



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

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[J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
734 Montgomery St.]

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

It is the summit of humility to bear the imputation of pride.—*Lavater.*

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—*Rowland Hill.*

The highest point outward things can bring one into is the contentment of the mind, with which no estate is miserable.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Man, without the protection of a superior being, is secure of nothing that he enjoys, and uncertain of everything that he hopes for.—*Tillotson.*

There is nothing purer, nothing warmer than our first friendship, our first love, our first striving after truth, our first feeling for nature.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

There are a good many real miseries in life that we can not help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.—*O. W. Holmes.*

The infinite distance between the Creator and the noblest of all creatures can never be measured, nor exhausted by endless addition of finite degrees.—*Bentley.*

Study rather to fill your minds than your coffers; knowing that gold and silver were originally mingled with dirt, until avarice or ambition parted them.—*Seneca.*

No occupation is so holy that the devil will not tempt us right in the midst of it, and no name is so sacred that he will not try to use it to cover his vile ends.—*Mrs. F. T. Morgan.*

Just in proportion as you gain a victory over the evil which you have become beware of in yourself, will your spiritual eyes be purged for a brighter perception of the Holy One.—*Channing.*

To achieve the greatest results, the man must die to himself, must cease to exist in his own thoughts. Not until he has done this, does he begin to do ought that is great, or to be really great.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.—*Plato.*

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

A devout thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose is better than a great estate or an earthly kingdom. In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water, with right motives, to an humble servant of God than to have been flattered by a whole generation.—*Dr. Cumming.*

We were born to serve, and when we serve others, we serve God. The flush on that woman's cheek, as she bends over the hot stove, is as sacred in God's sight as the flush on the cheek of one, who, on a hot day, preaches the gospel. We may serve God with plate and cutlery and broom as certainly as we can serve him with palm book and liturgy.—*Rev. T. D. Talmage.*

Spiritualism in New Zealand.

STEAMSHIP MARAPOA, Sept. 10, 1887.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

As time hangs heavily on board ship, I will try and put a little of it to a better use than lounging on deck, by giving you some information concerning New Zealand. We are just making a coast voyage from Dunedin to Auckland. This is the third time we have sailed on the same ship, first from San Francisco to Sydney, next from Melbourne to Dunedin, the present trip making the third. This is one of the finest steamers afloat. Captain Edie and his staff take great pride in their beautiful ship, and in making every one on board as comfortable as possible.

New Zealand presents many points of interest to an American traveler. Before coming here we had fancied that a much closer interest existed between this and the Australian colonies. The only point of resemblance and union is that of a similarity of political institutions. The two countries are separated by a thousand miles of deep sea, and there seems to be as great a gulf of the cold water of jealousy and lack of sympathy between the different colonies. In fact, this bad feeling is equally strong between the different Australian colonies. Anything like a federation between them seems utterly impossible. Should they ever be compelled to fight for their liberty from oppressive burdens imposed upon them by the mother country, as did the American States, a union for defence might bring about the required conditions. In size New Zealand is about equal to the British Islands. It is divided into three large islands. The northern island, of which Auckland is the principal town, is the most fertile, though not the largest. The middle island, which is the largest, contains 55,224 square miles. The western coast of this island is fringed by high mountains, the loftiest of which, Mount Cook, is 12,349 feet.

There is a considerable difference in the climate of the two main islands, though, for the most part it may be defined as temperate. We have seen snow once or twice during the last winter, and on some of the mountains it lies all the year. The flora and fauna of the country are most varied, and in many ways quite distinct from that of Australia. Of the flora kingdom, two thirds of the species found here are entirely confined to these islands. There seems to be no wild animals of any kind, but a large variety of birds unknown elsewhere. Skeletons are found here of the moa, a gigantic bird, now quite extinct. The Maoris, the original inhabitants of the country, are now fast disappearing. Those that remain are admitted to equal political rights with their white conquerors. At present they have four native members of Parliament, whose Maori speeches before the House have to be translated by an interpreter.

A few nights since we attended a seance where the medium was controlled by a Maori, and handled fire without its burning him. The medium, speaking under control of a Maori, told us that these islands are the remains of what was once a great continent, and that the Maoris are the last of a race that had inhabited another continent across the sea.

So far as we can learn the Maoris are a remarkable people in many ways. They are thorough believers in spirit communion, faith healing, and prophecy, and seem to have been familiar for a long time with telepathy and many things we are only just discovering. Judge Manning, one of the earliest settlers here, describes some of their religious observances. I am informed by those who know him well that the things he relates are strictly true; so I transcribe for you the following description of a remarkable seance:

A young chief who had been very popular and greatly respected in his tribe had been killed in battle. At the request of his friends, the *tohunga* (medium or priest) had promised to call up his spirit. The Judge having been a great friend of the young man, was invited to witness the ceremony. The young chief was one of the first of his tribe to learn to read and write. Among other unusual things for a native to do he kept a register of deaths and births, and a journal of remarkable events which happened in the tribe. Now this book was lost. The Judge, wishing to see it, could find no trace of it. None of his

relatives knew what he had done with it. In describing the seance, the Judge says: "The appointed time came, and at night we all met the *tohunga* in a large room. Fires were lit which gave an uncertain, flickering light. The priest retired to the darkest corner. All was expectation, and the silence was only broken by the sobbing of the sister and other female relatives of the dead man. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a voice came out of the darkness, 'Salutation, salutation to you, my tribe, my family. I salute you, friends, I salute you. My *pakeha* (native name for white man) friend, I salute you.' Our feelings were taken by storm. A cry expressive of affection and despair came from the sister of the dead chief, a fine, stately and really handsome woman of about five and twenty. She was rushing, with both arms extended, into the dark from whence the voice came. She was instantly seized around the waist by her brother, and restrained by main force, till, moaning and fainting, she lay still on the ground. At the same instant another voice was heard from a young girl who was held by the wrists by two young men, her brothers. 'Is it you? Is it you? Truly, is it you? *Aue!* *aue!* they hold me! Wonder not that I have not followed you; they restrain me; they watch me; but I go to you; the sun shall not rise—the sun shall not rise—*aue!* *aue!* Here she fell insensible on the rush floor, and with the sister was carried out. The remaining women were all weeping and exclaiming, but were silenced by the men, who were themselves nearly as much excited though not so clamorous. The spirit spoke again: 'Speak to me, the tribe; speak to me, the family; speak to me, the *pakeha*.' The *pakeha*, however, was not, at the moment, inclined for conversation. The deep distress of the two women, the evident belief of all around him of the presence of the spirit, and the novelty of the scene gave rise to a state of feeling not favorable to conversational powers. At last the brother spoke: 'How is it with you? Is it well with you in that country?' The answer came: 'It is well with me; my place is a good place.' The voice, all through, it is to be remembered, was not the voice of the *tohunga*, but a strange, melancholy sound, like the sound of the wind blowing into a hollow vessel. The brother spoke again: 'Have you seen — and —?' [I forget the names mentioned.] 'Yes; they are all with me.' A woman's voice, from another part of the room, anxiously cried out: 'Have you seen my sister?' 'Yes; I have seen her.' 'Tell her my love is great towards her and never will cease.' 'Yes; I will tell.' An idea now struck me, and I said: 'We cannot find your book; where have you concealed it?' The answer instantly came: 'I concealed it between the *tapu* of my house and the thatch, straight over you as you go in at the door.' Here the brother rushed out; all was silence till his return. In five minutes he came back with the book in his hand. I was beaten, but made another effort: 'What have you written in that book?' 'A great many things.' 'Tell some of them.' 'Which of them?' 'Any of them.' 'You are seeking for some information; what do you want to know? I will tell you.' Then, suddenly, 'Farewell, O tribe; farewell, my family; I go!' Here a general and impressive cry of 'Farewell, arese from every one in the house. 'Farewell,' again cried the spirit, from deep beneath the ground. 'Farewell,' again from high in the air; 'Farewell,' again came moaning from a distance, through the darkness of the night."

As a sequel to this, the young girl who had fainted, saying, "The sun shall not rise," kept her word, and killed herself before morning, in order to follow her sweetheart into the land of the morning after death.

Many other similar stories of communion between the seen and the unseen are told of the Maoris.

In some things we have felt much more at home in New Zealand than in Australia. Many things are more American. One reason for this home feeling is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that my boyhood was spent in England, and that here one sees all the familiar shrubbery, the laurel, the Christmas holly, and the gorse-bush, covered with its yellow blossoms all through the winter. I shall long remember the joy I experienced the day I landed here, when, on going out for a stroll, I found the grass gemmed by the wayside

with the wild English daisy, bringing back the days in my boyhood when I had picked them in the green lanes of Kent, and strung them into garlands with which to adorn the girl I loved the best. Ah! those halcyon days! when a yellow primrose was more valued than a yellow sovereign. How beautiful this world would be if we could all of us always preserve our love for the flowers. It is to me a beautiful sign that the spiritual knowledge of the immortal life always quickens the heart into a fresh spring time and love of all natural and beautiful things. Spiritualists in all parts of the world instinctively, in all their religious services, make much use of the flowers.

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AUCKLAND, N. Z., Sept. 22, '87.

This letter came to a stand-still here, we finding that, through a delay, we could not reach Auckland in time for the mail to San Francisco.

We have met with a warm and generous welcome here, and a striking illustration of the last sentence written on shipboard, concerning flowers, the friends here having loaded the platform every Sunday evening with a profusion we have only seen equalled at the Metropolitan Temple. The back ground was hung with various flags, in the center of which was the dear old flag, with its ever welcome stars and stripes.

Among the prominent Spiritualists here are Mr. McCullough, publisher of *The Evening Bell*, Mr. Potter, and Mr. James Cox, who is quite a remarkable psychometrist. When Prof. Denton was here he obtained from him many fine readings of specimens. Mr. Cox having convinced the people here that such a power exists, Mrs. Chainey has obtained a large class for psychic culture.

We expect to make a short visit to Napier and Wellington, at both of which places Spiritualism has many earnest friends.

It is now spring time, and the fruit trees are in blossom. But to write so much of flowers makes one homesick for California, the paradise of flowers. Welcome will be the day when we shall once more pass through the Golden Gate. At present unfinished work still holds us here. Several societies and schools have been started; and our magazine has been re-born, and as soon as we can trust our children here to stand alone we shall return to actualize our steadfast purpose to have an ideal school for the soul, and medial unfoldment through a well proved system of psychic and physical culture on California's sun-kissed and flower-gemmed shores.

With love and blessings to all friends—in which my companion joins—I am Faithfully yours,

GEORGE CHANEY.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.—A blessing on the cheerful people—man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to Nature—what joy is to the stricken heart—are cheerful persons in the houses and by the wayside. They go unobtrusively and unconsciously about their silent and useful mission, brightening up society round about them with happiness always beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them; we love the expression of their eyes, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, oh! so quickly, amidst the dense crowd, and passing by the frowning brows and lips drawn at their corners, glide near, and laying a confiding little hand on their knee, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.

ANIMAL FLESH AS FOOD.—The use of animal flesh as an article of daily food is as injurious as it is unnecessary and wasteful. Whatever may be, have been, or in some instances may yet be, the necessities for the use of flesh meat, where sufficient supplies of grain, fruit, and vegetables were or are impracticable, we have now in our favored times, with our modern conveniences and quick conveyance of country products, not the slightest excuse for continuing what must be considered a rude and barbarous custom—the relic of times which are best left in the obscurity of forgetfulness. With our greater advantages we need not continue the crude customs of the past, but aim at a pure life, physical as well as moral.—*Health, Happiness, and Longevity, by Archibald Hunter.*

Death of Blucher.

[Translated from the French.]

After the events, through which the map of Europe was completely altered in 1815, the Prussian Field Marshal Blucher, the savior of Wellington at Waterloo, and whom nobody liked because of his rudeness and brutality, was put on the retired list. Disheartened by his removal and reduced to inaction and obscurity, he left Berlin and went to reside in his castle situated in Pomerania. Soon, he fell into a deep melancholy, rendered more intense by drowsy and inflammation of the chest. A strange change in his character took place. That rough soldier became timid, even poultrous. He would not remain alone in the darkness; solitude threw him into singular anguishes. His state of health was reported to the King, who esteemed and loved him a great deal. The monarch, having heard that at several times the Marshal had expressed the desire of seeing him once more before he died, resolved to visit him.

Leaving Berlin in the morning, the King of Prussia arrived in Kriebitz early in the evening. Immediately he was conducted to Blucher's room. The sick man, then aged seventy-four years, was reclining on a sofa placed before a large chimney, in which enormous logs of wood were burning. Their flames illuminated the room and cast mobile and red reflections on the features of the old man wrapped up in bearskin. At the entrance of his sovereign in his apartment, Blucher tried to rise out of respect for his august visitor, who prevented him from doing so. The King took a chair and sat by the side of the Marshal.

Blucher ordered to be left alone with his master. When every one had left the room he said:

"Sire, I have humbly requested your Majesty to come here in this castle of Kriebitz; rather than not see you I would have gone to Berlin myself, although I am dying. I have a secret to confide to your Majesty, a terrible one. Will my King allow me to speak?"

"Certainly, my dear Marshal."

"Before listening to my narrative, sire, look at me well. Assure yourself that I am in the full possession of my senses, and that I am not a lunatic. Sometimes, I believe to be on the very verge of insanity, and I doubt if I am not taking yesterday's visions for a remembrance of days gone by. But no!" added he, drawing a gold bracelet from his pocket; "no, all is true, all is real, and I am sure of what I am saying."

"Listen to me, your Majesty: "When, in 1756, the Seven Years' war began, my father, who inhabited his castle of Gross Renzow, sent me to the manor of our relatives, situated in Rugen Island. After a while, the Russian Government offered me the grade of cornet in the 'Black Hussars Regiment.' I accepted of a furlough to afford me the opportunity of paying a visit to my family, that I had not seen for months. A leave of absence was granted to me.

"On my way to Gross Renzow I found all that part of the Mecklenburg horribly devastated. Arriving about four miles from home I became aware that my carriage could not ascend the new, steeply road conducting to the house of my ancestors. I abandoned it, and pursued my journey on horseback, followed by my servants.

"It was fifty-nine years ago this very day, the 12th of August, and at the hour indicated now by this antique clock—half past eleven. A dreadful tempest shook the trees, the flashes of lightning blinded me, and the reports of thunder deafened me; the rain was pouring. After galloping quite a while in the forest I arrived before the castle alone; my servant had lost his way through the inclemency of the weather.

"Without dismounting, I knocked at the door with my whip. Nobody answered my call that I repeated three times without being answered. Out of patience, I alighted from my horse, ascended the stoop and entered the castle. No light, no noise anywhere. I avow that my heart went to my throat and a chill crept through my body.

"What foolishness!" thought I; 'the castle is deserted; my family has gone to

Continued on Eighth Page.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Egyptian Religion.

BY DR. JOHN ALVYN.

It may be interesting and profitable to study briefly the religious ideas of a people who have so much to do in the genesis of Judaism and Christianity. It is desirable to get at the heart of the system of ideas or philosophy as held by their thinkers; and to sift it out from the mass of crude ideas and superstitious observances which always grow up and obtain credence with the uncultivated portion of every people in all ages.

Religious beliefs are the results of the struggles of the human intellect to solve the problems presented by the mysteries of existence and our environment. Some will accept this proposition as universal, while others concede its truth with regard to all religions except their favorite one, for which they claim the direct inspiration of Deity. The evidence for this partiality on the part of the Universal Father does not appear satisfactory except to those who are so egotistical as to think they are the especial favorites of heaven.

As a general proposition, it may, with truth, be said that the religion of every people is as good as they are capable of appreciating, and the only way to improve their religion is to improve the average grade of their intellects by the cultivation of successive generations, so as to raise the general intelligence.

The doctrine of the future existence of the soul was firmly held by the ancient Egyptians. It inclined to run into the unscientific idea of the resurrection of the body; and this is supposed to be the origin of building costly mausoleums of granite, and embalming bodies and preserving mummies. We should look leniently on the superstitions of ancient nations before the dawn of positive science, remembering that the Apostle's Creed affirms the resurrection of the body; and the fourth article of the Episcopal church creed affirms that Christ arose from the dead, and took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, wherewith he ascended into heaven.

Rawlinson claims that the religion and civilization of Egypt came originally with migrations from Asia; but others claiming to speak for ancient spirits teach that it was brought from the lost Atlantis, where it had been elaborated by countless ages of progress by natural evolution. There may be truth in both these theories, but it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the matter.

The Egyptian religion taught that after death the soul descended into the lower world and was conducted to the Hall of Truth, where it was adjudged by forty-two assessors. Anubis, the son of Osiris, brought forth a pair of scales, and after placing in one a figure, the emblem of truth or perfection of life, set in the other a vase containing the good deeds of the deceased. Thoth, the scribe, recorded the result. If the good deeds weighed down the scales, then the happy soul was permitted to enter the boat of the sun, and was conducted by good spirits to the Elysian Fields (Aahlu), the dwelling place of the blest. If, on the contrary, the good deeds were insufficient, the unhappy soul was sentenced to a series of transmigrations depending on the degree of the deceased's demerits. If these protracted punishments failed to work out the purification of the soul, and it proved itself incurable, Osiris pronounced upon it the final sentence of annihilation.

The good soul was freed from its infirmities by passing through purgatorial fires in the presence of geni, and lived three thousand years in the presence of Osiris, after which it returned and re-entered its former body—rose from the dead, and lived once more upon earth. This process was repeated through a magic cycle of years, when to crown all, the good and blessed attained the final joy of union with God, being absorbed into the divine essence from which all souls had once emanated, and so attained the perfection and true end of existence.

From much of this that is purely superstitious it is easy to sift out a residuum of rational truth that is equal to anything the most favored nations have attained to after a progress of from two to five thousand years. It is certainly nearer to truth, reason and benevolence than the theological doctrine of endless hell torment of the last and the beginning of this century, and which still issues forth from our theological schools like a poisonous miasma to blight the germs of humanity in our common nature. Animals that can not be cured are often killed to relieve them of their useless misery. And it would seem far more beneficent to reduce an incurable soul to utter annihilation than by some inconceivable process to preserve them from endless torment. In this world, where suicide is so common, it is not so terrible a thing to lose one's conscious existence, unless some future phase of existence is far better than this.

The preponderant teaching of Spiritualism is that the germs of every human being are so far alike that they will eventually progress to a condition of harmony and happiness. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and in our condition of knowledge, or rather lack of knowledge, it is as susceptible of proof as any other. This view is entirely consistent with the doctrine which all nature teaches of the individual responsibility for con-

scious acts. Franklin, with his common sense, taught that it was not well to attack the doctrines of established religion. Some ancient philosophers have taught the same. That may have been right in their days. But now it is different. We live in a transition period. The dawning light is approaching with increasing splendor, and it is right, if not a duty, to lampoon the theology of the dark ages on every proper occasion.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Psychometry vs. Prophecy.

[BY A. F. MELCHERS.]

Prophecy is the art of foretelling effects by the causes which are sensed in connection with the object, place or person, on which or whom the mind is centered, or *en rapport* with. To sense or feel a cause, or the influence which arises or emanates from it, man must be sensitive, or psychometric, as it were. To be psychometric, is to be gifted with a degree of sensitiveness, or a sensibility which perceives or senses beyond effects, *i. e.*, has or obtains a consciousness of the influences which precede effects, or which emanate from the cause in action or motion—it being understood that all causes have or constitute motion in itself.

To be psychometric, therefore, is to be more or less prophetic, provided the psychometrist understands the meaning of the influences felt, beyond the mere delineation of a person's character through the *rapport*, or through the influences sensed during the *rapport*.

To sense a feeling of buoyancy, or happiness emanating from a brother mortal, indicates a force of love, sufficiently active to be felt above all other qualifications. In other words, having a cause upon him, whose influences betray the true nature of the individual. To sense this, man may portray a bright future, or one freed from trials, misgivings or ill-omens. Not that love is exactly entitled to this, but one who has reached this state of positive or spiritual unfoldment, is not only clairvoyant enough to avoid trouble, but is neither easily discouraged, and this in consequence of his positively cheerful condition.

Ill-omens are usually due to mental or spiritual darkness, and persons who have love developed are not in this darkness, thus always enabled to prepare for exigencies or control surrounding circumstances in a measure. If not sufficiently to prevent it, at all events are not taken by surprise, for, be it remembered, such are not only discerning in nature, but keenly intuitive to the guidance, warnings and impressions of spirits, who, like themselves, have higher light or are very discerning; and as like attracts like, the benevolent, charitable, sympathetic, or kindly disposed mortals have nothing to fear. But, to the contrary, selfish ones are visionary—like the animal whose nature it is to be selfish, and probably due to the fact that self-preservation is supposed to be the first law of nature, and from which it probably took its rise. But visionary they are to the extent that selfishness governs them, and according to this, they wander in darkness or blunder through life generally. Such also lack intuition, and are consequently dependent on their own wits for guidance, and if they have spirit attractions, the same must be a counterpart of themselves, thus unable to render them much assistance, and if anything, are most likely to fill them with fear, misgiving, gloom, and often sadness—such being the natural condition of selfish spirits. Not having done anything to make anybody happy in the past, they simply feel the reaction, or, in fact, the positive action of their selfish forces—these being in discord with the animating, active and buoyant conditions of nature, and finding no other *rapport* possible except with brute creation (like attracting like), they feel anything but buoyant or cheerful, and naturally, like these, feel inert, inactive, listless. Such conflicts with the divinity in man, his soul nature, and the consequence is depression or dependency of spirits. A mortal may keep himself above this by material duties or labors, but a spirit in this condition has no such duties to perform, nor any material body in which to shield himself from the keenly acting laws of nature on his disorders, and in his despair, hangs on to, or obsesses mortals for protection or comfort, ease or relief. Of course this adds to a mortal's misery, and besides his own trials, he has the anguish, mental suffering, regrets and sorrows of selfish spirits to bear in the bargain.

This seems unjust, but it is natural, nevertheless, for, be it known, the laws of spirit are consistent, and as well as love attracts happy or loving spirits, self-love attracts unhappy or selfish, or vitality absorbing spirits. Those who only take in, and give nothing out, develop a force for this effect, and as spirits can not aid mortals, but, to the contrary, rob them of strength or vital power instead. But as like attracts like, there is always a reason for such attractions present if they will only be sought after, and the mortal who finds his shortcomings can always offset such attractions by a little benevolence or charity for others beside himself. Pitying self, craving for sympathy, or moping in silence because they have no one to love, does not relieve one's misery. No one could love such a condition if they were to try. Self-love repels in every

instance, and those who are troubled with it, will always be more or less doleful, despondent, melancholy and the like, because, in the first place, they are in discord with nature, and secondly, attract gloomy, doleful and despondent spirits to their side. Now, such influences are sensed by the psychometrist as well as by a buoyant or happy ones, and when *en rapport* with a mortal, and he experiences a sadness, melancholy, dependency, or any depressing influence, he may feel assured that he is *en rapport* with selfish conditions, or a state of being which is directly in opposition to love, or that condition of nature which constantly gives, imparts and bestows, and which is consequently buoyant or happy according to circumstances.

To prophecy from this standpoint, and especially when making this discovery in early youth, when trials have not yet tempered the spirit, one may safely see trouble ahead that will adduce suffering in comparison to the depression felt, or low pressure on the mortal's barometric scale, so to say. The intensity of selfishness may be gauged by the oppression or stifling sensation which accompanies the depressed or low pressure, and according to this, the being will be visionary, inactive, repulsive, or out of harmony with his fellow mortals as well as with nature, and consequently have a struggle to make ends meet throughout life—except he be born rich, and even then he will meet with trials from which none, that are selfish, will or can be exempt.

When not offset by active labor, or sufficient material duties to keep the blood in activity, selfishness breeds disease which is more or less trying in nature, and makes many a one desire an exchange with some poor but healthy mortal. Selfish forces, it must be remembered, are in discord with nature, the same repelling such conditions as human nature repels it, only that in the latter it seems to be repelled instead of repelling. But this is of no consequence as long as one knows that the feeling of repulsion denotes selfishness, and by which influence we are made conscious of another's true inwardness, and whose condition is nearer akin to the animal than to a mortal being, and being *en rapport* with the condition it most resembles, accounts much for the listlessness (indolence) that selfish mortals are subjected to.

Indolence in conjunction with the spiritual atmosphere (aura), which surrounds animals, must have an unhealthy effect on a human creature finally, and if it does not vitiate the blood in all instances, it certainly must have a depressing effect on the spirit of man, making the same melancholy as a compromise emotion between love or intelligence and animalism or brute nature, as already manifested in the dog when its emotions rises above its brute nature. So man becomes melancholy (morbid sentimentality) as he indulges in emotions below his state of being, whether in the form of direct selfishness, or love perverted by sensuality. To love sensually has the same effect on the being that selfishness has, and makes melancholy in the end, and in psychometrizing this condition, one feels an influence of languor or drowsiness accompanying the depressed feeling. To prophecy the future of such, one would have to take their force of sensuality into consideration. If this has become a passion, either restrictions in cash or marital troubles, co-mingled with jealousy, etc., are most likely to follow. But if no passion is sensed, this may be tempered accordingly, or as intuition directs, for most sensitives are more or less impressionable and thus aided by spirits in their delineations. But to sense passion denotes trials, whether sensual, selfish or arrogant. Sensual passions always make drowsy or sleepy, and in comparison to the force exerted on the sensitive in this respect, the passion is active. Selfish passions in the form of hatred, malice, envy, jealousy, avarice, or faultfinding, have a reverse effect, causing the sensitive to become irritable, captious, worried, and often provoked by the *rapport*; but this only in comparison to the lack of harmony of conditions. When in a positive state of mind, or favorable conditions are prevailing, a dreaminess or pensiveness is manifested instead. But if sensual passion exists in conjunction with the above, this pensiveness becomes so intense as to lose one's self into temporary unconsciousness, to be suddenly awakened as if from a dream or a veritable sleep.

Arrogance or false pride has an entirely different effect again, this making the sensitive restless, perturbed, nervous or tremulous, according to circumstances. If simply conceited, vain, or self-righteous, one feels restless or mentally disturbed; but if directly arrogant or self-sufficient, one becomes nervous or agitated by the *rapport*—arrogance being perverted will-power, and exerts this effect on the psychometrist in opposition to what true will-power or humility causes, viz.: a calm, tranquil or peaceful influence. Arrogance naturally meets with disappointments or humiliations, and when the above evil is sensed, it is easy to prophecy accordingly.

To sense these influences in connection with whole cities, towns, dwellings or places, like incidents may be prophesied—the laws of nature having the same effect on communities as the same acting through man, has on man, or in many cases directly where discords exists. To sense carnality as the highest prevailing influence in a community or dwelling, disease or an epidemic may be prophesied; to sense selfishness, dull times or a panic may be prophesied; and to sense arro-

gance, a conflict with nature may be expected—the general aura of the community causing a discord with nature, and which discord must neutralize itself in direct connection with said community or people, whether in the form of an earthquake, cyclone, or other disturbances of nature.

Such may be regarded as the individual method of prophesying, although intuition and impression are undoubtedly the ancient methods, or before psychometry was as universally unfolded as it is at present. But by practice every one can become a psychometrist to some extent, and once perfected in this, he will also be able to prophesy.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct., 1887.

Mystery and Meaning in Nature.

[The Unitarian Herald.]

Every sight and sound, every real experience of nature, to the thoughtful, observing man, helps to calm his mind and put him into that state in which he is most purely moral and nobly spiritual. Man, indeed, has many feelings toward nature, as he catches sight of the myriad aspects of sea and sky, hill and plain. But, besides these feelings flowing from him in answer to its endless variety and changing forms, there is also a deep, abiding feeling toward it as a whole. For nature is a unity; and, as the expression, the word, of the Supreme Mind, it calls forth emotions which subdue the soul while uplifting and expanding its higher faculties. For is it not the outward aspect of God himself, just as the uttered thought is the outer side of the man whose mind it expresses?

In all high expressions of mind we touch some underlying, ineffable good of the spiritual world, of which the visible and audible good is but the symbol and showing forth. The human soul, at its best, is like a window through which we look into interior reality. So it is with the uttered thought of God which we call Nature. As we gaze upon it, it is with awe that we call to mind that it has a meaning beyond itself. Specially is it so with the most thoughtful, as the mystery of it breaks in light that dazzles upon the soul. We learn facts that we can not explain, we are certain of much we do not understand. Consider the law of orderly processes we note in the seasons. What a mystery there is therein! The farmer's work is a co-operation with the forces of nature; but what seems commoner, pleasanter, than the soil turned by his plow? Away from the fields, we know it as dirt. Yet it is the storehouse of our food, not less of our nicest delicacies than of our common fare. We may scatter our seed anywhere else, and it will not grow, or if we lock it up in our storehouse it will not increase. To hoard it is to make it useless; but, when we scatter it in the ground, we find that it meets with conditions that no eye has ever seen, no sense discerned, and no instrument ever weighed, however nicely adjusted; for those conditions are spiritual, the power of God, waiting there to work upon it and infuse life into it when his law is rightly obeyed. With all his cunning, the most skillful farmer can not create a harvest. He may invent improved plows, with curious curves that will turn the soil more deftly and deeply at the same time, and add other machines to economize time and labor; but he can not avoid the necessity of burying the seed in the mysterious ground, along with what would be a nuisance in either house or street. He sleeps at night, he toils at other work, thinks of other things, and attends to other concerns; and, lo! the winds blow, the showers come down, the nights and days pass, the sun shines, and soon the tender blade appears above the naked earth, and then the shoot, the stalk, the ear, and the full corn in the ear.

We talk of supernatural mysteries, but we have natural ones every year in myriads, which, if we could see only once in a lifetime, we should gaze upon with hushed breath and awed spirit. They are not less wonderful to the thoughtful man because they are so common.

Alas! we ignore the real miracles God works in and through nature, while we listen with eager credulity to stories from the past not half so marvelous. For instance, who will solve the mystery, and tell us *why* ice will congeal in the latter part of the year in the same temperature at which it will melt in Spring? And why will a drop of water outweigh the atmosphere more than seven hundred times, when the elements of which it is composed, the oxygen and the hydrogen, separate and apart, are each several times lighter than the atmosphere? Pouchet tells us ("Universe," p. 10) that a "single microzoon has no weight. Placed in the most sensitive balance, it does not impart to it the slightest oscillation. The whale, on the other hand, attains a length of one hundred feet and a weight of two hundred tons, which is more than the weight of three thousand men; and yet the profusion of vital apparatus in the microzoa sometimes exceeds that which is in these large animals and many others." Who shall solve this mystery for us?

Dr. McGLYNN is not particularly remarkable as a politician or political economist. But, as a sign of the times in the ecclesiastical world, he is a man of mark. A new era in the Catholic church dates from his rebellion.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Summer Shower.

BY LAURA A. BAKER.

There is nothing so sublime as a Summer shower. The thirsty fields are brown and sere with their load of dust. The leaves are curled. The air seems thick and heavy. The sultry sun has hidden behind a cloud. Nothing seems in imminent danger, and yet all nature seems preparing for an event. A breeze has sprung up and lulled away again. Suddenly a dark cloud comes hurrying from somewhere, no one knows just where; but nature felt its coming before human eyes saw it. A few more puffs of sultry air, and all things sink to repose. I stand in my door and gaze. Why all this hush? Who spoke the word that bade the breeze be still? Even the leaves forget to tremble and stand poised on tiptoe. The bird, the bee, and the fowl, have sought their shelter. Somewhere in the great distance a power greater than that of man has spoken, and the tones have reached the earth. Softer than Æolian strain was earth's prayer—so soft and low that only the great black cloud heard soft and sweet as only a leaf and a flower can speak; as only the seared grass, and the burned earth can ask for the refreshing shower that is hidden in yonder black cloud. Who drew it together, and by what power? Ask of the winds that died just now; ask of the breeze that is again returning; ask of the great sun who looks down on the powers below; ask of the forked lightning that springs from cloud to cloud, and the rumbling car that comes tumbling down, and seems to threaten the very earth with a crash. Ask of yon tree, that a moment ago waved its branches, and now lies prostrate in the path; and of the pattering rain that now comes pouring down. I close the door and think: How frail is man! He draws his substance from the great earth that begs it from the clouds; he breathes of the air that whispers to the wind; he defies his Maker in his every-day life, and trembles before an approaching storm which spends its fury in five minutes and is gone. A moment ago all was common; now the great black cloud has traveled along; and the wind has gone with it. The earth that looked so shriveled and dried this morning is again fresh and green, and ready for another campaign.

O earth, great earth!

O sky, blue sky!

O storm, wild storm!

Who spoke the word, or sent the power,

That gave to us this Summer shower?

State Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

To-morrow (Oct. 29th) the State Association of the Spiritualists of Oregon meet at Buckman's Hall, East Portland. It will be their first annual meeting since its organization. One year ago, this organization started off under the most favorable auspices, and all thought much good would be the result; but from some cause thus far, very little of practical work has been done. May we not hope that such action will be had as will put the organization into working order? Had proper steps been taken from the first, we would have had at least fifty auxiliary societies in the State; but the old saying, "There is no use crying over spilled milk," applies in this case. When Spiritualists are fully awake to the importance of doing something, then they will; but, thus far, it seems that a feeling of don't care prevails.

Of course, the good work will go right along in spite of us, but it does seem a pity that Spiritualists can not go to work in good earnest in a practical, common-sense way. And if they should, and show one-half the zeal they profess, the whole world would become converted, when the millennial dawn would be broad daylight.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Oct. 28, 1887.

How to Realize Our Divine Heritage.

[Read before the Gnostic Society of San Francisco, Oct. 25, 1887, by Miss Ellen A. Penniman.]

First, we have to uproot our childish belief in earthly parentage, and realize the truth that we are born of the Eternal, related to all life that is, whether expressed in outward form, or in the spiritual or in the potential realm of causation. In the universal we live and move, and have our being. Goodness and truth are our habitation. Our inheritance all that is.

God's spirit, full of infinite goodness, is everywhere, including all outward expression, therefore we need not necessarily look afar off, up into some fancied heavenly place, to find our divine soul, but freeing our mortal mind from the old limitation of time, and sense, and space, we may *here, and now*, behold the divine splendor. Light everywhere, within and without, sensing from the innermost the harmony of harmonies, the divine unity.

Dr. H. M. Fields, editor of the *Evangelist*, has taken Robert G. Ingersoll in hand, with a view to his conversion. We shall watch the process with great interest. When Col. Ingersoll gets in his rejoinder, the interest, no doubt, will deepen.

Jesse Shepard at Home.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As you have copied a description of "Villa Montezuma" from the *Daily Union* of San Diego, and as a great many of Mr. Shepard's friends, who read the *GOLDEN GATE*, are interested in what is going on in his new home, I have determined to send you some details not published in the account given in the *Union*. Indeed, all who have visited this artistic home, unite in pronouncing it an impossible thing to correctly describe it either as to the general harmony of design, or viewed in separate pictures from one room to the other.

"Villa Montezuma" was not intended to be, and is not a palace, as it is so often called by those who have seen it and spoken of it. Its beauty does not lie in the amount of money expended on it, for there are palaces in San Francisco which cost more than all the fine houses in San Diego combined, so that we must look for other causes, besides mere cost, why competent critics have decided that this marvel of art and beauty stands alone on this continent, if not in the world. The secret lies in one thing, and may be explained in a few words: Mr. Shepard's remarkable taste. There has not been a single detail from the first drawing of the plans to the hanging of the last picture on the walls, that was not closely scrutinized and criticised from an artistic standpoint, and wherever there seemed to be the slightest error against good taste, or inharmoniousness of color and effect, changes were made, in many instances a dozen times over, until the arrangement seemed, in Mr. Shepard's eyes, to be at last perfect. Throughout the entire house this kind of work has been done, to the great strain of nerve and physical endurance, until at times it seemed part of this great work must be given up. Only the consciousness of accomplishing a lasting benefit to real art, sustained Mr. Shepard during this ordeal.

I must pass over, having no words fittingly to describe, the classical elegance and Oriental air of the music-room, for it is one of those rare things in the realms of perfected art that must be seen, not only by the naked eye, but by the light of illuminated perception. I can not better describe the feelings which this room inspires than by quoting the words of a cultured friend of mine, who, upon entering, remarked: "This room is to be entered with a reverential feeling," and the remark was a most fitting one, as that was Mr. Shepard's intention in carrying out the designs of this unique and awe-inspiring salon.

Passing from this room into the drawing-room, one's feelings are at once changed. A home-like atmosphere prevails, but the cultured visitor is never for a moment permitted to lose sight of the artistic everywhere carried out. Everything is in its place, and all the colors seem to blend into each other, and there is nothing here that meets the eye abruptly, nothing that takes the attention exclusively, but a dozen different effects, in different portions of the room, challenge the closest criticism. On the beautiful black walnut mantel are a pair of large, bronze statues representing an Egyptian musician and a dancing girl. Rare satsuma, and other vases, filled with orange blossoms and roses, give a delightful perfume; fresh blossoms and flowers being continually supplied by Mr. Shepard's friends. But this, like the music-room, is quite impossible to describe, and I must leave all the rooms on the first floor and pass up to Mr. Shepard's sanctum, where he sits and converses with intimate friends, reads, writes, and lives. This room is about 22x25 feet, and is rendered doubly effective to the eye by being well broken up by recesses here and there, and a beautiful Spanish cedar stairway leading up to the tower immediately above. The effect is striking and original. One side of the room contains ten windows in irregular form, looking out upon the sea and the mountains. But here, as elsewhere, I find the same drawback to an adequate description. Every square foot of the walls is covered with pictures, both large and small, of some celebrity, living or dead; Mr. Shepard's friends, acquaintances and favorites,—most of them presents. And here the visitor to "Villa Montezuma" is initiated into the intimate environments, tastes and inclinations of the celebrated writer and musician who inhabits it.

In this room are displayed, in a prominent and positive manner, Mr. Shepard's personal characteristics as an individuality in art and literature. Over a beautiful organ is a large steel engraving of Meyerbeer, with his five chief operas represented by figures in the background; the picture, a masterpiece of itself, is set off to advantage in a deep bronze frame. Below this, to one side of the organ, is a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Siddons, the greatest of England's tragic queens; and Felicia Hemans next to this; then comes the Princess D'Ursini, on the other side, with Richard Wagner, George Eliot, and Rosini, all of whom bear the stamp of genius in feature and pose. A bust of Beethoven, in bronze, occupies a niche near Wagner. In other portions of the room are portraits, pictures and busts of Gambetta, Prof. Jacob Krauss, the celebrated philologist of Jerusalem, Palestine, bearing the inscription, "To my friend, Jesse Shepard, the musical wonder of the

world, Boston, Nov. 7, 1880," Buffon, the Countess Batowska, the brilliant writer and journalist of Paris, a face of great beauty and distinction, bearing the inscription, "To M. Jesse Shepard, testimony of sympathy, Paris, March 30, 1887"; Spontini, one of the early Italian masters; Florence Maryatt, the well-known novelist; La Salle, the famous baritone of Paris; Edgar A. Poe, Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago; an exquisite portrait in water colors of Marie Koze, the famous prima donna; Alexander II., of Russia; Verdi, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Dalcroix, the French poet; Got, the greatest French comedian; the Emperor Wilhelm, of Germany; Paganini, von Humboldt, Carlyle, Tasso, Victor Hugo, Ouida, the abbe Liszt, Rachel, Elise Picard, Byron, Bellini, Donizetti, Lucie Grange, von Weber, Titien, Michael Angelo, Dante, Racine, the abbe Roux, Milton, Mounet-Sully, Eugene Bonnemere, the French historian; Samuel David, the distinguished French composer, with the inscription, "To my friend, the great artist, Jesse Shepard"; Gastinelle, the director of sacred music in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris; and many more, all set in exquisite and appropriate frames, many of them of peculiar design, no two being alike, and arranged about the walls in a careless yet artistic manner.

But of all these portraits of distinguished men and women, none are more prominent in physical and intellectual beauty than Mr. Shepard's own immediate relatives, his father, mother, and sister, being the most striking. The close observer of human nature never fails to ask who these distinguished looking people are. I have often heard the remark made by persons, after seeing these faces, that Mr. Shepard comes by his gifts, both physically and intellectually, in the most natural manner possible. What an argument is there here in favor of hereditary influence in character and personality!

Next come Mr. Shepard's two cousins, Lord Wolsey and Gen. Grierson; the latter at present commanding the troops of New Mexico, and the former being the great leader in the late Sudan war. In the Grierson portraits are seen the lineaments of Constantia Grierson, the most learned woman of her day, whose mantle has fallen on more than one of her descendants, of whom Mr. Shepard himself is the most remarkable.

The effect of all these pictures representing genius in so many forms, blends in a striking manner with the furniture in this gem of a room. A large antique oak cabinet and a Japanese what-not are laden with objects of art and bric-a-brac. Almost everything in this room was presented to Mr. Shepard by friends in different parts of the world.

His life in this home of art, music and literature, is of the simplest kind. Eating but two meals a day, and drinking no coffee, tea, or other stimulants, his mind is kept clear and active for literary and artistic work. He gives no seances whatever, his whole time being occupied with literary work, and receiving visitors, many coming hundreds of miles to see him in his new home.

Several evening receptions have been held each week in order to satisfy his numerous friends, and at these receptions he frequently sings and plays, the music-room offering every requisite condition for the grandest inspirations that have ever come to him. I must say, however, that it is not an easy thing to gain admission to these musical festivities. The curiosity-seeker, the idle gossip, the professional scandal-monger, and the enviously inclined, do not receive invitations. It is Mr. Shepard's intention to present his gifts only to those who know what they are, to those who seek the elevation of spiritualized art and the purest inspirations; in one word, to those seeking intellectual and wisdom from inspirational sources.

He, like other geniuses, finds it necessary to live under a strict regimen in all things in order to make his work effective and lasting, and in consequence he mingles but little with the world; never accepts invitations to evening parties, and never reads the newspapers. All letters, excepting from intimate friends, are opened by his secretary, and all journals and newspapers are read by him first, who marks the articles, which would interest Mr. Shepard, of a harmonious nature. Criticism, abuse and scurrilous attacks he never sees or even hears of. He lives a life apart, loves to commune with nature, and, although having but little time to read, when he does it is such books as Tolstoi, the abbe Roux, Carlyle, Goethe, La Bruyere, Pascal, and the like. He never engages in discussions or reads them in print, and never receives visitors who come for idle curiosity, consuming his precious time by impertinent questions and small talk.

The mere fact of being a Spiritualist is not sufficient to be welcomed at "Villa Montezuma"; a good deal more is necessary; a mind free from envy and selfishness, a heart full of love and sympathy, and an appreciation for all that is good and beautiful, are elements far more precious in Mr. Shepard's eyes, than the mere fact of being a Spiritualist. No money is charged for listening to music here, and perhaps for this reason Mr. Shepard feels justified in being uncommonly particular about whom he admits on such occasions. His friends here agree with him, and applaud his efforts in this direction. It must not be supposed for one moment that the rich, the fashionable, and the ostentatious find special favor at "Villa Montezuma;" on the contrary,

true art, inspiration and philosophy are rarely to be met with among this class, nor does Mr. Shepard cater to their tastes in any way. The humble artist, the obscure student, the struggling scholar, and unrecognized talent of every kind and degree are doubly welcomed at Mr. Shepard's home.

In the future he will have no time for the holding of seances in consequence, as I have said before, of his labors in the sphere of literature. His musical inspirations will be given without money and without price from time to time in special quarters, where he is sure the most good will accrue to the cause of inspirational art.

Yours fraternally,
LAWRENCE W. TONNER.

Allen Putnam.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I attended the venerable Allen Putnam's funeral services; they were held in the Chapel at Forest Hill cemetery to-day, Monday, at 1 o'clock. He passed away very quietly on Friday last at the age of four score and five. So vanished one of the old familiar faces of the Spiritualists; he has been a well known presence among them for some thirty-five years. In his long life he has been active and conspicuous at our gatherings, meetings and reception; always had an honest, earnest word to say whenever he has been called upon. I have heard him several times during the past year or two, saying a pleasant word at the Children's Lyceum or at Eben Cobb's meeting, now and then lecturing at Mr. Ayres' new temple on the Back bay. The pronounced feature of the last thirty odd years of his life was Spiritualism, and his special feature for the last year or two was officiating at funerals. With his great experience and firm belief that there is no death to the real man, he added the lustre of cheerfulness to such solemn occasions more in keeping with the flowers than the tears of such associations. When my old friend, Phineas E. Gay, was laid away a year or two ago, at the age of eighty-two, his remarks were very fitting. There is no cause for sorrow when these old "past due" people pass over, for it must needs be, and who would call them back; no one, not even their dearest friends. They have done their work, and "rest" is their epitaph.

I have been in the habit of meeting Allen Putnam quite often during the past year, and have taken some little pains to say a pleasant word, for I had noticed that he was telling on his physique. Mentally he appeared to be very sound, still I have always felt as if this might be the last time. During this delay on his summons many a younger person has stepped on before him, for the white-robed messenger does not seem to take them in their order.

I saw him about a week ago in that popular place, the *Banner of Light* book store. He has been in the habit of going there most every day. He complained of feeling a little feeble, but that was to be expected; but he was open to bright experiences, and interested me with one that he had lately had at Mrs. Cowan's seance, only a week before. So it was almost a death-bed testimony. It interested me, as I knew the parties. He said a form came for him; he described it to me, but he did not remember or recognize it, and he took his seat. He had given the name of Earys, but that did not help the recognition any. The manager said that the spirit for the venerable brother said, "You officiated at my funeral in the chapel at Forest Hill cemetery." Mr. Putnam remembered the circumstance very well, but having no acquaintance with him in life, he, of course, could not recognize him. The point that pleased me was my own knowledge of the fact, and that my friend Earys, who was a teacher to my son, spoke to me of the death of his father, I not knowing till then that he had died, and remarked, "I had good spiritual services in the chapel at Forest Hill cemetery, Allen Putnam officiating." So the circumstance was fresh when Mr. Putnam told me of it, and when so short a time afterwards I heard of his death, these, to me, last words were both interesting and impressive.

The gathering at the chapel was not large, nor was it generally known—I could not find out at the *Banner's* store—who was to officiate, nor did I learn when until very late, but in season to be there. A few of the veterans were present. F. A. Gould was there, who must be nearly as old, for I can remember him thirty years ago, and he was an old man then; the long, full, white hair of David Wilder was noticeable. A. E. Newton was present; also, Prescott Robinson. I was glad to see, also, the sympathetic face of Luther Colby there; he dropped a tear on the remains in the form of a very handsome and large bouquet. Mr. and Mrs. Eben Cobb I saw, also; and sitting near me was the lecturer, Mrs. Shepard Lillie. These were all the faces that I knew out of seventy-five or eighty in the aggregate. Yes, I forgot; there was Jacob Edson, also one of the veterans; also, Bro. Danforth of the Children's Lyceum. I expected to see a great many more that were not present; but a ride in the cars, horse or steam, of four miles in the middle of the day is rather a drawback, but I always strain a point to attend a funeral, and did so on this occasion.

The Reverend Mr. Tilden officiated.

He is a Unitarian minister of a very spiritual turn of mind; evidently has his eyes open to our truth, and everything he said was in harmony therewith. He spoke interestingly and intelligently of the life and character of Mr. Putnam, remarking that he had the strongest faith in a future life of any one he had ever seen. He, however, did not use the word "Spiritualism," which had never ought to have been omitted of a man so long and so emphatically connected with it. I do not know why the eloquent exponents of our light were ruled out of this affair or omitted. There was present Mrs. Lillie, who could have added a beautiful word to the interesting occasion, and there was Eben Cobb, a man born to attend funerals; these, and others, could have said, without using much time, something that would have gilded the refined gold of the occasion, and by no means have been superfluous. I am not criticising the services; they were extraordinarily good, faultless, rational and sensible, but there was something wanted at Allen Putnam's funeral to show that he was a Spiritualist as well as a Christian. "SHADOWS."

Self-Sacrifice and Other Things.

(Christian Register.)

No one, who does not stand in close relations with the unfortunate, can know how much it means to an invalid whose means are straitened to be taken out into the open air to ride among pleasant scenes, and to forget for an hour the narrow walls and commonplace surroundings of the home. The work done by the "Country Week" is of a different kind. Often, the task of those who entertain the children of the poor is to furnish them with eyes and train them to see the beautiful world around them. But there are thousands who have had the advantages of education, who are sensitive to beauty, who have been awakened in early life to a consciousness of the wonders of the world, and have an eager appetite for knowledge and the enjoyment of nature, but who, by misfortune, have been reduced to poverty. The tragedies they face daily are such as happy and prosperous people like to forget. They often think that their own happiness depends upon their power of forgetting. But they who go cheerfully and cordially into the world of those who have dropped out of society carry with them an atmosphere of sunshine which irradiates not merely the lives of those they bless, but still more directly their own. They miss rare enjoyment who never know what pleasure they can center in little ways, without cost to themselves.

We began to make a note about "Rides for Invalids" and similar benefactions. We are led on to say that for us Unitarians any talk about "self-sacrifice" will be out of order until we have done our full duty, and have lived up to the measure of our opportunity in regard to things which require no sacrifice whatever. Here and there we know a man or woman of limited means who would enjoy all that money can buy of wholesome pleasure, but who habitually lives within his means in order to give to others for the good of the world. Such a "man" (using the word in the generic sense) is commonly a woman. We know a few such who ought to spend more on themselves and less on others. But they are so few that they do not count. To most Unitarians, we say that such things as "devotion" and "self-sacrifice" for religion or charity lie far ahead of us,—something which we may some day arrive at, but not yet. Often, people think that to be benevolent they must practice disagreeable virtues. Often, they might do more good by making their unregarded blessings active agents for the good of others. Their carriages not used, their pictures not looked at, their books unread, their flowers not plucked, their money unspent,—these are the things they might put to work, blessing the world without cost to themselves. Self-sacrifice is a long way off from those who allow such blessings to run to waste daily, while those who by nature and education are as well fitted as they to enjoy them go without.

Suppose it were made a rule that where horses must be exercised, they must be exercised for the good of some one, that pictures should be loaned sometimes to those who would bless the day they came into their homes, that books, read or unread, but not wanted again, should be sent to those who would rejoice in them, and that of all similar blessings it be required that they should not waste away without fulfilling their proper use and function. We could make a new world speedily in such ways, without coming within reach of any real self-sacrifice.

We do not object to self-sacrifice when it is necessary. But we think it better not to talk of it too much, until we have lived through more of the intermediate stages which lead up to it.

A CELEBRATED preacher, spending a few days in a New England village, was invited by the pastor of the church to occupy his pulpit on the Sabbath, which he kindly consented to do. During the opening services, however, he was somewhat surprised to hear himself prayed for in the following manner: "O Lord! bless this dear brother from the city; keep him humble; let him not think he is something when he is nothing!"

Three Wise Men.

(Chicago Herald.)

All Sunday-school stories do not come from the East. A class in a South side school was being instructed in that part of the Scriptures relating to the birth of our Savior. When the miracle of the star of Bethlehem was reached the class was asked by the teacher—

"What followed the star?"

A bright little girl at the head of the class promptly replied—

"Three wise men."

"Correct," responded the teacher, encouragingly, "but where did the wise men come from?"

There was a pause. The child at the head of the class failed, and the question passed along unanswered until a child near the foot ejaculated—

"Boston!"

"Why, my child," said the teacher, "what put that into your head?"

"Well," replied the child, poutingly, "Mary told me that the wise men came from the East, ain't the East Boston?"

The child took first place in the class.

"WHY is this called Jacob's ladder?" asked a charming woman, as he and she were going up the steepest portion of the Mount Washington Railroad. "Because," he replied, with a look which emphasized his words, "there are angels ascending and descending occasionally." He squeezed her hand.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

INTOLERANCE.

"O, wad the power some gille gin
To see anither's ather."

The truly wise man is never bigoted or intolerant. He may be firmly grounded in his convictions and opinions upon all subjects that he has carefully considered; but he never pre-judges a case until the evidence is all in. His mind is always open and receptive to the truth, and he is ever willing to give the opinions of others due consideration.

The average mortal, given to a liberal exercise of his mental faculties, is apt to construct theories of his own on many questions concerning which there may be honest differences of opinion. This is all well enough, provided he does not forget that he is quite as liable to be wrong as is his neighbor from whom he differs; hence, that it might be well to be considerate, and certainly courteous, toward the latter. This would seem to be the only course that the most superficial thinker and reasoner would naturally choose to pursue. And yet how often do we find men utterly intolerant, and even harsh and bitter, toward those who do not accept their theories, or fall in with their modes of reasoning.

Upon no class of questions are men more apt to differ, and often with much acerbity, than those of a religious or spiritual nature. One declares there is no God, another that there is an intelligent, guiding hand at the helm of the universe; that Jesus Christ was a God incarnate in matter, another that he was a myth, or, at best, only a mortal; one holds the doctrine of re-incarnation, another that the spirit begins its eternal journey with the beginning of the house in which it temporarily dwells; one, (a representative of a large class), holds to the belief that mind is a manifestation of brain force simply, and that with the death of the body all manifestation of mind must necessarily cease. And then there comes a vast array of divergent opinions concerning the Bible and its meanings, out of which have grown so many religious sects.

Now we meet with these varied opinions in all the walks of life. For any individual to assume that he is absolutely right, on any of these questions, and every body else absolutely wrong, is not a high exhibition of wisdom, or even of common sense. And yet we find many persons in the spiritualistic ranks who are thoroughly intolerant, and some who will fly into a passion, with whoever ventures to question their positions, or upset their hobbies.

It seems to be almost impossible for some of our writers and speakers to present their thoughts and theories, to the world, through the public press, or from the rostrum, without treating those who may honestly differ with them uncharitably, if not downright uncivilly. This indicates a low order of spiritual development, which all should strive to overcome. The out-breathings of the highly unfolded spiritual nature, are all of good will and brotherly love. In such a nature unkindness finds no abiding place. It may differ with another, but in that difference will be radiated such a loving glow of charity and gentleness, that will convince and win as no harshness ever can.

We kindly offer these thoughts to all contributors to our columns who may ever feel an inclination to offend while they would refute the opinions of others.

BELIEF.—That belief does not make the man, is shown by some statistics regarding the denominational relations of the inmates in the Anamosa Prison, Iowa. Of Catholics there are seventy-seven, Methodists seventy-one, and eighty-two persons of other religious persuasion, and one infidel. We need hardly point out that infidels and Spiritualists have the best of this showing. Perhaps, the main difference between orthodox and the spiritual philosophy is that is but one faith, while the other is knowledge, absolute. Infidelity, with all its hopelessness, is so faithful to itself and the world that it is practically wedded to doing right and good; Spiritualism, knowing that there is no vicarious atonement for sins in the demonstrated hereafter, cordially joins hands with its unbelieving brother, knowing he is fit for the kingdom of heaven which he will inherit in spite of himself. The church and skeptics are still asking what Spiritualism has done for the world. Let our penal institutions answer them.

THE DELIGHT OF KNOWING.

The great skeptical world of humanity, wrapped up as it is in materialism—absorbed in the things of sense, in money-getting, in earthly enjoyments; or, perhaps, weighed down with earthly afflictions,—with never a thought beyond save one of dread and uncertainty—before whom death and the grave are nameless horrors from the contemplation of which the mind turns away with unutterable dismay,—how little do these countless multitudes realize or understand the serene delight that comes of a solution of the problem of future existence. How little do they realize that there are walking in their midst hundreds, yes, thousands of thoughtful souls, to whom death is no more dreadful, and the grave no more a thing of gloom.

Into many lives the light has come that dispels the darkness of the tomb. They are in constant and loving communion with those who have passed on to the other life, and have learned the way of return. They no longer even see, like the Christian world, as "through a glass darkly," but standing face to face with their loved ones from the world of souls, and enwrapped, often, in the radiant presence of the bright and shining ones, they derive such supreme joy as only the true Spiritualist may know.

We appeal to you, reader, who have demonstrated the fact of a future existence, and have enjoyed "the communion of the saints,"—the sweet delights of the interchange of thoughts with the loved ones whose forms went out of your sight as you once thought forever,—would you exchange the knowledge of this fact for aught of temporal satisfaction the world can bestow? What is wealth, or fame, or all the enjoyments of time, to the higher delights of the spirit—to the "soul's calm sunshine" that lights the way to an eternity of growth and unfoldment, ever nearing, but never reaching, that infinite perfection which we call God.

In the light of this faith—faith that is lost in sight and swallowed up in knowledge—is involved all the true happiness of earth. Here is the rose that blossoms amid the brambles of care; here is the silver lining to every cloud of woe. With the soul aglow with this knowledge, how it becomes reconciled to all the ills of life. To such an one poverty and misfortune are nought—the riches of the spirit everything,—and he seeks to lay up treasures of character that shall constitute an everlasting possession in the country to which he is fast journeying.

HER WORST FOE.

The Irish people are to be pitied, not only on account of English persecution and tyranny, but for their own unfortunate constitution as a race. Their inborn habit of intemperance is their great internal national foe that will ever render them the abused and down-trodden of some more sober nations; and when England's rule is broken another will take its place.

The great and noble Gladstone has that faith in the Irish people that he would give them a home government to-morrow were he alone to be consulted. And who does not wish for poor, suffering Ireland, that the faith were not misplaced, and the power were vested solely in the great old statesman's will? But the following statement carries a conviction of hopelessness for the Irish people that is most saddening. The population of England and Wales is twenty-six millions, that of Ireland five millions; but quite half as many more persons are convicted of drunkenness in Ireland in a year as in England and Wales combined. Now, is it possible for a people to govern themselves who are governed first by King Alcohol?

Ah! They have an enemy at home in this spirituous potentate more opposed to their freedom and prosperity than any outside, and if they would ever be free they must wage a double warfare, as strong and bitter a one against liquor as against English landlordism. The Irish race is a kind one to friends but a bitter one to foes, real or supposed. Now if it is possible to relieve the worst foe of Ireland in its ugliest and most dangerous aspect, the rising generation might be trained and educated in a manner to withstand its influence, and finally stamp it out of existence. What people can do this for Ireland?

WOMAN'S DOINGS.

Another instance of woman's business capacity is shown by Mrs. Frank Leslie, who has paid off three hundred thousand dollars of her husband's debts, and now has a million in her own right.

Woman's faculty of order and system is superior to that of man, for the reason, we think, that the little things—the details of every-day life, have fallen to her lot. They have made her careful, precise and scrutinizing.

The way has been opened to the higher places for women by Buffalo, that has just awarded the contract for street cleaning for the next five years to a woman, at a salary of four hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars. So it is certain that Buffalo will have clean streets for some time to come. Other cities, notably, New York, would do well to follow suit.

Women are the most docile and peaceful workers in the great beehive of creation; but they are combining into organizations that speak not so much of quietude in the near future. No class has had greater good reason for "striking" than they, yet only two such events of note are recorded in this country, that of the mill girls of Lowell, years ago, and the present one of seven hundred girls of the Louisville woolen mills; this time, however, not for higher wages, but to show

their displeasure over the discharge of a favorite foreman, declaring they will hold out till Christmas if their man is not reinstated.

In Kansas it still remains to be seen how many druggists will be permitted to sell liquor, as each is required by law to get twenty-five women to sign their petitions for permission. Who could have believed men would ever come to that.

FORM MANIFESTATIONS.

A few harmonious people met at the private parlors of a gentleman and his wife in this city, (whom we do not think they would care for us to name), on Monday evening last, to witness some experiments in form manifestations—the lady and husband both being remarkable mediums. Among their mediumistic gifts is that of materialization, which the lady possesses to a remarkable degree. These mediums will sit for this phase only for a few minutes, and never as a matter of traffic, nor when the conditions are not perfectly harmonious. Thus the higher influences are attracted, and their seances are of a truly spiritual character. It was our privilege to be present on the evening mentioned.

After a pleasant hour devoted to social intercourse, the lady stepped within a curtain placed across a corner of the room, where she was soon controlled by her bright little familiar, who kept up a pleasant chat with different members of the circle, to most of whom she was introduced for the first time on that evening.

The light was turned out, when after a little singing, one form after another, to the number of a dozen or more, appeared in their own light, and were identified in every instance by those present as their kindred and friends in spirit life. These forms were mostly quite ethereal, but some of them were sufficiently materialized to speak in a whisper, and make their tangible presence felt by touch of the hand.

In one instance, Josephine, a sister of Mrs. Owen, who is very close to us in our work, came to her sister, and whispered some loving words in her ears. The father of the writer came in quite a substantial form, but was unable to speak. Some friend of each member of the circle appeared, giving, in most cases, unmistakable evidence of identity. Maude, the infant daughter of Mrs. J. J. Whitney, came to her mother; then at the request of the latter, she came to Mrs. Owen, springing quickly into her lap, and then as quickly disappearing. Some of the forms appeared outside the circle, and several of them dematerialized by sinking apparently through the floor.

The seance was a remarkably interesting one, and was highly enjoyed by all present, the chief satisfaction being the entire absence of all suspicion of dishonesty, which so often mars the manifestations, and prevents the spirits from accomplishing what they would.

MRS. WHITNEY'S MEETINGS CLOSED.—Mrs. J. J. Whitney held the last of her platform test meetings for the present at Irving Hall, on Sunday evening last, the audience being the largest of the season, and the meeting, in many respects, being the most satisfactory of any she has ever held in this city. The reason for discontinuing the meetings, is simply because of Mrs. Whitney's immense private seance work, which is all that she ought to do. She finds that her public seances are overtaxing her powers; hence she has concluded to suspend them for the present. Of the fifty or more tests of spirit identity given at her last meeting there was one that was both startling and amusing. She described, with a shudder of horror, the massacre on the plains, of two men and their wives, by a party of Indians, and said: "The spirits tell me that the man who buried their bodies is in this hall." There was no response, when the medium repeated, "The spirits insist that the man is here." Another pause. "The spirits say, 'Bill, why don't you speak up?'" And he did, with a vehemence that brought down the house: "By—, that's a fact; I did bury them," responded the astonished "Bill," who sat in the back part of the hall. It was his first experience in a public spiritual seance, and he was too much astonished at first to acknowledge the fact to which the spirits alluded; but when appealed to directly, forgetting his surroundings, in his excitement, he clinched the admission with an oath.

LITTLE THINGS.—The importance of giving attention to little things was never better illustrated than by the machine recently invented by a workman for saving the drop of solder on the inside of tin cans, that is left there in the process of their manufacture. The superfluous drop on the outside was easily enough saved; but of the ninety-nine men who had worked in one firm in the same position, only the hundredth man gave a thought to the little drop of solder left on the inside of the can; and as he worked busily away he thought out a means of saving it, removing it as the cans passed along at the rate of fifty a minute under a soldering machine, which would twenty thousand cans a day. The little invention is big in its results, as it saves fifteen dollars a day, and the thoughtful inventor has already received several thousand dollars of royalties for its use. The great mass of human beings rush along through life with eyes and minds intent only on some great gain in the future, stumbling over many a fortune done up in a thin guise, attracting attention only from an occasional shrewd individual, who thinks it well enough to scan the apparently barren way as he journeys on. One of the fundamental principles that should be instilled in all young minds, is a proper regard for small things. Out of such training comes the fortunate and useful man or woman; all evil stars to the contrary, notwithstanding.

—Mr. Colville's meetings at Germania Hall, San Jose, increase in interest and size of attendance every week. The local papers are extremely friendly. Class, 2:30 P. M.; lecture, 7:30 every Wednesday evening.

SECRET OF TRUE GREATNESS.

On Sunday last, October 30, W. J. Colville's morning subject at Odd Fellows Hall was, "The Secret of True Greatness." Prefacing his remarks with some beautiful lines from Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," the speaker said life has been frequently compared to an ocean, and the individual to a captain directing a bark across the waves. If we take this simile as our present illustration, we shall observe that success, as the art of navigation advances and develops into a science, depends even more upon the skill of the captain and the efficiency of the crew, than even upon the winds and tides. Formerly, in the old days of sailing vessels, it was well-nigh impossible for seamen to rise superior to antagonizing elements. To-day, even when beset by storm, and the best ships of all good companies make their passages almost as quickly as in fair weather. Delays and accidents are becoming scarcer and scarcer, until before long we may anticipate enduring as perfect immunity from danger at sea as in the most favorable conditions on land.

Water is the symbol of man's intellectual nature. It is pure if always kept in motion, but becomes offensive immediately it stagnates. Idleness is mental rust, leading inevitably to decay by decay. Work is necessary for all; if a man will not work, neither should he eat; no one should be supported on the fruits of other's labor. But in a ship there are many kinds of work to be done; the stoker in his place is as necessary as the Captain, though he could not do the Captain's work or fill his place if he were idle. A great source of anxiety, as well as misery, is to be found in the divided interests of rich and poor. Labor and capital are naturally indispensable the one to the other. If in any sense capital represents brain, while labor represents muscle, are not brains and muscles essential to each other's welfare? Hand and brain must co-operate; their opposition means destruction to both. A truly great man can be great in any sphere, and he never belittles himself by engaging in any honest industry; one honest occupation is no more dignified than another. Means must be devised that all may work and all be paid.

In the parable of the laborers in the vineyard there seems an injustice in every laborer receiving just the denarius, or Roman penny, while some had worked from the third, others from the sixth, others from the ninth, and again others only from the eleventh hour; but the parable tells us they had all done what they could. Some were called earlier than others, but all worked earnestly to the best of their ability as soon as the call came. True greatness consists not in the amount of work done, or time spent in doing it, but in the proportion of the effort to the worker's opportunity and ability. Many young people complain of unfavorable circumstances, but the most practical view to take of life is to decide that we are in the best possible world, in the best possible universe, surrounded with the best possible opportunities for our advancement; our responsibility coming in only at the point where it is open to us to use these opportunities to the fullest extent or not.

There can be no happier or wiser course for any to pursue than to resolve to make the best of whatever comes. We can not regulate the winds or tides, but we can steer the ship, and when we arrive in port or harbor, beyond these conflicting scenes of time and sense, our reception and standing in the spirit world, we shall discover, depends not upon our success or failure in the eyes of men, but solely on account of our earnestness and faithfulness in the discharge of every duty according to our power and light. The discourse terminated in a glowing peroration on the spirit life, of which it would be difficult to give an abstract without impoverishing the idea.

In the afternoon questions of great interest, both written and verbal, were ably answered. At 7:30 P. M. the lecture was on "Witchcraft or Relative Spiritualism."

On Sunday next, Nov. 6th, W. J. Colville's subjects will be: 10:45 A. M., "Saints in Glory and Souls in Purgatory, in the Light of the Spiritual Philosophy"; 2:45 P. M., "Answers to questions"; 7:30 P. M., "True and False Methods of Psychical Research."

ALL SPIRITUALISTS.

The thoughts of all great minds naturally turn to Spiritualism as the fount of their inspiration. They may not call themselves Spiritualists, nor claim an understanding of its demonstrated facts, but when they speak, it is from the spiritual side of their being, as all educated, refined natures must, for education and refinement are but spiritual unfoldment.

Thackeray says: "I don't pity any body who 'leaves this world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief—that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the divine light and warmth, there must be serene climate. Can't you fancy 'sailing into the calm? Would you care about 'going on the voyage, but for the dear souls 'left on the other shore? But we can't be 'parted from them, no doubt, though they are 'from us. Add a little more intelligence to 'that which we possess even as we are, and 'why shouldn't we be with our friends, though 'ever so far off? . . . Why, presently, 'the body removed, shouldn't we personally be 'anywhere at will—properties of creation, like 'electric something (spark, is it?) that thrills 'all round the globe simultaneously?"

A voyage indeed is life, and rough, stormy, perilous for most souls. Oh, who would not cut it short but for the precious ones who are upon the ocean with us—those strong ones who see the safe and peaceful port that lands the faithful in the sweet fields of Eden at last? Pity those whom the hungry waves have left desolate—swallowed up the sweet souls whose love and words of sympathy were their only cheer. And

where are they borne? Ah! if all but knew great would the consolation, where now is grief.

A WONDERFUL PREDICTION BY THE SPIRITS OF MRS. J. J. WHITNEY REALIZED.—In February last a gentleman, a perfect stranger to Mrs. Whitney, came to that lady for a sitting, during which the spirit of a man presented himself claiming to be his brother, and giving the name in full of "A. J. Stevens," saying he desired to send a message to their sister Agnes, warning her to settle up her worldly affairs as she was soon to pass to the spirit world. The sister being in good health at the time, the gentleman did not think it possible. This was on Monday morning, February 24th. The lady died very suddenly on Saturday of the same week. In April last, in Odd Fellows' Hall, at one of Mrs. Whitney's public seances, before fifteen hundred people, the spirit, Agnes, mentioned above, came and announced herself, calling three times before any one responded, saying, "Sister Belle, I have left a will." The sister, who was present, said there was no will, but Agnes insisted that there was one made in 1879 and could be found in Edinburgh, Scotland. To ascertain the truth, the sister actually went to Edinburgh and discovered the identical will, which has been sent her for record and was recently admitted to probate and published in the San Francisco papers. The will conveyed property in this city worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars. This answers the question, What good has Spiritualism done?

MOURNING CUSTOMS.—In Corea a singular custom prevails as to mourning. Those bereaved go about with a painted black drawn down over the head, completely hiding the face, and no one is allowed to speak to the mourner while thus concealed in feature. We call this a singular custom, but on reflection it bears very close resemblance to the dark orthodox mourning of the Christian world, that permits no voice from "the other shore" to speak the word of cheer, the living, loving, faithful heart so longs to utter. How much delusion and fraud does the soul suffer under this blind guise of grief! Shutting out the sweet sunlight of the eternal day, that would pour in upon us through the gates by which our loved ones have just passed to the Summer Land! Keeping us in ignorance of the new signs in the heaven of spiritual investigation and discovery! Grief is both a robber and a destroyer. Could we but forget self, we would never grieve at the departure hence of a loved one. We would but open our eyes, hearts and souls the wider that they might gather all the new revelations and wonders that unbroken affection is fitted to pour into our lives when transplanted to the fadeless gardens of God.

OTHER MEDIUMS.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Pettibone, the first an excellent slate-writing medium, and his wife a fine clairvoyant and healing medium, have arrived in this city and established themselves at 115 Jones street, near Golden Gate avenue. We saw Mr. Pettibone for the first time in New Orleans, in February, 1885, and obtained through his mediumship most positive and conclusive evidence of independent spirit writing. The writer's wife first visited his rooms, an entire stranger, and received a message written independently upon a slate, purporting to come from her spirit mother, in which the names of two sisters in spirit life were given. Upon the occasion of our first visit we received several messages from spirit friends, also a long and beautiful message from Josephine, a spirit sister of Mrs. Owen, (to whom the message was directed), together with several excellent clairvoyant tests through Mrs. Pettibone. We know Mr. Pettibone to be a medium of great power, and have no hesitation in commending them both to our readers.

How many of these people who clasp hands over tables to commune with spirits have made their mark in literature or science.—GLENDA ADAM.

One must be strangely ignorant of the current facts of the age to ask such a question. In literature, for instance, it is possible that the Advocate man has never heard of W. M. Thackeray, Gerald Massey, Archbishop Whately, William and Mary Hewitt, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Sergeant Cox, Eves Sargent, Mrs. Browning, Dr. Chambers, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Lytton, Victor Hugo, Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, Count A. de Gasparin, Lady Cathness, Prof. George Bush, Wm. Denton, Bishop Clarke, Prof. Alex. Wilder, etc., etc., all of whom are, or were in their mortal life time, Spiritualists? In science, has he never heard of Dr. Hare, Dr. Lockhart Robertson, Prof. Crookes, Prof. A. R. Wallace, Prof. Varley, Dr. Wm. Gregory, Prof. Zollner, Dr. Ashburner, Prof. Fechner, Prof. Fichte, Prof. Weber, Prof. Butter, Prof. Mages, Dr. Robert Frise, M. Camille Flammarion, etc., etc.? We wonder if he has ever heard of President Thiers, President Lincoln, or Queen Victoria? We might extend these lists indefinitely, but that we are reminded of an old adage, etc.

MRS. FOYE.—A Chicago correspondent of the GOLDEN GATE writes thus of our popular San Francisco test medium: "The results of Mrs. Foye's labor in Chicago can scarcely yet be realized. If she could have remained with us 'a few months longer a great change in what is termed 'Spiritualism' would have been plainly perceived. Hundreds of persons who, before, were ignorant of its teachings, are now becoming investigators, and are seeking earnestly for the truth of the philosophy. We regret very much to part with our kind friend 'who has aided our little society so much; but her kindness to us can never be forgotten. The good work she has accomplished, her divine teachings to humanity, shall always be remembered by the thousands of friends who part from her, even for so short a time, with the deepest regrets. Our sincere sympathy is extended to 'her in her illness, and our hopes and prayers are, that she may soon recover and carry on 'the good work in the far West that she has so 'generously commenced in Chicago, Avenue Hall, 159 Twenty-second street."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Bro. Colby, of the grand old *Banner of Light*, has our thanks for proof slips of the Allen *Patent* obscures.

—John Slater, the wonderful platform test medium, has been engaged by the Young People's Progressive Society of Chicago for the last two Sundays of the present month.

—We do not hold ourselves responsible for the statements of correspondents. We desire to give all a reasonable hearing, providing their communications are written in a proper spirit.

—We take pleasure in calling attention to the fine clothing house of Schaefer & Co., at No. 11 Montgomery street. They are most reliable dealers and manufacturers, and as such we can most heartily commend them.

—Prof. D. Allen, of Chicago, will lecture before the Union Spiritual Society Wednesday night. Subject, "The Seeing of the Spirits," after which Mrs. M. J. Hendee will give delineation of character as the spirits give it to her. All are invited.

—Mr. W. J. Colville, to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at Irving Hall, Post street, will repeat, in substance, the grand lecture he delivered last Sunday morning at Odd Fellows' Hall, on "The True Secret of Success," a report of which we shall probably present through our columns.

—W. J. Colville's course of inspirational expositions of the "Book of Revelation," as given in Oakland, is attracting great attention. The introductory lecture was given Oct. 28th. Subject, Nov. 4th, "The Seven Churches in the Modern World," continued Nov. 11th. Service begins at 7:30.

—Those remarkable mediums, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, are winning golden opinions, in this community, for their genial ways, and wonderful gifts. We hope soon to be able to present our readers some of the beautiful spirit art work produced in their presence. Their powers are of a very high order.

—We regret to learn that our esteemed friend, Dr. Albert Morton, the able manager of Mr. Colville's meetings, has fallen into an error of the "mortal mind" wherein he imagines he is afflicted with the rheumatism, which delusion has caused him to believe that it was necessary for him to remain in the seclusion of his home for a few days during the past week.

—The Union Spiritual Society will give its third monthly entertainment and social dance on Tuesday eve, Nov. 8th, at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street. The committee have prepared a fine program and procured extra music for this occasion. Refreshments will be served in the hall. A good time is guaranteed to all who attend. Admission, twenty-five cents per couple.

—The place for Mr. Colville's meetings has been changed from Odd Fellows' Hall, Market street, to Irving Hall, 139 Post street, above Kearny street. This change, it is thought, will be generally satisfactory, as Irving Hall is much more comfortable and convenient of access than the Market street Hall. It is near all the principal hotels, with not less than thirteen car lines within two blocks.

—We have received a few copies of "The Lesson of the Ages," and "Science Made Easy," both by Theodore Parker through the mediumship of Sarah A. Ramsdell. The books are neatly bound and are offered at the reasonable price of \$1.50. They will be sold for the benefit of the author medium, who is now in a helpless condition from inflammatory rheumatism. No commission will be deducted.

An Elegant Reception.

[San Diego, Oct. 29th.]

A very *recherche* reception and musicale was held by Mr. Jesse Shepard at "Villa Montezuma," last evening, in honor of the Rev. Father Lieban, private secretary to His Grace, Bishop Mora, of Los Angeles. The Rev. Father Ubach and Father Farrelly were also present. During the evening Mr. Shepard played a solo on the organ in the organ room, and it was difficult for the company present to believe that the tones did not emanate from some great church organ, so grand and sonorous was the music. After a delightful half hour spent in this room, which seems, when lit up at night, more like a poetic picture in a romance, the guests, already surprised at what they had heard and seen, passed down to the music-room, where several vocal and instrumental numbers were rendered with marvelous fluency of execution, inspiration, and perfect technique. The music-room, with its waxed floor, paneled walls and ceiling, responded to every note of voice and piano, with a ring and bell-like quality of tone in a most remarkable degree. The guests, although cultured and experienced critics, could not restrain their astonishment and enthusiasm, which knew no bounds. Mr. Shepard closed this brilliant effort with a double solo for basso and soprano, and those who had heard him many times before were of the opinion that it surpassed in power and execution anything heretofore attempted by him. The company were treated to one surprise after another, and from the music-room they entered the beautiful dining-room, which looked handsomer than ever with so many vases of odd designs filled with natural orange blossoms and roses, and in the center of the supper table a large bouquet of fresh ripe holly. The company departed, declaring that they had spent an evening never to be forgotten.

Soul Communion, Etc.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We have so few avenues through which to reach the public in regard to the work that Spiritualism is doing that we are apt to impose on those that exist. Your paper I consider one of the most valuable avenues that we have on this coast, and I hope I shall not impose when I ask the privilege of telling your readers what is going on in our Garden City. We are congratulating ourselves that we are able to sit under the ministrations of Mr. Colville. His class in Spiritual Science is deeply interested in his instruction in this advanced science, while the interest in his evening lectures is manifested by the nightly increase in the attendance each week, as well as by the favorable notices given him by all our local papers.

Now, I would like to say something in regard to the Whole World Soul Communion, as I find nothing in your paper in regard to it. I think, perhaps, you feel as I did before I attended the circle that Mrs. Mary Barker has organized here, meeting at Mrs. A. S. York's at ten minutes past twelve on the 27th day of each month. I felt no interest whatever in the matter, but I was no sooner seated than my hand was controlled to write, while at short intervals I saw beautiful symbols clairvoyantly, my hand writing out their significance. I will give them to you as given to me:

"I set before you a bag of gold, symbolical of the value of these gatherings. As gold stands paramount from a material standpoint, we use it as a symbol. By this unity of thought and purpose we are able to reach thousands where we have reached hundreds. We urge others to sit either single or in circles."

I saw an immense building of dazzling white marble. In the spacious grounds was gathered an immense throng of people, who had gathered to carry on this work. As they showed me this, they said they made this a general holiday, and it is their great desire that we do the same. Little children brought a garland of flowers which they twined (basket fashion) in and out around our necks, "binding us to each other with a flowery chain. Dishes of fruit were placed before us. They said: "You have to-day partaken of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. We do not say, 'the day ye eat thereof, ye shall surely die,' but we say eat and live." Nuts were next brought. "You have cracked the hard shell of superstition and are eating the kernels of truth." Flowers were brought in profusion, "symbolical of the perfume that will exhale from your lives if you inhale freely the pure exhalations of spiritual essence." "To each gathering is sent a recorder to note the proceedings." "The gates are ajar. We invite you freely to come and sup with us, without money and without price."

Mrs. York saw spirit forms standing around us so close as to appear like a wall. She talked, under control, of the object of these gatherings. "It is to carry the truths of Spiritualism from one man by the world to another. There are means by which thought is made to express itself. Our object is to do good, benefit humanity, get acquainted in this life with the life to come, and thus be better fitted to return and instruct others. This is better acquired by bringing the forces together here, for we make here our conditions in the next state of existence. These gatherings help to promote the cause of Spiritualism everywhere. Through unity of thought we reach the people all over the land. People need more exchange of thought and to work together more. To-day to each has been a block of brick added to the foundation. We have drawn a little closer; we have been able to come one step nearer."

Many tests were given with advice, and many thoughts were expressed not penned here. Mrs. Simons saw beautiful lights, saw a wreath of flowers, and children's faces floated completely around the circle. At the last circle she first heard sweet music swelling grandly, coming nearer and nearer, like a shower of benedictions. The spirits said to her, "If you open your hearts they will be filled with truths corresponding to the beautiful harmonies. You sit to hold communion with higher intelligences, thus gaining inspiration, and as each one is benefited, each will necessarily give forth this good to all with whom they come in contact, in the same ratio as they are capable of receiving."

I wish I had time and space to give a full account, but I fear that by its length I shall crowd this out. I will add but little more. Through Mrs. York, as well as through my own hand, we were urged to send notices of these meetings to spiritual papers, and to do all we can to awaken an interest and induce others to form these circles. They tell us that they are organized, and are disappointed at not finding more work for them to do. They need our co-operation—can not expect them to do all. They brought me a lily (clairvoyantly), typical of purity, typical of Spiritualism: "Let this flower be your emblem. Like it, keep your hearts pure; let your presence emit the soothing fragrance that delights the senses and brings spiritual healing. True spiritual development will band us together and awaken a general interest in the weal and woe of those around us. We want a more general knowledge of this work given out. Do not leave us with idle hands. We

ask, we plead for your earnest co-operation."

This is lengthy, but it is not one-half of what we get at two circles. Respectfully,

MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

SAN JOSE, NOV. 2, 1887.

Endorsement.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have perused your article entitled "Shakespeare or Bacon—Which?" and cheerfully bear testimony to the facts therein stated, and desire to add other facts that seem to me valuable.

I have submitted the message written in eight distinct, bright colors, signed Selden J. Finney, to parties familiar with his handwriting, and who are competent to judge, and they pronounce the signature perfect.

After my return home, and four days after the seance with Mr. Evans—while copying communications from the slate containing the nine—loud raps came on my writing-desk. My wife was sitting near me and called other members of the family, who also heard them. While adding a postscript relating the fact, the loud raps ceased and tiny raps came under my arm.

Yours fraternally,

I. C. STEELE.

PESADERO, OCT. 30, 1887.

In an illustrated Japanese edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" Christian has a close-shaven Mongolian head, Vanity Fair is a feast of lanterns with popular Japanese amusements, the dungeon of Giant Despair is one of those large, wooden cages in which Eastern criminals are confined, and the angels waiting to receive the pilgrims on the further side of the bridgeless river are dressed in Yokohama fashion.—N. Y. Star.

The Spiritual Science University, 161 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill., is incorporated by the State to graduate students under a course of twelve printed lessons sent by mail. The easy terms of payment, and all particulars about the "Spiritual Healing Formula and Text-Book," with one hundred and forty-four questions, and the legal diploma conferring title, are fully explained in a pamphlet, "Non-Resident Instructions in Mental Science." For twenty cents in stamps this will be sent as the definite starting point. 029-21

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 request is suggested:

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Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WYMAN's BOOKS are always to be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to read, and does not interfere with the gums, soothes the little sufferer, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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| Spiritualist's Directory. By G. W. KATES. | 1 |
| Spiritism, the Origin of All Religions. By J. P. DAWSON. | 50 |
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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

W. J. Colville's Sunday Services are held in Irving Hall, Post Street, above Kearny Street. Lectures at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Answers to questions at 2:45 P. M. Joseph W. Maguire, Reader, and Baritone Soloist; Miss. Marie Bishop, Musical Director and Soprano; Miss. E. Beresford Joy, Soloist and Organist.

Classes in Spiritual Science—embracing the salient principles in Metaphysical and Mental Healing, Mind, Prayer, and Faith Cure, and Christian Science—will be held in Encampment Hall, Monday and Thursday afternoon, at 2:30, and evening of same days at 8 o'clock. Elevator runs one hour previous to and at close of classes. Classes in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, Fridays at 3 P. M., and lectures the same day at 7:30 P. M. Fees for a course of twelve lessons in Spiritual Science, \$5.

Single admission tickets to classes, 50 cents. Admission to Sunday services 10 cents; reserved seats 25 cents. Monthly tickets, with reserved seat, \$1.

Membership in Classes and reserved seats for Sunday Services can be secured on application, in person or by letter, at 210 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, every Sunday. At 11 A. M. J. J. More, the celebrated inspirational speaker, will answer questions in the trance state, and will lecture in the evening. Children's Lyceum at 1:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS. Spiritual Science, 114 Turk street, in Washington Hall, 33 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all five subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. All are invited. Admission Free.

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OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION MEETS every Sunday at Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth Street, Oakland. Children's Lyceum at 10:30 a. m. Lecture and Conference Meeting at 7:30 p. m.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY, of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall, corner of Walnut Avenue and 2nd Street, Chicago, every Sunday Evening at 7:45.

CLEVELAND, O.—SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS for the people, at the Columbia Theater, build A, every Sunday evening, at 7:30. Speakers, Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. Alice D. Clark, David Clark, Frank Baxter and others. Thomas Lee, Chairman. The Public Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, meets at A. R. Hall, 170 Superior Street, every Sunday, 10 to 11 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

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CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.—GENTLEMEN: In

November

Excerpts From the Writings of Jesse Shepard.

(Golden Era.)

There are in the economy of nature, as well as in the realm of the human mind, certain established laws, mysterious and unfathomable, but universal, which apply to the advent of new things in the world, and by the operation of which these phenomena always work in aid of one another. Thus all great events in politics, religion, or art, are collaborated, and are dependent upon certain conditions existing at the same time, and working together to bring them about. It is a beautiful law, that no philosopher, be he ever so much misunderstood, be he ever so obscure, but has aid from some source in his own time. We see the antagonism created by a new enterprise counterbalanced at some point or another, and a helping hand stretched out when it is least expected, that seems of itself to do half the work. Thus with Shelley and Byron: they were two influences, diverse yet harmonious, that worked together for the same end. That that end was attained, and a great work consummated in England, there can now be no doubt. Every year gives fresh knowledge of this fact, and of a warmer appreciation of the good accomplished by these two remarkable men.

With Victor Hugo and George Sand in France, this age may be written down as an extraordinary one for that country. It has been a golden one in prose literature; for while the majority of French writers are postivists, these two brilliant meteors have flashed across the horizon of modern progress, lighting up the materialistic heavens with a glow of supernatural illumination at once brilliant and effective. What would the France of today be without the names of Victor Hugo and George Sand, clasping hands like brother and sister joined together by that mystic tie which only the Divinity himself can freely understand?

To be truly great, a man must go beyond the routine of every-day life in his thoughts and actions; and his mind must reach out in various directions. To be great in merely one thing is not to be a consummate genius. Genius must take its flight around the starry heavens, soaring by unknown ways into regions where the imagination roams supreme,—into the realms of thought, definite and indefinite, fixed and fanciful, wise and wonderful, and comprehending every sphere of life and labor.

When we say of a man's ideas or works that we do not understand them, we confess that we are not equal to him in the power of creation or comprehension; but if you say to me, "I understand you perfectly," I must admit that you are my equal, although you might not be able to create as I do. A mind that can appreciate fully the most magnificent masterpieces of music, or the most splendid creations of poetic imagery, is, in a certain sense, equal to the musician or poet himself. For the originator of these things is superior to the man who appreciates them only in this—that he has the gift of creation, which the other has not received. But it is not the gift that makes the man; it is the soul essence, the inner judgment or understanding, which gives true wisdom and elevation. So that if I can appreciate, in the fullest sense, what is given to the world through the instrumentality of genius or inspiration, I must be deemed worthy to sit at the same banquet, and to partake of the same costly fare.

In my opinion, to be great one must be universal; it is necessary to go beyond one straight path or one direct line of art or any branch. I deem Victor Hugo as great a philosopher as he is a novelist, and as great a poet as philosopher. In taking him as one of the great exemplars of modern times, his influence, as I see it, has been greater on the public mind, in every phase of life, than that of any other man of modern times, inasmuch as his sympathies and his emotions have been universal. And, moreover, it is this that gives a man lasting fame in the lists of mortal time. Unless he holds this sympathetic chord twined about the necks of mortals like a beautiful vine about a cottage, he can have no respect either from men's minds or hearts, however great he may be as a philosopher or a poet; for when this universal sympathy is lacking in a man, his fame will not be enduring.

In George Eliot I recognize a mind at once subtle and far-reaching. In her are combined the male and female elements—those elements that go to form the most wonderful, mysterious, and profound characters; for she can see every phase of life in its true relation and value in this world. Her intuitions almost border on inspiration and revelation. Notwithstanding she is a materialist, and, I believe, acknowledges the fact, yet virtually she is spiritual; for she has the soul of art, and the inspiration of wisdom. There are many minds who do not understand themselves, many persons of genius who have not unraveled the psychological mysteries of their intellectual emotions. George Eliot is one

of these. She is, as it were, below her real self. Her inner sense, her spirit, is above her external personality as she walks the earth; and she is constantly misunderstood, as she herself misunderstands her own gifts. Therefore she is to be excused on the ground that what she may believe has nothing to do with what she really is; for her great genius is beyond anything the world has yet seen in the female mind. I rank her as one belonging to the great galaxy of artistic luminaries, sailing in the firmament of heaven with a vast train of lesser lights passing around and by her, to which she pays no heed in her majestic course. Her influence is great on the English mind to-day. Her influence has been great for this reason—that she has been the first to throw doubt upon the mysteries which bigotry has made its own for so many centuries in England; and it is one of her rare gifts that she can do these things without offending any one. And let me say here, I regard a gift like this as one of the most rare and precious that can come to a human heart—the gift of saying radically progressive things to a bigoted and ignorant people without giving them the least offense. It is something that can not be taught, for it can not be learned. It must be direct, inborn, not acquired.

In every age and nation there is need of some one to break the barriers of those mighty superstitions—for so I may call them—by means of which poetry has ever been restrained in her flights of inspiration. Sappho, in her day, was the first to break those chains; and she did it with such grace and skill that she was even worshipped after she passed from earth. She gave herself up to the impulses of inspiration and imagination, and the style took care of itself; for it may be set down as a maxim, that whenever a person is gifted with a real poetic sense, and that subtle power which an inspired imagination gives, he will also be gifted with a style of expression suited to the nature of the thought. So that the greatest, the most musical of poets have been those who studied the least; for application deadens the fancy, although it may strengthen the intellect; because it makes the mind positive, while it renders the fancy, which acts through the mind, weak. Hence critics have truly said, that, to be taught, a true poet must sacrifice half his gift.

In a glance at the political state of Europe, in connection with a disquisition upon poetic minds and thought, I see many interesting examples, many noteworthy instances, of men who are working to increase their intelligence and quicken the sympathies of mankind. The most remarkable of these is that of the Premier Gladstone, who may be called a poet, a musician, a statesman; for he has, in a qualified degree, the nature of each of these three gifts. Indeed, his efforts in literature have been as signal as his political labors; and he would have made a fine musician had he given himself up to that sphere of art. So that he may be considered a man of brilliant intellect, subtle understanding, and inspirational endowments. He is at once practical and poetic. While he is an expert manager of the ordinary business affairs of life, he appreciates the great works of art, both ancient and modern, and can enter into the spirit of genius; musical, literary, and plastic. This sense of appreciation, which he possesses, is broad; and his imagination has a latitude of activity that reaches into every sphere of thought in which intuition is the preceptor. I deem him the greatest statesman—the most comprehensive in thought, with the nearest to universality in the range of his ideas—that England has yet known. In Gladstone the world may see a man who could do a great deal more than he has done, like Tennyson, who could have written more truth in prose than he has in his conventional poetry. But Gladstone has been so restricted, held so much in bondage by conservative influences, and by the superstitious notions of his people, that we may look with surprise and admiration at what he has already succeeded in accomplishing. Thank Providence that there is at least one man bold enough, in such trying times, to lay before the English people principles based upon progressive ideas. His influence has been great from the first, and on him men may look, in the nineteenth century, and behold a splendid type of complete manhood. He is a friend to humanity, a brother to artists, and a counsellor to the afflicted. There is no phase of art, no branch of literature, no department of political or religious philosophy, that has not come within the scope of his intuition and investigation. Unlike other politicians and statesmen, he sees with many eyes, hears with many ears, thinks with many minds, as indeed, every great statesman should. In short, he dwells in a sphere of his own, beyond that in which humanity at large finds its fitting abode; and that sphere embraces many different circles of activity. The statesman, in this respect, should be like every true scientist or poet; he should not be restricted to one mode or branch of thought, for, if so, his career will be full of blunders. The true principles of wisdom can spring only from universality of knowledge; truth must be generalized to be simplified and to be applied to the varied circumstances of time, place, and condition. Gladstone in this respect may be regarded as the Victor Hugo of statesmen.

JESSE SHEPARD.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Spirit Eona, through Saidie's scribble, Mrs. E. S. Fox.]

To those who dwell upon earth shores come times of doubt, caused by the condition in which man lives, and the thought-atmosphere which has created itself, and which forces itself upon the brain of the children of men. This thought-atmosphere is a world of its own, wherein dwell various children of the human brain. One brain partakes of the natural, another the ideal; one of the material, another of the spiritual. All are the legitimate offspring of the brain of fathers and mothers who have brought them into life; viz., belief, creed, dogma, or any particular set of thoughts which, not necessarily, they have given rise to, but perpetuated through the power and force of circumstances. Upon the shores of this planet, for countless generations, have been perpetuated the present ideas of an angry God and his wicked children. The various forms of worship, all foolish in extreme, have grown out of these same barbarous ideas. I need not use time nor medial power to enumerate these, but call your attention the fact.

A spiritual world has been evolved through the working of a natural law, (all law is natural). No effect is produced through any other power than that of the law of cause and effect. Much wonders the mind of earth children why these things from the other life were not seen and understood long ago. If they existed as truth, (and if true now, they were equally so ages ago) why could not spirits, long since, have called the attention of mortals to them? Why wait thus long, and allow the whole atmosphere to be so thoroughly permeated with falsehood? Why allow man to come and go with no ray of light to penetrate the darkness? There were always spirits in the land of light beyond. There have been guardians ever, and from time uncounted, even as ages, truth has revealed itself to the heart and mind of humanity. But today earth has only a ray here, a light there, and darkness everywhere, even with those who would be light-bearers to the world.

Why this is still so is a mystery to dwellers in the higher heavens. Saidie has come to earth shores bearing the strongest light ever seen or known in the land; yet to mortals the same seemingly has its mist, its shadows, and mankind look with the critic's eye, gaze with a searching, questioning look as if having been deceived in these things. It well becomes us to beware, to search well within the written chapters of the book handed even by an angel's hand.

Angels from the Court's celestial band, and with love greetings from that sphere, offer to mankind a glorious gospel of redemption. Not to a fallen being we offer this; but to untutored children of the All Wise, to undeveloped children of the All Good, and to deific babes incarnated in matter, who are wandering in the wilderness of earth land, groping in the darkness thereof, vainly searching for the true path which leads back to the world of light. Children of Light should ye be with a lighted lamp ever held in your mortal hand, not wandering, nor groping with sad heart and bowed head; but with glad heart and uplifted head, with smiles of joy, even though tears flow down your cheeks because of sorrow. You should, each and every one, be walking with firm tread the path that leads home. Angels are near each waiting heart, whispering words of truth and words of cheer. Guardians, who have walked earth paths, ever are by your side, waiting, listening, for the prayer of your heart, looking for your outstretched hand that we may lead your willing feet ever toward home. And, as we look and wait, we remember the atmosphere of earth is filled with adverse waves of thought which create dense clouds of inharmonious, and were it not the sure eye of prophetic vision sees far into the future, and sees there the day dawn, our hearts would often sink, and our feet be turned aside from the fields of earth and despair. Angels have met with warm welcome, and, too, with cold doubt and distrust. Shall it be in vain we tell you, our human brothers and sisters, we have left homes of light; we have come with messages from those homes; we have brought to you each a light which will lead you safely home?

Saidie's work is a work of love; her heart bears mortal tenderness toward each and every child. She sends out through all the length and breadth of the Order her messengers; they bear to her tidings from the life and work of her children, whose needs are spread before her, that she may well understand and bring to bear such influences as will result in greater good. To bring you home, is the wish and prayer of her mother heart, and while doing this, to plant a standard of truth and right that shall stand throughout future eternities of time, is the great object of the Order of Light. The highest spheres, the Sun Center, where eventually each child must find their home, is that of true light and knowledge, from whence no ray of darkness is ever sent earthward. These earth mists are the result of earth conditions, are the thought influences pervading earth sphere, and have, as Eona has said, made a world of their own—a world you find as tangible and as real as the material world in which

you dwell. Mind with its revolving thoughts is a real world to every human soul in which that soul lives, whether happily or unhappily. As you try to deviate from the old ways of thought, as you depart from the old ways of travel, in short, as you dare to think each for himself on sacred subjects, you incur the penalty of the realm in which you dwell. Sensitives feel this most keenly, and those who are tuned with an angel's hand to the harmony of the higher spheres, suffer most by the rude, howling winds of earth. Saidie asks each child of hers to become so attuned, knowing these things must sweep over in wild discord, but she would that your cars catch the notes of your own home anthems; she would bring to each one the highest, the greatest good. She asks you to look high for truth, be not satisfied with crumbs, but partake freely from the bountiful table spread by our Father's hand, that ye may be ready to enter your own home which stands with open door, waiting for your coming. And many an anxious, loving soul mate stands therein, waiting with longing heart and tear filled eye the home-coming of the earth pilgrim. Could Eona picture to each mind the scenes of home land, she thinks each and every brother and sister who dwells on earth shore would bend all the energies of their being to the work that lays before them. Brothers and sisters who compose the earth expression of our Home Order, gird yourselves anew with the armor of Light; allow not darkness and distrust place within your beings, but with the highest development you possess, lift on high the glorious standard of right and liberty, until you with us, your co-workers on this shore, shall be able to illumine the land.

Saidie bids me say to her workers in the southwest, she is well pleased with your efforts. Be aloft your banner; hold firmly and bravely your light, for you shall receive from the angel world, not only help and strength, but daily baptisms of love to your own soul. Be brave and true, and success shall crown your efforts. At the center, as ever, Saidie's voice is heard, bidding be firm and strong. You have merited Saidie's full blessing; ever be true and at last enter into rest. With these words Eona gives her love and blessing.

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

Oswego, N. Y., October, 1887.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration.

[“W. C. K.,” in Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.]

An article going the rounds of the press contains some glaring misstatements regarding Mr. Lincoln's remarkable speech at the dedication of the Gettysburg cemetery. Hon. Edward McPherson, M. C., from Pennsylvania, was mentioned as authority for the statements made; but he has since disclaimed the responsibility. It was my great good fortune to be present on that occasion with my regiment, which accompanied the Presidential party as a guard of honor; and I am able to correct some of the errors contained in the article referred to.

The erroneous statements may be briefly summarized as follows: 1. The oration was hastily written on the train, between Baltimore and Gettysburg. 2. It was read by the aid of spectacles, hesitatingly, and in a low tone of voice, so as to be inaudible except to those in the immediate vicinity of the speaker. 3. It made but a slight impression upon the audience, was not reported, and but for fortuitous circumstances would have passed into oblivion.

1. It is, of course, probable that the President may have jotted down some notes of speech on the train; but that it was carefully, thoroughly, thought out beforehand must be plain to any one who considers the matter. The greatest speech which ever came from human lips was not extemporized in a railroad car. The ideas and the diction are of the very highest order. Orators, like poets, are born, not made; but no orator ever lived who could make such a speech without previous hard thinking.

2. The speech was not read. Mr. Lincoln held a piece of paper crumpled in his hand, but did not once refer to it while speaking. He did not have on his glasses. Like most Western public men, he was thoroughly accustomed to speaking in the open air, and did so without apparent effort, in a clear, distinct voice, perfectly audible where my regiment was stationed, outside of the audience proper. He spoke without the slightest hesitation and with an intense earnestness such as I have never heard from any other man. He was as one inspired. His great soul illumined his haggard features, and his grand utterances seemed to have more than human authority.

3. The speech made a most profound impression upon the audience. Men lowered their voices in discussing it with each other. The beautiful oration of Edward Everett, which preceded it, might, so far as the audience was concerned, as well not have been delivered. The President's short speech obliterated all else. All the leading newspapers were represented at Gettysburg that day, and the next morning the speech was published all over the land.

To abolish wealth is not the way to abolish poverty, though men sometimes talk as if they were.

How to Secure Spirit Instruction.

[EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.]

I recently received a letter from a Spiritualist at a distance, to which I made the following reply:

Dear Mr. —: Your letter, including one to you from Mr. F. A. Heath, duly reached me. I read your letter first, and it seemed to me that I perceived and understood your condition and situation quite accurately. To employ Spiritualistic terms, you are too generally in a *positive* state, and too little or too seldom in a *negative* or receptive state.

You allude, somewhat bitterly, to what has been a “spirit-mocking” condition, or experience with you. A man of a strong will, and whose mind is ever full of his own thoughts, wishes and purposes, or, in other words, whose own spirit is ever self-occupied and sufficient for himself, is, it is open to him to receive from other spirits or other men. I do not here mean selfishness of a reprehensible kind. A man can, should and must learn much through and in himself (by his own power and experience); and yet he can, should and must learn, also, largely, from and through the experience and knowledge of others. What is thus the fact in the intercourse among men is the relative communion between men and spirits.

My experience and observation early showed me that while I was engaged with my worldly business and wishes, and when my mental faculties were entirely absorbed by and in them, the spirits did not influence and instruct me; in fact, I found that I was then really barring them out. So, in my leisure moments, I then, by my will and mental discipline, would turn from my positive to a negative state; that is, I would dismiss my worldly thoughts, and make my mind like a blank, (inaction of faculties), retaining only a direct wish that my spirit guide would come and instruct me. Then they came to me in troops, and imparted to me, in mutual warm sympathy, all that my soul could rightly crave or receive.

You have been brooding too much over your worldly surroundings and troubles. You have not regularly, for a part of each day, brought yourself to a passive condition of mind and thought, and thus rendered yourself open and receptive to spirit access, influence, and helping guidance. Hence there have been with you a prolongation of mockery, a dissatisfaction in yourself, and a suspension of spirit communion and mediatic exercise. The “mocking stage” in spiritual development has been instituted, not only to make us see and realize what we are in our nature, specially in our defects and errors, but, also, to break up that self-panoply which each man constructs for himself as a rampart or wall against all other beings. You should every day sit to a table, alone and for a half hour, with a pencil and a sheet of blank paper, touching the paper with the pencil ready to write, and yield yourself to the spirits. This would be for you a discipline, and it would probably have an outcome. In fraternal friendship,

Truly yours,

In an article, written after a spirit conference, for *The Psychometrist Circular* of Brooklyn, a few years ago, I published the following descriptive definitions: “What is life, as we see around us in the animal, vegetable, and other mundane kingdoms?” It is spirit acting on and through matter for specific purposes, such as evolution.

“What is mind?” It is the result (phenomenon) of the action of one's spirit (or intelligent capacity) on and through brain matter. Mind is rather a function than an entity.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
CHARLESTON, S. C., October, 1887.

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Inquiries from abroad answered promptly.
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Written for the Golden Gate.

To Be or Not To Be.

BY ADELIA COMSTOCK.

Count o'er the life these hours have seen,
Count o'er the days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
The something better thou art to be.

(Byron.)

What! better not to be,
Nor ever to have been?
To nothing know of life
And all its varied scenes?
Not to have known its joys—
Not to have felt its woes—
Greeted its earliest dawn—
Welcomed, perhaps, its close?
Life—every part, pause,
Recall that and regret!
Consider well the subject, Life,
Then take thy pen again.
Life—Being—wonderful thought!
Space and immensity,
Unfathomable height and depth,
Time and eternity
Belong to thee—
To each immortal soul—
For we are not all "parts"
Of one stupendous whole!
Streams from the Fount of Life,
Rays from the Central Sun,
Thoughts from Infinite Mind,
Which on their mission run—
Long as the Fountain flows,
Or shines the Central Sun,
Or lives Infinite Mind,
They being must go on.
What folly to repine
O'er this brief life of earth,
Or treat it as if 'twere
A gift of little worth,
The seed of choicest fruit,
Low in the earth must lie,
And we with patience wait,
The fruitage by and by!
The gems and gold that deck
The noblest monarch's crown
Ages on ages lay
Deep buried in the ground.
Say, did the seed repine,
Or wonder when or how?
Impatient was the gem
To grace a monarch's brow?
Nay! but in his good time
The Power that knoweth best
Placed one upon the board,
The other in the crowd.
And art not thou, O man,
Like these allied to earth?
In patience bide thy time,
Till called to higher birth.
Though meager be thy joy,
And days with anguish rife,
Though e'en the pleasures cloy
Still, thankful be for life;
For that Divinity
That shaped thee and controls,
Fixing the destiny
Of every living soul,
Will, all in his good time,
Unveil the mystery,
Revealing to thy soul
Why he created thee.
Roam in thy fancy free
O'er Nature's vast domain,
And thou with surely see
Nothing was made in vain.
And musing o'er the source
Whence good and ill proceed,
Know that for its development
Each gathers what it needs.
The bitter and the sweet,
The poison and the food—
Each spring from Mother Earth
And in their place are good.
True to their being's law—
That client power unknown—
Each from the common soil
Appropriates its own.
So thou, the child of Earth,
Art nourished from her breast,
Dandled upon her knee,
Laid in her arms to rest.
And were this all of life,
The little and the great,
Then mightest thou repine,
And even justified
That said refrain of thine,
Aye, dost may seek its own.
And crumble back to earth,
But thou, the immortal part,
Is of diviner birth,
That ray can not be lost;
That stream can not run dry;
That thought, flashed from Infinite Mind,
Can never, never die.
The ray, the stream, the thought,
All of immortal birth,
Gained individually
By coming down to earth.
This life-experience,
Though oft in pain and weal,
Brings knowledge to thy soul,
That God-like thou mayest grow.
Then if to be or not
Were placed within thy power,
And shouldst cast off life
As one might pluck a flower,
And, standing at the grave,
Know that might be the ray,
Wouldst thou not rather cling
To an immortal soul?

The Way It is Said.

The Sultan awoke with a stifled scream,
His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream.
His wise men assembled at break of day,
And stood by the throne in solemn array.
When the terrible dream was told,
Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold,
And all stood silent, in fear and dread,
And wondering what was best to be said.
At length, an old soothsayer, wrinkled and gray,
Cried: "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say."
"Thou art an omen of sorrow sent from on high,
Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."
Wrath was the Sultan's; he gasped his teeth,
And his very words seem to him and scathe,
As he ordered his wise men bound with chains,
And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains.
The wise men shook as the Sultan's eye
Swept round to see who next should die.
But one of them, stepping before the throne,
Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone:
"Emir, O head of a happy state;
Rejoice, O heir of a glorious fate!
"For this is the favor thou shalt win,
O Sultan, to outlive thy kin."
Pleased was the Sultan, and called a slave,
And a hundred courtesans to the wise man gave.
But the courtesies, they not with gave, thy wishes,
And each one whispers what each one thinks.
"Well can the Sultan reward and blame;
Didn't both the wise men foretell the same?"
Quoth the crafty old vizier, shaking his head,
"So much may depend on the way it is said."
[New Orleans Picayune.]

Death of Blucher.

Continued from First Page.

the city. No matter, as I am here I must arrange myself as well as possible.
"And I crossed a hall and went to my father's room. A fire half extinguished was smoking in the chimney; by its faint light I saw my father, my mother and my four sisters, seated around the fireplace; they rose when they perceived me. I ran to kiss my father; he stopped me with a gesture. I extended my arms to my mother; she fell back with a sad motion of the head. I called my sisters, each separately; they took each other by the hand without answering me. Then the whole of them returned to their seats.
"Do you not know me any more?" exclaimed I. "Is it like this a family ought to receive a son and a brother? Have you already heard of my entrance in the Prussian service? I could not refuse. Remember that the first thing I do is to come and inform you of my action. What! my father, you do not speak? My mother, you keep silent? Have you forgotten, my sisters, our mutual tenderness and the plays of our childhood—those plays that this place has witnessed so often?"

"At those last words my sisters appeared to be moved. They spoke low, and signaled me to approach. One of them knelt before my mother as if she wanted to play a game in which the players strike each other. Surprised with this strange fancy in a moment so solemn I touched the hand of my sister with the end of my whip. A mysterious force attracted me.
"When my time came to kneel before my mother and to put my head on her lap—oh, horror! I felt a form, angular and cold, under her silk dress. I heard a sharp noise like the rattling of bones, and then a hand met mine, that hand rested in it. It was a skeleton's hand. I uttered a cry of horror. They were human remains that I shook convulsively.
"Out of myself, and with a disturbed mind, I ran away from this awful castle; in the yard I found my horse; I mounted and departed at a furious pace. At the break of the day my steed fell dead, and my servant found me, senseless, dying under the animal. I was at the point of death for over three weeks. When I recovered my health I learned that my family had perished, victims of the pitiless Seven Years' War, and that our manor had been pillaged and ransacked many times.

"I returned to Gross Renzow. I wanted to pay the last duties to my family and to give a decent burial to those I loved so dearly. Notwithstanding the most minute researches I was unable to find their sacred remains. Alone, a hand—a woman's hand holding a gold bracelet—was picked up on the floor in my father's room, the same room where the fatal vision appeared to me. I took that bracelet, this very one, and the hand was buried in the chapel of the castle.
"Many years passed. Two months ago I was asleep on this sofa, when I was awakened by a slight noise. I opened my eyes, and saw distinctly my father, my mother and my four sisters standing beside me. My sisters took each other by the hand and motioned me to join them.
"No, no, never!" cried I.
"Then the ghosts, clasping their hands, began to turn slowly around me.
"Justice," said my father, passing before me.
"Penance," murmured my mother, inclining her sad face toward me.
"Prayer," said the youngest sister.
"Twelfth of August" said the third.
"And the last one repeated:
"Twelfth of August at midnight."
"And again they turned around me, uttering the same words; then they vanished, repeating: 'Good-by! Good-by! The twelfth of August at midnight!'
"I comprehended that my life was to be accomplished soon, and nothing more was to be done by me but to recommend my soul to God and my family to your Majesty."

"My dear Marshal," replied the King, "what you have related to me is certainly very extraordinary. Perhaps fever and delirium have something to do with those visions. Courage—take courage—fight against those hallucinations and have good hope. You shall regain your health and you will live many long years. Do you not believe me? Yes, is it not? Give me your hand."
And, as Blucher did not answer, the King of Prussia seized his hand.
It was already cold and rigid!
Midnight struck by the antique clock in the parlor.
Field Marshal Blucher, the savior of Wellington at Waterloo, was dead.

CARELESS WORDS.—Alas! how thoughtless and wicked we sometimes are, preparing for ourselves misery in future years, simply because we are so heedless now! By careless words, we sow the seeds of estrangement and bitterness, for which we may repent in after days, when the grave has parted us from the friends we wronged, or even in this world, when it is too late to repair the mischief and win back the hearts we have alienated. Can we not be wise in time, and study our unconscious faults, so that we may utter only the words of a true love and our speech may be always with grace?—Rev. Charles A. Allen.

LIFE AND DEATH.—On it rolls—not only the great globe itself, but the life which stirs and hums on its surface, enveloping it like an atmosphere; on it rolls; and the vastest tumult that may take place among its inhabitants can no more make itself seen and heard above the general stir and hum of life, than Chimborazo or the loftiest Himalaya can lift its peak into space above the atmosphere. On—on it rolls; and the strong arm of the united race could not turn from its course one planetary note of the myriads that swim in space; no shriek of passion, nor shrill song of joy, sent up from a group of nations or a continent, could attain the ear of the eternal silence, as she sits throned among the stars. Death is less dreary than life in this view—a view which at times, perhaps, presents itself to every mind, but which speedily vanishes before the faith of those who, with the heart, believe that they are not the accidents of fate, but the children of Nature, the kind provident mother of all.
—Harriet Martineau.

Omaha youth—"Yes, I guess my sister will go to church with you if you ask her. You are both Episcopalians, I believe?"
New York youth—"Er—no, I never attend that church any more. I go to the Presbyterian."
"Well, well! What caused the change in you?"
"The—er—Presbyterians do their praying standing up, and that keeps a fellow's Sunday trousers from bagging at the knees, don't ye know?"—Omaha World.

"GEORGE," she said, as she suddenly continued to sit in the sand, "I wonder with what hopes and fears and ambitions and perhaps sorrow and tears your gallant ship is freighted as she sails swiftly on." "I think you are mistaken, Clara," said George tenderly; "that is a three-masted schooner, and I think she is freighted with lumber."—Harper's Bazar.

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8:30 A. M. San Mateo, Redwood, and... 6:08 A.
8:45 A. M. Santa Clara, San Jose, and... 6:15 A.
9:30 P. M. Principal Way Stations. 11:15 P.

8:30 A. M. Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas and Monterey... 6:08 A.
8:45 A. M. Watsonville, Camp Goodall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Chico), Santa Cruz... 6:15 A.
9:30 P. M. Monterey and Santa Cruz (Sunday Excursion)... 11:15 P.

8:40 A. M. Hollister and... 6:10 A.
9:30 P. M. Tres Pinos... 6:10 A.
10:40 A. M. Soledad, San Ardo and Waco Sta... 6:00 P.
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