



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

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He who seems not to himself more than he is, is more than he seems.

Bear little trials patiently that you may learn how to bear great ones.

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.—*Burke.*

There are more people who can forget themselves than govern themselves.

The more originality you have in yourself, the more you see in other people.

Truth is eclipsed often, and it sets for a night, but never is it turned aside from its eternal path.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Solitude is a powerful aid to reflection and imagination. The higher faculties necessarily dwindle in a perpetual bustle.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self loved is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears.

That is the only true church organization when heads and hearts unite in working for the welfare of the human race.—*Lydia Maria Child.*

There are two ways of being happy: we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same.—*Franklin.*

Honor and virtue are the ornaments of the soul, and that body that is destitute of them can not be esteemed beautiful, though it is naturally so.—*Cervantes.*

If I am asked, Who is the greatest man? I answer, The best, and if I am to say who is best, I reply, He that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures.—*Sir William Jones.*

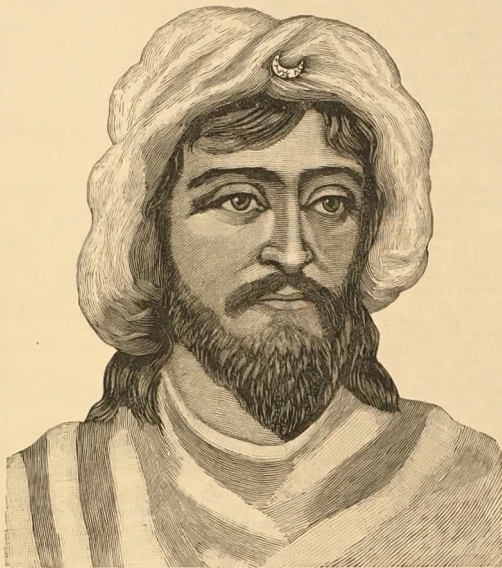
Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

The keel of a ship lies concealed, yet it is indispensable to her progress and safety; so virtue does not always appear upon the surface, yet true manhood is unknown without it.

This is Faith—to take what is unseen. Faith is the soul's sight. Failing to use it, we shut ourselves out from the sunlight of life. Living by it, we have hope that fails not, joy that sings even in sorrow, and love that makes us one with Christ and with God.

In every human being there are many grains of gold. When one is down, even by indiscretions of his own, do not stoop to throw additional mud upon him. Strive rather to reach him a helping hand to extricate him from the mire in which he is wallowing. This is true manhood.

Once, perhaps, in each crisis of our lives, our guardian angel stands before us with his hands full of golden opportunity, which, if we grasp, it is well with us; but woe to us if we turn our backs sullenly on our gentle visitor, and scorn his celestial gift! Never again is the gracious treasure offered, and the favorable moment returns no more.—*Maxwell Grey.*



SPIRIT PICTURE.

Produced by independent Spirit power under the hands of the editor of the GOLDEN GATE, through the mediumship of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers, of this city. For particulars see 4th page.

## Something About Bishop.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Your truly charming and invaluable paper comes weekly to our households, freighted with all manner of excellent food, both mental and spiritual. Charming, indeed, is the GOLDEN GATE in type, aspect and contents. We comment upon and discuss the various lectures and articles that appear in its columns from time to time, and in imagination I write for publication each week a lengthy communication. First, we would say that the labors of our young brother Colville are so fully reported that we no longer feel that we have lost him from our midst. We call him the prince of the rostrum, and rejoice in all the many instructive and profound discourses he is giving in your far distant city, the land of the setting sun! Time and space seem almost annihilated as we read from week to week his lectures, and almost realize the presence of his spirit guide.

We see so much concerning Mr. Washington Irving Bishop that we are impelled to give some information about his early career from personal experience. Mr. Bishop was a member of my family at various times when he was in his teens, from fifteen to seventeen years of age. At that time he was a most enthusiastic Spiritualist, urging us to sit for spiritual manifestations every evening. He was a rapping medium, and could obtain messages himself. Mr. Bishop extolled the wonderful materializing powers of the Eddy Brothers whom he had visited at their home in Chittenden, Vt. At one time Mr. Bishop was the manager of Eva Fay's seances; praised her gifts, being zealous in advertising, urging people to attend the circles; but, as she told me, he did not return the money taken at the door; she discharged him, and then Bishop commenced to expose Spiritualism.

The last time I saw Mr. Bishop he was present at a spiritual conference held in Harvard Rooms. Mr. Charles H. Foster was also in attendance, and when Bishop disclaimed the spiritual origin of these manifestations, Charlie Foster took the platform and said he would give a ballot test, and challenged Bishop to duplicate it. Charlie called for a stranger to give him the names of two persons, one living and one dead. These pellets were folded and passed up to him by a gentleman who declared himself a stranger to Foster, who took them and in a moment told which

one was living, and amid the cheers of a large audience he called for Bishop to come up and do the same or "shut up." Bishop replied: "This is the Sabbath day; I never give such exhibitions on the Sabbath."

Dr. Hallock and Mrs. Amanda Spence both gave their experience with Bishop and his mother, and warned him to change his course or his life would end in misery. After this conference closed I told Mr. Bishop that he knew he was a medium and that whatever he did was under the control of spirits.

The Spiritualists of Brooklyn have rested on their oars. For the past year or two we have had no regular organized society, meetings being managed by Mr. Rand, proprietor of Conservatory Hall. During the months of September and October Mrs. Glading has lectured here and given a new impetus to the cause; and a spiritual society has been organized, and a lady named Mrs. Beckwith has been elected as chairman for the coming year. It has been estimated that there are ten thousand Spiritualists in Brooklyn, but only a few hundred attend our meetings. The churches must attract them, and there is no doubt that very good spiritual discourses are given by the eminent clergymen of our city, and that our teachings are being diffused throughout all ranks of society. Fraternally yours,

MRS. EMILY B. ROGUES.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1887.

The social agitation of to-day is many-sided and many-sided. It involves deep and important questions of social, political, and moral science. The superficial aspects of the agitation can not conceal the deeper forces that it manifests. There is a struggle toward more light and more justice. The present condition of society is the result of the growth of long-gone centuries; it has been shaped by the operation of complex causes. No simple prescription or medicament will cure this disease. Society has grown into them, and it must grow out of them.

SCIENCE.—For science the volume of inspiration is the book of Nature. Confronting all, it needs no societies for its dissemination. Infinite in extent, eternal in duration, human ambition and human fanaticism have never been able to tamper with it. On the earth it is illustrated by all that is magnificent and beautiful; in the heavens its letters are suns and worlds.—*Draper.*

## [From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.] Extraordinary Phenomena.

[Recorded by Dr. N. B. Wolfe, author of "Startling Facts." In this record we are told that spirits flash in and out of the ambient air, and maintain materialization long enough to walk in good light about the house, talk, drink wine, feast, dance and play cards.—Spirit Plimpton walks the streets of Cincinnati and falls to pieces in front of the Church of St. Paul.—Egyptian kings and queens in illuminated costumes, etc.]

"The day of freedom dawns upon the world, The liberating Eras rise and shine; And like a millstone cast into the sea Oppression rolls its broken mass down Oblivion's cliff, and rises not again."

I was from home during August and September. In the beginning of October I returned, and soon after resumed sittings with Mrs. Fairchild, which had been interrupted by my absence from the city. I propose now to report as briefly as the matter will allow the results of these later seances, as I did of those held before I went away.

It is fair to say that the seances I now report were held in Mrs. Fairchild's parlors, and not in my own, as the former had been, and that I was as free to make conditions to suit myself there as if I had been in my own house.

But, let me say first that I always get the best spirit manifestations when I sit alone with the medium. I rarely consent to "join a circle of friends" to make up a seance, for the reason that I always try to avoid the inharmonious conditions of others, and feel more at peace with all "the world and the rest of mankind" when apart from others.

A great deal depends upon the condition of the sitters, whether he gets good manifestations or not. Often the spirit wanted has not been educated how to respond, and therefore can not manifest except by proxy. Spirits are more sensitive to influences than mortals. Domestic trouble, anxiety, grief or a dishonest purpose in consulting them often thwarts or prevents good manifestations. I try to possess entire equanimity of mind when I sit for spirit communications. Once I carried a vexed temper into the presence of the spirits. I was at cross purposes with all my surroundings and every body. I was soon told that my fretted mind could not understand the holiness of truth, nor appreciate its value and loveliness. I was dismissed with a gentle "good night," and "pleasant dreams" to reflect over my folly.

Physical conditions, too, influence spirit manifestations favorably or otherwise. I knew a person to enter a circle reeking with the smoke, grime, dust and foul emanations of several days' travel in a Pullman palace? car, who almost commanded the spirits to find his stolen overcoat and answer some trashy conceits that had found congenial lodgement in his sterile brain. Of course, such idiots get only what they deserve, and make willing witnesses to testify before a Seybert Commission that Spiritualism is a great fraud, as any man will, who suffers from a bad catarrh, get the odor of the disease from everything he smells.

These remarks are intended to assist good meaning people to investigate Spiritualism in a proper way, and that they may understand how to aid their spirit friends to show their forms, faces and to speak.

Spirits require more dainty conditions to enable them to work well, than mortals. The perfumes of plants please and give them power. The fragrant emanations of balsam trees delight them. They will communicate more freely in a light, well ventilated room, with a clean man, than in a hot, dark place with an unwashed one. The bath is a divine institution in the propagation of Spiritualism. The condition of men is but the reflex image of their minds. I will now record as best I can, phenomena which occurred in my recent sittings with Mrs. Fairchild.

The light in her parlors was sufficient to allow the head lines of a newspaper to be distinctly seen and read. In her back parlor stood the skeleton of a cabinet. It looked like, and answered some trashy conceits that had found congenial lodgement in his sterile brain. Of course, such idiots get only what they deserve, and make willing witnesses to testify before a Seybert Commission that Spiritualism is a great fraud, as any man will, who suffers from a bad catarrh, get the odor of the disease from everything he smells.

this enclosure was also open to light and air. This simple arrangement is called a cabinet, but wherefore, I know not, as it is at best but an enclosure—an open tent. Among herdsmen it would be called a "corral," and I think properly, for it is only a shelter here to protect spirits from intrusive influences while they are at work.

The building of the "corral" (if you please) was all the preparation I made for the reception and accommodation of our spirit friends. I sat in the front parlor, ten feet away, with the medium. We had been there only two or three minutes when the spirit Plimpton flashed into my presence, not from the floor, not from the "corral," not from any place in the room where he could have been concealed, but from the air—the circumambient air! It seemed as if he materialized his form from our breath, and maintained his existence with all the functions of a living man for twenty minutes.

He brought a chair from the wall to the middle of the parlor, and sat in front of us. I took both his hands in mine and kissed him in his bearded mouth. He was as glad to see me as I was to see him. He spoke with a clear voice and said:

"Well, old boy, what news? What do you know? How are you getting along? Tell us the news!"

I began to tell him the current newspaper news of the day, such as I thought would interest him, but had not proceeded far, when he again repeated the questions he had asked. This caused me to look at his face closely, on which I saw a vacant or far away expression, as if in a trance.

I remembered my friend had been a newspaper man, and tried to think his desire for news was his passion in the spirit as it had been in the natural world, but this surmise was dispelled, when I remembered that Josephine and other spirits had shown the same characteristics. When General Grant was given a dinner by his friends in Cincinnati, I sat opposite him, at the same table, for three hours. My purpose was not to eat, but to study the "silent man!" He had this introspective, absent look in his face, and was unconscious of the excitement about him, until Judge Taft broke the spell and said, "General, your time has come to speak." He rose to his feet, and without embarrassment or hesitation delivered a masterly, condensed review of every speech that had been made during the evening, in the strongest language possible to employ. After he closed he lapsed again into his abeyant or far-away condition.

I said to Plimpton when he repeated his question, "You asked, and I answered those questions before! Have you lost your memory, or have I not been understood?"

"I suppose I have!" he said, "I am only surprised I have anything left in me, coming as I do!" But, old boy, what news? What do you know? How are you getting along? Tell us the news!"

This confusion of mind is only temporary. This spirit soon collects his wits, and falls into coherent conversation. His mental powers flash with intelligence, and startle with brilliant declamation. I have heard Plimpton as a spirit speaker for half an hour with eloquence and logic unequalled by any efforts in his life or by any mortal lips I have ever heard.

Plimpton and I were in the habit of meeting in my house, several times a week, where after supper, we would adjourn to the office to discuss the news of the day over a game of cards and a lunch. Plimpton used tobacco—I did not, and hence had the clearest head. We both used naughty words when the game went against us. He could emphasize a little bit stronger, and was more classical than I.

When he gradually realized where and what he was, he spoke in a natural and rational manner. He alluded to our old time meetings at "146," and spoke of our contests with evident pleasure. In a spirit of mischief and badinage, I said: "I thought you would like to forget the games we used to play, as the victories were generally on one side—the defeats on the other."

"That was because you was lucky, old boy!" he said with his usual jest. "Yes! yes!" I responded, "you always called it luck, I remember, but I hope you know better now!"

"Not a bit of it! It was all luck, (Continued on Third Page.)



(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Physical Phenomena.

BY CHARLES DANBARN.

Phenomena is the foundation of Modern Spiritualism. I venture to hope that statement of fact may prove satisfactory to my kind critic, whose "Genial Chat" in the GOLDEN GATE expresses a well founded doubt as to my being "a whole-souled disciple of materialization." Although I have not visited the "Western Metropolis," I have many friends who read and admire the GOLDEN GATE; and on their account I would like to express my views so plainly that the position I take as writer and lecturer may not be misunderstood.

I fully believe that physical phenomena constitute the lower story of Modern Spiritualism. On this eastern side of the continent we use the bottom story of our houses for coal and potatoes, which in due time find their way upstairs. And much of the rubbish from the upper stories finds there a nook for repose, or in a quiet corner waits the hour for its cremation. We call this bottom story the cellar; and being below the level of the ground, none but the wretched and the outcast would make it a home.

Physical phenomena is the cellar of Modern Spiritualism—the bottom story where soul food is sometimes stored and held for use upstairs. But this cellar also contains frauds, fooleries, and vain imaginings that certain of the family refuse to have carted away. And amidst this mixture of the good and bad, of the useful and injurious, many Spiritualists insist upon keeping house. In other words, they live in the cellar, and wonder at those who prefer bright sunshine and spirit wisdom to a dark corner with ghostly friends that may or may not be what they represent.

Our age has been marked by discoveries of natural laws unknown to our fathers. The immortality of man is now known not to depend on divine fiat, or priestly blessing, but is the acknowledged destiny of all humanity without regard to conduct or religion. This discovery means freedom to the theological slave, if, like Frederic Douglas, he will only pray with his legs, and get outside the old church. It also means sign to the blind materialist, who clutches matter in a frenzied agony, not daring to let go, lest he fall into the geological pit of his own digging. But the slave may become free, and the blind man find sight without gain to manhood, if their souls remain slavish and without aspiration.

But Modern Spiritualism brings no net blessing to man or woman whose life is made better and wiser. I know that myriads count freedom from care and absence of pain as true happiness. But to a growing manhood that would be the life of a celestial oyster, opening its mouth that the tide might bring it food. And the oyster life is the exact type of many men and women calling themselves Spiritualists, who live in the dark amidst brainless ghosts and twanging guitars, and declare they are the happier for it. We now know that the mortal becomes immortal by a law of nature. But countless it as a wondrous miracle, such phenomena worshipers shout peans of hallelujahs, as if the world had at once become safe for a man to live in, without policemen and militia to protect him from his neighbor.

The proper name for the truth born at Hydesville would have been "Modern Immortalism," for the "cellar" life of the great majority of believers marks them as "Immortalists" every time. Life after death was the bottom truth that lies down in the cellar. The higher truth that Spiritualism comes by self-effort and in no other way, is so unpopular to-day that the lecturer who dares to make it his theme presently finds very few of the "Immortalists" amongst his audience. It will soon be whispered far and near that "he considers the lecture hall more interesting and instructive than the seance room, and is not favorably disposed toward materialization."

The Spiritualist who has once gained a knowledge of his own immortality, and yet continues to crave "tests," is like a hungry man chained to a barrel of flour. There is no growth in that flour for him, unless he can be free to build a fire, and prepare it for food. I never find a believer fed on tests morning, noon and night who is not a victim to spiritual dyspepsia. Just drop that "baby food" and try him with a little strong meat, and he is soon running round with a bad headache, seeking a "spiritual healer" to cure his woes. Nay, I find many who have been taking "spirit tests" in such constant doses, that, like the user of opium, they can only cry, "More! more!" until at last they seem to have lost the power of discerning spirit fraud when it simulates angel reality.

I must now ask my readers' permission to address them personally, as brothers and sisters. The "land of the immortal" is densely peopled, and no growing spirits stop there any longer than they can help. But that land is the birthplace of the dark circle and materialization seance. Let those influences once get at your latch-key, and you will find them coming and going at every hour. You will run a boarding-house for the immortals. They will register their names as any ancient you desire, but they will surely hand you counterfeit phenomena as your recompense.

If you have dear ones who have passed over, they may endure the hell of such surroundings for a passing hour to give you joy. But you will find every word was heard; every test marked; and a fraudulent immortal will simulate the old love to your heart's content and your last dollar.

If your friends are growing spirits, you must grow too, and the character of your intercourse must change if you would meet them soul to soul. You must prepare yourself to greet an advancing intelligence. You can't live in the cellar if you are becoming spiritual, and the change will surely show itself in your daily life and conduct. If you act out "cellar" behavior, then you surely belong to the sphere of "cellar immortals," and you have neither part nor lot with spirits who live upstairs.

One of the first signs of a growing manhood is a power to achieve some independent thought. So far from that are most phenomenalists that they carefully avoid any place where "ghosts" don't have a hand in the exercises. And their genial excitement is to play the tune of "spirit return" on a fiddle that has only one string.

I know that some of you do belong to the noble class of men and women who count all physical phenomena as but the first and very lowest round of the ladder. And some of you join me in nothing but the materialization seance being but a rotten plank lying in the mud, and used by some as a support for their ladder, for most of its phenomena—not all—is barefaced fraud from one side of life or the other.

Instead of counting "form materialization" under present conditions as our grandest phenomena, I place it at the very bottom. I know there are some who have become convinced by such manifestations of the truth of spirit return; but I would earnestly urge all such to seek their angel friends amidst conditions offering perhaps less of emotion, but far more of intelligence than is possible under the reign of immortals who have climbed no spirit heights.

I claim and maintain that through the phenomena of Spiritualism comes man's only knowledge of life immortal. But with much greater earnestness do I urge that such knowledge will be no blessing to the world unless it leads men and women to aspire to a higher manhood, and to grow spiritual by self-effort.

NEW YORK.

## Miss Dix—Her Advice to the Pope.

The Rev. James Freeman Clarke made the late Miss Dix the subject of his sermon lately. In the course of it he related the following anecdote of Miss Dix, as told by herself:

In Rome I did not find sick persons under treatment, but brutes in chains. Several days after this visit I was presented to the Pope, Pio Nono. He asked me in a kindly way if I had yet visited the asylum in Rome. I had the courage to answer, "Yes, and I am sure your Holiness has not yet paid it a visit." Pio Nono quickly raised his head and asked my meaning by a fixed expression on his face. I related to him, in a voice of emotion, all the horrors I had witnessed. I ventured to express boldly my sense of the unchristian treatment of these unhappy beings. The man who commanded the attention of Christendom listened with earnest attention, and when I had finished said briefly: "Come again in a week's time." My anxiety was unutterably great, for the Protestant and stranger had perhaps risked too much. Though conscious in my heart of my good intentions, I yet passed a sleepless night and a day of inward agitation. It caused a deep sensation when the holy father, two days after, in taking a drive, stopped before the gate of the asylum to spend an hour in the building. The week passed and I came again to the Vatican. In a grave and calm tone Pio Nono said: "I have appointed a commission, charged to lay before me a plan for the erection of a lunatic asylum in conformity with the rules of humanity and morality. When you again visit Rome your just and pious wishes will have been fulfilled. I thank you for your communications. May heaven bless you."

CORRECTING BAD ENGLISH.—"There is a nice dinner," said a woman to a tramp, "but I shall expect you to saw a little wood for it."

"Certainly, madame," politely replied the tramp, attacking the dinner with both hands, "but you will pardon me, I trust, if I venture to correct your English."

"My what?"

"Your English. The word 'saw' is a verb in this case, in the imperfect tense; you can not say, 'I shall expect you to saw wood.' I shall expect you to *see* wood. If you will indicate the pile to me, I will look at it as I pass out."

PRESIDENT ABERNETHY of Rutherford College, a true temperance man, has organized a large body of boys, eighteen years old and under, in his college, called "Juvenile Heroes," obligated not to drink intoxicating liquors, swear, chew or smoke tobacco until they are twenty-one years old. They have regular weekly meetings at which they read essays, declaim, and debate subjects calculated to strengthen them in the principles of temperance, purity and fidelity.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Christian or Infidel—Which?

(Addressed to the Seventh Day Adventists.)

In this letter I propose to prove immortality, and that spirit and soul were recognized as actual entities by many of the writers of the Old and New Testament.

To save all cavil or misconception I propose to quote chapter and verse of all the more important passages. The *Spirit of the Times* recently asserted in substance that the editors of spiritual papers never quote the Bible correctly. I will see that they do not say that of your correspondent.

I first propose to let "Buck's Theological Dictionary"—a standard author among Christians—settle the definitions of soul and spirit. Buck says: "Spirit is an incorporeal being or intelligence, in which sense God is said to be a spirit, as are angels and the human soul." Soul is defined to be "that vital, immaterial, active substance or principle in man, whereby he perceives, remembers, reasons and wills."

Further on the author continues: "The immortality of the soul may be argued from its vast capacities, boundless desires, great improvements, dissatisfaction with the present state, and desire for some kind of religion." He then states that "the safest and surest way to prove this doctrine is by the word of God, where we at once see it clearly established." There are other authors, and opinions of distinguished divines that might be quoted, but the above is sufficient for my purpose. My quotations from the Bible will be as full as is necessary to make the proof plain, but my comment will be brief. I will commence with Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, first verse.

"Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." Then he explains the gifts of the spirit, and their varied manifestations. Again, he recommends to the brethren to "Follow after charity and desire spiritual gifts," 1st Cor. xiv., 1.

The gifts spoken of were common among the primitive Christians, and they were not only recommended by Paul but by Christ, also; and in a further letter I propose to show that these Adventists do not practice one of the important spiritual gifts commanded by Jesus whom they profess to imitate and follow. "But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Matt. xv., 9. That is what Christ said to the scribes and Pharisees, and it applies with force to our friends over the Bay.

"For the Sadducees say there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit; but the Pharisees confess both."

"We find no evil in this man (meaning Paul); but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God." Acts xxiii., 8, 9.

The Sadducees were the infidels and Adventists of that time, and the Pharisees were Spiritualists; for the one denounced immortality and the other advocated it.

"In Paul's 1st Epistle to the Thess. v., 23: 'And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

The above is sound, spiritual doctrine. All of the more intelligent spirits teach us that man is three-fold—body, soul and spirit. Paul was Christ's leading apostle, and for daring to assert man's immortality he must come under the condemnation of the editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, who says: "The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is the prolific breeder of moral, mental, and spiritual pestilence everywhere." Poor Paul.

"Let every soul be subject to the higher power. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." Romans xiii., 1, 2.

If Paul had reference to the resisting of magistrates, why does he use the word soul? Why does he refer to the resisting of the ordinance of God? If he does not here refer to the spirit of man and the angel world, why does he say, they that resist shall receive damnation? Such is not the language that intelligent men use when speaking of the penalties of human statutes.

Wherever the words "spirit" or "soul" are used by Paul, they are used in a spiritual or immortal sense, and in no other.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God," etc. 1st John iv., 1.

Spiritualists always "try the spirits," and if they find them to belong to the Adventists' devils, they reject them without ceremony.

"For the word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." Heb. v., 12; x., 12.

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," etc. Heb. xii., 1.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Heb. xiii., 2.

If the apostle Paul does not mean "soul and spirit," the "immortal, active substance or principle in man," what does he mean?

"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul," etc. Matt. x., 28.

"And I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and

after that have no more that they can do," etc. Luke xii., 4.

Recently, Elder J. N. Andrews, an Adventist, published a small pamphlet entitled "Thoughts for the Candid," in which he tries to explain away the passage in Luke and Matthew above quoted. The following is a part of his comment:

"These texts are the record, by different writers, of the same language of the Savior. The first one is often quoted by those who teach the immortality of the soul and its conscious existence in death. In Matthew's version of the Savior's words, the soul is indeed made very prominent; but in that of Luke it is not mentioned. Yet the language of the one version is the same in substance as that of the other."

"Thus, while Matthew represents the Savior as saying, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul,' Luke expresses the idea thus: 'Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.'"

Elder Andrews is here compelled to admit that the Savior taught "the immortality of the soul and its conscious existence in death." This should forever settle the controversy of man's immortality, but these people are so tenacious of their dogma that the "dead know nothing," that even the Savior's words are disputed. A little further on, the Elder says: "The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is something indispensable to almost every prominent religious system. It is the corner-stone of heathenism." I have no doubt that Christ, the Savior, will feel highly complimented by being classed among the heathens for having believed and advocated man's immortality.

Paul is placed in the same category as Christ for daring to preach the same doctrine: "Spiritualism is simply the embodiment of this doctrine of natural immortality. It is incapable of existing without it. The very mission of Spiritualism, as proclaimed by itself, is to establish the doctrine of the immortality of the soul." The above I clip from the same pamphlet, and it is a fair statement of the doctrine of Spiritualism.

"There is one body and one spirit," etc. Eph. iv., 4.

"It is shown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." 1st Cor. xv., 44.

"And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." 1st Cor. xiv., 32.

"For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him?" 1st Cor. ii., 11.

"But is now made manifest by the appearing of our Savior, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." 2d Timothy i., 10.

There are numerous other passages in the New Testament speaking of the soul and spirit, but I must close. The old Testament I have not yet referred to, and I deem it unnecessary since Paul and Christ fully sustain my position that man has a spirit and soul. That they are the immortal part of man, and at what we call death the spirit is released and dwells in its appropriate sphere in the better land, but the body, being dead, "knows not anything." "Dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return;" that ends the body.

But with all this evidence before them, the Adventist still insist that man's soul is a myth, and immortality not only a heathen doctrine, but that all those who believe in and advocate it are "breeders of moral, mental, and spiritual pestilence everywhere." H.

## A Matter of Evidence.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I had supposed I was through with writing for explanations, etc., but I find, with some persons at least, there is a misunderstanding as to the terms, etc., on which I base my convictions of the truth of Spiritualism.

In the first place, I wish to say that I receive no new doctrines or principles in religion or politics without what to me is incontrovertible evidence of their truth, and thinking there might be others like me, living where there was no opportunity of witnessing any of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and being too poor in this world's goods to seek evidence, would say I take the propositions and principles I find propagated by leading Spiritualists, and analyze them one by one, compare them with the doctrines taught by divines of orthodoxy of the past and present, turn on the headlight of reason and choose between the two.

I have never witnessed the transit of Venus, nor seen the iceberg of the Arctic Ocean, nor seen Queen Victoria, nor President Cleveland, and yet I have good evidence they are all realities.

In conclusion, would say I take more pleasure and satisfaction in the doctrines and principles of Spiritualism in one day, than I have taken in puzzling over and trying to reconcile and believe the doctrines taught from Moses to John Calvin in the sixty-four years of my sojourn on earth.

HENRY WATERS.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., Nov. 1, 1887.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birth-day more than mine?" asked a Sunday school teacher of his class. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a precocious little boy.

## Materialization in Grand Rapids, Mich.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We have just been favored with a visit from Mrs. A. Kreamer of Los Angeles—so brief, the medium and her husband being en route for the East, that we obtained one seance only, which was on the evening of Oct. 28th.

The main points of this seance I here give, deeming them of more interest in this form than in that of a detailed description; for the reason that the latter, at its best, falls short of the reality.

While there is no possible chance for confederates, the medium and spirit are frequently seen at the same time; and in one instance, two spirits and the medium.

The cabinet was simply formed by a curtain across the corner of the room. Every time this curtain was lifted for the egress and ingress of the spirit forms, the medium was observed sitting in the same place.

The dematerialization of a spirit form was shown; the head, just above the floor, being the last seen, before that, too, sank out of sight. Also, the forming of the spirit body—beginning a small, light colored mass, and gradually assuming size and shape, until, at a certain stage of its creation, the entire form quickly loomed up to a size and height exceeding those of the medium. The forms showed remarkable agility and balance in movement, while the exhibition of physical strength was something wonderful.

Minnie Brown, adopted daughter of our good brother, John Brown of the Rockies, came out and shook hands with several in the circle, five to ten feet from the cabinet. Again, she came and waltzed—called out a gent of one hundred and sixty pounds weight, and whirled him around like a child—at last, took him up, lifting him twice clear of the floor with ease. She was half a head shorter than the medium.

Dark bearded men and a little child were among those shown. Sojourner Truth came. The faces were veiled with heavy, netted lace. The draperies were mainly of lace, also. With one exception the feet were bare.

A lock of fine and light colored hair was given a mother who had lost a babe. There was also laid in a lady's hand, for a moment only, a lock of coarse, dark hair, such as would belong to an aborigine.

The crowning test of the evening I can only describe by introducing the reader to a scene in the long ago. A little girl seated in her mother's lap is playing with her own bare feet. The second and third toe of each foot are webbed—those on the left foot being the most so. She asks, "Mamma! why are my toes not like other little girls' toes?"

The mother laughingly replies: "I don't know, dear, unless the Lord has put a mark upon you, so that, should you ever get lost from mamma, she will know you when she finds you. It doesn't matter; you'll wear shoes, and nobody will ever see your toes."

To come back to our seance. Among the forms who came out in the room was one who came five feet from the cabinet to the seat of Mrs. Booser, silently asking recognition as her only daughter. As she came near, instead of offering the hand of greeting, with graceful balance on her right foot, she raised and extended the other. Mrs. B. felt carefully the naked flesh. "It's Gracie's foot!" she said. She recognized its general form and shape, but had no special thought as to why the foot was thus offered. As the spirit still held it out, without design she felt of the toes, and incidentally discovered that the second and third were webbed. Instantly, the conversation of other days flashed into her mind, and she realized that her "lost" was found.

"O, mamma! said Gracie before she passed, 'when I come, I will come unmistakably.' And whether she manifests in the realm of matter or in that of intelligence, she always makes good her word."

Before closing, I can not forbear to strongly counsel all who are connected with this phase to be careful as to who form the circle. Educational preparation of the sitters is absolutely necessary. The greater the evidence and the more perfect the demonstration, the less effect is produced on the materialistic mind. Instead of its arousing intelligent interest and investigation, it excites combativeness, antagonism and unreasoning hostility. Only the pupil will receive instruction. The essence of a truth can not be reached through evidence.

We are more than grateful for the visit of the California medium, and the least of our wish is that Mrs. Kreamer and her husband may have the warm welcome they deserve wherever they may go.

H. W. BOOSER.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

THE LOVER.—The statesman is the leader of a nation, the warrior is the grace of an age, the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover, where is he not? Wherever parents look around upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he will soon be; wherever there are roofs under which men can dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on, unspoken, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse.—*Harriet Martineau.*



## Extraordinary Phenomena.

(Continued from First Page.)

when you won! Science when I won," retorted Plimpton.

"Which was not very often," said I. "Spare me, old boy!" cried Plimpton. "You was born under a lucky star! It will be with you to the end. When you come again fetch a deck and I'll teach you how to play a progressive casino."

In this manner Plimpton talked with us twenty minutes in a light sufficient to read by, with all his faculties alert and in free play. I handed him the card of a business firm in Cincinnati without comment. He held it close to his eyes to read, and then ensued the following colloquy:

Plimpton—"What about this? What did you give me this for?"

Wolfe—"To read!"

P.—"Well, I have read it! It is the card of Downs & Alexander, but I am not interested in steam pipe and boiler coverings."

W.—"I not only wanted to test your ability to read, but to satisfy myself that your eyes were as accurately materialized as the rest of your body. The eye is a delicate structure, and its lenses and humors must all be accurately adjusted for the transmission of light to the sensorium. I notice you are still near-sighted."

P.—"Only when I take on the elements."

Without giving any intimation of his intention to transit, he released my hands and flashed out, as he had flashed in my presence, leaving no visible trace of his visit. With this the scene closed.

On the following day I went again to Mrs. Fairchild's parlors. The conditions of the place were the same as I had left them the previous day. I had a table brought into the front parlor, and on it placed a lunch with a pack of cards. My object was to make the occasion a merry one, and as much like our meetings in the old time as possible. I wanted also to study the effect of the arrangement on Plimpton.

The medium and I took a position about six feet from the table, under the gaslight, with one burner in a half flame. We were talking of ranches, cattle, etc., when in the "twinkling of an eye," Plimpton came out of the air, and stood beside the table. It was truly "sud'n!" He wore an office jacket and a close fitting, black skull-cap. His gold spectacles glittered in the gaslight. At the time he did not seem to notice our presence, but began inspecting the articles I had put on the table for lunch. He took up one after another, and after satisfying his judgment that all was right, looked toward us and said:

"Sit up, Doctor. Let us lunch!"

I sat at the side of the table facing the cabinet north of me; Mrs. Fairchild to my left; Plimpton on my right at the end of the table. Plimpton took up the bottle of wine, and inspecting the stamps and labels said, "This Mumm's best brand, a fine wine!" He used the screw to remove the cap, break the wires and extract the cork. To do this as he did, required both skill and strength. He next filled the glasses and passed one to Mrs. Fairchild and one to myself. We arose to our feet, and I said: "I'll drink to your health, Mr. Plimpton!"

He quickly responded, "Not to my health, old boy. Give to the health of me, no concern. It is always good to drink to something else! Haven't I made a point on you this time, old fellow?" and he laughed heartily over his conceit.

I admitted he had, and substituted the sentiment, "Light and progress to us all!"

To this toast we all tasted wine. Plimpton drank half the contents of his glass as naturally as I did. He then passed fruit, cakes and candy. On the table lay two tins with due regard to intervals and the proprieties of table manners. After replenishing our glasses, and while I was looking him squarely in the face, my eyes seemed to grow filmy, and before I could wipe them, Plimpton was lost to mortal ken. We had chatted so long, and our intercourse had been so personal and natural, I had forgotten he was a spirit until he suddenly and unaccountably disappeared. I only then realized what an extraordinary thing it was to drink wine and lunch with a spirit.

His evanishment, however, was only temporary. After sitting a few minutes in silent amazement, Plimpton came back to his old position. His advent was as rapid as the lightning's flash—the wink of an eye. He made no allusion to his sudden "taking off," or to his coming back. He didn't think he was conscious of what had transpired, for he took up the cards and said:

"What game, old fellow? Do you say progressive casino?"

"Yes! that'll do. Deal!" I answered.

He then shuffled the cards nervously, as I have seen him do a thousand times, and dealt to each one until the complement was given. On the table lay two tens and two aces. I held a knife, which gives for eleven. It was my first play, and of course I made a sweep thereby and secured the two aces, counting three in the game, which was too much for Plimpton. He exclaimed, "There's your old luck again!" and threw up his hand. As he did this he leaned his head toward me and said, in a deferential tone, "The Emperor!" Looking startled, I me, at the other side of the table, stood I with bare head, in good light, Napoleon Bonaparte. I have seen him before in

my parlors on Smith street with Josephine, his wife, escorted by a body guard of French soldiers. In a better light I now scanned the face and form of this remarkable man. I received his extended hand, and gave him a glass of wine. He said something, as he took the wine, which I did not understand. The word "France" I recognized. He tasted his wine, set down the glass, bowed and went out. How or why he went I can no more explain than how or why he came. But he left a fadeless memory. He stood in good light, a small, slender, young-looking man, with flowing brown hair, in an undress uniform. He was unlike any of the pictures made of him which he had grown obese. His features in profile will always be remembered, for they were as characteristic as Washington's or Lincoln's.

The Emperor had passed out but a minute or two, when a tall, handsome fellow in uniform stood in his place. He wore a chin beard and mustache. He, too, came out of the air. Plimpton leaned his head again toward me and whispered "Napoleon's first officer," whatever that may mean. It signified something, for Plimpton seemed aware when he spoke. For myself I stood firm in my boots, and I did not feel the earth quake! As a rule I don't admire "soldier fellows," any more than Gen. Grant admired "literary fellows!" Our regards were made up of about "af an' af," admiration and its opposite! But there stood the man. I gave him a glass of wine, which he held above his head, and said something about France, as the Emperor had, which was lost to my understanding, if not to my ear. The delivery of this sentiment, and toasting it with wine, seemed to be all the business the "first officer" had to transact, as he vanished the instant he put down his empty glass. I turned to speak to Plimpton, but he, too, had disappeared.

I wanted to ask Plimpton, before he left, what became of the wine he drank and the lunch he ate, whether they were digested and assimilated in his spiritual bread basket, the same as in ours, or how, I did not discover any spots on the carpet after they went away. I missed the opportunity then, but when he came again he told me that digestion and assimilation with them meant the reduction of substances to elemental conditions, in which state they were first enjoyed, and then diffused with unorganized matter. I don't know that this metaphysical explanation made me any wiser than I was before, but perhaps the reader understands it better than I do.

When Plimpton left the lunch table he filled his pockets with candies and cake. He also took my pocket-knife, an old four-bladed article I had carried for several years, but possessing no real commercial value. He went out so suddenly he had no time to explain why he did this. But an opportunity soon occurred when he made the following curious statement:

"My intention was to carry the knife to your house, and place it near your plate, where you would find it next morning when you took your seat at the breakfast table. In doing this I wanted to surprise and show you the power I had to hold materialization. I failed in carrying out this intention. After I got sufficient power, as I supposed, I walked down Seventh street to Smith's, carrying the knife with me. At the corner of Smith a number of the guild of St. Paul were standing in front of the church which had just let out, almost blocking the pavement. I tried to get around, but could not, so I made an effort to crowd through them; but as soon as I was surrounded by their atmosphere, their aura poisoned me until I melted away, and down went the knife on the pavement. An old, gray-haired man picked it up, and I fear you will never get it again."

The above is Plimpton's story as near as I can tell it. It contains several points worthy of thoughtful consideration. But these the intelligent reader will recognize without my aid. The dead Hamlet walked through the streets of Wittenberg at the hour of midnight! Why not Plimpton walk through the streets of San Francisco under the eternal law of materialization, which is so much better understood now than then? Let us know why not.

As Napoleon, his first officer and Plimpton had banqueted and passed from sight, the medium and I put the table aside and took our position again in the middle of the front parlor under the gaslight. Here we sat about five minutes when a young woman came out of the "corral" and stepped quickly before us. She bowed, kissed her hand and looked pleased. She wore a dress of thin, dark material, long enough to cover her knees, short sleeves and low corsage. She may have worn tight, but her feet and shapely limbs looked naked to my eyes. Her dark hair hung in profusion down her back. Her eyes were large, brown and bright. She held, in her tapering fingers, a single strand of large, iridescent beads. Forming a cup of her left hand she repeatedly dipped her beads in this cup, until in a few seconds the one strand received the accession of another.

She continued this kind of business six or eight minutes; the number of strands and volume of beads had then increased until she could not handle any more. She then hung them dazingly around her neck, and went back almost to the cabinet. She was given a few seconds as it to begin a dance. Lifting her skirt slightly she displayed a profusion of white petti-

coats, and then sprang forward with a graceful movement, describing a line of beauty with the curve of her left arm and hand, while her queenly head and neck undulated with swan-like grace.

Any systematic effort to describe the agile movement and grace of this lovely woman, must fall short of an accurate description. I have seen Celeste, Ellsler, Morlacca, Bella, and other celebrated *premiere danseuse* on the stage, but they did not impress me with the admiration and wonderment this woman did. Her exhibit was all new—motion, point and pose. At times she leaped the front door (spinpointe) so rapidly that it was impossible to distinguish her form from a nebulous mass of throbbing light. Then again out of this delirium of motion, this palpitating phantasmagoria, the queenly form of a beautiful woman would come.

While this dance and transfiguration was taking place, "Skiaukee" and "Black Hawk," two grand old Indian spirits, dressed in aboriginal toggery perambulated the room, curiously examining everything they saw. "Ski" brought me a broken pipe and asked me to fix it. "Hawk" opened and held the front door ajar while both he and "Ski" peered out at the people passing along the sun-lighted pavements. These two Indians are powerful aids in materializing spirits, and belong to Mrs. Fairchild's "guild." "Ski" turned from the door and danced a round dance with the prima donna, with a grace, finish and dignity of step that surprised me. They all enjoyed themselves, and said they "had a nice time," just as silly mortals do.

The manifestations closed abruptly when the medium said, "They have used up the power." I wanted to ask, "What power?" but refrained.

On the morning of the 5th of October I stood alone under the gaslight in the medium's front parlor. She was in the other end of the room giving her attention to a disordered music box. Quick as light, Solon Robinson came and stood beside me. He seemed to come out of my boot leg. I don't know where he came from, but he came all the same.

It is humiliating to be so ignorant, but "I'm am, I was born so!" quoth Topsy. The spirit wore a faded office gown and skull cap. His long, white hair and beard, and slender form, gave this spirit strongly marked physical individuality. He took my arm and we walked slowly up and down the parlors half a dozen times, during which he said: "I am glad of the opportunity to talk to you again. The time is rapidly coming when we will influence the actions of men more than does blind faith, which stabs and stifles their noblest aspirations. Men will live more free in the light of science, reason and common sense, than now. Superstition, the parent of bigotry, as ignorance is of intolerance, will fade away under the enlightening rays of truth."

Robinson speaks with thoughtful deliberation, and whatever he says seems to be solid convictions of his head and heart. His delivery is unlike that of Plimpton, who utters his thoughts with a quick, aggressive torrent of living words, which pour forth like an explosive fiery flood of lava from the crater of an active volcano. Robinson held my arm when he began to sink to the floor, but lost his grip and melted into intangibility.

So after he passed away, my daughter Anna, a lovely spirit, came out of the inclosure to meet me. She advanced a half dozen steps and stopped. I went to her, when she put her arms about my neck and kissed me again and again. She was glad to see me, and sent messages of love to her sister. She was not strong enough to endure so much light, and returned to the cabinet and faded upon its threshold.

Next came from the corral, with noiseless step and womanly grace, Josephine Bonaparte. She walked to where we sat, under the gaslight in the front parlor; she was habited in lace, draping her queenly form from her head to the floor. She wore gems upon her shapely arm and neck. Gracefully she bowed, then aired herself with a promenade up and down the parlors several times. Her trail of lace swept the carpet in a series of beautiful and lovely undulations. The purpose of this fine dressing I do not understand. Spiritually, dress is regarded as a fine art with a mission akin to that of flowers. Love of the beautiful is an attribute of the divine economy, and embraces architecture, painting and statuary.

After this exhibition of dress, Josephine stood near me and spoke of her adored France. She said that Napoleon would yet raise her people from the degradation of bigotry and superstition into the pure light of reason and liberty. She then retired to the cloister, and as she went in, "Redrose," the dancing spirit, came out, and danced again as she had the previous day. The movements were different, but quite as bewildering. While she danced, Skiaukee brought me a glass of water, and a short time thereafter handed me a glass of sherry wine, which he says he made from the atmosphere. I sampled the wine, and found it to be "good stuff."

The dividing doors between the front and back parlor were now closed by order of an independent voice in the cabinet. After shutting off the gas, and closing the door, the back parlor became pitch dark. The medium sat at one side of the cabinet, I at the other. A few minutes after the doors were closed, the room was made "light as a lily in bloom," by the appearance of a beautiful, feathered female, with an olive-tinted skin. She was clad in a

luminous dress. I don't know how to describe this costume. Every thread emitted light, and seemed to be formed of sun rays. It throbbed with sheen—Oh, how bright! It covered the entire form of this dark beauty like a bridal veil, and hung in graceful folds, reaching from the head to the floor. On the front of the dress ornaments of indescribable witchery fairly scintillated with brilliancy. She wore a coronet of gems on her brow, and her dark, rounded arms were covered with ornaments. She spoke no word, and only once or twice gave motion of her head or body in response to something I said. After standing alone four or five minutes, a tall man, with a similar complexion, came from the cabinet and stood beside her. He wore tight-fitting clothes, like a harlequin, but over these a mantle of luminous warp and woof. His under suit was dark, but inlaid with bright patines of gold. She laid her head upon his breast and looked up to his face. She seemed happy in her love.

While looking and wondering at these strange visitors, two more arrived and joined the group. My eyes had never rested on so strange a quartette. The light emanating from their clothes bewildered me. Oh, how impotent are words to describe this heavenly host! For the first time I was overpowered with thoughts and desired to see no more. They were representatives of old Egypt, the Ptolemies and Pharaohs, and part of the band controlling the manifestations I have just recorded.

CINCINNATI, O., 146 Smith Street.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Always Question Them.

(Written by Spirit H. B. Kenyon through a private medium at St. Paul, Minn., October, 1887.)

MY DEAR FRIENDS—Do not allow the question of evil spirits and their influence to bring with it doubts and misgivings, for while it is true that there are evil-minded persons in the spirit world, as well as in earth-life, the one can be resisted as easily as the other. There is an aura emanating from all persons in earth and spirit-life that proclaims the true inwardness of the individual, and should be an unfailing guide to prevent the pure in heart being imposed upon by selfish and evil-disposed ones. Remember, also, that you have as a birthright a will power that should protect you from the near approach of evil spirits in the body and out of it, and it is your duty to command all such to stand one side and behind you. With this positive command, no evil spirit in the form or out could come *en rapport* with you.

Always lean upon the staff of your own conscience and intuition without doubting that God has given you charge over your conduct, for you will be held responsible for your stewardship. You must, to a great extent, work out your own salvation, and finally stand before your loved ones on this side in all the loveliness that comes from an honest endeavor to do all things well while in earth-life. Remember that no one can do your work so truly as you can, and in that day of your resurrection you will be judged by the loving kindness and good degree done in earth-life; while some one else thought and taught will not aid you so much at that time as what you have really done for others while there.

Those on this side seldom return to earth for the simple amusement of tormenting, or leading any in earth-life into paths of sin and sorrow, and when you also come to this side you will learn that we have more satisfactory employment to occupy our time. When the garb of mortality is laid one side and that of immortality is placed upon us, we have other things to occupy our thoughts than to return to earth for fun and mischief. At that time all conceit has vanished, and our personal greatness has also vanished, and we find ourselves standing in the presence of loved ones who came before, and we realize the fact that they now see us as we are instead of what we appeared to be in earth-life, and this condition of transparency of our real self, has a tendency to do away with the idea that we were only a little below the angels of purity, and created in the image of God, who is perfection. Then we behold the beautiful garment that loving kindness had woven around and for our new being, and also the dark patches produced by selfishness and wrong; hence it is that none are anxious to return to earth to again walk in the paths of sin and sorrow, and this life with the patches and finger-marks of sin so plainly upon their robes.

All spirits from earth require assistance upon entering the new life on this side, and to those coming from a life of selfishness and sin this is a new life indeed, and could you assist as one of a receiving group of spirits and see those coming from a life of wrong and selfishness, as they enter fully into consciousness upon this side, you would learn that they are glad to get out of such influences, and, very few, if any, could be induced to return for the purpose of leading others into paths that produced these marks of sin upon themselves. On the other hand it is true that the usual desire of those coming into this life is to be enabled in some way to send a message of consolation and love to those left in grief and doubt as to the real life in the beyond. They are very anxious to assure the loved ones that there is no death, and that the mystery of the resurrection was solved in the morn-

ing of their awaking upon this side; later on they have learned more of the country on this side and are then anxious to assure the dear ones there is a way to so live while there that no shadows and patches will stand out upon the garments awaiting them upon these beautiful shores.

Mortals have all they can contend with to resist the bad influences of each other, and when they go into bad paths it is quite as well to own the truth that they desired to go there, instead of being influenced by some spirit upon this side. "Know thyself" is a good motto to remember. Coming into this life does not sever the bond of the brotherhood of humanity, which leads the one to assist the other onward and upward into better conditions. We could not be happy in leading any one into darkness and sin, for progression is the overruling law here, and I assure you that we do not enjoy scenes of sorrow as would follow from leading our fellows into doubt and despair.

In earth-life you do not greet every one you meet and invite them to your home and soul communion, nor would it be best to do so, yet it is safe to extend the hand of fellowship to any who are honestly seeking for more light leading heavenward. Remember, in all your association that when you are made to blush by word or act, it is well to halt until you are satisfied of the real cause and intention of words or acts that alarmed your inner self; pay strict attention to the silent monitor of the soul, then there will be very little trouble with evil influences.

Anything that is worth doing at all is worthy of your whole might. *Live*, as you journey on in earth-life, and not be contented with dreaming, become acquainted with yourself and your powers, and use every faculty for the good of yourself and those around you, then evil spirits will know that they can make no use of you. If they do come, question them to learn their object, and if they want help, and you can aid them, it will tend to lift them up without being pulled down yourself. Do not lose sight of the truth that right and wrong are never in harmony and never can be, so when you see those who claim better things, following paths leading to wrong, look well to the cloak they wear and be guided by your soul monitor, or intuition, and your path in life will be free from many obstacles to happiness.

Finally, fear not, for your guardian angels will watch over thee, and when doubts encompass you, come to us and we will guide you aright.

FATHER KENYON.

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## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

## BORN TO LIVE.

The GOLDEN GATE has now been before the public nearly two and a half years, and yet there are those now, as at the first, to predict its early demise.

This is in nowise discouraging, especially when we consider the incongruous and divergent shades of opinion entertained by Spiritualists. We can not expect to please all. Some think our cause can prosper only by the general denunciation of those who differ with us. But we have chosen another, and to us a far more satisfactory policy. In the spirit of kindness and good will to all we undertake to present the glorious truths of Spiritualism, ever seeking the highest good of all.

In this spirit the GOLDEN GATE was born. That it was born to live has been assured us through every medium through whom we have held communion with the spirit world.

But independent of all mediums we have that within which passeth all outward expression,—we know that we are the instruments of an invincible host of the spirit world to do this work. Why, all the powers of earth and steel combined are as naught to the unconquerable army of workers who compose the heavenly guard of the GOLDEN GATE. Upon us are upon the crest of the flood-tide of spirit power now sweeping over the world, it can only be where "the wish is father to the thought" that any would predict failure to this work.

Aye, the GOLDEN GATE is borne on a mighty wave, and calmly and majestically she sails on, ever nearer and nearer to the great throbbing heart of humanity—and ever nearer, we hope and trust, to the Infinite Soul.

Were this a personal enterprise it might be different, but the GOLDEN GATE has a company of grand men of large hearts and purses at its back. We, its editors, are but the humblest workers in this vineyard of golden harvest. Were we to retire from its management the paper would go forward just the same, upheld by a Board of Trustees composed of such men as Hon. Amos Adams, Hon. I. C. Steele, Dr. John Allyn and Abijah Baker, any one of whom is enough to insure the success of any business enterprise. And when the further fact is considered that these men are supported by the sympathy and willing hands of many wealthy stockholders, can any one doubt the permanency of this journal? Is not this array enough to insure the GOLDEN GATE's safety through the roughest trials? We think so, and are proud of such company.

Our course from the first has been to call the beautiful and good in human kind, to appeal to the angel side of man's nature, to distill the sweet aroma of noble deeds, the perfume of which would make all life purer and better therefor, to carry into the homes of our readers more sunshine than there was before, to rear a temple of love at every fireside. What a bulwark love is against every emergency. Love is only created in an atmosphere of harmony. So, dear reader, we trust the columns of this journal will ever bear its golden weight of harmony through the gates of your inner soul to dwell therein as a garnered hope for better things here, and in the eternal hereafter.

—Sunday last, Nov. 6th, W. J. Colville began his Sunday ministrations in Irving Hall. The attendance was very good at all services, particularly in the evening, when the music was most enjoyable. Miss Joy's rendering of Balfe's "The Day is Done," words by Longfellow, being particularly exquisite and appropriate. The morning lecture was on "Saints in Glory and Souls in Purgatory." It was pronounced by those who heard it, a very fine and rational exposition of some important spiritual facts in contradiction to prevailing theologic misconceptions. In the afternoon the answers to questions were greatly appreciated; much ground was covered, though the meeting was a very short one. The evening lecture will appear entire in next week's issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

—"Outside the Gates" is the title of a neatly printed book of over five hundred pages, just issued from the presses of Colby & Rich, Boston, from the pen of that gifted writer and medium, Miss M. T. Shellhammer. It contains a number of Miss Shellhammer's best sketches, of which the principal one bears the title of "Book of Life." It follows: "What I found in the Book of Life," "Morna's Story," "Here and Beyond," "Slippery Places," "The Illud Clairvoyant," etc. It is truly a storehouse of good things—of the best spiritual thought. The book is a memorial tribute to James Gordon, late of Cincinnati, Ohio.

## THE LESSON OF ONE LIFE.

There was found dead upon a lounge in a small law office on Montgomery street in this city, on Friday morning of last week, a man who seemed to lack nothing of culture, of intellectual ability, of personal presence, or of social position, to have made him the first and foremost man of the age.

Henry M. Edgerton was a brilliant orator, deeply read in the law, and was highly esteemed among men. And yet he died destitute and alone in a dingy law office, where he had spent several nights stupefied and half crazed with strong drink. Not but that friends would have been near him in his last hours, had they believed him so near the end; but he had gone thither to sleep off the effects of the fiery narcotic that had unthroned his reason and filled his veins with a seething tide of death. This maddened torrent overleaped its boundaries in some artery of the brain, they called it apoplexy,—and Henry Edgerton's spirit—the real man—passed on to the land of souls.

While we would not willingly wound the feelings of surviving friends by referring to the dark dishonor of dissipation that marred this otherwise grand life, yet there is a lesson in such an ending to such a life that should not be lost to the world.

We have known Henry Edgerton well for the last quarter of a century. We have been thrown together in public life, and have, at times, almost envied him the splendor of his intellect. He was not a steady drinker, but enjoyed long intervals of sobriety. The uncertainty of these intervals made him an unsafe counsellor, and it came full soon that no one dare trust him in any important case at law. His practice fell off, he became careless and negligent in business matters, his word could not be depended upon, and he seemed to lose all tenacity of purpose—and all as the result of that one debasing and fatal habit, his appetite for rum.

Now it will not do to say that this man had not the power to resist and overcome his debased appetite, for he did resist, and occasionally for a year or more at a time, he was the right royal man he was capable of being. Then came the relapse, and for a season he groveled in the slums of hell.

What a light has here gone out in darkness,—what a spirit has passed on under the thralldom of error, to gain by long and painful processes—by deep humility and arduous striving—the experience necessary to enable him to enter upon the journey that will lead him eventually to rest and peace in some one of the "many mansions" of the Father, in the land of eternal verities.

Will not the thought of lost opportunities in his earth expression,—of neglected duties and a tarnished manhood,—be to him an everlasting regret? Nowhere in God's universe can the immortal spirit hide itself away from memory. By earnest endeavor regret may lose the keenness of its pang, but it will still rankle on and on, and the chastened and risen one will ever wish that there had been no cause therefor.

May this man's life and death stand as a solemn warning to our young men against all indulgence in the cup that maddens and drives to delirium and death.

## DOLEFUL LIVES.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Weep and you weep alone."

Do not, dear, doleful brother or sister, persist in perpetually beclouding the moral sky of your more cheerful neighbors with the dark and dismal shadows of your own grievances—especially when they are mostly grievances of the imagination.

With some people everything goes wrong. They are eternally prating of their troubles, disappointments and dislikes—of their backaches, colds and cramps. They are not sought after because, as they think, they are not as attractive or interesting as some other people. Or, perhaps, they become conscious of the fact that they are generally disliked, and haven't the good sense to realize that the fault is in themselves, and not in their neighbors.

It is for this class we pen these lines. We would have all such bear this thought in mind, that most persons do not care to come into the atmosphere of the perpetual growler and fault-finder. They dread their appearance and learn to shun them. They are not willing to have their own lives sapped by such inflections, and so they manage to keep out of their way.

We believe in the law of reciprocity. We should be willing to give as well as receive. But some there are who take all and give nothing in return. They will shut off your sunshine, and make you miserable for a whole day, if you will permit them to get a chance at you for only a few minutes.

If you have friends, make yourself lovable in spirit. It isn't necessary that you should be rich, or young, or handsome, to be admired, and live in a world of sunshine and happiness. Some of the most charming people we ever knew

were and are elderly people. Do not carry your grievances about with you, nor thrust them upon others. If you would laugh at your troubles nine-tenths of them would turn into sources of pleasure. Treasure this lesson, dear reader, from Ella Wheeler:—

"Rejoice, and men will turn to you;  
Grieve, and they seek you;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not need your sorrows.  
Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all.  
There are some to decline their neighbor's wine,  
But none who do not drink life's gall."

## VOICES OF THE DEAD.

The phonograph, in its present perfection, is the invention of the globe. Mr. Edison compares the one of ten years ago with the one of to-day, as more or less a toy, and yet it embodied the perfect ideal, which is now destined to fill countless niches in the practical and commercial world. Its application to correspondence is its most common side of interest, and for this purpose little boxes will be made to enclose the phonogram for mailing. To put such letters, messages or orders in your own phonograph and hear them in the perfect voice of the sender, is something that goes farther to annihilate the sense of distance than the best telephone ever constructed. Letter-writing has long been considered a laborious accomplishment, and to lose an art, but its dawn may be predicted almost to a day if the phonograph does what its inventor declares for it, for who would, unless compelled, sit down and spend half or three-quarters of an hour in penning a dumb epistle when he may himself be heard, and have the greater pleasure of hearing in turn its answer? Not he or she who can afford a phonograph, and it is certain they will soon come within the means of the ordinarily circumstanced.

The abnormal desire to preserve the bodies of the dead has never led to a discovery that would do so but in a ghastly way. But now that the world may keep the loved voices of its departed, what more can it desire from the ravages of time? And who will dispute the words of the dead when it comes to opening wills? and why should they be probed when the testator speaks his wishes to his heirs in his living tones of voice? Traveling on down the years we find no sadly bereaved ones, for each fireside may still be cheered by the tender speech of the long-gone. During their lifetime they may leave whole evenings of conversation to be repeated when their forms are molding to dust. We miss nothing by death more than the stilled, sweet voices.

## A FINER SENSE.

"More is felt than can be perceived, and more is perceived than can be interpreted." Thus we all live and labor under more or less disadvantage. Our best endeavors are half thwarted by the invisible obstacles we can feel yet not see, and in that way are greater hindrances than palpable objects, which we may remove or get away from. But there is a good side to these unseen forces, and they may become our greatest aids. It is something to have achieved, when we learn to put aside the first and consider the last. Feeling is a more perfect sense than sight, as much as it can detect faculty under guises that deceive and captivate the eye. It never fails to warn one in danger, but very few heed its voice; not knowing what it is, they call it superstition, and do their worst to suppress it, not unfrequently succeeding so well that they ultimately come to feel nothing, and laugh at others who have cultivated the sense until it has become the monitor of their lives.

By cultivation we learn to avoid persons and things that disturb our equanimity, which is only harmonious, magnetic conditions; for out of discord we can work no good to ourselves nor others. As for interpreting our perceptions, either of eye or mind, no one succeeds but to an inferior degree, comparatively, yet degrees of improvement may be added. By cultivating perception, we cultivate expression, yet in the last we can never be perfect, since the more we perceive the greater will be the tax upon our faculty of word painting, and finally we get beyond the limits of our material vocabulary, and would gladly leave to silence that which we can not feebly portray. The soul has its own language, and when we enter upon its domain, we shall look upon our earthly speech as almost meaningless chatter.

—The interruption of Mr. J. J. Morse at the Temple, on Sunday evening last, by an employee of this office, who took exceptions to some remarks of the speaker concerning the Chicago anarchists, was entirely without our knowledge or approval. While we believe in the liberty of speech, we do not believe in the right of any one to interfere with the liberty of another. Whoever dissents from the expressions of a public speaker, has his remedy in hiring a hall and inviting the public to hear him, or in mounting a dry goods box at the street corners and taking satisfaction out of all who choose to listen to him, but not by interrupting a speaker in his own hall and on his own grounds.

HAMILTON HALL, OAKLAND.—W. J. Colville's class in Metaphysics or Spiritual Science, meets every Friday at 3 P. M. in the pleasant upper hall, which is warm and light in all weather. At 7:30 P. M. a lecture is delivered on the "Book of Revelation and its Spiritual Meaning." Though this course of lectures is consecutive, each lecture is quite sufficiently distinct in itself to interest a visitor. Admission, ten cents. No reserved seats.

—The change from Odd Fellows' to Irving Hall, as the place for holding Mr. Colville's meetings, appears to have been an admirable move. Being near the great hotels, many more strangers were in attendance last Sunday evening than ever found their way out to Odd Fellows' Hall.

## OUR SPIRIT PICTURE.

We present this week, on our first page, a remarkable picture taken independently through the mediumship of Dr. Henry Rogers, of this city, late of New York.

Pursuant to appointment the writer called at the elegant residence of Dr. Rogers, 524 Eddy street, on Monday last, in the hope that we might obtain something that we could reproduce in our columns. We found the Doctor apparently not in the best condition physically, but in our experience with mediumship we have learned that often when the conditions have seemed most unfavorable the best results have followed, as was the case in this experiment.

We took our seats in the seance room around an uncovered pine table, the Doctor sitting opposite the writer, and Mrs. Rogers, who is also a medium of great power, sitting between the two. The Doctor's hand was soon controlled to write automatically, and we were assured that they would endeavor to give us a picture; that we must remain in as passive a condition as possible until they could gather the forces. In the meantime a pleasant conversation was kept up. Mrs. Rogers gave numerous positive tests of spirit identity, sometimes being assisted by her husband in giving names.

It should be mentioned, that in addition to independent slate-writing, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, sitting together, form a battery whereby their gifts are able to produce life-size pictures of spirit forms, which are exquisite works of art. These pictures are produced in the dark by independent spirit power. In their production the mediums are sometimes required to sit regularly for several weeks, giving their time exclusively thereto. It is only very rarely that their guides have attempted to produce such work as we were fortunate enough to obtain, as it is only rarely that they can find in the sitters those assisting forces which enable them to accomplish such wonders without injury to their medium.

First taking a pair of slates which we *know* contained no writing, a bit of pencil was placed between them in the usual way, when soon, with the slates lying on top of the table, in the full light of day, the following message, written in a *fac simile* of the handwriting of the spirit father of the editor of this journal, appeared:

MY DEAR SON:—We fully comprehend the needs of the times and are adapting our work to the requirements of humanity, but look for a new light soon, for the hour approaches when truth and justice shall dominate, and the knowledge of spirit existence become universal.

Your loving father, D. D. OWEN.

Another pair of slates were thoroughly cleaned, secured with rubber bands, and left untouched upon the table until the close of the seance, when there was found written in a peculiar hand within the following message:

Yea, work is required in the annals of spirit life, Dear Brother, and we are your constant co-laborers. Keep on and faster not, for you are supported by a mighty host.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

Everything being in readiness for the principal work of the seance, the Doctor took a piece of thin cardboard about seven by nine inches in size, and tearing off a piece from one corner handed the piece to us, that we might be able to positively identify the work. The card was then held to the light that we might see that it was what it appeared to be, and that it contained nothing more. Upon this card was placed a small quantity of pulverized black crayon—perhaps a third of a thumbful. The card was then placed between two large folding slates, and the slates strapped each way with rubber bands. We then placed our hands upon the slates and held them for about twenty minutes, when raps upon the slates indicated that the work was finished. We were requested by the guide, writing automatically, not to open the slates for a few minutes until they could restore the forces that had been drawn from the medium. At a sign the slates were opened and the picture—a beautiful work of art—was found as our artist had endeavored to reproduce it. Upon asking the name of the spirit, the following was written through the medium's hand:

The picture is of one who will give his name at a future time and who comes to you, or rather has been brought by your father to assist in your work. He is highly spiritual, and one who has great power. From this time on you will hear from him, as he is connected with your life, and having the greatest power could give his picture better.

Upon going home that evening, Mrs. Owen, who has lately developed excellent psychical powers, assured us, before she had heard a word of the result of our seance, that she had visited the seance in spirit, being in a semi-trance at the time, and that the picture obtained was shown her as that of an ancient spirit who had come to assist in our work! There could hardly have been any guessing about that.

We shall hope to give the results of other experiments with these wonderful mediums hereafter.

A SINGULAR CASE.—A singular case is now pending before the Supreme Court of Canada. It involves the right of the Roman Catholic Church to exact or collect fines from members of the congregation who have failed to conform with the rules of the church. The case at issue is that of *Potras* against *Lebeau*. The suit arose out of the refusal of appellant to kneel on both knees, during high mass in church. *Potras*, who was a good Catholic, had been ill, and was suffering much pain when he entered the church. He attempted to get down on both knees, but the effort was so painful that the best he could do was to fall on one knee. *Lebeau*, who was the Sexton, or constable of the church, ordered him to put down the other knee. He refused, and was ordered to pay a fine of twenty dollars for irreverence. He paid the fine under protest, and then brought suit in the civil courts to test the right of the church to impose the fine. We think *Potras*' weakness in this case was in paying the fine. We have no sympathy with religionists who disobey the rules of their church, and then, when made to suffer the consequences, appeal to the public for sympathy, or to the courts for relief. If they can not conform to the rules, they

have their remedy in stepping down and out. If *Potras* should have the rules of his church oppressive, he should have gone and set up a church of his own, wherein the attitude of the body in religious worship would have less significance.

## MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES.

Life is the one mystery that all despair of solving. It is like attempting to understand the Infinite that is around, above and below us, and in us, yet incomprehensible. The least of His works most confound us. A flower, the fairest and faintest of forms, breathing forth its life in perfume—whence comes it, and what is it? Those delicate shades and pencillings that no art can reproduce in their living beauty; that spirit of sweetness so oft lived out upon the so-called desert air. So what is desert? It implies an absence of life; yet, as not a particle of earth, air, sky or water, is without life, *where is the desert?* And how we cling to this thing called life! The least creature that breathes has an instinctive fear of death, and will turn with all possible haste to avoid the fatal steps of our careless feet, that crushes out myriads of creatures too small for our consideration.

Life to us grows in importance according to size. And human beings go so far to value the life of one another. All the while the least as well as the greatest, as the words go, are being judged, measured and weighed, that one day the value of what we have made of this thing called life, may be set before us. It is for each one to decide what he would like the estimate to be, and live accordingly. But strive and aspire as we may, our conclusion must ever be, live long or short, with the aged one who wrote:—

"Life, I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or where, or how we meet,  
I own not to a secret."

"Choose thine own time—  
Say not good night,  
But in some brighter clime  
Bid me—good morning!"

NOT ALL TRAITORS.—The religious press seems unable to recover from the effect of the circumstance that Cardinal Gibbons should have been called upon to officiate at the late Centennial celebration in Philadelphia. They do their objections up in various shapes and bundles of displeasure, but they all turn out one article—Catholic! Well, now, what if he is a Catholic? Did he fact detract at all from his fitness for the office he performed? We do not see that the fact added any strength to the argument in the matter of the Catholics taking the country. It was but courtesy, and appreciation of dignity, and a kindly sentimentality that prompted the selection. We doubt not. We will not undertake to say whether a Protestant of equal clerical standing would have been thus honored in a Catholic country; but as we do not stop to consider what others would do to us on religious grounds, we do to others as the moment and occasion prompts, and we should be proud to say that it is always from a free and liberal spirit. Those who fear most, will doubtless find that the country and its institutions are just as dear to those who trust in their strength and the common people in silence, as to the other class who loudly proclaim coming dangers. Though the Pope declares ours to be the most Catholic country on the globe, we do not believe all Catholics would be traitors.

VALUABLE RELICS.—In the works of genius there inheres an intrinsic value, but, like good wine, requires time to make itself known. The world, as a rule, does not appreciate its masters until their names have been embalmed by time, and their works become relics of the men great and honored in their day are being sold for sums, the hundredth of thousandth part of which would have saved them many a pang and misery lived and borne in secret. It is taken for granted by the mundane sphere that if one does not cry out and proclaim his wants and woes, he has none. It has not arrived at that spiritual state when it can feel as well as hear and bear. Speaking of genius, we are reminded of Turner's "Antwerp," that in 1833 sold for one thousand dollars, but a few days ago in London brought thirty-four thousand to its owner. Turner had a great name in his day, but his great talent commanded nothing princely. Others are reaping the profits of his genius.

—The constant success of the *Illustrated London News* (American edition) is not by any means a surprise when even the contents of a single week is considered. Take, for instance, the issue of October 29th, now on the market. The supplement alone, giving an excellent colored portrait of Prince Bismarck, is a valuable souvenir to possess, while in addition there are pictures of the "Nizam of Hyderabad," two pages devoted to illustrations of the "State of Ireland," another page of "Our Troops in Burma," one of "Border Sketches in Kells," one of "Bristol Cathedral," one of the "Death of Caesar," and a most attractive picture of a little girl and a dog, entitled "Speak!" The reading matter is as interesting and complete as ever, while the price for all is only ten cents. All news dealers have it, and the New York office is in the Potter Building.

"MODEL MOTHERS."—Our old friend, Prof. A. M. Cottinger, of San Jose, author of several excellent works, has, during the past year, published a charming book of three hundred pages, entitled, "Rosa, the Educating Mother." The first part of the work is devoted to examples of some twenty model mothers, the balance to "Rosa's Letters on Education." Rosa, by the way, is the spirit wife of the author, and to his mind, doubtless a truly model mother. This book will be found helpful and salutary in the parental work of training children. Dr. Cottinger is a philosopher and thinker of the German school. He is clean, fresh and original.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Will Mrs. Ada Foye kindly send her address to this office?

—Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Crane, of St. Helena, are stopping at the Grand.

—Hon. I. C. Steele, of Pescadero, flashed upon us and departed, during the past week.

—Mrs. Bates, healing medium, late of Alameda, has taken rooms at the house of Mrs. Miller, 114 Turk street.

—Mrs. Foye, our eminent test medium, has returned from the East, physically somewhat demoralized by the Eastern climate.

—Mr. J. J. Morse's visit to Tulare, as we judge from the notices of the local press published elsewhere, was an eminent success.

—Labor never had a greater enemy than the man who seeks, by incendiary utterances, or overt acts of anarchy, to impair the security of property rights.

—"I have read other papers on Spiritualism," writes a Kansas City correspondent, "but prefer yours to any other, for it gives me new life every time I read it."

—Mrs. Moss, materializing medium, and Mrs. Fulton, trance, test, and healing, have moved from 1037 Mission street to 915 1-2 Mission. Advertisements on fifth page.

The *Chicago Express* of Oct. 29th contains a discourse by C. A. L. V. Richmond in opposition to the execution of the anarchists. As a rule Spiritualists are opposed to hanging for capital offenses, and Mrs. Richmond makes this no exception to the rule.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig's able discourse delivered Nov. 24, before the Spiritual Union at St. Andrew's Hall in this city, appears in full in the *Pacific States Illustrated Weekly* of Nov. 5th. We shall give it a wider circulation by transferring it to our columns soon.

—Sunday next Nov. 13, W. J. Colville's subjects will be: 10:45 A. M., "The Sun Standing Still; what does it signify Spiritually?" 2:30 P. M., answers to questions; 7:30 P. M., "Spiritual Truths in Shakespeare." In the course of this lecture the identity of Shakespeare and Bacon will be incidentally discussed.

—The *Century* for November is a truly model number. It would seem, with such succeeding number, that the publishers had reached perfection; but then each number, as compared with the preceding, shows some marked improvement. The *Century* is well worthy of its immense patronage. No home is complete without it.

—We call attention of spiritualistic writers to the fact that Dr. John Allen, on our fifth page, for the best essay on a subject of vital importance to Spiritualism. Dr. Allen names three prominent Spiritualists, gentlemen, to act as a committee, with the request that we add the names of two ladies to the number. The names of the Committee will be given in due time.

SPIRITUALISM IN TULARE.

J. J. Morse and Dr. Schlesinger visited Tulare last week. The former delivered two lectures at Liberty Hall in that city, whereof the *Daily Times*, of Nov. 24, speaks as follows:

Mrs. Morse's lecture at Liberty Hall last evening was far superior to his effort of the night before, and whatever his critics may say regarding the spiritual inspiration impelling him to speak, they must concede that it was a most remarkably able effort. It was generally regretted, even among those most pronounced in their opposition to his doctrines, that the hall was engaged for this evening, thus preventing Mr. Morse from favoring Tulare with another his lecture. He presented Spiritualism in its relations to science, and handled the question in a masterly manner, showing how the dwellers in the spiritual world, though in the process of evolution, had reached a higher plane, were still permitted to hold communion with the denizens of earth. We have not space to discuss his theories and doctrines, but the lecture was so well conducted, and so thorough, that at the close of his remarks, those present were invited to ask such questions as they chose, and several availed themselves of the opportunity. The faculty which had reached all of them was astonishing, not an instant's hesitation being noticeable. Should Mr. Morse ever again visit Tulare he will be greeted by large audiences.

Under the heading "Spiritual Revival," the *Times* of Nov. 3d has the following:

Our town is in a sort of spiritual ferment at present, brought about by the presence of Mr. J. J. Morse and Dr. Schlesinger. Many persons visited the latter's room yesterday, and came away mystified. The reporter called upon the Doctor last evening and was cordially welcomed and given a "sitting," and he can truthfully say that he witnessed a most wonderful manifestation of mystic power. The names of his parents and that of a departed brother, as well as the place and manner of death of the latter, and many other things, were revealed to him and all without the slightest clew being given. We can not say how this was done, but there was no mistaking the fact that it was done. The Doctor will remain here a week or more, and will no doubt be kept pretty busily engaged.

ANNUAL MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GOLDEN GATE.  
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.  
SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.  
The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company will be held at the office of said Company, 734 Montgomery street, San Francisco, on Saturday, Dec. 3, 1887, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Trustees for the management of the business of said Company for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be necessary.

MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary.

Is Organization Desirable?

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Thirty-eight years ago we date the introduction of Modern Spiritualism. Jesus of Nazareth had no lowlier cradle—the instruments, children in an unknown family, in an obscure village. Taunted, hissed, mobbed, and searching investigated by learned committees, the little girls bore the burden placed on them. The press with all its Herculean energy sought by argument and ridicule to crush the "spiritual epidemic." The learned professions arrayed themselves against the "delusion." Spiritualism came without a leader; it had no organization or visible means of extension, and during its entire career the circle has been held at individual cost. Mediums have fulfilled their office as a labor of love. The journals which have advocated its claims have been published by individual effort, and its books have been written and published without aid from any association. The cry has constantly ascended from those cut loose from their old moorings and frightened by the force of the unknown tide, that amid this iconoclasm and disintegration there was no organized effort. They deplored this want and sought to supply it.

Many organizations have been ushered into ephemeral existence with great promise which they failed to fulfill. Each has had its use, answering which, it has died. They have rested on resolutions, and with resolutions faded away. Their basis has been narrow and indeterminate. They have had no fixed aim or purpose, nor united by any common object. The American Association, the most ambitious attempt, was an ignoble failure. Its leaders signally misunderstood the genius of Spiritualism, and the demands of the times. They had not yet learned that new wine must not be placed in old bottles.

What if you name your council a "convention," your articles of faith "resolutions," your church a "society"? Your resolutions are not binding, and your "society" so free it can not pass even a vote of censure.

We have come to a transitory age. Old forms are not wanted, but we play that they are. Representative conventions are held by delegates, representing societies holding themselves entirely independent of the acts of their delegates. The latter may shout and vociferate their brief day in convention, making believe there is an Atlas' labor, but the result is as ludicrous as it is pitiable. Unless societies give their delegates power to act for them and bind themselves to execute the acts of their delegates, conventions are shallow farces; and yet such power is the last any spiritual society would delegate!

Delegate conventions have been only mass meetings, and there has been no end of plans whereby order might be evoked out of the chaos of conflicting individualism. Not understanding the law of the tides and currents of the infinite sea of spiritual life, it has been considered necessary to govern by human desires. It is now said that Spiritualists must organize on a religious basis. Just let us learn what is meant by religion before we are enticed back to the nightmare of creeds. No one need join a society to become religious. Spiritualism does not admit the pleasing illusions of enthusiasm. It can gain nothing by proselytism. It holds the belief in immortality and communion of spirits in common with all the churches. It makes belief absolute knowledge by demonstration.

Organization on what is called a religious basis would not give tone and direction to Spiritualism, but simply gather a few individuals from its ranks who have not wholly escaped the bias of early training, and hence are ever longing for the flesh-pots and soothing days of faith. To such a Spiritual Church may be essential, and there is not the least objection, only Spiritualism will not be confined within its walls. When they have fitted and hewn everything to their ideal, the essences of Spiritualism have escaped to the outside world. The effort by which they would make it concrete has driven it away. He who, by his own fireside, in the quiet family circle, receives messages breathing the eternal love of the dear departed, reaps the rich harvest of Spiritualism, and feels that no association can give him more.

The true Spiritualist has this lesson to learn. He is not responsible for the beliefs or acts of any other individual or body of individuals, and must discard any sensitiveness he may feel in that direction. The garments of Spiritualism cannot be colored by any expressions of belief. Spiritualism stands alone, self-reliant, leaning on no staff of received opinions. It belongs to no special church, but to all the churches; to no clique or faction, but to the individual force in Church and State. Its glorious history proves that it does not depend on association, the unity of its purpose shows that it has not been misguided. The force beneath the conflicting waves, which gives all direction, has been and is the will and purpose of the spirit-world. If, in their comprehensive wisdom, they concluded that it were best that disintegration cease, organic movement would result. They would suggest to competitors that no essay should exceed three thousand words, which would make three columns of the *GOLDEN GATE*. Let them be written plainly, and upon one side of the sheet only.—ED. G. G.

A MARVELOUS CURE.

DEAR DOCTOR DOBSON:—We have neglected reports to you the cure of our boy's spiritual remedies. He commenced to improve soon after taking the medicine, and before the month was up he was completely cured. He often would say, "The good doctor that made me well." The people here are amazed at the cure, for our best physicians said he must die. Another doctor said to us, it was not on account of your being a Spiritualist, but because you had the magnetic force; and we told him we would like for him to perform such a cure. We will give praise where praise is due. Some who booted at Spiritualism when you had that sense here, now want to see the doctor who can perform such a wonderful cure. We send our lasting gratitude to you for curing our little boy.

GRACE A. ELLYSON.

REARIS TOWNS, Iowa.  
Every mail brings letters with just such praise of Dr. Dobson's marvelous cures of persons he never saw. They come from all parts of the country, to nearly every state in the Union, and to distant lands, these magnetic remedies that restore health. His name is a household word in all over the land, and his praises sounded by thousands

should then have had the deplorable antagonism of sects. As in all movements there are conservatives and radicals, and the tendency is to draw a sharp line of demarcation between them. It is to be hoped that uncharitable feelings will be thrown aside, and in a fraternal spirit we may be able to see that all, in their various spheres in the spiritual field, are working better than they know. But if "organic effort" cement the differences of opinion which are now only immaterial differences, the gulf will never close, the antagonisms never cease. There is harmony in the discord of individuality, and the Harmonal Philosophy, who will have peace, though he fights to gain it, is legitimate to one phase of progress. The present contention may be lamentable, but it is first essential to disintegrate before integration or reconstruction can begin, and when such organic action is demanded, it will not be an old garment refurbished, but quite different from the anticipation.

Of course nothing that has been said applies to the established societies, which are little more than lecture clubs, and which have been and are at present the best Spiritualists can maintain. Meantime the genius of Spiritualism goes, broad and free, throughout the world, and is an active leaven permeating the most hidden recesses of the churches, breaking down the barriers of sects, and covering with a veil of silence the dismal creeds, which, it not discarded, are unmentioned.

Prize Essays.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Enclosed find check for fifty dollars, to be given in three prizes: twenty-five for the best essay, fifteen for the second best, and ten for the third, on the following subjects:

1. Can money be used to advantage to promote the cause of Spiritualism?  
(By this is meant, to be of greater service to humanity than to establish kindergartens, orphan asylums, old ladies' homes and such like for the general public.)

2. How can, say one hundred thousand dollars, more or less, be used in California to ensure the best results in promoting Spiritualism?

To prevent any suspicion of partiality, it will be better for those who compete for these prizes not to sign their names to their manuscripts, but enclose them in a sealed envelope with the MSS., to be opened after the award is made; the MSS. to be sent to J. J. Owen, and the prize essays to be at his service, to be published in the *GOLDEN GATE*. The award will be made on or before the first of February, 1888; consequently it is desirable that all manuscripts should be in as soon as the first of January.

Appearances indicate that California is to have a continuous course of population—intelligent people drawn here by our genial climate and fruitful soil. It is now a seed time, when institutions should be established that will give character to the people for centuries to come, and exert a benign influence on society. There is great wealth among Spiritualists, and some are giving large sums to establish colleges, industrial schools, kindergartens and kindred charities, which certainly are commendable. It is the object of these small prizes to draw out an expression of thinkers as to whether a portion of the wealth of Spiritualists could not be better applied under the direct control of Spiritualists for the direct promotion of Spiritualism, and the inculcation of liberal ideas in regard to religion—that is, man's origin, and his nature and condition in the future life, so generally taught by mediums. It is hoped these prizes will throw some light upon this important subject, and also awaken some interest in the general Spiritualistic ranks. The two divisions indicated can be treated in one essay. JOHN ALLYN.

ST. HELENA, Nov. 7, 1887.

We would suggest to competitors that no essay should exceed three thousand words, which would make three columns of the *GOLDEN GATE*. Let them be written plainly, and upon one side of the sheet only.—ED. G. G.

who never saw him, but who have been saved by his simple, yet wonderful remedies. He must be a happy man in thus being able to contribute so much to the happiness of his fellow-men.—*The Mappalet Record*.

A CARD.

The interruption of the speaker at Metropolitan Temple, on Sunday evening, was merely a correction of a statement, for which I deserve the thanks instead of the condemnation of every one who loves the truth. Referring to the seven condemned "anarchists," the speaker asserted that after the bomb was thrown they ran away. I simply said, "They were not there." The exact truth is that only two of the seven were present, and they were on the stand toward which, and not from which, the bomb was thrown. It is admitted by every one who knows the facts that those men, excepting Luzzatti, were not convicted for any act committed, but for opinions expressed. That was repeatedly stated by the judge who sentenced them. And, although the bomb killed one man, it perhaps saved the lives of others, as at the time it was thrown, one hundred and fifty armed policemen were about to make a murderous attack upon a peaceful meeting which had been called to protest against the shooting of innocent citizens by the police on the previous evening. Every one who knows me, knows I am no apologist for violence, but I am an advocate of truth and justice. W. N. SLOCUM.

PASSED ON.

From this city, Nov. 6, 1887, Mary Calver, aged 25 years, 6 months.  
This sweet spirit, whose mortal body had suffered from an illness of seven years, originating with diphtheria, was only too anxious and willing to go at rest. Chastened and purified by the discipline of affliction, she took her departure, serene in the arms of loving spirit friends who were present at her transition. She was conscious to the last, and so happy at the thought that her sufferings were over.

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 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Maria 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. Entrance 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. For a course of twelve lessons in Spiritual Science, \$5.  
Single admission tickets to classes, 50 cents. Admission to Sunday services to classes; reserved seats 25 cents. Monthly tickets, with reserved seats, \$2.  
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.

Albert Morton.  
BUSINESS MANAGER.

Mrs. M. Miller, of 114 Turk street, desires to inform her friends that she has some pleasant, sunny front rooms to let by the week, day or month in a central locality. First-class beds, furniture and carpets; bath-room, hot and cold water all day. A pleasant home for those who desire it. Call and see and feel satisfied.

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Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and address of any person of any liberal persuasion, or any person in time to time mail announcements, or circulars containing desirable information. oct-1m

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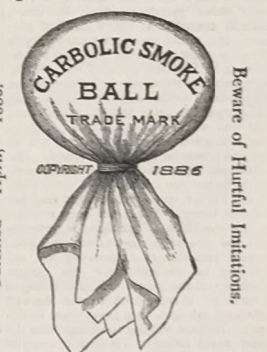
"Amid the joys and beauties of Earth,  
"let you come, unprepared, before your  
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"clean fit the soul for the delights that  
"await you in the Better Land."

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CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL, I called, motivated an application, purchased a "Smoke Ball," and in three days afterward, while applying the same, it removed a hard substance from my nose, as large as a hazel nut. Instant relief followed. My eyes were better than ever, and soon was "as good as new." I verily believe it saved my eyes, and I know not how to express my gratitude. I keep the Carboloc Smoke Ball with me now in traveling, and find a great comfort when exposed to danger of catching cold as it never fails to relieve me. Truly yours,  
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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

To the children of the heaven-born Order, greeting:

Saidie blesses you all with the fullness of her love. To the workers she ever brings a baptism of peace that they may be encouraged, even though clouds may cast their shadows over the pathway. Saidie has directed thought to the first of our Order in the land of souls. It was a necessity the angel world felt, for in the realms of the then new planet we were to have our home for ages yet to come. As we thus banded ourselves, we felt a stronger power, a richer baptism of strength, which is the result of a harmonious union of souls. Gradually did the spheres evolve their soul force, making an atmosphere within more and more in harmony with the power evolved within ourselves. Mother earth was not then the unfolded planet of now. It was in its primitive state, so to speak. Mankind were yet to find a dwelling place therein, a place suited to spiritual unfoldment; and the silent watchers were to wait—wait through the centuries of the yet unwritten future. We, for our dwelling, formed from the elements lowest in the scale, a sea of space near the spheres of the planet. Not till the spheres were evolved from the grosser material of the world could spirits find habitation thereon. We were then strong, having gained, through experience and the school of life, the wisdom we held as our inheritance, or as the golden harvest from the fields of life. We had known the working of the law of cause, had seen in their unfoldment other planets, witnessed their progression, and knew the Father had in store much of the riches of the everlasting kingdom to bestow upon this, the planet to which we turned, as a parent may turn to a child of great promise for future fulfillments, without the fear of failure, with no great sorrow of heart, although we might see in the advancement made seeds of error, sad persistence and bigotry sown broadcast over the surface. We saw the slow growth. Its symbol was pictured before our vision, and too, we read with prophetic clearness the far away glorious ultimate it would reach, and were content to bide our time. Time would pass, reons of ages would each make a record, and still we would be in a prime of life. The soul constellation would seek in time avenues of incarnation, and so the planet would be to us and for us a home.

Saidie says we watched patiently, waited longingly, day by day, year by year, century by century, the slow growth and slower unfoldment of earth and its inhabitants. Think not the union in the Order was useless. Not as a church of to-day, assenting to form and creed, but a true, harmonious blending of soul. The tie was that of true brotherhood; the Order was a loving family, holding oneness of purpose to be the brightest link in the golden chain of harmony. And down through the ages we have held sacred the obligations resting upon us. The same Order is held upon the higher spheres of many other planets to-day. In union there is strength, in love a bond of harmony, and would we work successfully in any good cause, we must unite our forces, working for the best good of all. Saidie welcomes into the earth expression of the heaven-born Order any who come with full purpose to learn and obey the truth, any who will build up all that is pure, true, and good within themselves, and so become a beacon light to the world. She would see right and justice triumphant, would better the condition of each child of the Father, would redeem and lead her children home. There has been evolved in the condition of mankind a necessity to know the truth concerning the past, present and future. Humanity will not for long be content with the meager teachings of the past. There is a ring of counterfeits there which causes the well balanced mind to turn from them in disgust. Neither will the teachings from the spirit world suffice. These are, many of them, good in their place, but the reaching mind, the longing heart finds not there food of life which satisfies. Saidie, the Orientals and others have noted the progress of human thought, and as the mind has been fed upon the rudimentary facts of life, the hunger grows deeper and stronger for more and more, until now it is not enough to know loved ones are not lost but gone before, but the soul reaching out for God longs to find out and know more of self. The question, if a man die shall he live again? is long since answered, and like a lesson well learned is lain by; the answer has proved itself, and now the soul questions of life.

Whence came life and immortality? Who and what am I? Whence came I, and whither bound? Is this life sufficient earth experience in which to gain my angelhood? If not, then when and where have I existed? What is the mission of my present existence? And such reaching leads still farther on to inquire concerning those who were and are, perhaps, the friends most dear. For then is known and understood in a higher sense the meaning of souls ties. Mankind begin to understand, as never before, that there are longings of soul never met; there are aspirations never realized. Thus they learn to look beyond the mortal, to the world deemed blessed. And from bond the mortal comes the loved who have been listening and waiting to hear this cry from

hearts they long to reach; loved ones they long to grasp by the hand and call their own. In the valleys we have heard the cry, and from the mountains of the blest we have hastened to meet them now. Saidie rejoices in this time of fulfillment. The time for which we have waited long has come. In one little home we have met our loved ones who walk these earth valleys, and hearts have been made glad. Saidie succeeded three years ago in establishing the earth counterpart of our Order, and within its enclosure she has welcomed many of her children. Scattered widely over the land they are, and some may not soon know of the tie which binds them to her heart in more than the earth love of a mother, but Saidie forgets not. When her children call for words from Saidie, she can bring a record of a past forgotten by the earth pilgrim, but not erased from the record books of home. Many are dwelling in the valley of their incarnation, knowing naught of the truth which should be the bread of life, and are now feeding on the dry husks of creed. These may never awake to the consciousness of the truth, but dwell here, fed only by such stray crumbs as may reach them from the Father's table. Could Saidie make her voice heard she would call every child into her fold. She can not go out into all places and to all hearts, but would her children come to her they will find welcome; they will enter a union of heart and soul; they will find records of the past, be introduced to those most near and dear, and find satisfaction and joy in the truth revealed to their higher reason. Matehood and many incarnations, two facts of life, are taught from actual experience.

We, on the fields of celestial life, will never come to earth from our home of Light to teach error. Long has Saidie waited this time to give these truths she herself has gleaned from the many fields of life to humanity, and now, that her work has been inaugurated, think you her heart is not glad? Saidie and the angel hosts rejoice greatly in consequence of this fulfillment of their highest hopes and greatest wishes. From the center shall go forth light and truth from the halls of light; into the hearts and life of many an earth pilgrim shall these find a biding place, making of each and every home, where we are welcomed, a little heaven of peace and happiness. Wonder not that we are earnest in our work; wonder not that Saidie must give from time to time thoughts concerning the work and of encouragement to her workers. They are as pioneers in a new land breaking the soil and clearing the way where others will follow, will fill the places of these who are working with us for the good of humanity. There will come into the field those with heart and soul engaged; understandingly they will receive and transmit the glorious truth which is the redeemer of mankind. Hearts and minds are being educated through the length and breadth of the land; those who will nobly bear the banner of the Order, who will honorably exemplify its principles and become bright lights in the world. Saidie again bids her children be strong and brave, be ever true to the right. Work not for fame and honor, but for the right. Home in the highest spheres of the planet awaits you; its doors are open; loving ones beckon you thither. Press onward in the path that lies yet before you; never falter nor faint by the way, for beyond the struggling, the weeping, beyond the hoping and fearing, beyond the sorrow and gladness, beyond the darkness and gloaming, beyond the sickness and the dying are the shores of home. Home! the sweet word around which hearts linger, and toward which longing reaches; the consummation of highest hopes and holiest aspirations.

The mother heart of Saidie longs to lead her children home, longs to gather them together there in a reunion more grand and glorious than mortal mind can picture. Even now preparations are being made for a grand home coming. Who among Saidie's children would not wish worthily to live, worthily to suffer, if need be, and triumphantly to enter the harbor of eternal peace?—where incarnation has no longer power to call back to the shores of earth land, where evil can no more assert its claim, where we are free, happy children of the Father. Saidie and Eona have thus given to the world these facts concerning the long ago plans of the wisdom fathers and mothers of the planet. Questions have been asked by minds both in earth land and in the spheres why and for what purpose the Order of Light, and also, what special good will be accomplished thereby. Wisdom suggested thus answering these queries.

May light and knowledge speedily flood the earth, and the blessings of the angel world be received in many hearts.

THE GREAT UNHAPPINESS.—No unhappiness in life is equal to unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and none so completely demoralizes the nature. The anguish of disease itself is modified, ameliorated, even rendered blessed, by the tender touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved; and loss of fortune is not loss of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not to be supplied by anything else on earth. Health, fortune, success, nothing has its full value when the home is unhappy; and the greatest triumphs out of doors are of no avail to cheer the sinking heart when the misery within has to be encountered.

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## The Spiritual Temple—Allen Putnam.

ENTRANCE OF GOLDEN GATE.

M. S. Ayers, the President of the Society of the New Temple, sent me an invitation to come to its weekly meeting on Wednesday evening. I do not go regularly at this very attractive institution, it being a mile or two out of my beat, but I never do go but I am well paid for my trouble. I certainly was this time, and I feel like saying so and giving a little of my experience also.

This is the handsome temple on the Back bay. Mr. Ayers, who is the President of the Society, was the generous donor of it for the purposes for which it is used. You will remember it is an establishment that cost \$250,000, and it is certainly very elegant and in a very elegant neighborhood. I do not know as it is any nearer heaven, or more heavenly on that account, but in a worldly sense, it is the most conspicuous blossom that has yet flowered out of Spiritualism anywhere. What is interesting about it is its genesis, so to speak. Mr. Ayers became a Spiritualist from sensuous proof and conviction. He was the head of a very successful mercantile firm. Among other experiences he had some with Mrs. Bliss, the well known materializing medium. He had a curtained enclosure arranged in his own house, and Mrs. Bliss often came there and gave manifestations, and a much loved friend generally appeared, and was distinctly and unmistakably recognized, and the building of this temple was at the suggestion or influence of this departed spirit. That shows his belief in her real materialized presence, and in his sincerity as a Spiritualist. It has stood the "dollars and cents" test, so, using the word "Spiritualism" in its most worldly terms, it is an undertaking so honest, well intended and unselfish, I feel, as well as hope, that it will be eminently successful as a center of work. It has never yet been a popular place, where the large body of Spiritualists have gathered, nor has it been very crowded, except on one or two sensational occasions, such as its dedication, etc. The platform stars of our light have not been often seen there. The intention seems to be to run it, so to speak, at little or no cost, and have the services free. As platform lights have to be fed, clothed and housed, they do not volunteer their services, and it does not seem to be its order to employ high cost talent, and where the speakers have been paid, it has been to worthy ones of small caliber and fully as much from generosity as for any special value as attractive speakers.

The Temple has been very fortunate in having Mrs. Dyer interested in it. She is a very wealthy lady, with remarkable mediumistic gifts, and she has been from the first the principal speaker gratuitously. She seems to have been the "Delphic oracle" or the priestess of the institution, while Mr. Ayers has been its President or executive head. I think this whole movement has been religious as well as spiritualistic. It has also been under the influence of ancient spirits. The manifestation of Hiram Abif, King Solomon, Queen of Sheba and others, has evoked some criticism among even Spiritualists. I have sometimes questioned myself whether, if such did appear, they would not have such credentials as to make them unquestioned, but I have never had any doubt but the forms were spirit manifestations. My good and scholarly friend, Henry Kiddle, thought I was wrong in my doubts about their identity as those special ancient spirits. I do not know but I am. I certainly have, within the past year, had some proof of intimate connection with ancient spirits. Let me mention a little of my accidental experience on that point.

I have been a great deal at Mrs. Fairchild's seances, and many times I have been there when Mr. Ayers has been one of the circle—sometimes other temple people with him, and on such occasions ancient spirits have appeared and manifested their special interest in him and Mrs. Dyer. I am sure they drew them there. True, Mrs. Fairchild knew the temple people, and her controls could assume illuminations and ancient garbs, and be for the time Hiram Abifs and Egyptians, but I followed these phenomena so close that I am sure there was no collusion this side of the spirit world, and I am not inclined to think there was on the other side.

I went very often to Bridge's etherizations. I saw Mr. Ayers, who was there for the first time. I sat by his side and I hardly think he was known then by Mr. Bridge, but Hiram Abif came, that is an ancient, with masonic regalia that Mr. Ayers recognized as Hiram Abif.

Not long ago I was at Mrs. Cowan's circle, and Mr. Ayers was present for the first time. I am sure he was a stranger to the Cowans. He was sitting near me, but Mr. Cowan has a way of making people change seats, making one man take this and another that. I don't know what the purpose is, but I suppose for safety, or to make the circle harmonious. And in one of these changes he asked Mr. Ayers to take a seat on the other side of the room, and I did not think it so favorable for him. Two thoughts occurred to me at the moment—one was that he did not know Mr. Ayers, and the other was that I had better whisper the fact to Cowan, but some good influence kept me silent. During the seance, after

many forms had been out, a very strange one came, and the fact attracted some attention. The stranger was for Mr. Ayers, who went up to it. Others came to him also. They seemed to be strange to Mr. Cowan, who, I suppose from what followed, wondered who the man was. The medium's control inside spoke of them to the manager as ancients. This was repeated later. Mr. Ayers knew them, and said it was all right. Mr. Cowan came over and whispered to me, saying, "Do you know who that man is?" I said, "Yes, it is Mr. Ayers of the Temple." That explained to him why such ancients had come. These little circumstances have impressed me rather favorably, and that such ancients may not be an assumption on the part of the spirits after all.

When I began to write I had no intention of saying so much as I have about this Spiritual temple and its matters. I attended a meeting on Wednesday evening by invitation, as I have mentioned, and the circumstances were worth relating, and I will now finish this letter in briefly relating them, and the foregoing will be a good setting for it.

Mrs. Dr. Clough, better known as Mrs. Dyer, of whom I have spoken as the priestess, for want of a better term, went upon the platform, and said to the audience gathered, numbering two or three hundred people, comfortably filling the lower hall: "This meeting had been intended for a birthday celebration of Allen Putnam, who to-day would have been eighty-five years old, but since its inception he has departed, as you all know, and will be no more with us in the form. His remains were buried last Monday, at Forest Hill Cemetery." She added that he no doubt would be present this evening as an invisible spirit, and she hoped he might be able to say something to us by influencing or entrancing some medium. The feeling came over me that most likely the speaker, Mrs. Dyer, would probably be the instrument, as she is often a mouth-piece for the spirits. Continuing, she said, "Mrs. Bliss, the materializing medium, is present, and some of her phenomena may be expected."

Mrs. Bliss was soon after introduced, and retired into the cabinet, which always stands in the alcove at the rear of the platform. Some of the friends in my vicinity remarked one to another that perhaps Mr. Putnam would materialize, or hoped he would, and I have no doubt the thought may have found expression generally in the audience, as he was well known to all, and was a pretty constant attendant at the Temple meetings, and sometimes lectured there on Sundays. I hardly expected it myself, as he had been a spirit so short a time. He was a mortal about a week before, but as Warren Chase said on the day he died, for a week previous he had been in the other world as much as in this.

After a little music, one or two of Mrs. Bliss's cabinet spirits appeared, and then Mrs. Clough, who was still on the platform, and sitting near the cabinet, said, from a suggestion from the inside of it, "Dr. Wellington, Dr. Clough, and Mr. Ayers are requested to come to the front of the platform," which they at once did. They stood together on the floor in front, the platform being about three feet high. Soon a venerable form appeared at the curtain. The room, of course, was tolerably dark, the gaslights generally turned off, and those in the rear turned pretty low, still every movement could be seen, and the venerable form and gray hair and beard were plainly visible. I think the feeling was general that it was Putnam. I felt so myself, and being on the front seat, could see the form better than many who were more distant. The form then came forward to the three persons named, and stooped down and shook hands with each, who said at once and audibly, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Putnam," recognizing him easily. Where I sat I could see him pretty well, and his form, and the way he moved and stood were indicative of him, and from this and the testimony of the three in contact with him, I considered that I saw Mr. Putnam. The spirit retired, and immediately came out to the front again, and I thought I had better go up to him, and did so. He had then retreated near the cabinet, but, seeing me, I think, he came forward, stooped down and shook my hand heartily, indicating recognition. My face was within two feet of his, and I saw him distinctly, and I can say, with pretty good assurance, that it was my venerable friend Putnam, that I have known intimately for thirty odd years.

The evening was thus very pleasantly spent. Quite a number of forms came out, and during the session of over an hour Mr. Putnam came out many times, certainly six or eight times. At one time, the last, I think, by a movement of his hand I thought he was going to address us, but he retired without saying anything. His appearance was an interesting affair. Who knows but in the near future we may hear as well as see him?

I have not said anything about test conditions or the possibility of fraud, as it seems to me to be uncalled for. Mr. Ayers is a well known merchant, of wealth and character, and Mrs. Dr. Clough (lately Mrs. Dyer) a lady of wealth and social standing. Both have been generous to the Temple movement, the former by his munificence, the latter also by pecuniary aid, by her personal labors, and as a speaker there for two years, always gratuitously. Under the circumstances, and under the supervision of intelligent observers, any one who would have the shadow of a ques-

tion of the perfect honesty of the affair I should pass by as unworthy of the least attention. So would any one. To any who, admitting what I have said about the two prominent persons named, might suppose the medium could act the several parts, I will merely say there was not one person in the two or three hundred composing the audience who did not have ocular proof that the forms were not the medium, and confederacy was simply impossible.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

## A Serious Question.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I often ask myself the question, "Are we as Spiritualists living up to the light we have—to the profession we have made?" and I frequently answer the question in the negative, and I sometimes think that instead of being liberal and progressive, we become the most illiberal and selfish. We are clamoring for a more liberal education, a more general diffusion of knowledge, but do we ever do anything practical to bring it about? If so, I am not aware of it.

I remember some ten or fifteen years ago when we were having a camp-meeting at Woodburn in Marion county, Oregon, and were filled with the spirit of progression and reform, we appointed committees and passed resolutions; we were going to start at once a liberal school or college, and we were going to show to the world that we were in good earnest and meant what we said; but not one dollar was ever raised, nor were there ever a practical step taken to start the school; and to-day if you ask a wealthy Spiritualist to even subscribe to a spiritual paper, he will make up the poorest face, and give the most flimsy excuse you ever heard. You talk to him about an organized effort to spread the gospel of truth, he will say, "Yes, yes, it should be done. Come and see me some other time; I am too busy now," and then he will stop and talk with you for an hour on some unimportant subject, and if you again venture to mention the matter to him he will say, "I declare I have talked so long now I have not time to discuss that question at this time;" and thus it goes; days, weeks, months, years roll by and nothing is done.

This may not apply to other places; it may not be so in California, or east of the mountains, but it is true, absolutely true in Oregon.

I do not write this to complain; but if Spiritualists in other localities are working on this line, it will take all Summer to set the river on fire, at least that is the way it seems to me.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OREGON, NOV. 4, 1887.

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## The Tired Wife.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

All day the wife had been toiling  
From an early hour in the morn.  
And her hands and feet were weary  
With the burden that she had borne  
But she said to herself: "The trouble  
That weighs on my mind is heavier  
Than Tom never thinks to give me  
A comforting hug or a kiss."

"I'm willing to do my duty,  
To use all my strength and skill  
In making the home attractive,  
In serving my place to fill;  
But through the approval of conscience  
Is sweet, I am free to say,  
That if Tom would give me a hug and a kiss,  
I would take all the tired away."

Then she counted over and over  
The years that she had seen Tom's wife,  
And thought of the joys and sorrows  
She had known in her married life;  
To be sure, there was many plenty,  
And never a lack of food,  
But a kiss now and then and a word of praise  
Would have done her a world of good.

Ah! many a one is longing  
For words that are never said;  
And many a heart goes hungry  
For something better than bread!  
But Tom had an inspiration,  
And when he went home that day  
He petted his wife and kissed her  
In the old-time lover-like way.

And the such enigmas are women—  
Who had held herself up with pride,  
At her husband's display of fondness  
Just hung on his neck and cried.  
And he, by her grief reminded  
Of troubles he might have shared,  
Said: "Bless my heart! What a fool I've been!  
And I didn't suppose you cared!"

## Brahma.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

I am the more in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun!  
"Reverend!" I whisper the atom; I call to the sun, "Roll on!"  
I am the black of the morning, and I am the evening breeze;  
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.  
I am the net, the fowler, the bird, and its frightened cry,  
The swimmer, the form reflected, the sound and its echo; I  
The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,  
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-  
wringing tear.

I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and must and wine;  
The guest, the host, the traveler, the goblet of crystal fine;  
I am the gleam of the flute, I am the mind of man,  
Gold's blither, the light of the diamond, and the sea-pearl's  
luster wane.  
The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat  
that rise,  
The flint, the spark, the taper, the moth that about it flies;  
I am both good and evil, the deed and the deed's intent,  
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon and punishment;  
I am what was, is, will be—creation's ascent and fall,  
The link, the chain of existence, beginning and end of all.

## The World.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

The world is a queer old fellow;  
As you journey along by his side  
You would better conceal any trouble you feel,  
If you want to tickle his pride.  
No matter how heavy your burden—  
Don't tell him about it, pray;  
He will only grow colder and shrug his shoulder  
And hurriedly walk away.

But carefully cover your sorrow,  
And the world will be your friend;  
If you'll bury your woes and be merry,  
He'll cling to you close to the end.  
Don't ask him to lift your burden—  
To lighten your burden, because  
He never will share it; but silently bear it  
And he will be loud with applause.

The world is a vain old fellow;  
You must laugh at his sallies of wit,  
No matter how brutal; remembrance is futile,  
And frowns will not change them one whit;  
And since you must journey together  
Down paths where all must move,  
Why life holds more savor to keep in his favor,  
For he's an unmerciful foe.

## Brave Hearts.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

O heart, be brave!  
And though thy dearest, fondest hopes decay,  
Hopes all fulfilled shall crown another day;  
Thou shalt not always grieve beside a grave.

O heart, be strong!  
Be valiant to do battle for the right;  
Hold high Truth's stainless flag; walk in the light,  
And low not meekly to the rule of wrong.

O heart, be still!  
If clouds arise, keep in the pathway straight;  
If that seem dead, be patient still, and wait,  
And meekly say, "It is his holy will."

## Re-Upon an Earth.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

In this disheveled room  
Sit I with languid breath,  
Waiting my friends to come  
From o'er the river death.

Silence dwells here alone,  
Save a soft voice of song,  
A half hushed organ tone,  
As from an unseen throng.

One went in leading life,  
One at its youthful stage,  
One from its depth of strife,  
One glory-crowned with age.

Now, lack to me they come,  
Hand clasped in hand to greet;  
Perfect in face and form,  
With happiness complete.

Ah! who shall say pretense  
Lingers around such scenes?  
Not be whose spiritless  
To truth and justice leans.

Thanks for this age of light,  
For this re-union given;  
Thanks; if I live again  
We all shall meet in heaven.

West Roxbury, Mass., 1897. [Banner of Light.]

## Spiritualism and its Relations to the Churches of To-day.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

The Columbia Theater at Cleveland was well filled Sunday evening, Oct. 16th, by an intelligent and appreciative audience to listen to the first of a series of discourses on Spiritualism by one of the oldest exponents of this doctrine or philosophy. The speaker on this occasion was Rev. Samuel Watson, for many years a leading minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Entering upon his discourse, he said that his theme would be the relation of Spiritualism to the church of to-day. Events in the world appear to move in cycles of about 2,000 years. From the earliest history of the race up to about 2,000 years ago, belief in the realities of the spirit world and communication between the two worlds was general. Such communication was regarded as a matter of course and nobody thought strange of it.

In his own case it came to him as uninvited, indeed, an unwelcome guest. It came into his own family, and no man ever fought harder against it or subjected it to severer tests. He had been for nearly thirty years in the ministry of the Methodist church, preaching in Memphis and the country around. At that time he was editor of the "Methodist Southern Christian Advocate." Spiritualism came to him as it came to John Wesley, in his own family. He did not seek it nor desire it, but it came unbidden. There in company with twelve other citizens of Memphis, all men of intelligence, five of them physicians and three preachers, all skeptical, and not a Spiritualist among them, they began their inquiry into the phenomena, honestly and seriously. They kept on applying test after test, opening every meeting with prayer for guidance, and in the end every man was convinced of its reality. There was no room for doubt, no possibility for delusion or deception. Mr. Watson was the last to give in, being more cautious, more exacting, more reluctant to believe than the others, but he could not escape from the conviction that forced itself upon him. He tried to persuade himself that Satan was let loose, and was at the bottom of the phenomena, but he had to give up that idea, also, after a while. Since then he has given the matter as close and diligent and searching investigation as any man can possibly do, applying the strictest of scientific tests, only to find his conviction strengthened and confirmed.

He had, in particular, given to that last and most astonishing phase of spiritualistic phenomena, materialization, several years of the closest investigation, but not until 1872 had its reality been demonstrated to him in a manner that admitted of no doubt. Mrs. Hollis, a medium from Louisville, came to his house in Memphis, a house he had planned and built himself, so that he knew there were no secret traps or tricks about it, and in a series of seances held there convinced not only himself but many others, skeptics and materialists, that the spirits can and do appear in visible forms. His own son came to him, as did also his wife and many old friends he had known in the ministry, and were recognized and talked with him as familiarly as in life. They conversed about matters known only to them and to him, and all this happened in broad daylight. The medium would go behind a curtain, and while sitting there in a chair in a cataleptic condition, in less than two seconds, as timed by a skeptical physician, white-robed forms came out from behind the curtains. Could that woman arise from her sleep, divest herself of her garments and clothe herself in others in two seconds? It was nonsense to suppose any such thing.

It is often asked, Mr. Watson continued, whether children who die remain as children in the spirit world, or do they grow up there. I think I can answer that. I have seen my own spirit children appear in the forms; I knew them when they passed away, and I have seen them a few minutes later grown to full size. They tell me, and I believe it to be true, that children are taken care of over there and that they grow up to manhood and womanhood.

It was a great error on the part of Spiritualists in its earlier history, and as yet to some extent, to be too radical. I have heard them say they wanted to tear down the church and destroy the Bible. I have no use for that class of Spiritualists, and we can't blame the churches if they have been antagonistic. The mission of Spiritualism is not to destroy Christianity, but to help it. Why, this good old Bible is full of Spiritualism. It was spiritual power and spiritual manifestations that established the early Christian church. I know there are cranks and mischief makers and fanatics who go about in the name of Spiritualism, creating antagonisms, and it is not strange that people are disgusted. I am none the less the follower of the Nazarene because I accept Spiritualism. True Spiritualism teaches purity of life, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as Jesus taught. We ought to be unselfish and pure and good, helping each other. I have had some strange experiences.

I knew a man in Memphis, a prominent citizen, who told me that he was informed, by spirits, of property that was his in another State, and he went there and got it. He prospered, was wealthy, was a pillar in his church, but he was selfish, and grasping and hard. Well, he died. I met his widow, one day, and she asked me to come and see her. I did so. "Mr. Watson," she said, "have you heard from James?" I had heard, but I did not dare tell her. I had heard that he had said he was in hell, and I heard it afterward from his own lips.

Oh, friends, we talk of heaven and hell, but we do not think that we make them ourselves. There is no evading the law, and I would that Spiritualism might teach that to every man. Jesus taught it. He said that no man who went into prison shall come out until he has paid the uttermost farthing. We must pay the penalty of every word, and thought and act. As we leave this world, so will we be in the next. Every man will go to his own place. Live right here. Be just. Be temperate. Be pure. Cultivate that germ of spirituality that is in the breast of every man, and cast out all false, unworthy thoughts. This is my first word to you. I am an old man and must soon go hence, and let me ask you to live right so that you may die right. We are told to prepare to meet our God. That is well, but I say, prepare to meet yourself. It is yourself you will have to meet on the other side of mortality. It is your record you must face, the record of your life. Oh, let it be one that you will not fear to face.

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