they come in contact. And this is why our risen brother at the center is unable to come within earth conditions. Before his transition he freed himself. He was ever willingly obedient to the guides; he felt

within himself the soul-power which he possessed, which he had unfolded in perfectness as all must through the school of incarnation and experience, becoming purified from dross and so free from bonds. For him transition was flying home as a bird, free, happy, joyful and pure; and in his return will there never be felt any condition which he suffered while in the form? Saidie gives this as an example, a sure result of solving well and sincerely the great problem of life, and she speaks with a loving heart in praise of one whose whole aim was to do Saidie's will. He opened for her incoming his heart and home, bade her and the band joyful welcome, gave heart and hand ever readily and willingly to her work, did for others all in his power to do for their good, and stood ever firmly by the side of the loved and honored medium of our Order, protecting and shielding her from the cruel thrust of enemies, and comforting, with the true, warm love of his own, her oft-weary, tired heart.

Saidie lovingly gives these words of commendation and praise to one well worthy of them, and bids the children of the Order, with one accord and with loving hearts, to shelter, protect and comfort her in her loneliness; send comforting messages, and cheering words, and encourage her heart in all ways. In years long past she was crowned and chosen for this work, and faithfully true have they both been.

Saidie gladly gives this merited tribute. There are others who are doing the will of the angel world and to each true-hearted one. Saidie often comes with her full blessing and bids be of good cheer—cast the bread upon the waters of life and in due season receive full recompense of reward. Saidie would that every child turn to the written principles of the Order. Again and again would she call your minds to the facts of life that ye may leave the uncertain fields of error, which are mist-covered and dark, and walk the fields of knowledge which wait your investigation. Saidie has seen much to call from her mother heart these words, and again she warns her children of wolves in sheep's clothing. Much may seem good, but sound the sea whereon such truth (?) rides. It may be found unsafe, for however smooth the words, if from a false heart, listen not; allow not the flood tide to remove your jewels, and carry them far from you as worthless baubles. Saidie's dearest heart wish is to see truth as it reveals itself from the higher spheres—scattered broadcast over the land. She asks not gold of earth, works not for gain or honor, but that her children may progress,—may become truly wise and thereby fit themselves for the homes of light they must eventually reach.

Full long has the land and its children been shrouded in ignorance; full long have wrong and injustice governed. The time has come when light and knowledge should flood the earth, and times of terror be of the past. Saidie gives as the only gospel to mankind from the All-Wise. Cease sinning, free yourself from the thralldom of wrong and do right. The fact can never be blotted out; it must stand. The violated laws will make their own demands, but you can do right, and in doing so will seek to undo the wrong of the past. Stepping-stones of experience there are all along the way; use them as such. Learning wisdom therefrom and henceforth make the life good and pure. Sin is inborn because of conditions; make these conditions those that will give purer, better, higher life. If those who know the idea of true salvation will begin with all needed diligence to upbuild the good and true, live reform in place of finely-worded ideas of reform, and so make better conditions, then will the tide of impurity cease, and the channel of thought will send forth purity and goodness. As an incentive to nobler lives, think of the loved but never lost on the other shore, waiting and beckoning you hither; think of the love they bear in their hearts for you, and with a fond determination never to grieve their loving hearts. Live in joyful anticipation of meeting them and grasping their hands in the future with not a shadow on your face as you look into eyes that tell of purity within. Remember this, you are wearing garments here to wear there. Oh, if you could see garmentless spirits with heads bowed with shame, could sense the weary grief seen here, you would proclaim Saidie's true gospel to the ends of the earth. Glad tidings of great joy would it be to many a crushed and fallen one could they realize the power to redeem themselves. With earnestness of soul, my children, battle for the right. Hold high the banner of truth, redeem yourselves from every fetter of lesser good, look to the high and holy spheres for truth and live each day a new life. May the blessing of the angel world be within hearts and homes now and ever.

Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band, given through her scribe, Mrs. E. S. Fox. J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

OSWEGO, March, 1887.

PARSON TALMAGE is being severely criticised for using the following language in his ceremony at the marriage of his daughter: "Your family shall be her family, your ways shall be her ways, your God shall be her God." Of course the words were addressed to the groom. They are not surprising, because they are what Moses proclaimed before Talmage did. But at the present time they are not entirely upheld by the statutes of our country.—*Light for Thinkers.*

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Formation of Worlds and Origin of Man.

[A spirit's answer to the question of "How Did Man Originate?"]

In a former message we said a good deal about the planetary worlds; that your sun was a primary world in a spiritualized condition; that it had yielded up its counterpart, and it now bore two distinct forms, and if this had not been the case, material light, or sunlight, would not now be in existence.

We have already said that the sun, and its magnetic counterpart, formed a complete electrical battery, and light and heat was the result.

There are millions of other suns that were once primary worlds, but no primary world was ever inhabited; they were all destined to be the suns of systems of secondary worlds, and by secondary worlds we mean those that have been thrown off from the primary, or first worlds. The primary worlds must first yield up the ghost, or, as we might call it, die, before they could become worlds of light. Then we went on to show how your earth was a secondary world, or a ring that had been thrown off from a primary world.

A secondary world is a step in advance of a primary world. We explained how its original hills, mountains and valleys, were formed. We then brought it up to that period where intelligent man walked the earth. We stated how every little atom of spirit and matter held within itself the germs of all things that are, or are to be. How water was separated from its counterpart, rock; how it then turned about and powdered, and caused the rocks to yield up their treasures; how the ocean came into existence, and how heat caused water to yield up its spiritual principle, the air. We are now about to tell you how the air is made to yield up its spiritual principle, the etherized atmosphere; and the invisible world of spiritualized intelligence.

The sun was countless ages in yielding up its ghost, or magnetic principle; but time is nothing to eternity. Time is a perishable thing, but eternity is imperishable; so your earth will be countless ages in yielding up its spiritual principle, which is, and will be, a world of intelligent, imperishable angels or gods.

As the sun's magnetic counterpart is in form like the sun, so your earth's spiritual world is in form like your earth; a beautiful, spiritualized globe, containing all things that exist on your globe in its etherized or spiritualized condition.

At the present time the spiritual world is not a separate globe, but surrounds your earth in the form of a shell or ring, your earth being the nucleus, or inner globe; but the time will come when this shell will be thrown off and become an independent, round globe, or a spiritualized world, entirely separated from its parent. There are millions of these spiritualized globes now existing throughout space; and there are countless millions of possibilities existing throughout eternity, of which the finite mind has no conception. Your earth is, at this present time, gradually yielding up its ghost, or spirit; that is, it is constantly eliminating its spiritual principles, and so the imperishable, spiritual world is constantly being formed, or is constantly growing and becoming larger and stronger, and more powerful.

Now, your sun being a primal world, had no intelligent spirit to yield up; it had nothing but a magnetic spirit to cast forth; but before an intelligent world could come into existence the electric and magnetic world must first exist; but, as you will see, the chain is complete. All things existed as germs in the primary worlds, and, of course, all things that are in the secondary worlds, and spiritual worlds, really existed within the primary worlds; but according to the law of evolution, which is the true law, all these things are being gradually evolved from the primary worlds; and the primary worlds were evolved from the two great principles, matter and spirit, and the great soul principle of the whole is intelligence, which is born of matter and spirit.

Now, as each primary world cast off seven rings, of course there are seven gradations of planets, as there are seven fundamental sounds in music, and all the rest balance on these.

Scientific men, and others that are not scientific, often ask the question, "Why the magnetic needle always points directly north and south?" and now we have arrived at a point where we can intelligently tell you why. Your sun runs, apparently to you, east and west, because the earth turns upon her axis daily. His magnetic counterpart runs, apparently to you, in a circle at the north, because the earth tilts backward and forward. The magnetic needle always points directly toward this magnetic globe.

The sun and his counterpart, lie directly opposite each other; they strictly and evenly balance. This magnetic globe is also the cause of the aurora borealis. On clear, cold nights the magnetic waves, as they are passing to the sun, become visible to your eyes.

Your earth does not lie directly between the sun and his counterpart, but it lies outward from them, to one side. If your earth lay directly between the sun and his counterpart, then all things would appear changed to you. The earth is receding from the sun, and is not directly in the

sun's path, or orbit. The earth is traveling away, as fast as time will allow her, in the direction of a fixed star that is destined eventually to be her light and heat, as we told you in a former message. The sun is her parent, or father, but she is to be united to one of the fixed stars, or one of a system of secondary suns, of which we have not as yet told you. When this time arrives, your sun will not appear to those of earth larger than one of the fixed stars of the first magnitude.

Dear ones yet in earth-life, we hope we have now made it clear to you, that all spiritual forms are like the bodies they have left, and that all spiritual forms are invisible to material eyes. Your material eyes were only made to see material things with, and you can not even see the sun's counterpart. You can not see magnetism even on earth, and yet fire and light of all kinds are the result of the coalescing of magnetism and electricity.

About five miles above your earth, within the etherial atmosphere, is the spiritual world, surrounding your earth, located; and it bears within it every particle of spiritual life that ever your earth has eliminated, and we can never make you realize, until you get here, its heavenly beauty and God-like intelligence, for all beauty and intelligence have found their rightful place here.

When the sun gave up its ghost, or spirit, it did not die or become annihilated, but from a dark planet it became a bright and glorious light, capable of giving heat, and light, and life to other worlds; so when your earth, and the intelligent people that dwell thereon, give up the ghost, or spirit, they do not die, or become annihilated, but instead they become bright and shining lights, capable of giving life, and light, and intelligence to others, both in and out of the body. As the sun, being a primary world, did not bring forth intelligent beings upon its own surface, we can not compare your bodies to the sun, or the body of the sun, for your material body, when the spirit leaves it, falls back to earth, and is there worked up into new forms of beauty; but the soul carries with it a spiritual body that is more beautiful than the shining sun, and within it dwells all capable and God-like power, and the glory and beauty of this world can never be told you. A. G.

Freedom of the Press.

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

I should like to say a few words this morning on the "Freedom of the Press." There are times when it should be observed to the letter. And there are times when its freedom is so abused that thinking men and women feel almost as though its freedom was turned into license; for no feelings are too sacred, no relation too holy to be upheld before the public gaze, distorted many times in addition, by the interpolated remarks and opinions of the reporter or editor, which interpolation changes the whole aspect of affairs, and conveys impressions that were entirely foreign to the truth of the subject they are supposed to handle with an eye to veracity and strict justice. O justice, what wrongs are perpetrated in thy name?

The subject is one in which all thinking men and women are, or should be, interested, since chance may mark them for the shafts of criticism, which is often anything but impartial. The "freedom of the press" should be confined to discussing questions which are of moment to the people as a people,—to discussing, rationally, questions which come home to every citizen,—of municipal affairs, and subjects which are calculated to be widespread in their effect. But the abuse of this freedom lies in the frequency with which private affairs are retailed and commented upon without reason or even the excuse of justice, since often therein the grossest injustice is shown.

A newspaper should contain news that is of interest, and conducive to the upholding of good principles and justice,—not drag into print the private lives of every individual who is presented for, or holds, office, or allow its columns to be filled with the sort of literature that panders to the lowest tastes of its readers and displays in attractive head-lines all the purport details of criminal and divorce suits, etc., etc. For these, and many other articles with which our newspapers are filled, render them unfit to be placed in the hands of the rising generation, whose youthful minds become filled with a desire for such details to a far greater extent than is deemed possible by their guardians who would not put books into their hands which contained the same quality of reading, but who do not consider that the newspaper (as it is) is oftentimes a far greater exponent of ideas they would prefer to keep from them, until at least their judgment and reason were matured.

Parents, give this subject more serious thought. Select the best (which is the purest) reading you can for your children. Editors, purge your columns of what panders to the morbid taste of your readers, and strive to cultivate the more refined tastes. Reporters, make your reports as attractive as you wish, and as likely to please the public, but keep reason, justice, and purity before your eyes. WM. G. CLAYTON.

THE Danes assure maidens upon payment of an annual sum of a comfortable home at a certain age. The benefits of the association cease at marriage.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Death of a Miser.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I saw him die. He widdly grasped His god of life—his shining gold! With faltering voice he hoarsely gasped, "All, all my wealth let me behold!" They placed beside his silvery head The dust which had his passions fed; His eye returned with sudden light; His spirit paused before its flight; With new-found strength he upright rose; He seized the treasure, pressed it close, Asking why he must leave his gain, For which his soul had racked with pain. His bony fingers tightly grasp The treasure with convulsive clasp; And, as he trembles on the verge Of life and death, he sings his dirge:

"O gold, my darling gold! good gold! Where am I? Where, oh, where my gold! I cannot, will not, leave my gold! Where is it? Where my precious gold? Let me your radiant ore behold! I fear—I fear lest—I fear lest— Some one will take you from me, gold! My life—my only friend—my gold! Yes—yes, ah—go-o-o-old!"

His breath was gone, yet fixed his eyes With cold death-stare upon his wealth— Wealth? Concrete oaths, and sin, and lies, The widow's wails and orphan's sighs! He stood there desolate and lone— Wealth, titles, honors, all had flown— Like oak o'er which the storm winds sweep, Around which lightnings lurid leap, And bellowing thunders shake with might The caverns of the gathering night.

Touch lightly Charon's boat the strand— He seized the miser's trembling hand, Pushed out again across the strait, Where those who go before await; But Charon waits not wealth across; The soul on earth must leave its dross; Its treasured store in realms above: A life of truth and right and love.

The spirit cried: "Where, where my gold? O price of misery untold! O wealth in titles to broad lands! The thousand slaves at my command, O where are they? All, fleeting, gone, And I left poor, despised, alone! Stop! Set me back, I'd rather stay Within the mortal, suffering clay, Than here, where there's no gold to own, No land to buy, no bills to loan!"

No answer came, but to the strand The boat shot on by Charon's hand. The miser shrieked, "My gold, my gold! Oh, let me have my darling gold! Ho, robber, thief, why drag me here, Where naught is gained, but all to fear? Oh, take me back, back to my clay— Back to my bags of gold; there may I get me more. Oh, take me back Where I can see my wealth. I lack Its magic power. Ah, whither thief? Will you not take me to relief? I'll give you half, if to the shore You will return me evermore!"

Pushed from the barge he quivering stood Beside the dark and misty flood; For in the clouds he heard a voice, In accents weird and fine rejoice: "Now we'll taunt you in our glee, Of the wickedness you've done, We'll proclaim o'er land and sea, That your brutal race is run. Lost, lost, lost, lost! Now your crimes shall sound heaven high; We'll proclaim them round the world, Shout them to the echoing sky; Into hell you'll then be hurled! Lost, lost, lost, lost!"

A sage to me in accent sang, Which sad and long in memory rang: "Ye ancients'neath the banyons shade, Ye holy monks in hermit glade, Ye wonderful visionists, who saw The Future ye so clearly draw, Sing on your harp's most dismal chord, Ye cannot find by thought or word, Power to describe this loathsome sphere. Picture in vivid vision clear A pit of sulphur, fire, and wrath, Of fire unquenched and flaming high, Life's endless journey through a path, With flames each side kissing the sky, Then faintly shadowed is the hell Whose horrors tongue may never tell, Which burns within the human mind When Passions rule with strength combined."

Punched Coin in the Collection Boxes.

[New York Sun.]

"What we need in our church is less preaching of prohibition and more preaching of honesty," was the exclamation of a business man to a friend who took the vacant seat beside the speaker on a train from Connecticut into New York. This rather remarkable comment was the answer the friend received when he asked the business man what he had that jingled so in the heavy bag that was taken from the seat to make room.

"This bag," continued the business man, "contains punched, clipped and abased coins, and I am going to New York to sell them for what they will fetch. Oh, no, I didn't take them in my business, but in another way, in which I couldn't refuse them. You see, I am treasurer of our church, and these dimes and nickles and other coin were put from time to time in the contribution box. When clipped and punched coin began to be refused, they began to make their appearance in our boxes when the collections were taken up. I suppose we have taken in \$100 worth of this coin at its face value. I am going to suggest to our minister that he give us a sermon on petty dishonesty. Our church isn't peculiar in this respect either. The treasurer of one of the other churches in town tells me that he is bothered in the same way."

MRS. MILLER, of Washington, is the apostle of a new dispensation in the way of woman's dress. Her creed is waists instead of corsets, layers of underclothing fitted smoothly to the body, and drawers to match the gown, a sort of adaptation of Lady Habberton's "divided skirt," with slight differences.

(Continued from First Page.)

divine wrath. He never appealed to fear.

The dramatic power largely entered into his pulpit ministrations. Perhaps no one ever heard Mr. Beecher preach a sermon that took the shape of an analytical abstraction; he impersonated what he had to say. His voice, look, action—his whole person seemed to unconsciously take on the shape, color and hue of his thought. And yet no one who knows the difference between the dramatic and theatrical style will ever say the great Plymouth preacher indulged in theatrical fire-works. He abounded in wit, and humor, and tears, and smiles, alternated in his congregation like sunshine and rain on an Eastern April day.

But the magical potency of this man may all be summed up in that indescribable thing we call personal magnetism. A company never failed to feel the atmosphere of his presence when he entered the room, and every countenance seemed to brighten with joy. It used to be a common saying in New York at the great annual assemblage for various purposes that the meeting was sure to be a success, if Mr. Beecher could be induced to preside.

In 1874 a great cloud fell upon Plymouth Church. Had you been in Brooklyn then as a stranger and followed the crowd some day you would in a little while found yourself at the steps of the great marble court-house. You would see an immense crowd of all sorts of people pushing their way towards that center of attraction, and stylish carriages and coupes arriving at the door as to a theater when a great actor was expected to perform. If you were lucky enough to get in you would see Judge Neilson on the bench, an old-fashioned man in a swallow-tailed coat, and hear him speak with a face as solemn as the day of judgment. "Call the case of 'Tilton vs. Beecher.'" The tired jury would file in and drop languidly into their seats. On one side you would see the red full face of Roger A. Prior, the astute and cunning features of Mr. Beach and the tall, rather prepossessing, intellectual but anxious-looking Plaintiff in the case, Theodore Tilton. On the other side you would see the manly form of B. F. Tracy, the small figure of Mr. Shearman, both members of Mr. Beecher's Church and ardently believing in the justice of his case. Pretty soon you would see come in a thin, attenuated individual, clothed in broadcloth that looked as if it had been hung on a clothes-line to dry after a sudden shower, and as his long leathery features broke into something like the ghost of a smile you recognized Mr. Wm. M. Everts, the Ajax of the New York bar. After the trial had proceeded for sometime there would be suddenly heard a buzz through the vast audience. Then for a moment there was perfect silence—all questioning of witnesses stopped; all eyes turned toward the door. At that moment the stout, burly form of Mr. Beecher enters, followed by his aged, white-haired and faithful wife. Now as you looked at that massive head, that frank, open countenance, and contrasted it with the intellectual but sinister look and nervous manner of the plaintiff you would come almost instantly to the conclusion that if there is a villain in that case it is not the accused. So much for the verdict of impressions; and I have been told by those on the jury during the long, weary days of that trial that this was almost the universal conviction of strangers who happened in and for a few hours breathed the atmosphere of that place. When you come to study this case more closely you are driven to the dilemma that either Mr. Beecher is innocent of the foul charge alleged against him, or one of the greatest villains of the day who has deliberately piled a mountain of perjury upon his soul. But as you look at his devotion to a sacred calling, his wonderful spiritual insight, his brave, heroic words for truth and humanity, you will find yourself silently coming to the conclusion that he was the unhappy victim of a strong set of circumstances, and while perhaps not wholly free from blame he had halted a long way short of crime. And, then, when you add to this the unshaken confidence of his immense congregation, a people who had known him intimately for many years, for he was always a very social and approachable man, you will find that your conviction of his innocence has almost become an assurance of faith. There are some natures that seem more inclined to believe ill than good of a man, and we find a sample of this vicious propensity in some of the Chicago clergy. I always suspect that such people are looking for evil in others that is their next-door neighbor. Be all this as it may, let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

A great-hearted, eloquent man, full of religious emotion, the tenderest humanity and love, has passed away. He has filled so large a place in his country's history and his bright sayings have been household words so long that his death is really a public bereavement. The Legislature at Albany appointed a committee to attend his funeral, the authorities of Brooklyn draped the public buildings, tolled bells and hung the flags at half-mast.

There is always a great curiosity to know how the future looks to a great soul as it nears the inevitable mystery. Beecher was most likely wholly unconscious of the chariot that carried him home. Dr. Joseph Parker, with whom Beecher stopped while in London last year, says, "He often talked of death, and always with perfect composure and serenity. He said he hoped to die while

at work in the midst of the busy life he had lived. He had hoped he would not have any prolonged suffering, but go at once," and in this his wishes seem to have been met. He spoke one day of a hymn he wished to be sung at the last service over his body. It was this one, by Dr. Watts,—

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

In silence and tears without a badge of mourning the Plymouth congregation laid away all that was mortal of their great preacher. And well they might weep for their pulpit is vacant and can never be filled. This prophet's mantle falls upon no Elisha. His death means the breaking up and scattering of a great spiritual family.

The abounding hopefulness and cheerfulness of Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit ministrations were always consistently illustrated when in the presence of death and bereavement. He did all he could to strip the King of Terrors of his hideous features and heathenish gloom. However tenderly he loved those near and dear to him by the ties of nature or spiritual companionship, he never would wear mourning when they passed away, nor encourage its use by those under his influence. He always regarded it as the language of despair, no Christian could fitly use, and at best a burden that the rich entailed on the poor they were little able to bear. His bright and cheerful spirit could have found nothing to offend in the tribute of respect paid to his own remains. Only in the draped public buildings and tolling bells, a matter over which the family had no control, were there any indications of those symbols of grief that have so long been a reproach to Christendom. His coffin was placed in the center of a well-lighted room surrounded with banks of flowers. The sweet perfume pervaded the air, and on all sides were seen the floral emblems of loving hearts. No streamer of crape was attached to the door, and while his remains lay in state in Plymouth Church to give his vast congregation a chance to take a last look upon their great pastor, music played continuously and no insignia of grief were in sight. The sweet serenity and chaste simplicity of the Beecher funeral is a lesson that modern society needs and can hardly fail to note. Only a few, here and there, will have the courage to stem the tide of a foolish fashion, but the day is not distant when an enlightened common sense will prevail. Many insist that it is a work of respect for the dead, but we are inclined to think that we show a profounder respect when we carry our sorrows in the silence of our own hearts. Why should a broken heart advertise its bereavement on the streets, in butcher shops, stores and street cars? We like the sentiment of Jean Paul: "We hang the sweet images of those we love in the silent chambers of the soul. They are not parlor pictures, for every one to look at. Only with the loved do we care to talk of loved ones. We let them into our holy of holies."

The Good Old Times.

(Spiritual Offering.)

The world moves grandly on, and in the language of the poetic Wm. Denton, "This old world is growing brighter," nevertheless, we meet constitutionally organized grumblers, praising the good times of old, and lamenting the wickedness, demoralization and consequent unhappiness of the present. If this view of the subject is true, why deprive our children of the enjoyment of those old days? Why not pass a law forbidding the steamboats from plowing the waters; railroads from running on land; telegraphs from sending messages; telephones from being used; all furnaces, steam heaters, etc., to be taken out of the houses and other buildings; all grates for burning coal to be taken out; all stoves to be melted for old iron; all water-works in cities to be left empty; the use of all gas and illuminators, except dipped tallow candles to be disused—and really go back to the "good old times," say for five years. Then, at midnight on a cold, stormy night, a doctor is wanted, and he must be sent for instead of telephoning for him. If one wished to send a message to a distance, instead of telegraphing he must send it by stages to its distant place, and wait patiently for days or weeks for an answer. When one goes home on a freezing night he can sit by a wood fire, roasting on one side while freezing on the other, and reading by the dim light of a tallow dip, instead of the blaze of a gas-light or more agreeable light of kerosene. If he undertakes a journey, instead of getting into the cars and going where he wishes, the best he can do is to take a stage at four times the cost and ten times the discomfort of the cars.

Let these and other modern improvements be forbidden and "good old days" be brought back, how long will it be before an extra session of the legislature would be demanded to knock the "good old days" into splinters, and to restore the much better modern days which we now enjoy and for which we ought to be most devoutly thankful.

Every human being whom we approach should be better for us.

Rights of Aliens.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In a late editorial entitled, "A Good Bill," you say, "Strange it is our Government itself seems far less concerned in the rapid diminution of the public domain than the people at large."

With your permission I would like to ask if such is the case, and if so why? How can it be when the Government is not one but many, and that number being continually changed by elections by the people from among the people? Have not "the people at large" grown neglectful of the lawful means within their reach and resorted many times to revengeful mutterings and dynamite, thus giving a shadow of excuse for the acts of their oppressors? If the citizens allow their votes to be bought by a handshake and a smile, either physical or spiritual, why should not one, chosen by themselves to represent them, be expected to sell his vote in Congress for a greater price? and as to "how it can fail to become a law, what would be easier than for foreign capitalists to spend thousands of dollars to prevent its passage?"

The proposed bill says that aliens shall not be permitted to hold real estate in the United States, but in a book written in 1845, on governmental matters, I find this:

"An alien in the United States cannot hold and transfer real estate or lands in his own name." If that was true then why is it not now? The remainder of the paragraph reads, "so he sees the propriety of securing a citizenship in order to be upon an equal footing in this respect with native citizens." Of course he does; but why do Americans see the propriety of allowing it, and why is naturalization rendered so easy and so speedy?

I would say "Amen!" to another editorial on the same page which says, "We think it is well proven in our country that the privilege of voting is granted to men under too few conditions and provisions," and also "The suffrage laws should be the same in all States." Why are they not now, when Section 8 of the Constitution says, "The Congress shall have power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization?"

As I mentioned some time ago in a letter to an eastern paper, if I had my way the franchise should not be such a cheap commodity as it now is. The science of Government, commencing with town and city laws, should be taught to all scholars in our public schools and the pupils subjected to stricter examination in that than anything else except the physiology and hygiene of their own bodies. At twenty-one they should pass examination before registration and, as the financial talent is developed in advance of the philosophic, they should first vote only on local money matters; at twenty-five, if competent, on State affairs, but not on Congressional or Presidential tickets before thirty. If age and supposed competency need gradations in the proposed Congressman or President, why not in those who elect these officers? The foreign born should be subjected to the same examinations and a gradual naturalization. The franchise should not be considered entirely a privilege and an honor, but a duty and a responsibility as well. If the national understanding and conscience could be so trained that the public work would be better and more honestly done, the slight extra expense would soon be over-balanced.

I do not say, nor think, that my opinions are better than those of others, but they may suggest some way to bring about a state of things more in accordance with the science of true government, which is self-government and must commence with each individual before we ought to expect purity in the vicarious body. Of course, being a native American woman and trying to be a true Spiritualist, I would make no distinction between men and women in these regulations.

The bill first mentioned provides that no one shall hold, own or lease more than six hundred and forty acres in the United States. Can that be carried out if passed? Would not one financially able to own more be also able to evade the law as easily as now, by means of substitutes, bribery and hired perjury? By what lawful authority can one man or set of men say to another man or set of men, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" in the accumulation of property? Some say land is, or should be considered, free as air and water, and no one should hold more than he can use; but does not California history, during the past ten years, show that water is not free in effect whatever it is in theory? and the same troubles in regard to air are only prevented by the impossibility of bottling it for a rise in price.

The value of a measure depends on its practicability, and it would seem to be of little use to pay men for passing laws however good, which they know by their own private judgment of themselves can never be enforced. So long as official position depends on the price paid for it, instead of individual fitness, the men who fill those positions will have their prices also. We must commence with the young and form an educated public sentiment which will not only make good laws but execute them, meantime doing the best we can with the means at hand, but remembering also that, "When the Ethiopian changeth his skin and the leopard his spots then shall they who have long been accustomed

to do evil learn to do good." However, I am glad to see that all similar bills seriously considered, for it shows that the public mind is setting in the right direction, and after a time will carry all before it.

Since the above was written No. 6 of the GOLDEN GATE has come, and in it is an article by John B. Wolff, referring, either in sarcasm or in earnest, to a political school for Congressmen, showing that he does not consider them infallible even in matters of law. Let the criticism go on, and let the law-makers go on until their blunders, their excesses and their willful wrong-doing convince the people that it is time they were better informed as well as morally improved, and that to bring about such a state of things woman's help is needed.

Before laying aside my pen I wish to emphasize the kind words you speak in regard to Abby Kelly Foster. Though not personally acquainted with her, I was for fifteen years, after going West, near neighbor to her sister and family who often spoke of Mrs. Foster in terms of great respect and affection, praising her as much for her winning qualities shown in social life as for her humble work. She deserved it all if she resembled her sister, Mrs. Earle, who possessed unusual intelligent strength of mind and body, added to loving self-devotion, as her many years of care for her invalid daughter and her family have proved.

LUPA.

A Satisfactory Test of Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

During a recent sitting in our little family "circle" the spirit of a telegraph operator, who had boarded with my aunt prior to his death in 1873, manifested. Being an operator myself and sitting some distance from the circle table I concluded to try him. Taking my knife I commenced rapping (calling) N. Y., his office call when working here fourteen years ago. The table, which was tipping in answer to questions by the circle, stopped for a moment and then came direct across the room to me, coming with so much force that when it came in contact with the bed on which I was sitting it jarred the whole structure. He appeared to be so excited that he was unable that evening to communicate intelligently by sound; but since then I have conversed with him both by the spirit controlling the medium's fingers to rap on top of the table and by independent rapping on the under side of the table in the Morse alphabet. Telegraphers, at least, will recognize the difficulty of receiving by sound without the "back stroke," but I managed to get the year, day, hour, etc., of his death and place of residence besides other facts, correctly, of which I knew nothing whatever. When I tell him to spell out a certain word or sentence and know what is coming I get every letter distinctly, and this is as much a test to me as any of it.

Now, is not this a perfect test of spirit return? There comes a telegraph operator who has been dead fourteen years and talks to me by sound in the Morse alphabet by independent rapping and tells me things concerning himself and life while on earth of which I know nothing. If it is not he nor his spirit, who or what is it? From whence came this intelligent force that tells me facts concerning occurrences of years ago of which I know nothing, and in a language that no one else present knows a letter? We give it a name and say it comes from our friends who have gone before. Now tell us *what* and *whence* it is, ye wise, scoffers and railers? don't evade the question by crying magnetism, electricity, fraud, etc., but give it a name. If we are deluded we want to know it; but until your explanations "explain" and are demonstrable by scientific principles we will remain happy in the knowledge of the truth of and in the participation of the joys of spiritual intercourse. The spirit was known on earth as William Thomas, and his home was in Chenoa, Illinois.

L. W. EMERSON.

LOUISIANA, Mo., March 5, 1887.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The New Temple of Spiritualism.

There has recently come to the front a class of Spiritualists who declare that physical phenomena will eventually cease; that as Spiritualism is based on sound philosophy, it will supersede the necessity of the phenomenal feature, holding that through its philosophical teaching that the whole world must come to a knowledge of its intrinsic worth and be thus convinced. Now, this might be true if all of us were born philosophers, but as the human race is made up of all classes and conditions of people, we therefore hold that the new temple of spiritual philosophy will always have as the foundation stones on which the temple is built, physical phenomena; and why? We answer, because science is to be one of the cardinal features of our philosophy, and this could not be without the phenomena, for science must have something tangible on which to base its operations.

For illustration, the slate-writing feature is fast assuming a scientific attitude, if it has not now done so altogether. When it is fully demonstrated that an unseen intelligence can take a bit of pencil and write an intelligent message on a slate, or draw a likeness of some person who once lived with us that can be readily recognized by

every one, then we think that it becomes a scientific fact capable of demonstration; does it not?

Then again, take the rapping as demonstrated by Mrs. Foye, and others. When it is susceptible of demonstration that the raps are not depending on her intellectual quality, and an intelligent message is spelled out, then that becomes a scientific fact, does it not? And thus we might add many more phases of the physical phenomena that are bordering close on to scientific demonstration. Then we have the promise of many of our spirit friends who have joined the great army of the gone before, who have, since their translation, informed us that new revelations were in store for us that would make spirit communion scientifically demonstrable,—among whom I would mention Prof. Zollner, who says in the holiday number of the GOLDEN GATE, in their great slate-writing test, written by twelve spirits in twelve different languages,—that (written in German), "I have found an easy way 'for making known to science the proof 'of the return of the dead to this earth, 'and I shall soon give it to the world. 'Signed, Prof. Zollner.'"

If then an easy way for scientific demonstration is soon to be made of the return of our loved and gone before, science will certainly come boldly, even if reluctantly, to our aid. Then the temple will have science for its foundation, philosophy for its structure and humanity for its material truth. It will then be a temple worthy of its builders, and will stand the test of all coming time.

We grant that there are those who are so spiritually organized that they become Spiritualists from a study of its philosophy, and again that there are others who become convinced of the truth of the phenomena who never become genuine Spiritualists, but both of these classes are comparatively few. A large majority of Spiritualists first have their spirituality awakened by the phenomena from which standpoint they progress until they are Spiritualists in the truest sense of the word, at least such has been the experience of

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, March, 1887.

The Sensuous Side of Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I was glad to read in your last issue Mr. Wetherbee's article on "Spiritual Phenomena." In my opinion he attaches none too much importance to the sensuous side of Spiritualism. I think I am correct in asserting that it is *only* through phenomena that any one becomes a believer in its truths. No amount of argument can induce a confirmed materialist to change his belief, for, considering the subject simply in a philosophical or argumentative light, he stands on about as firm ground as a Spiritualist. So long as you give him no demonstrative *proof* of a spiritual life beyond this mortal one, your reasoning and your presentation of the moral or "higher" side of Spiritualism is unavailing, for of the one, his ground is as firm as yours, and of the other, he replies, "You tell me nothing new, for every teacher of morals, from Christ to this day, has taught the same and I assert thereto." And is he not correct? In all your admirable editorials, Mr. Editor, urging upon your readers the "higher life" of Spiritualism, where have you developed any new law of morality? And where in any of your inspired addresses of a Richmond, a Colville, or a Watson, do we find any rules of conduct superior to those promulgated eighteen hundred years ago? And those truths are, more or less, inculcated in every Christian pulpit in every Christian land. Wherein then do we differ from them?

Simply, as I understand it, in this, viz., Spiritualism has "brought life and immortality to light," through *phenomena* that appeal to the senses, and through them convince the understanding. You may argue with a man until doomsday and fail to convince him, but show to him the materialized form of a beloved wife, child, mother, or any other dear departed friend, and let him take them by the hand and hear their voices, let him receive on a pair of closed slates that he holds in his own hands, a tender message in pertinent reply to a note addressed to some loved one, or hear from the lips of some gifted medium a message from some departed friend of a nature that convinces him that that friend *must* have uttered it, and dumb, alike with amazement and conviction, his lips are powerless to frame a reply.

No, Mr. Editor, for the present, at least, we must, as Mr. Wetherbee says, give phenomena the "front seat." You yourself give great prominence to the extraordinary slate-writing obtained in your presence, but none too much. It will convince more skeptics than your best efforts by argument and exhortation to come up to the "higher" spiritual life, and that is saying a great deal. Let us be sure, however, that we have facts that cannot be gainsaid or explained away. Nothing can be gained by questionable phenomena. No medium ought to sit who is not willing to submit to such tests as any candid, scientific man would impose, and no sensible person would consent to sit with any other. We are congratulating ourselves at the great strides Spiritualism is making at the present day. Let us be sure that we tread on *firm ground*.

W.

ALAMEDA, March 7, 1887.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SELF-RELIANCE.

No mortal should ever surrender his individual opinion, or judgment, to another mortal or immortal. Common sense is not so plentiful as its name would seem to imply. Certain it is the market is not likely soon to be overstocked.

Spiritualism, in its truest and highest sense, seeks rather to unfold and build up individual character,—to make one strong and self-reliant, and not limp and dependent; and yet how often do we see Spiritualists who seem to be the mere playthings of the invisible world, without any resolute purpose of their own.

The trend of all spirit communion should be upward; at least we should so insist, and whatever we earnestly insist upon and seek for we are very sure to find. If the higher spirits can not come to us, we should certainly not waste much time with the other kind, except in doing them good. We should give freely to such as we can aid, but should seek for aid only from those who are higher, better, and more intelligent than ourselves. The trouble with many Spiritualists is, that they accept and follow advice from those spirits whose plane of unfoldment is frequently far beneath that of their own.

We should remember that in a certain sense we are all spirits. Surely, in the affairs of this world we would not permit spirits in the body to influence or control us in matters wherein we knew far more than they. Why should we be guided by them when they have passed on to the other life?

What we all need is growth—growth in wisdom and goodness—growth in every attribute and grace of character that makes us more manly or womanly—more truly God-like. And we can grow only as we aspire for the highest and best. We must seek for models and types for our imitation from above us—never from beneath us.

A mere knowledge of spiritual facts does one but little good if he fails to profit by their lessons. A knowledge of the science of navigation would be of little use to one who never navigated the sea. Man should ever seek to get out of himself the best use of his highest faculties. Spiritualism, if properly understood, and its lessons properly applied, will help man to this unfoldment of his powers.

INTUITION.

We are all aiming to some elevation or some depression—to greater spiritual life or grosser animal being. However much one may show the latter it is something one does not like to admit to self. Now this is a singular truth, that one will persist in going down, down, and yet try to keep up the delusion that it is not the case. The aspiring soul bound down to the will of the flesh, yet strong enough to imbue the mind with ideas of its possibilities in the body! When such a soul gains ascendancy over the mortal life then is there rejoicing in heaven, such as is never felt over those that have never sinned and had no need of repentance.

The soul cannot perish however tempest-tossed the barque of life may be, but its growth and progress may be so retarded that it enters the other life as an infant comes into this, wailing, helpless, and ignorant. We grow in the knowledge of spiritual things here, by living lives of uprightness and purity, for into such flow the fine intuitions that emanate from the future spheres of existence, filled, as they are, with the garnered wisdom of long-gone centuries, matured and ripened in those realms where desire and aspiration are the only essentials to acquirement. Let us, then, by our daily lives, create such spheres as these thought-waves can vibrate and transmit to our spiritual perceptions.

A HARD SPOT.—Imagine a spot of earth, if you can, where grass will not grow, nor fire burn, nor animals live, nor even the stars shine upon it, and you have conceived a spot that might make infidels of men could they live upon it. Such a place is Quelapaert, an island in the Yellow Sea, described to be. We don't believe a Yankee ever set foot upon that ground or there would be one green spot at least. As for water not running, why, it would run up-hill (if hill there is) and down, and there would be a brisk fire, and a teakettle boiling, and animals capering about before bed-time of the first day; then there would be a "garden path," a well and windmill, and if there was not breeze enough some patent fans would move the air to compassion, and Nature would generally relent and go on in her usual way. Trees would grow, and moisture would come, and rain would fall, and no longer Quelapaert be called the most hopeless, worthless piece of dry land on this earth, because a Yankee, which means American, never says fail.

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT POWER IN PUBLIC.

But few mediums for physical manifestations of spirit power are yet able to demonstrate their gifts in public before large, promiscuous audiences. That eminent medium, Dr. Slade, never appears before public audiences, but invariably exercises his gifts in private parlors and in presence of but few persons. Such was also the case with that psychic wonder, Charles H. Foster.

The mental phases of the phenomena are common in public, such as those exhibited by Mrs. Whitney, John H. Slater, and scores of others. Dr. Stansbury, of this city, is able to produce independent slate-writing before a public audience, and his powers in this respect are truly remarkable. Mrs. Foy is also a wonderful psychic for the rostrum. But it is of another medium we propose to speak at this time.

For several months past the editor of this journal has been experimenting in independent slate-writing through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, of this city. Several of the results of these experiments, including the wonderful slate of twelve languages, have appeared from time to time in these columns, as our readers are aware.

One object of our experiments has been to demonstrate the power of Mr. Evans' psychographic control, Spirit John Gray, to take his medium before a public audience, and produce such spirit manifestations as we knew he was capable of producing in private.

We will add, parenthetically, that during the process of these experiments, (about three months ago,) a new influence, or control, came to this medium, calling himself Stanly St Clair, and claiming to have been an artist in mortal life, who passed on, to the other life from a Southern city. (Of his history and identity we are yet unable to speak definitely.) The portraits published in the GOLDEN GATE of D. D. Home, Charles Foster, the Indian maiden, and of Prof. Wm. Denton (the latter appearing in this week's issue of our paper), are claimed to be the works of his hand.

Spirit John Gray entered heartily into our plans, and thought he would be able, in a short time, to take his medium before the public, and was desirous that when he did so the writer should accompany him. So, for several weeks past we have been patiently waiting for "marching orders" from Mr. Gray, who informed us in due time that he was ready for the field. San Jose was designated as the place for our initial effort, and thither we went on Saturday last, giving, upon that evening, a private test seance for the press reporters, and on Sunday evening appearing before an audience of about two hundred persons at the California Theater of that city.

At the private seance there were present ten persons, all but one of whom had been or were then connected with the press. They examined and prepared the slates in their own way, held them in their own hands, and received some eight or ten messages written on four slates, most of which were of a private nature. One of the messages, written in red, white and blue, was from Spirit John Gray and reads as follows:

Good evening, gentlemen. I am glad to meet you here investigating this phenomena. I hope you will speak of it as you find it, and not as you think, for you know that would not be treating the medium justly. Always be charitable and your eyes will be opened to see truth and light, but bigotry will blind you. I will give each of you a manifestation soon that will add another item to the truth of spirit return. This from guide, JOHN GRAY.

Upon another slate "was found," as the Times report of the seance has it, "what purported to be a communication from the late 'Prof. H. B. Norton, signed by him in a hand 'exactly resembling his signature.'" It reads as follows:

I am pleased to give you these few lines as an evidence of spirit power. We do not wish to use too much of the medium's force to-day. But at an early date the medium will give you a better chance to hold communion with your spirit friends. I am pleased to have found that my old ideas of hell, etc., were unfounded, and that the realization of spirit return was true. Ah, well, I suppose in this city of churches, it will take a long time to make people understand this grand truth, but all will realize it some day. Yours in spirit, H. B. NORTON.

Upon another of the slates there were five messages, all of a private nature. The editor of one of the papers received a long message upon a slate held by himself, purporting to come from a friend in spirit life. Of this preliminary seance the Times says:

We have complied with the requisite of the spirit boss to speak of it "as you find it and not as you think;" and our readers can do their own thinking on the subject to suit themselves. We have given the facts, and will only remark that any one having seen these phenomena who should honestly attribute them to jugglery ought to be placed in a "Home for the Feeble Minded," provided there were such an institution for adults.

The Mercury says of this seance that the medium "succeeded in mystifying all present," and adds: "There was no chance for sleight-of-hand, and nothing of the kind was attempted. 'The trick, if trick it was, could not be satisfactorily explained by the witnesses.'"

The public meeting given at the Theater on Sunday evening, drew forth the following cautious statement from the same paper:

There was a large audience and the introductory address was made by J. J. Owen, editor of the GOLDEN GATE. A committee, consisting of S. A. Bishop, James T. Murphy and Mr. Wolcott was appointed, and several slates showed writing after being sealed up. A stranger from San Francisco brought his own slates and he received communications upon them in writing.

To state the details of all that occurred at said meeting would occupy more space than we have to give to it. It may be sufficient to know that the committee prepared and sealed the slates in the most careful manner, never for a moment allowing them to leave their hands. A large number of messages was not only obtained between these slates, but one pair of large slates, securely fastened together and sealed, and brought to the meeting by a person in the audience, had both of their inner surfaces written full. One of the messages on these slates, from Spirit John Gray, was written in seven colors.

Thus, six slates in all, containing about one hundred distinct messages, ranging from a few to as many as eighty words, were given, together with a fine likeness of Dr. Hare, and all under conditions that would render deception impossible. Some of the messages contained several names, and nearly all of them were recognized by persons in the audience.

The San Jose News of March 14th, and the Times of the 15th, give long and very fair reports of this meeting, the latter journal copying many of the messages received, and describing the careful manner in which the slates were prepared by the committee, and all confirming the essential facts herein set forth. It is not so much the communications themselves as it is the manner in which they are produced, that concerns the public.

We will add, for the information of those present who discovered some errors in names, and also a similarity in the chirography of the messages, that it is not claimed that the writing was done in each or any instance by the spirit from whom the message purports to come. Until the spirits learn to control the conditions themselves, they must necessarily write through an amanuensis. We have found that with practice they soon learn to write for themselves, and then the messages come in their own handwriting. The spirit father of the writer, also a wife and brother in spirit life, from each of whom we have had many communications through various mediums, have mastered the conditions, and invariably write in their old, familiar hands.

Of the exhibition as a whole, we venture to say that it is unparalleled in the history of Modern Spiritualism for its conclusive demonstration of spirit power.

THE FLOWERS.

Time is old, but the seasons are ever new; like a young heart in an old body, they bound with life and animation as they follow quickly upon one another. Each is long enough to insure a welcome for its successor; but Spring ever goes by with reluctance. It is the one season that grows more lovely and enchanting as our years slip away. It speaks of young life and a renewal of all things present, and it holds a promise of those to come. Although it is all loveliness, it brings sad reminders to many hearts.

The odor of flowers that a decade ago were laid upon the coffin lid, and those that were strewn upon the cold earth that covered the dead, come back to-day with the freshness of yesterday, and so it will to the end. But it is a happy prophecy, also, of things that are eternal. These painted cups of the fairies have poured forth their sweetness upon the darkest ages of earth, and are as rich to-day in fragrance as when they first saw the light. They are filled from the everlasting fountain whose white spray trembles upon more beautiful forms that bloom perennial and forever. The Winters of earth-life wrap our flowers in death, and we associate them with our dead, knowing that the new Spring and the new life will awaken them both.

The sweet, sweet flowers that spring up from the cold, dark earth into the light and joy of day! Let us treasure and nurture them as emblems of the forms and colors whose language is as soft and musical as silence, when we listen well.

A GOLDEN GATE REPRESENTATIVE ABOUT TO VISIT THE EAST.—Hon. Amos Adams, President of the Golden Gate Publishing Company, informs us that with a small party of friends he proposes to make a somewhat extended trip through the Southern and Eastern States, during the Spring and Summer months. Leaving here about the 20th of April, by the Southern Pacific Railroad, to Mohave, thence by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, via Santa Fe and Albuquerque, to St. Louis; thence to Louisville, Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, Raleigh, Norfolk, Richmond to Washington. Mr. Adams expects to spend two or three weeks in Washington with relatives, and will be there during the Grand National Military Drill which takes place from May 23d to 30th. Washington will then be in its glory, at least in a military point of view. It is Mr. Adams' intention to visit all of the Eastern States and make it a point to attend the Spiritualists' Camp-meetings at Onset Bay in July and Lake Pleasant in August, where he will represent the GOLDEN GATE and give our Eastern friends an opportunity to subscribe for it. He expects to return to the Pacific Slope the last of August or first of September, by Chicago to Minneapolis, thence by the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Yellow Stone Park to Portland Oregon, thence to San Francisco.

COMING.—Readers of the GOLDEN GATE who have ever had the pleasure of listening to the best ballad singer in America, James G. Clark, and those, also, who have read and admired his beautiful poems, will be glad to learn that he is expected to arrive in San Diego about the 18th of March, and it is probable that after a visit of a few weeks with friends there he will give musical entertainments in the larger towns of this State and Oregon. He is the author of "Leona," one of the most widely copied poems ever published; also the composer of many popular songs, both words and music, including "The Beautiful Hills," "The Mountains of Life," "The Isles of the Bye and Bye," "The Old Mountain Tree," "Moonlight and Starlight," and other lyric and musical compositions. Those who have recently heard Mr. Clark say he sings as sweetly as he did thirty years ago. The soul never grows old, and bodies also long retain their youth when controlled by a just and gentle spirit. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that Mr. Clark is an old Spiritualist.

SPIRIT PICTURE.

We give on our 5th page a fine likeness of Prof. Wm. Denton, by spirit Stanly St. Clair, through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, of this city. This picture, like several others from the same source which have hitherto appeared in our columns, was taken under our own hands, without the possibility of deception. In fact it is an insult to common sense to imagine that such things can be done in the broad light of day, and under one's own eyes and hands, in any other manner than that claimed for them.

Those of our readers who saw the first picture taken by this control—that of D. D. Home—which we reproduced about two months ago, will note the marked improvement made by the artist. Of course no very fine work can be expected upon a slate and with the materials used. But this of Prof. Denton is surely an excellent likeness and a very creditable piece of work.

The reader will understand that the background for the picture is made by whitening the surface of the slate with a bit of slate pencil, placed under a single slate upon a table, or between a pair of slates, after which the likeness is produced with a lead pencil placed in the same manner. The work is all done by the spirit artist.

The messages in the margins are doubtless from those from whom they purport to come. It will be noticed that "Indian Jim," a spirit that occasionally comes to Mr. Evans, has given us a profile of his not particularly handsome face.

A somewhat striking test concerning the production of this picture is worthy of mention. While Spirit St. Clair was at work upon it, we asked Spirit John Gray what the picture was to be. He replied that the artist was complying with a wish of the wife of the writer, who was not present, and whose wishes in the matter were unknown, both to us and the medium. "What is that?" we asked; but the spirit pleasantly evaded an answer. On meeting Mrs. Owen an hour later we inquired what wish she had entertained with regard to the expected picture. She replied that she had desired that we might obtain a likeness of Prof. Denton! And there it was.

Our next engraving will probably be that of Dr. Hare, taken before a public audience at the California Theater in San Jose, on Sunday evening last. And so the good work goes on.

WHY IT IS.

Those grim spots of earth called graveyards seem to have a lore which, whether believed or not, speaks for itself in their silent aspect. Most persons must have observed the comparatively few graves in the north sides of these inclosures, and the natural suggestion is, that it is due to the fact that those whose painful duty it becomes to choose the last resting-place of their friends and relatives seek the most cheerful and sunniest spot for their bed, which would be in the middle or southern portions. But English legend has it that the north side was not consecrated. Again it is said that it is because Jesus, when dying, turned his head to the South; also that it is the side where the church door is generally placed, and hence less lonely.

It is further stated that at one period criminals, excommunicated persons, the still-born, and other unfortunates, were laid on the north side. Those a degree more superstitious say, that ghosts take their nightly airings on the cold, bleak side of graveyards. Still others get their warrant from the Bible in avoiding the North side, which is that the East or sunny side is where God's throne is placed, the West, man's side the Galilee of the Gentiles; the South, where the sun shines strongest, the side of the angels and spirits; the North the devoted region of Satan and his host, the lair of demons and their haunt. These superstitions make a difference between ghosts and spirits, but we do not perceive any.

As for the cold, deserted side being haunted, we do not wonder, for the spirits of unhappy mortals linger about their deserted houses until they have been given an opportunity of making their peace with earth; but as few persons will interrogate a ghost outside of a circle its appearance must be so frequent that the place becomes known as haunted.

But the idea of relegating Satan and his demons to the North is a new one. We always thought they were a tropical race, though this may be a mistake, originated from the idea of the perpetual fires that are said to be raging in Hades. In case of its really being a polar region, why, we can understand the use of sulphur and brimstone, and other inflammable materials.

HOT OR COLD?—Considerable comment is going the usual round upon the proposition of Isaac Barnes, of Boston, to subscribe five thousand dollars to a new church if it should be agreed that all the baptisms shall take place in hot water. We see nothing "singular" in the suggestion, and do not understand why it is not accepted as a sober offer. It is a physiological fact that when the system is toned up to the endurance of one extreme it is qualified to stand the other. The men and women who can support the shock of being plunged into a stream through a hole cut for the purpose through five or six inches of ice should therefore be able to endure an equal opposite temperature. The subjects might not look so saintly white after emerging from a hot-water baptism, but they would show more signs of continued life and usefulness. Divine Providence would be rid of much of the blame He now bears for the victims of pneumonia and quick consumption that fall into untimely graves through the influence of cold immersion. Mr. Barnes has made as sensible a proposition as ever came to bear upon Christian matters, and we hope it may be accepted.

Those dreadful Chinese have sent money to the Charleston earthquake sufferers.—EXCHANGE.

There has never been any objection to Chinese money. Their earnings are begrudged, though they come mainly from doing kinds of work that other people would not do if the whole country were rid of Chinamen to-day. As for contributions to benevolent and charitable purposes, they

are appealed to as though they enjoyed all the esteem and privileges of the most favored citizenship. When approached on such matters they are found to possess quick sympathies, and to be altogether human in their understanding.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Sunday evening, February 6th, on the public platform, at Assembly Hall, Mrs. J. J. Whitney's control reported a spirit present who wished to send word to his Uncle Charles, and upon being asked who his uncle was he replied, "Uncle Charles Lux," and that he was Phillip Lux, his nephew; that he wished some one would tell his uncle for him not to pay so much attention to land and cattle, but more to himself, or he would come to spirit-life soon, and before he would wish to. A friend volunteered, and gave the message as soon as possible, and received a reply from Mr. Lux that he guessed there was not much danger, as he was as well as ever except a slight cold he had taken a few days previous. Again, on Sunday evening, March 6th, through the same medium, on the same platform, the spirit of Philip Lux came and asked if any one would be kind enough to take a message to his Uncle Charles Lux. He wished to advise him to change doctors, or have a new one, and if he did not get relief immediately he would not recover. The friend who volunteered to take the message on the following day (Monday), prior to going, called upon Mrs. Whitney for a sitting that he might be more sure what to say. The same control repeated the message, and he departed to give it to Mr. Lux, but upon arriving at the house found Mr. Lux had been taken down and was confined to his bed with pneumonia, a fact the friend was not aware of until that moment, and he failed to see Mr. Lux or any one he could properly give the message to. On the following day (Tuesday, March 8th) another quite intimate friend of Mr. Lux called upon Mrs. Whitney, when the same spirit of the nephew requested him to go immediately and tell his uncle that unless he had a change of treatment he would not live one week. The friend went as requested and gave the message to the family, who replied that they had two doctors now, and if they wanted any more they would let him know, thus virtually ignoring the advice. The result, as the public now know, Mr. Charles Lux passed to spirit-life March 15th, Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock, being some hours less than the week the spirit of the nephew had prophesied. We have also learned that this same nephew while in the form was likewise advised by a spirit through the same medium that if he did not take care of his injured ankle that erysipelas would be the result, and he would not live. Therefore those who know and understand spirit law will readily see why the nephew was so anxious to admonish his uncle of mortal danger.

MRS. ADA FOYE.

After a long vacation from platform work, that tried and true medium, Mrs. Ada Foye, gave a public seance at Washington Hall, on last Sunday evening. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with a dignified, intelligent assemblage. There were no disagreeable elements brought in through the audience, but skeptics and all seemed to be entirely in earnest and willing to deal fairly with the medium. It is needless to say the result was more than satisfactory, the strangers and unbelievers getting the most remarkable tests. Full names and incidents were given, which were readily acknowledged by the friends to whom given.

A number of mental questions were asked and perfect answers given. Out of the large number of tests there was only one name which was not recognized. In all of Mrs. Foye's service as a medium her powers have never been questioned, and they were never stronger or more positive than to-day.

Mr. Maguire "lent the music of his voice" to the occasion, and Judge Swift preceded the seance by a short and pleasant chat. His remarks on harmony and the cultivation of a high and broad charity were well timed and could be advantageously put into practice by many Spiritualists.

Mrs. Foye will hold forth at the same place next Sunday evening at 7:30.

TOPOLABAMPO.—A letter from Dr. E. J. Schellhaus, one of the directors of the Credit Foncier Company, states that the newspaper reports alleging the breaking up of the colony are false; that there are over four hundred colonists there, who are well pleased with the country, the climate, the people and the prospects. Dr. Schellhaus says the trouble was caused by Hawkins, a lawyer, and Eaton, an ex-minister, two of the directors, who, immediately after their arrival, began to find fault with everything. They denied that there was any such corporation as the Credit Foncier Company, denied that the colonists had any claims to Mexican lands, denied that any constitution or by-laws had been adopted, and set themselves to work to overturn all that had been done. After much trouble they were got rid of, together with some adherents, mainly from Maine, only thirty in all. A dispatch to J. W. Lovell, New York, dated at Fuerte, Mexico, March 7th, says: "No sickness; plenty of provisions; four hundred and ten persons united and happy. Thirty deserted; peace followed." Signed by four of the directors, Owen, Chidester, Peet and Schellhaus. Another statement, signed by fifty-one of the colonists (all whose names could be obtained before the departure of the mail), after denying the reports circulated by enemies, express unshaken confidence in Mr. Owen, and in the success of the enterprise.

GOD ALMIGHTY has a quarrel with every crowd that perches themselves on hired pews and shut the doors on the poor and perishing of the town. That is about the hardest thing I have seen since I came to Boston.—SAM JONES.

This minister of the Gospel and of the people, seems to be truly inspired with the spirit of Him who "had not where to lay His head," and who, should he come upon earth to-day, would be shut out of the modern church pew, with "the poor and perishing of the town."

MATERIALIZATION.

"Is materialization true?" seems to be a very hard question to settle in a large class of minds, judging from the number of times this query is sent up to the platform whenever an opportunity is afforded. Mrs. Watson has answered the same, numberless times, and yet the matter still vexes the souls of a portion of her hearers, at least, for the time-worn question was again presented and again discussed on last Sunday at the Temple.

This is one of the knotty problems in spirit demonstration, which naturally challenges vast differences of opinion among Spiritualists, because of the marvelous and mysterious laws governing it. It can only be satisfactorily settled by thorough investigation for one's self, and by such methods as best appeals to his or her understanding. Sweeping assertions and denunciation of fraudulent practices in its name have no weight on the real issue as to whether the materialization of psychic form is a possibility.

However much that gifted lady may abhor deception in any phase of mediumship, or even the very appearance of it,—she can not regret it more than we,—still, that is not the question. We should like to have Mrs. Watson's guides give us their solution from a scientific standpoint, and reasonably and logically explain the *pro* and *con* of materialization. But as for fraud, we see and hear more of that every day than we wish. If the materializing mediums were the only ones who were dishonest and deceiving, then well might we cry, "Crucify them! crucify them!" and in white-robed perfection demand that justice be done, but in the words of Shakespeare we should rather say, "If justice be thy plea, who of us shall see salvation?"

ONE YEAR ON "THE PATH."—With the March number *The Path* closes its first volume, and has the following to say of its objects and aims: "It was not started because its projectors thought that they alone knew the true 'Path,' but solely out of an intense longing to direct inquiring minds towards a way which had seemed to many persons who had tried it, to hold out the possibility of finding an answer to the burning questions that vex the human heart. The path we had in view is held by us to be the same one which all ages have been sought by Heathen, Jew and Christian alike. By some called the path to Heaven, by others the path to Jesus, the path to Nirvana, and by the Theosophists the path to Truth. Jesus has defined it as a narrow, difficult and straight path. By the ancient Brahmins it has been called, 'the small old path leading far away on which those sages walk who reach salvation;' and Buddha thought it was a noble fourfold path by which all the miseries of existence can be truly surmounted." It is a monthly published in New York, and always filled with the choicest matter pertaining to occult literature. Price, \$2.00 a year.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Read Dr. W. W. McKaig's lecture on Henry Ward Beecher, on our first page. It is able, eloquent and instructive.

—From a private letter from John Slater we learn that it is his intention to return to San Francisco in September next.

—Bro. J. L. Baisley, of Los Angeles, writes: "We consider the GOLDEN GATE the cleanest and highest-toned paper published in America."

—Dr. John Allyn, of St. Helena, dropped in upon us on Wednesday. The Doctor has just returned from a visit to the southern part of the State, and may give us something of his trip for publication.

—We expect to visit San Diego shortly in company with Mr. Fred Evans, and upon our return shall stop at Los Angeles and also at Santa Barbara, lecturing and giving public exhibitions of independent slate-writing in all of said towns.

—Dr. J. D. Cogswell, of this city, whose portrait appears in our holiday number, gives a million dollars to found a polytechnical school in San Francisco. He also gives in addition some \$60,000 for the erection of the necessary buildings.

—We are indebted to Brother S. W. DeLacy of the *Times*, H. A. DeLacy of the *News*, and C. M. Shortridge of the *Mercury*, for journalistic courtesies extended to the writer and Mr. Evans, on the occasion of their recent visit to San Jose.

—Mrs. Whitney announces elsewhere that her guides have directed her to open Assembly Hall, in Odd Fellows' Building, on Sunday evening, April 3d. She wishes us to say that a spirit band for the development of sensitives in the audience have promised her that they will be present.

Mrs. Washburn, President of the Sisterhood of the Seven Links, has undertaken to dispose of the fine painting of Mrs. Watson by the guides of Mr. Briggs. The picture will be bought and presented to the Golden Gate Religious Philanthropic Society. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Washburn has ordered a painting of herself.

—The new charter which the thousands of Spiritualists of San Francisco are invited to vote for, class the mediums for spirit communion with mountebanks and jugglers, and, like them, subject to pay a license for the privilege of exercising their gifts. It places in the hands of the Mayor an amount of power and patronage that should never be placed in one man's hands. It is also seriously objectionable in other respects. Vote it down.

—A garden party will be given by Mrs. O. M. Washburn, at her residence, No. 2728 Howard street, on Thursday, April 5th, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Mrs. Washburn's birthday, and also of the adoption of Woman Suffrage in Kansas, which goes into effect on that day. All Spiritualists and friends of Woman Suffrage are cordially invited to attend without other invitation. An interesting literary and musical program will be prepared for the occasion.

—A Rockland (Me.) correspondent, in remitting for his paper, says: "I am greatly pleased with the GOLDEN GATE. It is very profitable and 'Golden' to one who is prepared by 'development to appreciate its sterling thought and deep spiritual unfoldments. I consider 'the editorial page beautiful and fragrant as a bower of roses, and as useful to the aspiring soul as the fruits of your Golden State to our physical being."

—A mediumistic little boy of our acquaintance, under three years of age, sees and converses with his spirit mother, who passed over to spirit life a few months ago. A few days ago, while on a visit with his grandmother and aunt to the cemetery where the body of his mother lies buried, he astonished his relatives with his knowledge of the facts of life and death. He said: "Mamma's body in the ground, but Mamma's not there. She is here with Harry." "Why, Harry," he was asked, "how do you know? Who told you?" "Oh, I see Mamma, and she tell Harry," he replied in his baby way.

—A worthy lady, a Spiritualist, with two young children, residing across the bay, is ill and utterly unable to provide for herself and family. She is not only suffering for the necessities of life, but has no means to furnish them. A kind-hearted lady of this city, who is interested in her distressed sister, offers a complete set of sixteen volumes of Appleton's Encyclopedia, elegantly bound, and just as good as new, for one-half their cost price, the proceeds to be applied to the relief of the sufferer. The books may be seen at this office. Who will buy them for "sweet charity's sake?"

—Barnum, the showman, is a man of unique ideas. He is a prohibitionist, but realizing that prohibition is a future prophecy, which must be fulfilled by steps and gradations instead of a single leap, he advocates high license, his plan for which is like himself—original. His idea is to have one liquor license for every one hundred male adults, and these licenses he would have sold to the highest bidders at auction, the first not to be less than two hundred dollars. So long as liquors are to be sold, the business should be put at a cost that would reduce the places of sale to the fewest possible; not that less would be drunk, but towns and cities would be more respectable and safe.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

An Acrostic.

BY FANNIE E. CRESSY.

Seven links there are in this mystical chain,
Inspired by thoughts that are truly divine;
Secured together by thought, action and deed,
Together they work in sowing the seed.
Endeavoring each sorrowing soul to feed,
Resolved upon making life's pathway bright,
Having linked themselves firmly are prepared for the fight.
Oh! how grand is this life when well understood,—
Oh! the beauties the soul can unfold!

Dear Sisters, truly thy work is the work of the soul.

Oh! the power and strength of this golden chain,
Forged together with love and truth to proclaim.

The Infinite spirit with its angelic light
Hovering around thee, by day and by night,
Endeavoring each step to guide you aright.

Sweet blessings attend thee in thy mission of love,
Elevating mankind to receive light from above.
Victorious at last with the good they have done,
Each link shining bright as the rays of the sun,
Never tired of well-doing till the prize they have won.

Lending aid to all weary children of earth,
In various ways does this link find its work,
New beauties they teach to those seeking the light,
Known only to those whose spirits are bright;
Sweet Sisters, may thy work be grand in its might.

TRUSTEES' MEETING.

FRIDAY EVENING, March 12, 1887.

Board met at residence of F. H. Woods. All the members of the Board were present excepting Mr. Foye.

On motion Mr. J. L. Russel was elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees for the ensuing year.

On motion the Board proceeded to the election of an Advisory Council, with the following result: W. A. Aldrich, Mrs. J. M. Mathews, H. A. Robinson, Mrs. M. B. Dodge, Charles H. Wadsworth, V. F. Small, Mrs. V. F. Small, Mr. J. D. Wheelock, Mrs. J. D. Wheelock, Mr. C. W. Coney, Mrs. C. W. Coney, Mrs. —, Michener, Amos Adams, Mrs. N. L. Churchill, W. H. Mead, Mrs. W. H. Mead, G. H. Hawes, Dr. F. H. Terrill, M. R. Roberts, Mrs. Frances Connor, Mrs. J. J. Owen, Mr. Geo. C. Irvine, Mrs. Geo. C. Irvine, J. C. Harney, Mrs. E. L. Watson.

On motion it was ordered that the names of the members of the duly appointed Advisory Council be announced from the platform of the Temple on Sunday March 13th, and that they be notified to meet in joint session with the Board of Trustees, at the residence of Mr. M. B. Dodge on Friday evening March 18th.

On motion the celebration of the 39th Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism be held on Sunday, March 27th.

There being no further business, the meeting thereupon adjourned.

J. J. OWEN,
Secretary pro tem.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists will be held Sunday, April 11, 1887, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, at 2 o'clock P. M., for election of a Board of Directors, and such other business as may be properly brought before it.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

mar19-4t

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

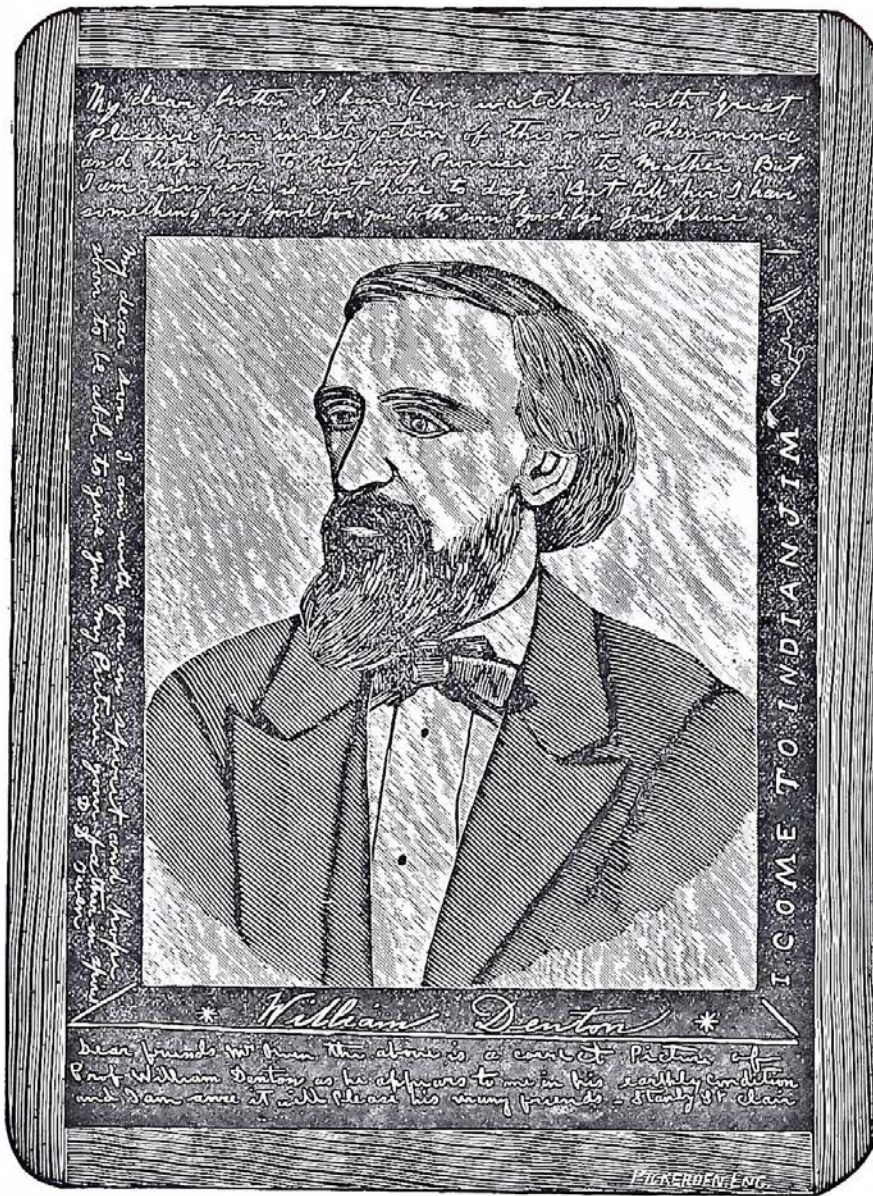
"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

W. CASPER STEWART, an employee of a Pittsburgh firm of glass manufacturers, who traces his ancestry back to the Stuarts of Scotland and England, has heard that an estate of over \$50,000,000 is awaiting a branch of that family in Great Britain. So far twelve heirs have been discovered in America.

Re-Incarnation from Another Standpoint.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Reading W. J. Colville's article on "Re-Incarnation," in your renowned paper of March 5th, recalls phenomena that would seem to give a different explanation to his "one positive fact," than that of re-embodiment. Nobody who has any knowledge of Modern Spiritualism will doubt his fact; but turning it to prove re-incarnation is quite another thing. There are some facts in psychometry that



[Obtained through the mediumship of Fred Evans. For description see 4th page.]

would seem to explain his "memory" of ancient Siberia.

There are cases where the sensitive medium will take on the symptoms of a disease which the sitter may have had years ago, and will become so conscious of the investigator's past life as to feel his bodily aches and mental sufferings, and describe his environments; and these scenes will appear to the medium, for the time, more vivid, if possible, than facts of external memory.

May not our good brother, in his experience at the age of five years, have been unconsciously under the influence of an ancient worthy of the pre-glacial period? And did not this spirit impress its earthly surroundings on him so clearly that his childish innocence could not distinguish the difference of it from his memory of the past? He thought his mother was in mortal form when she probably impressed him to see her clairvoyantly. His seeing her was, no doubt, a fact, but he misinterpreted the fact.

Others have been deceived in a like way. After A. J. Davis had become quite an expert in independent clairvoyance he would occasionally mistake a spirit out of the body for one in it. If Brother Colville could see his mother as clothed in a by-gone material garment, who was in spirit-life before he was old enough to remember her, is it not quite probable that he could have had a vision of past scenes and surroundings of ancient Siberia, which he mistook for memory of them? As he may have been under the influence of an ancient Siberian spirit, and as "Ten Great Religions" corroborate what he proclaimed when a child, may he not also have been at that time in rapport with the mind of J. F. Clark, talking Mr. Clark's thoughts to his nurse? No doubt Mr. Colville is a marvel, and worthy of study. And again, may not his own powers of soul be so unfolded and independent that he can, when conditions are favorable, be conscious of the distant past as being present with him as though it were memory? Why not as well as a prophet see the future as at hand? But he says he was altogether himself and speaking from memory. In the light of the many phases of spiritual phenomena, it is doubtful that these sensitives can always tell whether they perceive and talk altogether from their external or from their soul faculties, for it appears that we are double, having two sets of faculties acting and reacting on each other. The spirit body and its powers are not confined to time and space. Some inventors have thought all their discoveries came from their own individual independent cogitations, when after a time they find that they are indebted for them to spirit. It is said of the great electrician, Edison, that he is a medium and inspired from the higher life, and yet he may have thought he was "altogether himself."

As Brother Colville thinks he was talking to his nurse from memory about ancient Siberia, so in a similar manner do

Theosophists and Christians think Jesus was talking from memory in the passage, "before Abraham I am." To the former it proves re-incarnation, and to the latter it convinces the Trinitarians that He was one of the three orthodox Gods. In the light of the New Dispensation this saying attributed to Jesus can be differently interpreted than proving that the man Jesus had a pre-existence. Was it not the Christ spirit from the highest heavens under whose influence Jesus gave utterance to this enigmatical saying? John the Baptist was a developing medium and aided in helping Jesus up to a high plane

of spiritual unfoldment. In his act of ministration to Jesus at the River Jordan, the Christ descended upon him; and ever after he acted from the influence of this spirit, and incorporated its teachings in his marvelous life and character. This spirit was before Abraham controlling Melchizedek to whom Abraham paid tithes. This spirit made Jesus High Priest after the order of Melchizedek. That the Christ spirit was the same heavenly personage who controlled Melchizedek is evinced by two circumstances; first, because Jesus was made Spiritual High Priest in Melchizedek's order, and second, because he, like Melchizedek, was without descent—died without issue and without father or mother in this sense, namely, that he had outgrown those faculties and loves common to man and the lower animals. In other words, his selfish faculties had unfolded loves that were universal, which knew no father, mother, brother nor sister; as when he was told his father and mother were waiting for him, he pointed to the crowd saying, "Behold my father and mother, brothers and sisters." He knew none of these in a selfish sense. He thought just as much of the woman whom the fashionably righteous would stone as he did of the *bon ton* lady who looked on her with contempt.

Brother Colville's "one positive fact" does not satisfy. May be he will give us other classes of facts. Let us welcome the facts.

EDMUND YOUNG.

EAST OAKLAND, March, 1887.

The Psychograph.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Feeling the need of an instrument different from the planchette, which is at best untrustworthy and writes legibly with very few persons, I succeeded in making one for my own use, which I have called the psychograph. The idea was received from one invented by Prof. Robert Hare, and used in his early experiments. I have found that in almost every family there is at least one member with sufficient mediumistic powers to enable them to receive communications by its means, if they sit patiently and with earnest desire.

Wishing to have the capacities of the psychograph thoroughly tested, I make the following offer: For the best series of tests and communications received by its aid, two copies of the GOLDEN GATE for one year; for the second best, one copy. All communications must be sent to my address, but the editor of the GOLDEN GATE will act as judge, and the articles will all be held for publication if he so desires. The decision will be made on the first of June, and all communications must be received by May 25th.

Fraternally, HUDSON TUTTLE.

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The History of the Origin of All Religions. By L. M. ARNOUD. - 2.00

*When ordered by mail, eight per cent added for postage.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, March 20th. 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.

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

PUBLIC MEETINGS EVERY SUNDAY AT 11 A. M. and Tuesday at 3 P. M. at No. 43 Sixth street, Esmond House. Subject: "Health and Healing." Mrs. E. J. Bennett and Mrs. M. C. Walker.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Significant Name.

[Read before the Sisterhood of the Seven Links.]

DEAR SISTERS AND FRIENDS:—The mystic name chosen for this society opens the mind to a line of thought, deep, broad and profound in its nature. The unbiased mind (willing to set aside preconceived opinions if necessary), freed and turned on the road of truth, will expand the consciousness to a knowledge of the nature of things and the true order by which they come into existence; and by such an one, through a steadfast effort, the order can be logically brought forth and mathematically demonstrated, for all nature is governed by law absolute, which can be discovered and comprehended as the consciousness expands.

A mind illumined by the light of truth sees that true religion is the recognition of truth—a knowledge of things as they are; and that the highest condition to which we can aspire is, that the immortal principles of good may find self-consciousness in us, and a strict obedience to the wisdom of the heart can alone lead to this condition. All should listen to the silence and be guided by its promptings. What does this mean? It means that no desire should be permitted to speak in the heart but truth, and the promptings of the silent inner truth is the only guide to wisdom.

The number "7" represents the scale of nature of which the musical scale is a correspondence. It is represented in all departments of nature, "from the radiant sun, whose light is broken by a dewdrop into the seven colors of the rainbow, down to the snowflake crystallizing in six-pointed stars around the invisible center. The law of seven has been found to rule in the growth of vegetable and animal organisms in the constitution of the universe and the constitution of man. Seven is the rule by which the totality of existence is measured." There are six principles manifested one by one, and expressed in external conditions by the seventh, for the purpose of building up a consciousness in the human soul capable of grasping a knowledge of itself; and when that is gained a knowledge of the universe is gained. Seven represents a finished condition, a oneness or wholeness, a Christ or Buddha.

When the soul has stilled the mortal desires, and the lower principles are directed by the higher ones, and the consciousness has so broadened by the luminous power of truth that the mind can receive direct from the atma, or seventh principle, absolute knowledge is gained; all illusions disappear, all erroneous judgments and beliefs vanish, and absolute truth takes their place, for the eye sees the absolute, and the heart feels, and the voice expresses it. Knowledge is faith, and faith is power. "Except ye have faith ye cannot see God."

The atma being forever at one with Universal Spirit (the cause of all), a soul illumined and radiant with its unbroken light is more than man, and is himself a creator, a condition belonging to one who has lived long and well; who has overcome and become a condition none can enter but those well trained in the music or mathematical harmony of nature.

"To listen to the music of the spheres" is a poetical expression; but the soul illumined by the power of truth and through the wisdom of the heart is united to the seventh principle of his being has become a master of harmony, and every thought, word, or deed, is in accord with the whole, or universal creative power, the infinite mind working in nature, for he has become the harmony of the silence, and can listen to the music of the spheres, and interpret their melody. We may consider the plane of matter as a low vibration, and that of spirit as a high vibration. The so-called low, in every conceivable manifestations of life, including what was once called sin and disease, is an unfinished condition, a friction or struggle between the high and the low, a preparation, means, or mode. Efforts of the unconscious in every soul unfold into consciousness. The inner, invisible center and higher self, the 7th principle, ever aspires to and finds an outward conscious expression, and until the mind can receive its rays of truth unperverted, and the outer being is quickened by the absolute of the higher self, this struggle for expansion will go on, this longing and thirsting for light, the highest, the good and true, will continue. This is true prayer that goes forth without ceasing from all things in nature.

This universal aspiration ever tends to burst the bonds of darkness and ignorance which enslaves, by expanding the conscious mind into a knowledge of reality of being, the plane of light and wisdom. How beautiful is prayer illustrated by the tiny seed or blade of grass! Its aspiration is to the light; it commands the ground to expand, and friction is the result struggling in pain; it sends the ground apart, or bursts the bonds of darkness which enslaves it, and comes up higher and receives the light of the sun.

"As is the small so is the great. God's methods and law are one." Seven rings symbolize man finished where the six principles are illumined with the light and radiant with the sun of the seventh (the invisible center); seven rings symbolize a link in our order, each link formed of seven sisters, and each sister a microcosm of the macrocosm, a sphere within herself, evolved from the invisible center, or Universal Spirit, with the inherent aspiration

struggling within each soul, guided by universal prayer, and love slowly evolving an organic existence consciously at one with the whole. A seven-pointed star formed of one unbroken line is symbolic of the unbroken line of life running through creation, of a day of rest, creation finished, of man finished, the unbroken line of labors of the human soul from the Adam to the Christ condition, where the sixth principle is brought out and expressed in organic life, and rests in the seventh a perfect recognition of the goodness of all things and a oneness with the harmony of nature.

M. E. CRAMER.

Women as Physicians.

In the city of Philadelphia there are eight women physicians who have an annual practice of about \$20,000 each. There are twelve whose income averages above \$10,000 each. There are twenty-two who admit that their annual resources from their profession is above \$5,000 each.

One of the first graduates of a Philadelphia women's school for medicine was Anna M. Longshore, now Mrs. Longshore Potts. She is an eminently practical woman, has traveled over every part of the habitable world, and has astonished the best medical minds in Great Britain by her learning and her modesty in putting it to practical use.

The two women who did most for their sex in the way of furnishing them opportunities for advancement were Dr. Ann Preston and Dr. Emilie Horten Cleveland, who married Rev. G. B. Cleveland, a distant relative of President Cleveland. To the efforts of Dr. Preston more than to any other person may be traced the origin of the principal hospital of this city. She died in 1872, aged fifty-nine years, leaving in her will thousands of dollars to the hospital. She was described at the age of fifty-eight as below the medium height, with delicately molded form and features, beautiful brown hair, with scarcely a trace of silver, and a face that indicated strength of will and firmness of purpose delicately blended with those traits which reveal refinement of feeling and purity of thought. Dr. Cleveland had, at her death five years ago, a practice of \$25,000 a year. She was educated in the School of Obstetrics in connection with the Maternite of Paris, and she spoke French fluently. She was said to be everywhere and always a woman with a highly dignified bearing and a wonderful charm of personal presence.

This success of women in the medical profession in the East has not been won without many a bitter struggle. In 1869, when the doors of the clinic room of the old Pennsylvania hospital were first opened to women, the latter were openly jeered at, and on one occasion were driven from the room while the clinic was in progress by the male students. Even yet, a few of the oldest physicians in the city refuse to counsel with women practitioners. But they are few, and are yearly becoming fewer. Those women whose opinions are worth it are to-day consulted by the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia and New York.

As showing the effect of abundant food, a late writer says that in France the population is annually increasing at the rate of 29 in every 10,000, although there are fewer marriages and fewer births than formerly. The fact is, people in that country now live longer than they used to, because the supply of food from home and from this and other countries is fourfold what it was fifty years ago.

A LEWISTON (Me.), newspaper says that the little daughter of a well-known clergyman was heard talking as she lay in her crib the other night. She said: "Dear Lord, this afternoon I saw out upon the cold sidewalk a poor little girl, and she had no shoes or stockings on—and—and"—hesitating as though staggered by the problem—"its none of our business, is it, God."

THE late Judge Thomas Russell, of Boston, was married to a daughter of Father Taylor, the famous evangelist. The latter was asked one day by some straight-laced formalist if his son-in-law was a saint—meaning of course, merely a professing Christian. "No," answered the good old man, "I'm afraid Thomas is not exactly a saint; but he is a sweet sinner."

A DISCOVERY that may lead to important practical results has been made by Walter Hempil, a German experimenter in the observation that the quantity of electricity furnished by a machine increases considerably when the latter works in an atmosphere of compressed air.

A NEWLY discovered Mexican flower is quite a wonder if reports are true. It is said to be white in the morning, red at noon and blue at night. It is further credited with emitting a perfume only in the middle of the day. It grows on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

ROSS R. WINANS, of Baltimore, is noted for his generosity to his tenants. He is now in Europe, and every two weeks sends home \$100 for the poor of his city. William Winans, his grandfather, is the owner of vast estates in Scotland, and is noted for his tyranny and unpopularity.

THE devotion of a young man attending a prayer meeting in one of the churches in St. Mary's, Canada, the other night, was disturbed by a mouse running up the leg of his pants while he was kneeling.

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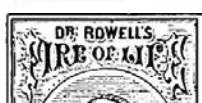
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Debate on Spiritualism at Billings, Mo.

[Reported for the Golden Gate.]

The debate on Spiritualism, at Billings, Missouri, between J. Clegg Wright and Elder Ackers of the Christian Church of that place, came off on February 22d, 23d and 24th. The widest interest was taken in the event. Many persons came long distances to attend. Dr. Daily from Golden City came and took great interest in it. He is a good medium. Mr. Wright, on Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, delivered a lecture on the "Science of Spiritual Phenomena." The hall was filled, and Elder Ackers sat upon the platform. The lecturer showed ability and a fine mastery of the facts and laws of mediumship, which drew from Elder Ackers the remark that he had to meet the best man that the Spiritualists had to put on the debating platform. The debate occupied four sessions of two hours each, thus distributed, Tuesday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock, Wednesday morning from 10 to 12 o'clock, evening from 7 to 9 o'clock, and on Thursday morning from 10 to 12 o'clock. Dr. Appleby, of Billings, acted as Elder's moderator. Dr. Hovey, of Springfield, acted in the same capacity for Mr. Wright, and Prof. McHenry occupied the position of umpire. The hall was crowded each time, many of the stores closing during the time of the debate. The following propositions were debated: First, That Modern Spiritualism is supported and indorsed by the Bible. Mr. Wright affirmed and Elder Ackers denied. Second, That Modern Spiritualism is anti-scriptural and atheistical and immoral in its tendency. Elder Ackers affirmed and Mr. Wright denied.

The time was occupied in alternate half hours. Mr. Wright opened the debate on the first proposition; he said that it became his duty to open the debate, and he asked for a fair and candid hearing. He had no personalities against his worthy opponent to use.

Abuse is not argument. Modern Spiritualism was a science. Its were the facts of nature, like the facts of any other science. The experimental side of the subject could not be debated. These facts demonstrated this: First, That there was an incorporeal substance which he would call animal magnetism. That this incorporeal substance was the medium upon which the thought took form and was transmitted to the brain and nervous system which brought matter, as tangible body, into contact with soul, another mode of substance called spirit. Under certain conditions, mind through animal magnetism could act upon inert matter and move it intelligently. That the spiritual phenomena did occur frequently and were capable of scientific demonstration and analysis. Mr. Wright briefly explained the psychological side of Spiritualism and spoke of the correspondence and harmony between the brain organization and the mental capacity, showing that abnormal, mental power, as mesmerism, somnambulism and spiritual trance were conditions of nervous and cerebral action, induced by the direct impingement of an independent outside intelligence called spirit. Mr. Wright admitted that he could not define spirit as he could define a table, but he knew more about spirit as an entity than Tyndall did about the luminiferous ether. Philosophically, he defined Spiritualism to mean that consciousness was continuous after death; that personal characteristics were carried into spirit-life; that the law of heredity did not cease with the death of the body; that the moral condition of the spirit was the same on entering spirit-life as when it left this life; that progress being the result of experience, progress was the nature of spirit-life. Spiritualism ethically considered, based morality upon the constitution of man and external circumstances.

Mr. Wright defined the Bible to be a book written in different ages by different men, and contained history true and false, views of men and the universe held by men living before the dawn of the scientific age, its spiritual conceptions were crude and superstitious, just such as an early race must have. That these crude views and crude speculations must not bind the mind of more learned and cultured times. All supernaturalism and miracle must be taken from the Bible. This must be the law of our interpretation. With this rule of interpretation in our hands, how does the Bible square with Modern Spiritualism? We answer, perfectly. The Bible has one central purpose, that is, to illustrate the action of the divine spirit in the affairs of this world. That is the great thought of religious minds. It must be, first of all, a spiritual book. The purpose of the Bible and the purpose of Modern Spiritualism are the same. Primarily they aim at the same end. The Bible tells of spirits returning, of angels returning and talking to men. In the days of old the return of spirit was a common event which hardly provoked wonder, certainly not disbelief. Samuel came to Saul through the mediumship of the Woman of Endor, Moses and Elias came to Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. Jesus read the mind of the Samaritan woman at the well. Jesus healed all manner of diseases by animal magnetism, as spiritual healers do now. Therefore Modern Spiritualism is supported and endorsed by the Bible.

Elder Ackers entered into the debate in no scientific manner, but purely as a Bible question. He was there to stand.

The books of all book is the word of God. "You see," said he, "my worthy opponent has made an attack upon it. He calls it the work of men, the productions of men, but we say that the Scriptures are the word of God. Our worthy opponent said that a miracle did not happen in the past, does not happen now, and can not happen in the future. Think of that. Spiritualism denies the resurrection of Jesus Christ, therefore it is not endorsed by the Bible. My friend tramples upon the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. My friends, stick to your religion. My worthy opponent says that he can not define spirit; that all we can know are phenomena. He calls phenomena 'appearances.' All that we therefore know is appearances. The universe, then, is but an appearance."

Elder Ackers did not refer to the return of Samuel, the transfiguration, nor speaking with tongues at the feast of Pentecost. He was silent upon all the direct issues raised by Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright proved his proposition. On the second proposition, Elder Ackers said that Spiritualism was atheistical in its tendency. Mr. Wright defined atheism to be non-theism. Mr. Ackers objected. He called all atheists who denied the God of the Bible. Mr. Wright said that to some philosophers the word was distasteful and abusive. He only knew one avowed atheist; that was Charles Bradlaugh, and he would not say there was no God. But he does not know of one.

Spiritualism recognizes the spiritual power in nature, the inscrutable energy we call divine. Personality can not be ascribed to that which can not be known; personality implies that we know it in its parts. Mr. Ackers quoted Andrew Jackson Davis to show that Spiritualists were free lovers. Mr. Wright denied that Andrew Jackson Davis was the authority for Modern Spiritualism, but that the passages read by Elder Ackers were the best things he had said during the debate, and did not teach what the reverend gentleman meant by free love. The doctrine of celestial marriage was not free love. Mr. Wright did not believe that souls were married before souls were born. Soul is an evolution from corporeal and incorporeal substance, and had not a previous existence before the birth of the body. Soul grows with the body. Spiritualism has no authorities to speak for it as the Pope speaks for the church of Rome.

Every spiritual platform is free. Every person is responsible for his own utterances. That principle is just, and contemplates a high public freedom and aim. Mr. Wright denied the Bible as it is to be a moral book. As Elder Ackers had introduced free love and cruelly charged it upon all Spiritualists, he alleged it was untrue that Spiritualists were all free lovers, but that free love was taught in the Bible. Polygamy was a one-sided system of free love. David and Solomon were choice and very accomplished free lovers in the sense in which Elder Ackers uses the phrase. Love is not free; no love is free. Man loves according to the organic and spiritual conditions of his nature. He loves when the subjective state of his nature harmonizes with the objective conditions of his being. For men to do wrong in the matter of love is proved by the actions of the human race. Bad men follow their evil passions. Sensitive men fall into attraction, and ministers have been known to kiss deaconesses in the vestry. It is the state of human nature. No man is any better than his organization and circumstances.

Elder Ackers strongly protested against Mr. Wright introducing Bible polygamy. His moderator, Mr. Wright, in a long speech, justified its introduction and discussion, remarking that we can feel the blows we receive but not the blows we give. Dr. Hovey thought that Mr. Wright was justified in thus handling free love and polygamy, and with a well-worded judgment the umpire decided that Mr. Wright had a perfect right to show that the Bible sustained free love. Mr. Wright claimed, in his last speech, that he had proved his proposition and successfully refuted the second one.

The audiences were all very large, and took great interest in all that was said, and passed a vote of thanks to both disputants unanimously. Mr. Wright has promised to return again to Billings and deliver a course of scientific lectures on "Spiritualism and Psychology."

The Christians are not satisfied with the victory Spiritualism made, and will probably try to find another champion to pit against Mr. Wright. Other discussions will have to follow; the subject is half debated. Probably another good man will soon be found.

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TRUE Spiritualism would teach us to begin a better life here and to seek knowledge now and not defer it, and that if we do wait, to-morrow will find us in a worse state than we are in to-day.—*Light in the West*.

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

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

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

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

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*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 thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

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

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

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

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

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

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic 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 sunbe

