



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

VOL. V.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Mind makes itself like that which it lives amidst.—*Bailey.*

A man who follows truth carries his star in his brain.—*Alger.*

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.—*Confucius.*

As a fable, or a play, so is life. It matters not how long it has been acted, but how well.

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law—the law of Nature, the law of humanity, of equity.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity.—*Addison.*

A strong but simple argument excites no tumult; but where it takes effect it sinks deep, and its impression is never to be effaced.

Hear the verbal protestations of all men: nothing so certain as your religious tenets. Examine their lives; you will scarcely think they repose the smallest confidence in them.—*David Hume.*

As the sun of science rifts the curtain of the Dark Ages, the ghosts which credulity paints on the background of the night disappear; and the superstitious tremble for the fate of their gods.

Who is blind? He who is bent on doing what he should not. Who is deaf? He who does not listen to what is beneficial. Who is dumb? He who does not know how to say kind things at the proper time.—*From the Hinduos.*

The creed which accepts as the foundation of morals, utility or the greatest happiness principle, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness.—*Mill.*

Our moral sentiments do not proceed from, but long precede our ethical systems; and it is usually after our characters have been formed that we begin to reason about them. It is both possible and very common for the reason to be very defective, without any corresponding imperfection in the disposition of the man.—*Locky.*

The realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and sinking casts a glory upon the leaden cloud track which has darkly besieged his day.—*Lowell.*

I regard the dignities of kings and princes as the motes in a sunbeam; the value of gold and jewels as that of a broken plate; dresses of the finest silks I regard as the scraps of silk given as presents. I regard the collective chitlocism as the letter "A." The different expedients in religious practice I regard as a mere raft to carry over the treasure. I regard the state of perfect mental equilibrium as the true standing ground, and all the various forms of apparitional existence as the changes of vegetation during the four seasons.—*Buddha.*

Books for the Insane in Asylums.

From Georgia a very touching appeal has reached us. The State Lunatic Asylum at Milledgeville has within its walls between twelve and fifteen hundred patients. Many of them are not only well able to read in spite of their mental infirmity, but really need and crave some such literary exercise. A hall within the institution is fitted up for a library, but there are no books. To supply this pressing need, contributions of any kind, old books, magazines, periodicals, and the like, are solicited. We trust that many will respond to the demand, directing their contributions to the superintendent, Dr. T. O. Powell.

We notice the above mentioned appeal not only for its own sake, but because it seems to us the index of what is probably one of the great needs of our country. All through it are large insane asylums, but in how many of them is there any certainty that a sufficient library is provided for the inmates? No class would seem so open to benefit from literature as the insane. The majority are monomaniacs, or at least possess a part of their understanding. They emphatically require to be taken out of themselves. The error many sane people make is to depend too much on reading and too little on thought. The reverse may be made an aphorism for the insane, as they certainly brood or think too much.

It would appear that an opening for a most beneficent charity might be found in this direction. The asylums of the country should be investigated, and the extent of their libraries determined, and efforts made to supply their deficiencies. Every house has in it some unused books that idly fill the shelves, and which having been read once are never again opened. These could find no more useful destination than the one suggested. Many periodicals accumulate, to be ultimately destroyed. All such we are sure would be gladly received by the superintendents of the insane asylums.

So much is now done by organized charity that the suggestion of a new field for work will undoubtedly find many willing to assist in it. The question of the character of the books might safely be left to those in charge of each asylum. Even if the indiscriminate use of books were permitted, then for one patient who would be excited or injured by some work fostering or increasing his delusion, probably hundreds would be benefited. If ill effects were feared, the books could be examined and weeded out before being sent.

It is clear that a need exists, and that it is one which can be easily supplied. We hope soon to receive evidence that work is doing in this field.

Simple Method for Reviving Persons Apparently Dead.

(Medical and Surgical Reporter.)

At a meeting of the last congress of German scientists this subject was discussed, and Dr. H. Frank mentioned that there are but two ways to stimulate the heart—electricity and mechanical concussion of the heart. The first is considered dangerous by him, as it may easily destroy the last power of contraction remaining in the organ. But what is termed "pectoral concussion" is decidedly preferable. Dr. Frank's method is as follows:

He flexes the hands on the wrist to an obtuse angle, and places them both near each other in the ileo-caecal region, and makes vigorous strokes in the direction of the heart and of the diaphragm. These strokes are repeated from fifteen to twenty times, and are succeeded by a pause, during which he strikes the chest over the heart repeatedly with the palm of his hand. In favorable cases this method is early successful, and sometimes a twitching of the lids or the angles of the mouth appears with surprising rapidity as the first sign of returning life. As soon as the symptoms are noted, the simple manipulations above described must be earnestly continued and persevered in from a half to one hour, for, with their cessation, the phenomena indicating beginning return of life also cease. Generally, the face as-

sumes a slight reddish tint, and at the same time a faint pulsation may be felt in the carotids. By this method Dr. Frank has seen life return in fourteen cases, among whom were such as had hung themselves, drowned, and asphyxiated by carbonic oxide, and in one case by croup. In three of asphyxia by coal gas and in one case of apparent death by chloroform the method alone succeeded.

Luminous Organs of an Insect.

(Scientific American.)

Dr. Dubois has investigated the light-emitting organs of the *cucuyo*, or *Pyrophorus noctilucus*. They are three in number—prothoracic and one ventral. The prothoracic plates give a good illumination in front, laterally, and above, and serve when the insect walks in the dark; when it flies or swims its fine abdominal lantern is unmasked, throwing downward an intense light with much greater range. The insect seems to be guided by its own light. If the prothoracic apparatus is quenched on one side with a little black wax the *cucuyo* walks in a curve, turning toward the side of the light. If both sides are quenched, it walks hesitatingly and irregularly, feeling the ground with its antennae, and soon stops. The light gives a pretty long spectrum, from the red to the first blue rays, is more green than the light of *Lampyrus noctiluca*, and is capable of photography, but does not develop chlorophyll. No distinct electric action could be traced to the organs. The luminosity does not depend upon oxygen, for it is the same in pure oxygen, in air, in pressures under one atmosphere, and in compound oxygen. The organs are still brilliant when separated from the body, but the power of emission appears to depend upon a supply of water, and it is recoverable, after thorough drying, upon putting the organs again in water. Dr. Dubois found that the photogenic substance is an albuminoid, soluble in water and coagulable with heat, it entering into contact with another substance of the diastase group. Part of the energy liberated appears as light.

The Remedy for Social Ills.

(Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, in the Forum for November.)

The advocates of the new theory of property, in their revision of the Bible, would give us an improved version of the parable of the Good Samaritan. They tell us that when the proud Levite and the selfish priest had passed by a wounded man, a kind communist came down that way and began to whisper in the sufferer's ear: "My friend, you have been much in error. You were a thief yourself when you were amassing your private wealth; and these gentlemen who have just relieved you of it with needless violence have only begun in a hasty and unjustifiable manner what must soon be done in a large and calm way for the benefit of the whole community." Whereupon, we are to suppose the man was much enlightened and comforted, and became a useful member of society. But Christ says that it was a Samaritan, a man of property, riding on his own beast, and carrying a little spare capital in his pocket, who lifted up the stranger and gave him oil and wine, and brought him into a place of security, and paid for his support. And to every one that reads the parable he says: "Go thou and do likewise." Here is the open secret of the regeneration of society in the form of a picture. And if we want it in the form of a philosophy we may get it from St. Paul in five words: "Let him that stole steal no more (reformation), but rather let him labor (industry), working with his hands that which is good (honesty), that he may have (property) to give to him that needeth (charity)."

A dangerous counterfeit of the silver dollar is made of ground glass combined with tin, lead and other metals. Experienced bank tellers say they can not easily detect this counterfeit. These glass dollars are brittle. If held in the palm of the hand and rapped vigorously with a knife handle, the dollar is easily split. They have the metallic ring of a genuine dollar, are the correct size, and of nearly the same weight.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE SECRET OF A TRULY GREAT, HAPPY, AND SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

Inspirational Discourse, Delivered by W. J. Colville at Irving Hall, Post Street, San Francisco, Sunday Evening, Nov. 6, 1887.

(Reported for the Golden Gate by Chas. H. Heath Published by particular request.)

"Ah, if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy, and not of fear."

The above exquisite lines from Longfellow's charming poem, "The Building of the Ship," suggest to our minds some of the most salutary considerations possible to conceive. Among the poets of the world and of the ages, we can scarcely find one whose inspirations are loftier and sublimer, or whose deductions are more intensely practical than those of Longfellow, who, by universal consent, stands foremost among all the bards of America. In Longfellow's verse there is a charming naturalness which strikes us at once as in full accord with the fresh young life of this new and stalwart republic.

Longfellow was a typical American of the highest type. Being neither a soldier nor a merchant, he could not represent the striving bustling and unsettled elements always so rife in a new country, but as a poet, a thinker, a philosopher, his task it was to think out in a delightful song the destiny, not only of the nation, but of the individual soul, and to that great and glorious task he brought a mind of singular brilliance, and also a heart of pure and tender love. Out of all Longfellow's compositions no one seems to us more forcible than that from which our present text is taken. It may not be quite so familiar as "Footsteps of Angels," the "Psalm of Life," or "Excelsior," which are learned by every boy and girl at school, and recited everywhere on every available occasion, but it is, nevertheless, as full of deep and earnest spiritual teaching even as they, and we think you would have to travel over land and sea and back again to your native soil to find, the wide world over, three compositions of any poet, ancient or modern, surpassing, even if they equal, (which to our thought is doubtful,) the three gems to which we have just made allusion.

The Building of the Ship is, of course, in a sense a nautical story. It opens with a scene well worthy of description. The poet commences his tale, which is an obvious yet subtle allegory, by taking us in fancy to the seashore, where a venerable master and an eager youth are planning a beautiful ship, which as soon as completed and launched by the dexterous skill of the youth is to outvie him to the mastery the young and beautiful daughter of the master. The young people are tenderly attached to each other. The youth works bravely and well, as those work who see before them a bright and happy future to be reached only by constant and indefatigable exertion, and yet most assuredly to be attained if only the work necessary to win the prize be faithfully completed. All goes well. The ship is finished and ready to be committed to the surf as the bride of the white old ocean. At the time when the vessel is given to the waters the marriage of the young man and maiden takes place, and it is at the conclusion of the service that the bridegroom utters those telling words which constitute the text for this discourse.

Longfellow strikes the key-note of the whole symphony of life when he says:

"It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest,
Far excelleth all the rest."

The stately and graceful ship, launched so gayly on a bright and happy wedding morn, was a product of real, born of affection and inseparable from it. The whole secret of a great, happy and useful life is the secret of loving and thus glorifying and making beautiful one's vocation. The mechanical work of building a vessel, prosaically considered, is a dreary, toil-some affair. The collection of materials

involves hard labor; piecing them together, adjusting all the parts of the vessel to the whole, severely taxes both brain and muscle; and if the ship-builder sees nothing but the rafters before him as he plies his task, if he has no object in view other than just earning the scanty pittance which, so to speak, suffices to keep body and soul together, the work is but a treadmill occupation, and the prolongation of earthly existence is little better than an endeavor to lengthen a term of misery.

Is life worth living? is a question which has puzzled philosophers and always will. If this earthly existence be the total sum of our conscious individual career, is it worth living? Those of happy, sunny nature will assuredly answer, Yes; those who are enjoying the good things of earth will never be heard to answer, No; while, on the other hand, those of morose and melancholy temper, who see only, or at least principally, the dark side of terrestrial existence can hardly be expected to answer, Yes. This present term of earthly existence need not be a gloomy one. This world need not be a hell for any of us; but as our sources of enjoyment are really inward and not external, we sigh in vain for any outward means of happiness when happiness is a goddess who reigns within the human breast, and who perhaps oftener presides at the table of the peasant than of the monarch or millionaire.

Nothing can be false than a philosophy which teaches man to rely on circumstances and on others instead of self. Self-reliance is a virtue we all need to cultivate, even though, when dissociated from dependence on Deity, it does degenerate into folly, ending in a destruction of all our hopes and the wreckage of all our immediate prospects of advancement. Let every youth and maiden setting out in life realize that he or she is called upon to build the ship in which he or she is to sail, either to "Fortunate Isles" of peace and joy where all desire eventually to land, or else to be dashed against the pitiless rocks of defeat or engulfed in the treacherous quicksands of despair. Directly we renounce the fatal error of belief in an individual human destiny appointed for us all by God, we cease to attribute the consequences of our own follies to Deity, or even to fate or fortune; directly we eschew all that fatalistic pessimism which teaches nothing higher than stoical resignation to the inevitable, and embrace the salutary fact that man is the arbiter of his own fate, the maker of his own destiny, we shall cease to cry out against hard luck and ill-fortune, and wisely begin attributing our unhappiness and defeat to our own error and mismanagement.

We do not deny ancestral influence, heredity, or "Karma," but our modified acceptance of such a thing as karmic or hereditary influence causes us to sympathize far more with that aspect of Buddhism which encourages all to work so as to shorten the number of their future incarnations, than with that which dwells so depressingly upon the influence of the past as to lead us to feel that our future progress is simply an inevitable unrolling of the scroll of destiny which can not be made to unwind any faster or slower than its predestined wont, no matter how energetic we may be in endeavoring to accelerate its movements.

Two conclusions seem necessarily arrived at, if we study the scheme of the universe from the standpoint of divine justice. One is that all must of necessity undergo as much discipline and make as much effort one as another, if all are at length to arrive at an equal point of perfection; the other is that we are allowed to take our own time in doing our work; we can hasten its accomplishment by energy; we can retard it by loitering and carelessness. Our mistakes are not fore-ordained; our backslidings and wanderings are not predestined. All that is predestined is that we do a certain amount of work for a certain amount of wage. We may then compare this world to a factory in which all are working, not on time, but by the piece. As soon as our task is finished we can draw our salary and leave the workshop, but if we leave the scene of effort with less accomplished than we might have performed, we can not draw the same amount as though we had worked industriously from sunrise to sunset, intent upon attending to our duty, no matter how alluring the temptation to

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Soul Development.

BY A. P. MELCHERS.

What physical purity is to the body, spiritual purity is to the spirit or spirit body—both a refining process, and necessary for the proper and facile unfolding of the soul, the life principle, the divinity and real ego of this wonderful triune. Without the body the soul would have no abiding place in matter, and without the spirit or spiritual body no abiding place in the entity of spirit, so-called—the atmosphere of which the spirit world is composed, and like the spirit body, a counterpart of the material, and undoubtedly created in like manner, namely: by the action of the intelligent life principle (soul or God, so-called) on the surrounding material—this producing a compromise entity between intelligence and matter (absolute motion and inertia) having the form of a fluid (magnetically comprehended), which is sensuous in nature and also a compromise principle, which is neither intelligence nor matter, but partaking of both entities to a degree as to constitute a perfect medium or agent between the two, and as such constitutes the most useful condition of existence in the universe. We say the most useful because without it there would probably be no life in the effect, i. e., planetary, vegetable, animal and human life, and consequently no individualized intelligences to enjoy the original—causation or life in the cause.

That life exists in the cause is unquestionable, for without cause there can be no effect, and all effects are but the expressions of the cause from whence they emanated. The highest effect of life being intelligent proves that the cause must be intelligent or constitute intelligence *per se*. What that is we must infer from our own being. To our mind, intelligence is motion in conscious form, and as there is no life without motion, motion must be the original life principle of the universe, and being conscious motion it must be intelligence. Thus life, intelligence, motion are synonymous terms in expressing original causation or life in the cause, God, so-called; and whether we adopt or accept the materialistic expression, "law" to express our meaning in whole or in part, is also indifferent as far as the beginning is concerned. Our object is simply to keep foremost in the reader's mind that causation was or is intelligent, or that it constitutes a condition of consciousness, not inaction as is the case with matter, space, or the material elements of space. Whether life, intelligence or motion existed or exists in the atoms of space, forming one grand combination, or distinct from the same as an entity in itself, is perhaps of no consequence to worry about. But one thing is certain; wherever effects betray its presence, we are led to believe that it exists within, and not without matter, and from which we infer that it occupies or constitutes a fourth dimension of existence. As such, it becomes a veritable law, if by law we are to understand a governing power; and as power embraces or constitutes motion, and no life condition exists without motion, law may be regarded as that invisible governing power which exists in all effects, from a heavenly body to man himself. And that the law which governs man is an intelligent one is unquestioned by all who can reason.

If the law which governs man is an intelligent one, why not the law which governs the universe in general? Does it not require a greater degree of motion (of life) to govern a universe of suns than it does to govern a single, human life entity? If all life must constitute motion to be conscious of its existence, may not a lack of consciousness constitute inertia in the same degree? If a lack of consciousness constitutes inertia comparatively, then motion must constitute consciousness according to its force or potency of action, and that law which governs the universe of effects must be a wonderful condition of consciousness. And as man is bright or "intelligent" according to his degree of individual consciousness, the latter condition, universally comprehended, must constitute intelligence, or a condition of motion, life or law, which is intelligent, so to say. If causation or the life within is intelligent, and the life principle which governs man is intelligent, the latter must be a pure emanation of the former; and that it is not composed of matter is proven by the fact that man's body, or physical appendage, is subject to decay or death, so-called; but not the inner life principle proven by the return of departed beings, through the science of spiritism. And yet it is not the inner life principle, the so-called soul of man, that we see. In his materialized state we see but a temporary, physical body (although an exact likeness of his former self, and through which he is enabled to converse with us, as when in material life, and as we have seen scores among which we both recognized and conversed with departed loved ones). In his so-called spiritual state, or as we see him clairvoyantly, we see but his so-called spirit body, also an outer covering of the soul—the real ego, the divinity, the original life principle, existing within this again and governing it, or controlling it intelligently just as it did its material or physical body in earth life.

Thus, the soul is the most important factor of the human combination, and as such constitutes the real man, being life, causation, or intelligence individualized,

and the spirit or spirit body is therefore as much a secondary addendum as the body is or was, for why should so wonderful a piece of mechanism be entirely discarded after a certain time or after a period of usefulness? If a material agent is necessary for the soul to manifest through in material life or matter, we may take for granted that an analogous agent is necessary for the same to manifest through in spirit life or spirit, so-called. Well, it has this in the shape of a spiritual body, so-called, and which, reason tells us, must be composed of similar, if not the same, material or elements that the entity is composed of in which it feels itself at home. Can we not form an idea of matter through the physical or material body? Is it not the same in its component parts? Then why should not spirit be of the same composition as the spirit body is? If the spirit body is an essence of the physical or material body, why should not spirit be an essence of matter? And if the action of intelligence (the soul) on the spirit body makes it sensuous in nature, why should not spirit (universal) be subjected to the same action from universal intelligence and make it likewise sensuous in nature? Do not spirits say it has an intelligent appearance? Well, has not a spirit body also an intelligent appearance? But this does not make it intelligent *per se*. A human being also looks intelligent, but it is depicted on the material, and matter is by no means intelligence. As the material may express the innate intelligence (the life principle), so the entity of spirit may express the innate intelligence (life, causation), and thus cause it to be mistaken for intelligence itself. Intelligence, *per se*, to our mind can not be seen through the material, or even the spiritual—it must be divined, sensed intuitively, as it were, or cognized through the soul—pure intelligence only being cognizable to a purely intelligent life condition or individuality. Does man constitute such a state, even in his spiritual body? No, as a spirit he is not a dimensional being, and such can exist in causation, God, so-called. To penetrate into the fourth dimension of existence, (a condition having no dimensions according to material conception), man must, to our reasoning, reach an analogous state, i. e., become a purely intelligent being, freed from sensuousness and material ingredients.

Need the spirit body, as an essence of the material, be said to have material ingredients? If so, then it is possible that man will have to discard his spirit body after a time, as he does the material body. If not, then the same may become sufficiently refined to permit the soul to penetrate its walls to peer into the intelligent, or causation. And why not? Do not even mortals, despite their condition, penetrate into causation at times? But what lends them this power? Ubiquity of soul, a state of existence reached through moral or spiritual unfoldment. As man combats, conquers, and controls the material or animal, he unfolds in soul-power, or soul force, so-called (also called will-power, mental force and psychological potency), and which empowers the soul to partially detach itself from the spirit and body, and form a temporary coalition with the cause of that on which its force (or mind) is centered, thus seeing the intelligent or life-principle of the same, and may judge of its nature from its true standpoint, its real existence as a life-condition or entity. If this is possible on a small scale, may not the soul eventually unfold to such a degree as to be able to penetrate universal causation, the life within, God, so-called? In that event it will know or understand God, or at least discover the cause of this universally intuitive belief of mankind. Or does the soul condition of man form one grand unity of intelligent motion with original causation, and that, through this means, he is attached to the soul center of the universe (life in the cause) and intuitively feels or divines that it is intelligent, and thus concluded that it must be, like himself, a personality.

However, if intelligent, it must be conscious, and that which is conscious, with such an extent of power, can not be unmindful of prayers sent to it in behalf of its creations, its creatures, its offspring. But whether answered in a material way, is questionable. Being a purely intelligent condition, its impulses, actions, feelings or emotions must be of an analogous order, and those who expect material benefit from their supplications must be surely disappointed in a large measure, for the action of intelligence on matter is not arbitrary, but constitutes an evolutionary process which requires time to effectuate itself. A supplication for light, spiritual comfort, strength, etc., is more readily realized because the action can be accomplished directly through the one in question. Many claim to receive comfort from prayer; many feel encouraged after the same to undertake a task, which before seemed impossible; and many obtain their highest truths through the same agency. However, it is a safe course, even if human pride would not let many admit it.

But what of our subject? Has it not dawned on the reader? What is soul but the life principle of the universe—a spark from the original cause of all that exists—a living entity in an individualized state. And as a part of the Divine Entity, God, is it not man's duty to abide by the law of its being? Does not God first purify the entity of its grossness and create a purely spiritual essence to operate through? Is it not man's duty in conformity with his soul nature to first purify the material in order to create a purely spiritual essence

in the form of a spirit body to operate through in the future? How else can he do this, but by overcoming the material or animal? Is not this the soul's mission? What else is this but soul development?

Thus the first law of nature is to overcome. Not arbitrarily, unreasonably, or fanatically, but deliberately, moderately, and individually. No man has a right to regulate another by his methods of development. If God and man constitute a universal whole, every one must and will be guided according to his individual requirements or needs for this effect. As we overcome and free ourselves from one material or animalistic tendency, the next most active one will be felt or experienced instead, and thus no one can judge by himself what is pressing his neighbor the most. The best reformers are those who tell how they did it themselves, and if their readers or hearers can obtain a lesson from this, it is to the latter's advantage. To denounce others for not abiding by their decisions very often proves that the evil is still active in themselves. It is the soul advocating its own case, and becomes particularly roused whenever it meets with the evil in others. Such is or becomes fanaticism according to the severity of the case. To expect a laboring man to become an aesthetic in such matters is unreasonable, for his physical nature is enabled to consume that which would be baneful to a more sensitive individual. All development is personal, only that moderation according to circumstances is necessary for spiritual advancement from the point gained or condition attained in life's evolution. Arbitrary striving for a higher condition is only needed by those who are backward in physical purity, having thus created an impure spiritual body, and through which the soul is unable to manifest itself with facility or as its impulses dictate. When such come to a realization of the truth which intuition whispers, the whole being becomes roused to action, and therefore their extraordinary exertions to free themselves. This is not needed by the average being—such may go ahead deliberately.

But to overcome may be regarded as the first law of nature. Not as a principle, a maxim, a tenet, or a dogma, but as a divine impulse of the soul itself—its natural aim being to reach a condition freed from the material, freed from matter, and as such he naturally strives for the spiritual, the divine, the God-like. Such is soul development, the innate desire to return to the fount from whence it emanated—to God!

Organization.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have read with much interest Mr. Colville's lecture on "Organization," and from its general tone I conclude that his guides are, as a whole, opposed to organization. For years I have held this position, that spirits speaking through mortals, speak no more truth than they perceive, and therefore it does not follow that the advice of a spirit is of a necessity the best. I am willing to admit that if organization meant the formation of societies into formal creeds his guide is correct, for Spiritualists will not be bound in that direction, nor should they. The right to individual opinion is sacred. But organized effort I believe to be legitimate, and if properly conducted would result in great good; and I believe the time has fully come when steps should be taken to bring that about, and I think our State Society in Oregon missed it very much when they neglected that important and essential feature, as is proven by the mere handful that met at our last State Convention, and I am firmly of the opinion that had this, the main object of the Organization, been put forward and carried out in good faith, as was intended at the first, that, instead of only three societies, we would have at least thirty, and that our last State Convention would have been a grand success; and instead of an empty treasury there would now be plenty of funds to carry forward missionary work, and we should be prepared to furnish the bread of life to the many thousand hungry ones in Oregon. And this applies with equal force everywhere.

A few days ago I met a man who said he would be willing to pay ten dollars as his share to send Fred Evans before the Seybert Commission, and would pay the same amount to have him visit Portland. Now if we were well organized, we could avail ourselves of all such offers. I am in favor of organization. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 3, 1887.

W. J. Colville and his inspirers wish Mr. Reed and the public to know that in so far as organization can help to accomplish a really useful work, such as Mr. Reed is aiming at, they desire to promote it.

A GROCER being solicited to contribute to the building of a church, promptly subscribed his name to the paper in the following manner:—"John Jones, (the only place in town where you can get eleven pounds of sugar for a dollar,) twenty-five cents."

UNDERTAKER—"And what kind of trimmings will you have on the coffin?" "None whatever—a plain coffin. It was trimmings that killed him." Undertaker—"What?" Widow—"Yes, delirium trimmings."

Forewarning.

(J. W. Fletcher, in Eastern Star.)

It was in '86, while I was lecturing on "General Grant" in Providence, R. I., that I received a most remarkable evidence of spirit presence. My father-in-law, Wm. A. H. Webster, of Lawrence, Mass., had been ill for a long time, but no immediate alarm was felt; in fact, he seemed to be gaining, if anything, when he was suddenly taken alarmingly worse. On this particular Sunday I was just going on the stage at Low's Opera House when I heard a voice say, "The old man dies to-morrow at 1 o'clock." I started back in surprise for I did not know he was any worse. Again and again it was repeated. My manager tried to laugh me out of it, and finally I stepped before the people, and in the excitement of the work and the crowd the words were forgotten. As I left the stage I again heard the same husky whisper repeating the same sad words.

Although I was expected to leave for New York on the midnight train, I determined to go to Lawrence, and wired to the effect that I should be there the next day by 1 o'clock. My wife received the telegram with some surprise, for she was just writing one to summon me home, as her father had grown so much worse, and was continually calling for me. She went into his room and whispered to him softly: "It is just 8 now; Willie wires me, saying he will be home at 1." The sick man turned very restlessly on his pillow, and then said, faintly: "I will try and wait. I can not die without seeing him," and then seemed to drop into a quiet slumber, so like the last sleep that more than once they feared he was gone. I arrived home near 1 o'clock and hurried into his chamber. They were all kneeling around his bed—the gray-haired wife, the young daughter, and others, their faces bathed in tears. At the head of the bed my wife was holding his head upon her shoulder. I placed my hand upon his head, where already the dews of death had begun to gather, and asked, gently: "Do you know whose hand is upon your head?" He turned his face toward mine with a smile I shall never forget, and murmured: "I shall always know your hand," and then, with a sigh, fell back upon his pillow dead, and the clock in the adjoining room struck 1.

"The old man will die at 1 o'clock," and so he did. Was it not a warning? Let the Seybert Commission explain some of these things that are of almost daily occurrence, and they will render the cause of humanity great service. Let them explain the death-bed of Wesley, the vision of Swedenborg, the inspiration of Beethoven, and then we shall, perhaps, learn more of the great truth, which now is but imperfectly understood.

LOOK TO YOUR WORDS.—Definition here, as elsewhere, is the only salvation of philosophy. If we wish to fight and conquer, we must look to our swords; if we wish to argue and conquer, we must look to our words. "Looking to our words" is the fundamental lesson of the science of thought. Do not let us despise words. They are the most wonderful things in the world. Their history, or, as we now call it, their evolution, is more surprising than evolution in any other sphere of nature. The beginnings are so few and so small, their final outcome so magnificent and overwhelming. To some minds I know nothing seems grand or worthy of admiration except what seems intricate, complex, and almost unintelligible; to others, there is nothing more fascinating than what is simple, regular, and almost transparent. The science of thought appeals to the latter class. And as Kant, when in his "Critique of Reason" he had disentangled the skein of mediaeval philosophy, exclaimed, in the words of Persius, "*Tantum habita et novis quam sit tibi curia suppellex*," we may sum up the result of the science of thought in the same words: "Dwell with thyself, and you will know how small thy household is."—Max Muller in *The Open Court*.

TEMPERAMENT.—Temperament is that state or constitution of the brain and nervous system, according to which a man thinks and feels, and through which he is more or less affected by external agents. It is a matter of great concern, to reflect seriously on the follies and mischiefs which arise out of a general peevishness, or a display of anger at every trifle that happens. This disposition of mind and body operates against us both physically and morally; makes us despondent in person and injured in property; at once a perpetual torment to ourselves and to every living thing about us. Cool reflection upon the subject, with a resolution to check the irritable nerve, is the only remedy. In our dwellings everything ought to be tranquil and serene. The most abhorred thing in nature is the face that smiles abroad, and flashes fury when it returns to the lap of a tender, helpless family. One unquiet, perverse disposition, disturbs the peace and unanimity of a whole family. When the heart is sick, the temper is but too apt to catch a tinge of sourness.

Great results can not be achieved at once; and we must be satisfied to advance in life as we walk, step by step.—*Smiles*.

"You love my daughter?" said the old man. "Love her?" he exclaimed, passionately; "Why, Sir, I would die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff, and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks, two hundred feet below!" The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."—*New York Sun*.

MANY ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other. A flower, on the other hand, may dwindle down to a mere weed by the same change. Healthy growths may become poisonous by falling upon the wrong mental soil, and what seems a nightshade in one mind may unfold as a morning-glory in the other.—O. W. Holmes.

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W. J. Colville's Discourse.

Continued from First Page.

neglect our task. When Gen. Gordon was in Africa commanding the British troops in their encounters with Mohammedan soldiery, he was frequently struck with the wonderful influence their favorite fatalistic doctrine exerted over them. According to Mohammed, Allah, the Supreme, ordains every event of individual life. Mussulmans declare that every event of life is written in the book of ordination before it occurs. Thus, if they are predestined to defeat in a certain battle, no possible exertion on their part can save them from discomfiture, while on the other hand, if they are foreordained to victory, no possible influence can compass their defeat. Gen. Gordon says at times these Mohammedans would be terrible in battle. Their impassioned earnestness, their calm determination, based on an unalterable certainty of victory, would strike terror into the hearts of their opponents, no matter how brave and well armed the English rank and file might be. At other times they fell an easy prey to the opposing forces, as nervously they would almost let their weapons drop from their grasp as the dread conviction possessed them that Allah, instead of fighting for them, was indeed enlisted on the other side.

A similar experience was that of the French troops headed by Jeanne d'Arc, the world-famed Maid of Orleans. When she was consciously acting under divine direction, when celestial voices impelled her on, and she doubted not the sacredness of her mission and the certainty of its successful termination, the opposing armies fell before the troops which she commanded like chaff before the whirlwind. But no sooner did she act without the sanction of these supernatural directors than her defeat was a foregone conclusion; and it was an easy task, indeed, for the English troops to capture her, and, as tradition says, to put her to a cruel death.

There is then a distinct advantage and a distinct disadvantage arising from a belief in any phase of what is popularly known as fatalism. For it must be self-evident to all thinkers that a positive conviction that an enterprise must inevitably succeed because God has ordained its success must so nerve the hands and cheer the heart of those conducting it that no such word as failure can find place in their vocabularies; while nothing can possibly be so distressful as the thought that we are pursuing a forlorn hope, fighting against an inevitable destiny altogether too strong for us. All half truths and half errors, such as fatalism, must necessarily act in this double manner. The truth in fatalism is that "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will,"—the sense that an eternal purpose presides over all things and is fulfilled in all. "Whatever is, is right," is the large view taken of these immortal words of Pope by every sound philosopher; but the narrow view, which cramps the energies of man, reducing him to the level of a mere automaton, has always been sternly repudiated by the wisest moral teachers.

To return to our illustration of the gale-lashed ship launched on the seething waters. Let winds and tides represent destiny, and the art of navigation the result of human achievement through endeavor. Man, today, has no more control over winds and tides than had those ancient navigators who launched their wretched hulks upon the treacherous seas, utterly at the mercy of the winds and waters. When Columbus set sail from Europe for the then almost unknown Western Hemisphere, he had just as much command and just as little over winds and waves as the most expert of modern seamen. In the old days of sailing vessels the winds and waves were no more unwilling to yield to the command of man than they are today. How, then, has it come to pass that in all seasons of the year, and in all weathers the splendid steamships of the various trans-atlantic companies can cross from New York or Boston to Liverpool, Southampton, Antwerp, Havre or Bremen in eight or nine days, as the case may be. In certain particularly trying weather one or two days more may be sometimes required for the passage than when winds and tides are especially favorable, but you all know how much surprise and consternation is felt if a vessel is more than one or two days overdue, and when a longer delay occurs it usually appears that some neglect or mismanagement on the part of officers or crew has occasioned the suspense and sometimes danger. Steam represents man's victory over circumstances; winds and tides, sunshine and shadow represent circumstances or environments over which man has as yet no control whatever.

To every young man and woman setting out in life we offer three pieces of advice. First, Set to work to find your vocation; Second, Attend to your business with all your might, and dignify even the humblest calling by making it a means to some superior end than that of simply providing you with the means of material subsistence; Third, Rely on God, and on yourself as God's instrument through which your success will be achieved. Self-reliance is a virtue, a moral excellence, when coupled with perfect dependence upon the Supreme Being; but self-reliance, as a bragging, boastful, mental attitude, expressed in such insane remarks as "I am superior to all my brethren;" "My will is stronger, my talent greater than every body else's," is not manly or womanly self-reliance; it is the foolish impudence

of the intolerable egotist whose pride is the sure precursor of a fatal fall. To trust in God in the right way is to recognize the glorious truth so frequently overlooked that man is not life in himself, but the recipient of life from the Infinite Spirit in whom and by whom and through whom are all things; but, while man does not in reality live from himself, but from the Eternal, he appears to live from himself, because the divine life flowing into him, as its receptacle, is the only life he has and the only means at his disposal for acquainting himself with the Universal Spirit. Such a view of life teaches us that God gives life to all most liberally, that all alike are children of the Eternal Spirit, and therefore equals as to their essential and most interior nature. What matters it whether the outward appearance be that of the Negro, Malay, Mongolian, Caucasian or Red man? One race has produced just as noble samples of mankind as another.

Shakespeare truly says, "All the world's a stage." We are all actors and actresses, playing often many parts even in a single lifetime. When the theater is dark and empty, and we have all retired to our respective homes in the unseen world, what will it matter whether the role we perform assumed was that of prince or peasant, queen or flower-seller? A talented artist is just as effective, and displays just as much talent when assuming the humblest as when shining in the grandest part. All earthly honors and distinctions are false and meretricious; in spirit-life the sole matter of importance, either to ourselves or others, is whether we have done our duty faithfully and played our part well, no matter what character may have been assigned to us for interpretation.

On the stately, massive ship, so graphically described by Longfellow, how many positions must be filled by able men, all adapted to their several parts. The captain is indeed in command of the crew, but how can he direct the vessel unaided? As well expect an architect to put up every stone of the edifice he designs without the assistance of joiners, masons, bricklayers, glaziers, and all the host of workmen necessary to the completion of the pile, as underrate the importance of those who, in the ship of State, fill the most subordinate positions and do the humblest work. If there is any one defect in modern culture more serious than another, it is that certain lines of effort are singled out as gentlemanly and ladylike, while others are contemptuously regarded as degrading. It did not use to be so in America; in the early days of the republic all put their heads together and worked hand in hand to build the noble ship of State, before the god Mammon, was set up for popular adoration, before the merchant prince and millionaire became the idols of the populace.

Simple, unpretending homesteads tended far more to develop genuine greatness than the gilded palaces of modern days, and we venture to affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that far more genuine happiness dwells beneath the thatched roof of a simple village cottage than beneath the gilded cupola of the palace of the money-king.

But while we must never be blind to the nobility of the village blacksmith at his forge, we must be careful that we give no place to the demon, envy, which, under the hideous guise of anarchy, threatens now to imperil free institutions and desolate the land. We have every sympathy for those who are seeking to redress just grievances in honorable ways, but law and order must be maintained, and to that end mutiny and insurrection must be put down with a powerful hand. Capital punishment is, in our eyes, an offense against justice; even imprisonment for life is a penalty man has no moral right to inflict on his offending brother, often goaded to desperation, as he is, by the frightful anomalies of so-called civilized society. But remembering that good alone can vanquish evil, as water extinguishes fire, let us seek, by a higher and better moral education,—not by brute force and haughty despotism,—to put an end to unnecessary social inequalities by inciting all so to regard life that it shall be to each and all a stepping-stone to a fuller and more glorious life beyond.

The visit of Irving Bishop to this city has done good if it has only awakened interest in the subject of thought transference. If thought can be transmitted from mind to mind without vocal accents or muscular contact, thought must be a tremendous power for good or evil, a mighty force whose scope and influence no tongue can tell. If silent thought be the mighty thing psychological experiments are proving it to be, if the action of mind upon mind is the highest agent in overcoming disease and crime, as mental therapeutics abundantly prove, who need be sad and disappointed because in outward seeming his career is not as prosperous as he might well desire? If thought is a substance, if thoughts are things, then, though one's picture never be hung in any gallery on earth until centuries after his body has moldered in the earth, and the old canvas, begrimed with dust and cobwebs, is discovered and extolled when it is hundreds of years too late to compensate the painter in this mundane sphere by filling his ears with plaudits and his pockets with gold,—that despised, forgotten picture, refused by the hanging committee at every exhibition of paintings in the artist's earthly lifetime, may still have been portrayed in heavenly galleries, and when the artist dropped the mortal form it may have been the very first object to greet his vision as he entered

spirit-life. What matters it, if all exists in mind before it is expressed in matter, how many compositions of the author, the poet, or the musician, may be rejected. Sooner or later the world will find them out, and if it does not, heaven has discovered them and utilized them long before the writer or the singer drops the mortal form. But these remarks apply only to soulful, not to soulless compositions. The mere bread and butter winner who does not love his work can never enjoy its spiritual compensation. No cold and calculating effort of brain and hand, without the heart, can ever become immortal. No laborer who works for hire, and hire alone, can enter into joy in spheres immortal by reason of this cold and worldly scheming for the necessities of earthly beings. To labor to support oneself is reasonable and right enough so far as it goes; to labor for one's kindred, to support an aged parent, or a delicate brother or sister, is much nobler, and the very unselfishness which leads one to forget self and work for others, must inevitably entitle the worker to a spiritual reward. But where there is no love of the work, and no perception of its importance, it lacks all that true dignity and intense vitality indispensable to any really successful undertaking.

How often you hear the criticism passed on really fine productions, "Yes, they are magnificent, but they have no life." Such merely sensuous soullessness soon clogs upon the trade. The palate becomes surfeited, eyes and ears grow tired of simple correctness of outline. You can never pay a musician a very high compliment unless you can say of him, "He made the instrument speak." You can never truly appreciate painter or sculptor unless you can discern life in canvas or marble when it has left his hand. We doubt whether a truly great work has ever been performed unglorified by the inspiration of a sublime purpose. We doubt whether true greatness is ever attainable where the affections lie dormant and untouched. Some of the world's greatest artists have had the women or the men they loved above all others for their models; others have so entered into the innermost recesses of deep spiritual fervor that when in religious ecstasy they have portrayed a loveliness not born of earth. One's ideal, the object of one's affections, may be wholly spiritual, or it may be robed in earthly form as well, but unless the ideal be there, unless there be an overwhelming sense of devotion and feeling of affection for the work to be performed and the end to be attained, there can be no greatness. Correctness, classical beauty, purity of design, faultless rendition, may all be reached, but as the body, without the spirit, is dead, so all work is less than sublime if it be, spiritually speaking, purposeless.

Why is it that, so many, life seems so hard and work such a curse, when it ought to be regarded as the greatest blessing? Could an idle universe be a happy one? Could there have ever been a time when man had nothing to do? Work is life, and idleness is death. It is not rest, repose or slumber that we need in the sense of the cessation of employment; it is joy in work, gladness, hope, contentment, and divine assurance, making every effort a step toward some divine goal than sense can ever reach. Certain kinds of work seem to lend themselves far more readily to such high thoughts than others, it must be frankly admitted, but the question we desire to settle is, Is there any possible situation so demeaning, any work so vile that it can not serve the highest of spiritual uses? We know of none, for the outward form of work is but its accidents; its essentials are far removed from its external base. What temple was ever erected whose foundations, without the superstructure, were worth the toil expended in excavating earth and laying stone and brick in place. The temple which is to be built thereon alone justifies and compensates the labor of digging the foundation. What picture would be worth the hanging were it only background, and thus in the highest sense no picture at all? The work upon the background would be but toil and time expended for nothing were it not for the foreground to be added later, and to which the background, as a servant, is indispensable. In building a ship, do we not build it to navigate the ocean? The ship, as an end, is the height of folly, a most useless and cumbersome representation of wasted energy, but a ship, equipped for a distant voyage, with her sails fluttering in the breeze,—in a word, a ship as a means to an end, is a sight well calculated to inspire the beholder with intensest hope and joy.

Our earthly occupations, the maintenance of our material forms, the rearing and educating of families, the perpetuation of the innumerable activities of this mundane state, in and of themselves, considered as ends instead of means, are poor and depressing even at their best; but immediately we see, in all the noise and strife of hammers and chisels, the evolution of a great design—the building of a ship whose port is the celestial world—directly we see in every trial and temptation of earthly existence a means of transit to a brighter state of being; and, best of all, when, on the wings of a pure and hallowed altruism, forgetful of self, we mount and soar to every noble altitude of spiritual attainment, not because of the bliss accruing to us from our elevated station, but out of devotion to the welfare of our brethren—no necessary work is sordid, no occupation is mean, as we see in each and every enterprise a means of helping forward the car of human progress, and thereby advancing

the interests of the common humanity we tenderly and ardently love.

But some will make reply: "All this talk of doing good to others is so much rhapsody—very fine poetry, but utterly impractical as prose. Do you not see how many there are who are shut out entirely by uncontrollable circumstances from all means of usefulness to others? What can a very poor person do—one who is out of work, who has neither influence nor friends? What can a bed-ridden sufferer do, who has even lost the use of hands, and perhaps of speech and eyesight also? Do you not admit there are cases where we are in the grip of circumstances altogether too strong for us, and against which, if we strike at all, we only beat our hearts out, like birds in captivity wounding their tender breasts against the cruel bars which hold them captive? The free bird can be useful, but what of the bird in forced captivity?"

Our answer is to all such questioning, if you could but see the power and influence of silent thought continually exerted all around you, you would never again complain, however hard your lot might be on earth. Have not those who have done most for the progress of humanity carried the heaviest burdens? It needs but a glimpse of the invisible realm, in the midst of which, even though unknowingly, we are all now and ever living, to silence every doubt, banish every fear, and change walls of anguish into peaks of rejoicing. We have pictured, to enforce our moral, the saddest cases of all, which certainly do not fall to the lot of the majority; still there is enough in every life, even the most prosperous from a worldly point of view, to raise the question again and again, "Is life really worth the living?" Rev. M. J. Savage, one of the most popular of the Unitarian ministers of New England, in a sermon preached some months ago in Unity Church, Boston, expressed himself as glad to have lived now, even if there was no hereafter. Such a state of mind is very enviable, but Mr. Savage is in many respects a favored man; his position is a very desirable one in many respects; he has many friends and admirers, and does a kind of work which easily satisfies the doer of it that if he be well done it must assist in helping the world to grow wiser and better. It has often been a matter for comment that artists and professional men refuse to give up their work when they have earned enough to retire upon; not that they are mercenary, and continue striving to amass more wealth; it is that the work itself has more fascination for its devotees than any mere mechanical labor can possibly have. There is something fascinating in law, in medicine, in literature, in art. A man of sixty, with all his faculties alert, can scarcely be content to retire upon his fortune, and do nothing for the remainder of his term on earth. He may give his services gratuitously late in life, as many do, but he loves his work, therefore it does not age or worry him; it keeps him young, hale and hearty; but manual labor, unrelieved by any high and holy purpose, is indeed the veriest drudgery, and for this reason the wave of secular education which is now sweeping over all the earth, and which makes itself felt with such remarkable force in England, Germany and America, has, perhaps, done more to sadden and depress than it has to elevate the working man. It has set him to thinking, to aspiring, but it has not taught him to think rightly or to aspire truly where it has been unaccompanied by a wave of spiritual influence, which must always be its companion, or merely secular education will but lead to discontent and anarchy. Nothing can be more cruel than to stimulate an ambition which cannot be satisfied. If we have no food to offer, do not let us wake the hungry man who, while asleep, is not conscious of the need of food. Let us be careful, in all our training of youth, not to raise hopes the probability of whose fulfillment is exceedingly slender to say the least.

What the world needs to-day is a revelation of the spiritual side of being of a nature so convincing as to lift all the commonplace of material industry into their rightful sphere as part and parcel of the great plan of social and spiritual evolution. Psychological research, if properly conducted, mind-reading, if rightfully understood, must inevitably tend toward a realization of the marvelous potency of invisible forces, and thereby lead the mind of the lowly worker to look above the grinding drudgery of earthly labor to its certain consequences in spiritual existence. To be born into this world and go through all the discipline of childhood, to strive from youth to age only to do a kind of work which makes it possible for this mortal treadmill to be kept going, is saddening enough to make the very angels weep in heaven. But if, as the Apocalypse declares, the multitude whom no man can number in the realm of light and glory presented to the enamored vision of an oriental seer, have reached all that is signified in glowing imagery by white robes, golden crowns and harps, and waving palms, then surely the great tribulation or constant friction of earthly life, base metal though it be, when transmuted by that alchemy which finds the philosopher's stone at hand everywhere, is all necessary to the turning out of that incorruptible and glorious gold which means nothing other than a state and condition of soul to which the whole universe appears ineffably bright and glorious.

The most needed lesson for the world to-day is human equality in the sight of heaven. Some are rich and some are poor, some rule, others are in a state of subordination, and while we are quite prepared to

admit that much human inequality is unnecessary and preventible, we can not fail to see that under man's present limitations there must be a wide difference in outward rank and station. All that is needed, however, is for the rich, those who are so from force of circumstances, to consecrate their wealth to the highest and noblest uses; turn "filthy lucre" into the very gold of heaven; so employ the "mammon of unrighteousness" that it becomes the servant and promoter of righteousness; while the poor need but to feel that, despite all their earthly disadvantages, they are still contributing a needed quota to the mass of human effort, and are therefore just as truly necessary to the welfare of the mass as ever the wealthiest and most honored can be.

We can never sanction or uphold a bald materialism which stimulates revolt and misery. The gospel of contentment, not of discontent, is the message of peace and love to all mankind. Why should a king or queen, a duke or duchess be an object of dislike, and be suspected of unworthy motives in any more than the humblest domestic in his or her employ? A lady of title and distinction like that noble woman, Lady Cathness, Duchesse de Pomar, who uses rank and wealth as servants of truth, can do a work in gilded salons which could not be accomplished elsewhere; but however sacred and noble such a work may be, it is no nobler, no more sacred than that of the humblest toiler in the bowels of the earth.

The great secret of success is only the secret of fidelity and earnestness. We must be ever faithful and ever true, not only to our outward tasks and our employers, but to that glorious ideal which should never be absent from our thoughts while we are working. Let our hands do whatever we find for them to do with cheerful alacrity, but let us be ever on our guard lest we use our hands alone.

Domestic work and every kind of manual labor is lightened when the mind and heart are occupied with pursuits in which the hands can take no part. The chambermaid who sings about her work, the bootblack who whistles merrily between wheels as he polishes the shoes of the passer-by, is sure to succeed as the boy or girl never can, the monotony of whose work is never relieved by any diversion of thought from the dull routine of toil. If pleasant subjects of meditation, innocent and agreeable distractions can thus relieve and lighten toil, what shall we say of the mental attitude of those whose eyes are ever fixed on the heavenly goal, who see the light of heaven all around them here below, and hear words of gratitude from those to whose faces their kindly services have brought smiles of joy? To those who can find the secret of true happiness everywhere in that thought and prayer which never fails to bless and sanctify every object with which they come in contact, all work has an esthetic value. Its exoteric form is well-nigh lost sight of in the vivid sense of something palpable and incomprehensible to sense, yet ever present to spirit.

We should never look for outward success if we desire to be truly useful and genuinely happy. Longfellow tells us of leaving footprints on the sands of time, marks which shall be guides to those who come after us. He considers it sublime only to so work that future generations shall be the better for our having lived and acted our part on the stage of earth, but he does not leave us without confidence in the hereafter.

The climax of the Alpine boy's effort is only reached in the last two lines of the closing stanzas of "Excelsior,"—

"There in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,"

well describes the body of the gallant youth who perished in the Alpine snows. The dogs found the body and the monks buried it.

"While from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,"

describes the glory of that higher life upon which the traveler to the land of immortality has entered, and what is the word breathed downward through the vibrant spaces from that immortal height invisible to mortal eyes? Surely it is none other than the watchword of his entire career. He had then been wise and not foolish when he had spurned with tear-dimmed eye the importunities of earthly affection embodied in its most beguiling form. He had shown wisdom, then, when he had turned a deaf ear to the would-be sage injunctions of the worldly wise who had sought to deter him from his utopian pursuit. It had indeed paid him well to scale those dizzy heights if he might at length become a star vault with celestial melody, breathing the magic word, "Excelsior," to lead upward and onward the toiling multitudes below, climbing as he had aforetime climbed up the jagged steep and over the piercing rocks to that summit which is alone revealed to soul, and at the very existence of which material socialism scoffs.

Let us one and all take heart afresh from the hallowed examples of the "saints" of all ages, and remember fidelity to conviction, love of good for its own sake, and love of all mankind are enough to make every life sublime and every future glorious.

Our closing word to all shall be: If you would make your lives indeed successful, and strive to become great in an immortal sense, do not try your hand first at one thing and then at another, unless absolutely compelled to do so, but seek to discover your particular vocation. Do

Continued on Eighth Page.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

THE BURDEN LIFTED.

No one who has never experienced the sublime satisfaction of communicating with loved ones who have passed to the other life, and of knowing that this life is but the primary school to one of a higher grade beyond, can understand or realize the precious comfort and joy that such knowledge and experience bring to the soul.

"Oh, that I had possessed this knowledge, and understood the spiritual philosophy, in my earlier years," exclaimed a good woman in the presence of the writer, the other day,—one who had followed to the cruel and remorseless grave, one after another, of her loved kindred, until of a once large and happy family she had become almost the "last of earth." Now, those voices that were once silent to her, and those loved forms that had passed from her sight, as she supposed, to be heard and seen no more on earth, are her constant companions and comforters. Hence the exclamation of regret that she had not known the glorious truth sooner.

In the church we lay away our dead with the sad assurance that we shall meet them no more on the shores of time; and then, if they and we are reasonably good, we are permitted to indulge in the dim hope that we shall meet their spirits in some far away heaven. But even this comfort is denied us to those wayward ones, to whom our hearts often cling with the fondest ties,—they must go out into the infinite darkness of despair, the creatures of the eternal displeasure of the one Father of us all.

The spiritual philosophy gives us far better and clearer perceptions of the Eternal Good. It sweeps away the childish myths and fables of the past which have so long involved the race in the shadows of an unnatural theology. It shows us the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of humanity. It unlocks the doors to the mystery of the future and leads the spirit out from the gloom and darkness of superstition, into the clear, sweet light of day. It teaches us that we are all passing through a process of growth and unfoldment, in the line of eternal progression, whose ultimate is infinity—that some, as the result of conditions and circumstances they had no hand in shaping, are further advanced than others; but that all are the children of God's infinite love and care.

This is the joy that has come to the world in the fullness of time, when intelligent thought was rapidly drifting away from the anchorage of a theology that had no foundation in nature, nor in the constitution of man. Better annihilation, says the materialist, than a future so clouded with woe to all but a comparatively few of the race.

And so thousands of the best minds of the race were settling down to the conclusion that death ended all—that, with the materialist of old, there was "no knowledge or device in the grave whither thou goest." Welcome, thrice welcome to the glad truth that is illuminating the world.

THE PEN VS. PORK.—When one stops to consider those things that most readily command large remuneration, it seems that the term "filthy lucre" is well bestowed. Whatever is to uplift, refine and enlighten mankind, might all be called labors of love, for they are to a great extent lost upon the world; and did the noble workers have no hope beyond for a recognition and commendation of their unselfish endeavors here, they would have little indeed to hold them to their self-imposed tasks. Emily Zola last year received from his pen the sum of sixty thousand dollars; and a Kansas swine raiser got twice as much from his pig pen. The *Norristown Herald* ventures the assertion that the latter pen is the cleaner of the two. One is as bad for the mind as the other for the body. Mankind calls for them both, which argues plenty of thankless work for the next thousand years.

A GOOD WOMAN GONE.—Death entered a beautiful home in this city, on Tuesday last, and bore hence to the home of the immortals the gifted spirit of that noble woman, Mrs. E. F. McKinley. She was a model wife and mother, a fine instrument for the invisibles, beautiful in person, and most lovable in spirit. She was beloved by a large circle of personal friends, and all who knew her esteemed her for her many virtues. The empty casket was consigned to Mother Earth, on Thursday, from Metropolitan Temple, Mrs. E. L. Watson, officiating, and paying a most eloquent and beautiful tribute to the risen one. May the loving angels assist the spirit mother in guarding and protecting the tender lambs of her stricken fold.

CLEGG WRIGHT VS. DR. WOLFE.

Now comes that gifted lecturer and writer, J. Clegg Wright, a name familiar to all Spiritualists, and enters a demurrer to the positive assertions of Dr. Wolfe concerning his marvelous experience with the spirits, as published recently in the *S. P. Journal*, and copied into the *GOLDEN GATE*. His chief argument,—if argument it may be called,—is that the story is too big for belief; hence, the Doctor,—to whom he concedes honesty and good sense,—must have been deceived by confederates of the medium, Mrs. Fairchild, etc.

Now, as a matter of fact, most impartial judges would prefer to accept the testimony of such a clear-headed witness as the Doctor is known to be, who was present and declares that what he asserts is the sober truth, to that of forty witnesses(?) more or less, who, like our friend Wright, were in another part of the State at the time, and knew nothing whatever of the facts in the case.

We can see nothing more improbable in Dr. Wolfe's experience than in the experience of Prof. Crookes with Katie King, who certified to quite as wonderful manifestations of spirit power; or in that of Col. Olcott with the Eddy brothers; or in that of hundreds of others who have borne witness to similar experiences.

Belshazzar saw a materialized spirit hand writing upon the wall of his banquet hall. If somebody over in Dan or Beersheba should have come out in the *Beersheba Evening Gazette*, at that time, declaring that Belshazzar, although a very hard-headed sort of a pagan in most things, was entirely off in this, he would have been laughed at for his pains.

Upon this question of materialization, as upon all other questions relating to the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism, we are in favor of ruling out every witness who was not there, and simply doesn't know anything about the case. If the facts are beyond his experience, he should wait for his experience to ripen—not deny dogmatically what others, equally honest and equally capable of judging impartially, claim to know as a positive fact.

Knowing, as we do, that the psychic or materialized form, more or less tangible and real, as conditions are favorable or otherwise, is one of the grand truths of Modern, as it is evidently was of Ancient Spiritualism, we are not prepared to say to what degree of perfection it may not attain under peculiarly favorable conditions.

In the light of modern science and research, independent of the vast array of phenomena upon which Spiritualists rest their claims of a future life, it is really wise to declare that anything we do not happen to know is not knowable? That is just what our talented friend seems to have done in his fierce negation of Dr. Wolfe's experience.

It stands us all in hand, in these days of many marvelous things, to hold our zeal in check, in the matter of denying alleged facts whereof we are ignorant, lest we find ourselves eventually in the position of the man who declared that the idea that the earth revolved upon its axis was an absurdity, as he had determined, to his entire satisfaction, by his experiment with the pumpkin and the stump; or if that other wiseacre, in the days of Columbus, who thought the daring navigator who proposed to sail down the slopes of the round world would be unable to ascend the hill back again!

We are none of us so wise but that there are a few things yet to be learned. Hence, let us be modest, and thereby "hedge" against any possible humiliation in the future.

GAINING.

The Prohibitionists of Oregon having failed to incorporate in the organic law of that State a clause prohibiting the retail traffic in intoxicants, the friends of the temperance cause in that State will have to bide their time and try it again when a healthier and better public sentiment prevails.

The friends of the temperance cause of both the old parties, are becoming, every year, more and more disgusted with the purposeless and bad faith of their parties on this most vital question. That they are preparing for a general hegira to new fields of political work, is evident from the rapidly increasing vote of the Prohibitionists, and the positive victories they have achieved in many portions of the country.

In 1880 the Prohibition vote of the whole country was only 9,678. In 1881 it was 47,326; in 1882 it had grown to be 90,250; in 1884 it had reached 150,626; in 1885 it was further increased to 151,223, and last year it reached 294,863. Here is an increase of nearly 150,000 in one year, that of 1886.

The truth can take its time, and afford to wait. It is ever pressing onward toward the goal. It will surely reach that point eventually,—just as soon as honest men come to learn that it is wrong to place a temptation to ruin and death within reach of the weak and improvident,—wrong to derive a revenue return from the hearts of the wives of drunken husbands, and the tears of helpless orphans.

When men who are not so honest, but who have a wholesome regard for their own best interests, in a property sense, comprehend clearly the stupendous fact that they are required to

bear fearful burdens of pauperism, insanity, and crime, as the direct result of the liquor traffic, they, too, will cut loose from the old fossilized parties, and join with those who are honestly seeking to rid our country of the curse of intemperance.

THE ONLY MEANS.

Why do we associate happiness with earthly wealth? Doubtless because we judge that the means to gratify our material desires must bring contentment and satisfaction. In this we must be mistaken since rich people are no happier than the poor.

In the first place, it takes less to satisfy our material needs than is supposed; and our luxuries tend rather to awaken envy in others than complete satisfaction in us; envy, not in the poor alone, but in our rich brothers and sisters who would all stand higher than we on the dizzy ladder of fortune.

Those at the bottom, who are honestly and patiently climbing above absolute want, are the most contented. They have the broadest plans and most generous and charitable schemes in their heads and hearts for assisting those still below them when once they have gotten out of the grasp of poverty. All who reach the middle rounds with these plans and schemes for others' good forgotten, will still be happy in that which they do for those below them.

The sorrows of affluence are mainly those that arise from selfishness. Aside from the sad, inevitable events that come to all, nothing causes so much mental unrest as being wrapped up in self—ignorance of the blessedness of giving, and of seeing another made glad by a deed of our own—a heart-promoted, generous kindness.

If all who have the means would take this plain road to happiness, how much misery and suffering would vanish from the world. Those who can feel another's woes would be most susceptible to the joys they could bring to the burdened lives. Those who can not feel should be induced to try the remedy for discontent—doing for and assisting others in need. In no other way can we reach the top of the spiritual ladder and grasp the hands of those who set it up between earth and heaven.

IGNORANCE.

There is no enlightened country on the globe where the lower classes are so lamentably ignorant as in Russia. An arcotron descending in a remote village from the great Capitol, was fired upon by a host of peasants, from whom the air voyager barely escaped. The balloon was taken for some monster or devil of the lower or upper deep, and when it reached terra firma uninjured by the ill-directed shots, they fled in wildest alarm.

So, too, is an eclipse the cause of unbounded terror to these poor, untalented people. The Czar of Russia receives a larger salary than any other ruler living, the sum being ten millions. It would seem anywhere outside this great Empire that the recipient of so large an income would feel in duty, bound to compensate his people by a return of increased favors and advantages commensurate with his vast revenue. But Russia is acting upon the false rule, that ignorance for the masses is the best policy for the Government; and considering their present condition, socially, mentally, and morally, the Russian serfs are in no sense better off for their freedom.

When the United States liberated its slaves, it proceeded to educate them; so should all countries who have the welfare of their different classes truly at heart. No potentate has found ignorance to be a safeguard against conspiracy to overthrow his power.

If the human mind is not trained to knowledge and wisdom by precept, example and association, it trains itself in low device and cunning, for nature nowhere "abhors a vacuum" more than in the pride of men. The pride of all rulers, whether president, czar or king, should be in the best possible condition of their subjects. There is no more proper study for the heads of nations than the study of their brother men.

HINTS TO INVESTIGATORS.—There is that in spiritualistic investigation that can only be content when absolute confidence is established in what it discovers. Suspicion of deception is most painful to an honest mind. To such it is more satisfactory to remain in the old darkness than to doubt the source of the new light. The mind must be convinced that it is dealing with facts and realities impossible for fancy or imagination to enter into, before it will or should be satisfied. There is required in the investigation of the spiritual philosophy the best mental activity, the closest observation, the clearest thought, the sharpest discrimination, to insure a definite knowledge of those things called spirit manifestations. Some persons go along for years in half belief because their opportunities for studying the matter have been poor. But there are those in our midst whose powers will convince the most careful and painstaking that the truth needs but a few minutes to prove itself when the right means is found.

NEW.—There is, or likely to be, something really new and original in the world; something that Chinese, nor any other people, will not be apt to claim as a stolen discovery. This is to be a journal devoted to the science of magnetism, telling character by the shape and size of a person's nose. It is a Parisian who thus threatens to place its readers before the world in their own light. It does seem that one would require something more stable than the human nose upon which to base a science. It is admitted by nearly all persons who give it a care, that the nose is just what we make it, not by the life we live, the virtues or faults we cultivate, but by our treatment of the pliable and delicate organ. There are those who make a business of straightening and beautifying ill-formed noses, and we wonder if the proposed journal would find all characters to correspond with these made-over noses.

IRVING HALL.

On Sunday last, Nov. 13th, W. J. Colville's ministrations were highly appreciated by large and intelligent audiences. The morning lecture was the first of a series entitled, "Dark Sayings in Holy Writ." The special topic was the strange story of Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still. The address was certainly an uncommon one, as it not only furnished the audience with a good deal of intensely interesting information concerning the sun worshippers of the ancient orient, but threw considerable light on the historical as well as on the spiritual significance of this literally unbelievable narrative.

In the letter, said the speaker, allusion is made only to the halting of those armies who carried the sign of the sun and moon into battle, as the crusaders carried the cross. Spiritually the sun represents the church, and the moon the state. More interiorly the sun is the spiritual center of man's being, the solar plexus of his immortal nature, while the moon typifies the lower or animal propensities, as instanced in the Apocalypse by a woman clothed with the sun and having the moon under her feet.

In the afternoon numerous important questions were ably answered.

In the evening the lecture on Shakespeare proved very interesting. The view taken of Ignatius Donnelly's theory of the Baconian cipher was that Shakespeare and Bacon were both instrumental in the production of the plays, but they themselves display such marvelous insight and versatility as to suggest at once to the thoughtful reader a theory of complex authorship something like that now assigned by scholars to Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

After dwelling for a few minutes on this topic, important spiritual lessons were drawn chiefly from "Hamlet," which teaches how useful the stage may be as an auxiliary of all institutions calculated to advance the cause of justice, and also treats us to a very natural spiritualistic narrative from "Othello," the lesson of which is that it is never safe to believe an evil report, but needful at all times to distrust the seeming friend who betrays one's wife or intimate associate, and above all things to strangle jealousy ere it reaches maturity in thought. And from "The Merchant of Venice," which points out two inevitable morals the world would do well to heed. First, that oppression brutalizes men and makes them dangerous; and second, that justice is impossible without clemency, as true justice can never be unmerciful, or genuine mercy unjust.

The music was of its usual excellence, rendered by Mme. Fries-Bishop, Miss Bresford Joy, and W. J. Colville, the audience joining in the hymns.

For Sunday next, Nov. 20th, two remarkable subjects are announced. At 10:45 A. M. W. J. Colville is to lecture on "The Speech of Balaam's Ass Delivered under Spirit Control;" 7:30 P. M., "The Condemned Anarchists and their Reception in Spirit Life."

GOING TO AUSTRALIA.—W. J. COLVILLE'S LAST PUBLIC CLASS IN SAN FRANCISCO.—As the time is now drawing near when W. J. Colville will set sail for the antipodes, and as a very large number of friends, whose business confines them during the week, are particularly anxious to study Theosophy in its relation both to the culture of man's spiritual faculties and the healing of the sick, with the aid of the instruction given through his mediumship, arrangements have been made for a public class to meet in Irving Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. The terms for the entire course of twelve lessons, followed by answers to questions, will be only \$2.50. Tickets must be procured without delay of W. J. Colville or Dr. Albert Morton. The course commences Sunday, Nov. 27th. On Sunday next, Nov. 20th, a preliminary lecture on "The Purpose of Theosophy, and What is Spiritual Healing?" will be given at 2:30 P. M. Admission, twenty-five cents. Those holding course tickets admitted free. This is positively the last and only public class W. J. Colville will hold in San Francisco, though a strictly private class for the study and development of Psychometry is being arranged, at \$5 each, for a limited number of students who have already taken the normal course in Spiritual Science or Theosophy.

EXTREMES OF CIVILIZATION.—The higher we ascend in the scale of civilization, the greater the allowance and leniency for the deficiencies and failures of physicians. One after another of our loved ones may die under their treatment, and we seldom think of blaming the doctor, but rather attribute their demise to the obduracy of their disease, the inevitable, or Divine Providence. But how is it with savage and semi-civilized people? Not thus, indeed. They all hold the healing art to be infallible, and if it fails the physician is straightway denounced as a fraud and forfeits his life. They hold the ravages of all diseases whatever to be inferior to the skill of a genuine physician. In their faith they rise to the grandeur of Christian Science, that puts all ailments and afflictions under the power of the will. Between these extremes of civilization and ignorance we might draw a line of compromise that would result in greater good to all. The qualifications of school practitioners should be more difficult, and the term of study longer. And we should expect neither medicine nor Christian Science to overcome the effects of causes, until the causes are suspended; and then, not unless sufficient vitality remains to build up the body anew.

EIGHT DOLLARS IN CHANGE.—We were reliably assured, the other day, of the truth of the following incident: A gentleman recently called upon Mr. Pettibone, the independent slate-writer, at 115 Jones street, with a pair of sealed slates, requesting a seance. They took their seats at the table, and soon the sitter was requested to open his slates. He did so, when there was found within a note containing a ten-dollar bill that had been placed there by the sitter. The substance of the note was that the bill

would be given to any spirit or medium who could produce so much as a single word written upon the inner surface of either of said slates. To his amazement he found a single line written upon one of the slates: "Give back to the gentleman \$8 in change, (signed) Spirit William Rollins." Thus Mr. Pettibone's guide refused to allow his medium to take advantage of the sleeper's offer. He went away a wiser if not a better man.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—Some one who seems familiar with the process of becoming a nobody gives the following directions: Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now, just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything, let it be the dime novel of the day. Thus go on keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be a first-class nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. All correct rules will work both ways, hence this one is just as good to adopt in order to become somebody, and happy is the one who has occasion to reverse its application, and does it. If all who are on the wrong road would just consider that it is in their power to turn back, or at least step aside from their false way and consider, until clearer perception gives them new strength and new determination, there would be a less number of nobodies. We are sorry to say more do this than get credit for; and poor human nature is such that it needs encouragement at every point, when ceasing to do evil and striving to do well. Those more fortunately organized are wont to think that those who can not stand alone are not worth holding up. But we must remember that many have to learn to walk twice,—morally, as well as physically.

MRS. EFFIE MOSS.—This lady has recently removed to 915 1-2 Mission street, where she announces that she will hold seances for form manifestations. We have always insisted that skeptics, and beginners in the study of psychic phenomena, should never be admitted to the materializing seance. The presence of the first is generally detrimental to good manifestations, and as to the latter they should begin with more simple phases of the phenomena. "Milk for babies," and stronger food for those who are ready to partake of it. We were present at a pleasant and harmonious circle of a half dozen persons, at Mrs. Moss' rooms, Wednesday evening last, for a materializing seance. We will say for the medium, who is a large, fleshy woman, that while only one form appeared at a time, if she personated them all, (some twenty or more),—making herself slender and portly, short and tall, male and female, beautiful and ugly, to suit the manifestation,—she could make far more money by exhibiting herself as a natural wonder. She has a good, honest face, and impresses one favorably. The forms appeared in a good light, the faces, in most cases, being unveiled. Many of them were able to submit to close scrutiny, and they surely appeared as separate and distinct personages. There was no chance for confederacy. But in this phase of the phenomena especially, everybody should see and judge for themselves.

UNIQUE.—There is a German organization called the Association for the Promotion of a Natural Mode of Life, that has just given a most unique exhibition, showing the methods of living, and treatment of the sick, adopted by its members. For tea and coffee they have substituted rye, wheat and barley; and formerly used dried strawberry or blackberry leaves for the same purpose. Water is their principal remedial agent, and to illustrate their mode of applying the wet pack to different parts and members of the body, figures of men were represented performing these offices for the afflicted. Steam and ice also play their part in medical treatment. They truly hold the "Sun, Water, and Natural Diet," to be the three greatest physicians of the world. The "Drug Store" was represented by a view showing a quiet and beautiful landscape, with trees and farming implements, and grazing stock, and a clear body of water. While the exhibition is the first that has ever been given, the ideas it represents are not by any means new. There have always been well-regulated minds and bodies that have drawn their health and strength and usefulness direct from Nature's springs. If more can be led to do so by this sensible Association, let us rejoice and be glad.

—At the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, last Sunday, Mrs. S. A. Harris lectured on "Mental Science." Her subject was handled in a most concise and masterly manner. We are pleased to add that Mrs. Harris has developed her powers to address an audience right here among us. We wish there were more that would bend their energies in the same studious direction. We are also pleased to learn from the newly selected Chairman of above meetings that he intends to give the audiences that meet there the best that can be obtained, both in the lecture and phenomena line.

—The Free Spiritual Library at 35 Eddy street, open Sundays from 1 to 5 P. M., is doing a noble and gratuitous work in furnishing reading matter for the general public. It is such work that reaches many a poor, hungry soul who is afloat in the realm of thought, that never knew what they really are, or would like to believe in until they find it in comparing others' thoughts with their own; and when they find such thoughts as define their future, then they are made happier. To show what the above library is doing we would say their monthly borrowers average about two hundred and fifty, and that they are constantly adding new books as funds will permit.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Given by Salfe through Mrs. C. S. Fox, scribe of the Sun Angel Order of Light.]

Throughout all the length and breadth of the land, into every home where has been unfurled the banner of the higher heavens, to each and every child of the heaven-born Order, Saidie sends her love greetings. And through her chosen centers she would herald good tidings of joy and peace. Nights have come and gone, darkness has come and leaves its shades in the land where day should reign. Oppression stalks yet over the face of the earth. Man lays low under its iron heel, and has not the power to rise and proclaim his right as one of the Father's children. Saidie's heart is sore as she looks over the hills and valleys, and into homes and hearts. She would raise her voice and bid the children of earth pause and listen: Why hold the iron rod of injustice over the head of your fellow mortal? Why enslave a brother who inherits the same right to life, prosperity and happiness as yourself? Why stand with the iron heel of oppression upon your brother's neck? Can these questions be answered satisfactorily to your own better selves in the light of the highest unfoldment you have as yet attained, and that to which in your inmost soul, you aspire? What, O ye children of men, is the end and aim of life? What have you come from the love atmosphere of the All-Wise, All-Good, to gain? What will ye have as an eternal inheritance through the endless forever, which stretch out before you as a vast, unbounded plain?

Saidie asks each child, and through her children asks every child of the Infinite, take these questions into your heart of hearts and ponder them well. Seek thereby to solve the deepest problem of life, and rest not until a satisfactory solution be understandingly given. Saidie and the band are striving to bless the land with light and knowledge, which will prove the key to unlock fetters that so long have bound mankind. There are children of the Father who have almost boundless wealth, and there are children, in the same great family, homeless and penniless. Crime is the result. To do away with this uneven distribution of the treasure of the planet, it is necessary that knowledge and wisdom become the corner-stone of human life; doing away with mythical ideas and embracing in their stead, facts; those which will stand the test of every trial time; those on which the soul can rest as a sure foundation, built of blocks of marble quarried from the eternal mines of our Father. Saidie sees great lack of unfoldment in the hearts of earth's children; far from the path of right, truth and justice are they wandering. Might makes right; the desire to gain and hold each for himself sweeps over the minds of earth, and selfishness rules, even among those who have heard the glad tidings spoken by lips long since closed in death.

The selfish heart longs only to heap up riches that man may applaud, that his name may go down to posterity as a great man, when indeed he has piled high his treasure, covered it with the mantle of selfishness, and bid each one stand afar. These thoughts have filled Saidie's heart with grief. These things have saddened the hearts of your own loved ones who now would, could they do so, scatter to the four winds the dust which holds them as a fetter, thus hindering their progression. Saidie alludes to many an earth-bound one, who is held thus through the law of retribution, which works potently. The laws of cause and effect are not set aside when the man has taken his place in the land of souls. As you sow here, you must each reap hereafter. If you sow seeds of selfishness by wrong doing, if you would gather in your own garner in earth-life by taking from others that which of right should become theirs, in the other life, where right reigns and justice rules, retribution makes her just demands, her claims must be met and full measure will be required.

So to her children Saidie gives words of life, those which, if heeded, will lead in paths of peace, and at last you each may enter into a higher and happier state. She longs to lead each child home through shorter ways and more pleasant paths. Seek not over-anxiously the gold of earth, but rather the hidden treasure of the kingdom. Hidden, yet acknowledged as the greater good, for when the fountain be pure, all the streams flowing therefrom are also pure. Seek to do away with oppression in all ways by obeying the higher, nobler impulse of your nature, thus preparing the way for better things in the future. Wrong and injustice shall cease; they are doomed. Right and justice shall yet prevail, and the kingdom of the Father shall be established. The higher powers, the whole angel world, respond to this glad "Amen," which rings through the arches in the higher spheres, and shall ring on long and clear, until earth shall hear and respond. And in the near future, instead of the cry of the down-trodden and oppressed shall be heard glad hallelujahs, songs of praise and rejoicings. Earth will not always be the land of bigotry, ignorance and superstition it now is. The time will come when the planet will vie with her sister planets in glorious light and knowledge, and freedom will be her watchword. It has been angel-

watched for ages; too many grandly developed minds are incarnated upon its shores, too much is being done for its redemption in the higher spheres, too many angel hearts are longing and working for its greatest good to allow its going back in progression.

Saidie's heart may grow weary at times as she sees the hardness of human hearts, but she will oft return with fresh baptism of strength and bless her children, and through them the world. Among her children are noble men and women, those who appreciate the higher truths, those who have met in the temples of wisdom in the spheres, and now in the land of their incarnation accept the teachings of the angels, which appeal to their reason as truth. Some of them can almost catch a glimpse, here and there, as a dim memory of a far-away time, of home scenes. Light comes to you, our children, from the homes you have left, and is brought to your knowledge and understanding by the loved ones who remain in those homes. Happy are ye who receive such light. It shall prove a beacon in every earth storm, and will light your weary feet through the short valley of death; throw its reflection upon faces now forgotten, but then remembered with joy and gladness.

Saidie rejoices in the prosperity of her work, and would that many more might bear the glad tidings and be happy in their knowledge. Work, our children, to dispel darkness, and to send light and truth to all hearts, and Saidie's blessing is ever yours. Peace be with you all.

SAIDIE.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1887.

A Marvelous Invention.

[Mr. Gilad Sentinel.]

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Facts and Fragments.

BY JOHN WETHERS.

The strongest expressions of the importance of the spiritualist claim I find from outside, rather than inside sources. The judge in the trial of the Blisses, some years ago, in Philadelphia made a very sensible charge to the jury. After speaking of the many intelligent people found in its ranks whose testimony on any matter was entitled to weight and attention, and then speaking of the immense multitude who believe in its foundation in fact, he said: "If this be so, then their number alone make it respectable," adding in a most persuasive manner, "Believing that there was a medium who possessed the power to bring back the spirit of a dead relative, would you not give the world to get their information? I would," he said. There is no reason to suppose that judge had any belief in the spiritual claim, but he saw, logically, and admitted the high importance of it if it were only a fact. Every true believer can take courage from that judge's remark, for you see how he would look at it if he had our knowledge.

The editor of the *Scientific American*, a bigoted opposer of Spiritualism, and who metaphysically drops a tear over the mistake of that eminent, scientific scholar, Prof. Crookes, of England, in allying himself with Spiritualism, by considering a truth, says these strong words: "We can find no words wherewith to adequately express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to science and the world, if it be true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened a thousand-fold to be fitted for such a use. If true, it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre of glory to the nineteenth century. Its discoverer will have no rival in renown, and his name will be written high and above any other."

Is it not strange then, not that it increases so fast, but at the manifest indifference of the busy world to the importance of it. Vanderbilt's wealth makes "Divine Revelations" kick the beam every time and everywhere. Is it because it is hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to babes?

It is very strange that there is so much prejudice against the fact of materialization, even among good Spiritualists. There are disabilities in the phase, but none necessarily in the fact; so there are in all the phases of spiritual phenomena, both in the ethical and the sensuous. There should be none in the bare fact of intelligence back of them all. There is, to be sure, in the quality, character and source of the intelligence, and the disabilities are more manifest in what I have called ethical than in phenomenal Spiritualism, or what are called physical manifestations. It is difficult to distinguish in the former what is supermundane from a medium's own mind. It is wonderful sometimes what eloquence and erudition will come from uneducated people under influence, suggesting a royal road to knowledge; but that is not evidence of spirit influence, for there are geniuses in the world who consider themselves unaided. Shakespeare was one—a playwright of low estate—and there are some to-day who would give his laurels to Lord Bacon, the scholar of that age. Of course the supermundane fact settled, we know a divinity shaped his end, but to make that claim in the argument would be begging the question.

The strongest proofs of the spirit claim in the mental phenomena are the tests, but what is a test to one would not be a test to another, and not one in a hundred of what are called tests are so. The best tests show great deficiencies; there is always a bar down in the very best. They give something, and that something unexplainable otherwise than by admitting our claim, equally but unexplainable is also what the spirit does not give and would give, if it were really the special or identical person. I am of the opinion that there is wisdom in these disabilities while we are undergraduates in this primary school of mortal life.

In physical manifestations the evidence of spirit intelligence is quite perfect. The identification, however, has the same drawbacks that the mental tests have, and the mission of Spiritualism being to prove independent intelligence, I put the accent on the physical. Now a word on the point with which I started. Why so much prejudice against the fact of materialization? I am aware these human-looking, ponderable forms violate our conceptions of spirits, but on this point have we any right to have preconceived conceptions?

We notice the same deficiencies in the phenomenon of materialization that we do in the other phases, and even more. The forms are seldom if ever exact representations of the departed, and they do not always or often talk with our memory of the original. All these and other disabilities may be prejudicial to Spiritualism. Some good Spiritualists who do not believe in the fact of materialization consider this phase a discredit to Spiritualism. The only question for us to ask is, Is it a fact? and then, whether it suits us or not, it will not budge. I am not favoring fraud; I despise it, whether on the part

of spirits or mortals, but a fact is a fact irrespective of our opinion of what a fact ought to be. The fact of the materialization of forms is absolutely demonstrable if one wants it demonstrated. The form may not be some special Peter, James or John; circumstances must settle identity; but the fact itself is unmistakable, and prejudice is willful ignorance.

A favor done to one Hopkinson I shall never forget, and never be sorry for. I have had some strange experiences, as virtuous in character as Hopkinson's, but I would not repeat any of them under the same circumstances. One ought never to be sorry for a kind act, but I am sorry for all of them, to which I refer, except the one to Hopkinson. This one is worth relating, but before I do so I think I had better state a setting for it, so I will call this fragment the setting and give Hopkinson the monopoly of the next.

I had had a hard life and many struggles, but I had reached a moderate material independence. I never supposed that I would be crippled again; I felt grateful and generous. This was in early middle life, and I was fully convinced that there was a life after this. In my struggles I had needed friendly aid, but had never got it. I had thought to myself what an aid it would have been to me if some one had seen my industry, my economy, and my record, and given me a lift. It never came, and I did not seem to have any silent partners in the other world, but I will do, to a fair extent, to others what I wished had been done to me. As there were angel watchers I then said, Charles Cooley made me a call. I always liked Charlie, and had known him for near a year. I thought by the way he conversed that he was blue, or something troubling him; he seemed to lack snap and hope. I seemed to sense his depression, and I said, "Charlie, what's the matter with you, anything gone wrong?" "No," said he, "I am anxious to do something and I can not bring it round, and so feel disappointed." I pushed the point a little hard and he said if he had a thousand dollars he would be perfectly happy, and I took down my bank book and was going to draw him a check. He said: "What! you are not going to let me have it, are you?" "Certainly," said I. "I want to make you perfectly happy." "I don't know," when I can pay you," said he, "if ever." I said that was no matter. He said wait until he could arrange matters, as he intended to go to California at once, and when he was ready he would come and get it, and he did. He said, also, the spirits said he would go and the money would be provided that he wanted; and said, also, that a medium in a trance, that he knew very well, told him, or her influences did, to go to me and I would give him the money, but not to ask me for it, and they would influence me to offer it to him.

About this same time Mr. Hathaway, a very earnest, honest man, came to see me one Sunday. He was a hard-working clerk. He had left his employers once, tried a new business and did not succeed and went back again to his employers, who took advantage of his situation and hired him at a much reduced salary, and it did not support him. I said to him, "The business you are in is a good one, why don't you start a store on your own account?" He said he had no capital. "How much will it take?" I asked. He said, "\$3,000, but \$4,000 would be better." "Won't your brother-in-law help you, he is able?" I asked. "I don't think he would," he said; "he is rather careful." Says I, "You go to him and say that a man who is under no obligation to you, and no relation, says he will lend you just as much money as he will to start you in business. You can tell him what it will require." In a few days he returned quite pleased and said his brother-in-law would lend him have \$1,000 cash, and would endorse for him, also, \$1,000, and that was as good as \$2,000. I did the same, and in a short time Hathaway had an establishment of his own. He did very well at first, but was, in a year or two, in poor health from dyspepsia, and very unexpectedly I got a letter from him saying "he was so worried and unhappy, life was a burden, and he could not help it," etc. He had ended his life by jumping off a steamer in its passage to Portland. This was twenty years ago. I have had tests from him. He has said he will make that \$2,000 up to me. He never has, nor do I expect it; nor did I when I let him have it.

About this time I made a great many such investments, wholly for love, to people that I thought worthy of it. The aggregate was about \$15,000; about \$6,000 of it was returned and about \$9,000 is still due from the Lord. I do not think that season of generous feeling was a wise period of my life. I think there was a spirit influence back of this, and it seems to me that the spirits acted more for the interest of others than for me, and not wisely for the others. I do not know where my guides were to permit such drafts on me. This was done some twenty years ago, and as I have said, I would not do the same thing again if I could, and have lived to find out that when conditions have changed, the influences are not the same. Cooley, and Hathaway, and Hopkinson, these three are now on the other side. Hathaway is the only one who has reported as yet. The reminiscences of this period are interesting, both on this side and over the river, for some of them are there beside the three named.

I have given the idea by calling into court, in this way, Cooley and Hathaway, and with this much for a setting I will, in the following fragment, speak of Hopkinson, for whom, though a mulatto, I have a very pleasant memory.

I was being shaved, and John Hopkinson, a mulatto, was doing it. He was a clean looking employe in a barber's shop; he was a modest man of pleasant magnetism; and I usually sat in his chair, and I had done so for a year or two. One day he said, while smoothing my face, "What do you want two hundred dollars for?" said I. He replied: "I could buy for two a barber's stand for four hundred dollars; that I would like to do, and have only two hundred dollars." I said, "You are doing pretty well here, are you not? Are you not afraid of making a mistake? and where did you get the two hundred dollars that you have?" "Oh," said he, "I have saved that up; I get fair pay here, but have a wife and six children to support. I work pretty hard; I do a little morning work when I can get it to do, and a job now and then of an evening, as a waiter. So I work pretty hard most all the time, and have saved two hundred dollars; but I have been a good while about it." You say, John, you have supported your family of six children and saved up two hundred dollars, and now want two hundred dollars more? "Yes," said he, "and I can pay it back ten dollars a month." I said, "I do not know as it would be a wise move for you, but I will let you have two hundred dollars, if you want it." He first not stating me, but made no reply, and the fact struck me as rather strange, for I expected a "thank you," at least. In the course of three or four days, he was shaving me again, and while doing so I had noticed he had not said much, but finally said, "When you said you would let me have two hundred dollars, did you mean it, were you in earnest?" I said, "Certainly; you told me you had saved up two hundred dollars and could pay it back ten dollars a month; did I understand you right?" He said, "Yes." I told him he could come to me for the two hundred dollars whenever he wanted it. It seemed to overcome him, as it would me under the same circumstances, only I never had such a draft on my gratitude. The tears came into his eyes, and one dropped on my cheek, but it did not stain it, even if it was African; and though there was twenty years ago I feel the moist drop now, and I have no doubt his spirit is near me at this moment, but I have no proof of that.

When I said this to Hopkinson, he remarked "I thought you were joking the other day, as you said it so willingly; when I went home and was telling Lucy (my wife) of the circumstance, she said she thought you meant it." She, it seems, knew me. "She said she had heard you speak (at the Parker Fraternity, I suppose), and she was so earnest that I thought I would ask you, and I see Lucy was right." I did not care whether he paid me or not, only I thought it would make him careful if he owed it. So I said, in handing him the money, for which I took no voucher, that I would expect him to pay me back ten dollars every month, but I shall not charge you any interest, and when it is paid some other fellow may need a lift.

Hopkinson was on hand every month on the day the ten dollars were due with the money ready. He would wait his turn if I was busy, but in his hand, till I said, "Now, Hopkinson," when he would come up with his money. I would generally say, "How do you find it?" or, "How is your business?" Everything seemed to be going well, and on the twenty-first month he paid the last installment, and the promptness and the gratitude manifested made me almost wish to have done it over again for the pleasure it gave me. Once, during the twenty-one months, it might have been when it was half or two-thirds paid back, he came with rather a sober look and I sensed a grief, and I said to him, "You seem a little down-hearted, aren't you doing well?" "Had rather a hard month, Mr. Wetherbee," said he, "and it strained me a little. One of my children has died; I have only five now, and the expenses and the time have made it a hard month." I was sorry for him, gave him my sympathy, and also gave him the ten dollars he had just paid me, as a sympathetic present. I am really glad that I am able to say that I never received but one hundred and ninety dollars of my two hundred, and I have hoped a great many times that it would make a connection that would enable him to return in spirit to me, but he never has as yet, sensuously or by test. It seems a little strange when I have been so long receptive to and hospitable to the spirits, but I suppose there are conditions wanting. It is a little singular that while I was dealing with Hopkinson and had been generous to him, some spirits seemed to know of my affairs, and knew what I had done to Hopkinson, and I am sure the knowledge did not come from him or me, and the fact was known in heaven. True, my mind might have been read, but in my experience I have knocked that hypothesis higher than a kite, and at that time some prophecies were made as to that small plant which has not yet borne any fruit.

One other matter in this connection I will mention, creditable to human nature among so much that is discreditable. For a year or two after the last installment was paid Hopkinson, every month or two, called on me, would stand hat in hand

until I had got through with some person, or was at leisure, and I would say, "Well, Hopkinson, what can I do for you?" He would say, "Nothing, sir; I like to look in and see you, sir, just the same as if I owed you something, to let you know I had not forgotten you." He did this a great many times. I never knew such manifest gratitude in my life before, and it is pleasant to think of, and I dare say, if in the form, he would have done it to this day. Why he has not, as a spirit, sometimes mystifies me—less worthy ones have.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Immortelle.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Low hung the sickled moon down the west,
As to the garden gate they slowly came—
"You pledge to love me true, to love me best,
I pledge to you a heart for ever the same."
Then placed they lightly on breast pure gold,
Bright gavel to the heart's true home,
And he placed them on her bosom fair,
And said, "By this my constant love is told."
After a while his hand he returned
To find in bridal garments she was dressed,
Pale immortelle upon her wizen brow,
And story called on her judicious breast.
Then from the grave she plucked an immortelle,
Upon his heart its fabled bloom embossed—
The angel Death had rang their wedding bell,
And their twin souls eternally combined.
Thus faithful hearts, the dreary years are past,
When softly rang the golden wedding bell—
He heard, and closed his weary eyes at last,
To waken greeted by his Immortelle.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

My Prayer.

BY ADELIAH COMSTOCK.

Father and Mother Deity,
Source of all life, Divinity,
Oh, hear my prayer, Make Thou of me
Whatever seemeth best to Thee.
From Thee I came; by Thee I live;
Through Thee I everything receive;
For all I am or hope to be,
I know I must depend on Thee.
As sculptor from the rough-been stone
Brings forth ideal all his own,
Sculptor of souls, oh, fashion me
Just as it seemeth good to Thee.
I make me submissive to each blow
That helps me in true grace to grow,
Content if when the world's complete
I do thy will appropriation meet.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Gone to the Angels.

BY SARAH A. BROWN.

Like a sweet little bird
From a fair sunny clime,
She came to our home
For one bright summer-time.
She won all our love,
And we prayed she would stay,
But the angels have borne
Our dear one away.
Those plump, dimpled hands
We loved so to kiss
Seem to beckon us now
To her bright home of bliss.
She has gone to the angels,
Who will tenderly care
For our dear bud of promise,
Our bright angel Claire.
Too frail for this cold earth,
A pure, fragrant flower,
She will bloom in her beauty
On that evergreen shore.

Beyond.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across that strange country—the Beyond;
And yet, not strange, it is grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.
They make me feel familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.
So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough, sometimes, to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find Heaven right round about us lies.
I can not make it seem a day to dread,
When from this earth I shall my journey end;
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lot of all so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.
I never stand above a tier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face
But that I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one 'Yonder there',
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."
And so, to me, there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing with a hatted bride,
And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

The Good Man's Creed.

A little thought and a little care,
A little tenderness and no gay frolic,
A specious speech and a courtly air,
May give one rank among "gentlemen";
But he who merits the highest place,
Though clad in homespun cloth, 'tis true,
Is one who carries a heart of grace,
And is really a nobleman through and through.
Ah! not a leaflet here and there
Is the lovely scent of the rose conveyed;
Nor is there a corner within it where
The fragrance lurks and the treasure's laid;
But every petal is truly filled—
With pink or crimson, or saffron hues—
And the rose is a sweeter rose through and through.
And yonder hillow with foamy crest,
So bright and sparkling, so gay and free,
May seem of a lighter make than the rest
Of the mighty sweep of the solemn sea;
Never a drop since the world was new
That wouldn't the self-same story tell,
That the sea has a sweeter sea through and through.
The tree is stunted, the vine is spoiled,
There's neither blossom, nor leaf nor fruit
When the sap in its upward reach is foiled
And fettered close in the tangled root.
And there's nothing sound, and there's nothing strong,
There's nothing good, and there's nothing true
That is not honestly, right along,
Sweet and savory through and through.
Faithfully faithful to every trust,
Honesty honest in every deed,
Rightly righteous, and justly just—
This is the whole of the good man's creed.

The flatterer needs no mystic aid
His purpose to fulfill;
His victims like the dews are made
And mofled at his will.

If firmer nature's not my friend
By this base art not won,
They must be of discerning mind
And hard as sculptured stone. [Jas. Martin,

What the Rev. Miles Grant, the Advent Preacher, Says of Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

"Spiritualism Unmasked," is the title of a small pamphlet written and published by the great Advent preacher, Grant, some years ago, in which he admits all our phenomena, but endeavors to prove, by Scripture, that it is all the work of demons. I send you the introductory part of the pamphlet for publication. Much of it is liberal and Christian-like compared with the unkind attack of the critics of the *Signs of the Times*.

(I regret the blunder made in my last communication, substituting *Spirit of the Times* for the *Signs of the Times*.)

"The subject of Spiritualism is one of deep interest to the people of this generation. From a small beginning among the Fox girls some seventeen years since, (now thirty-nine years ago) it has spread till it has become world-wide in its influences, numbering among its ardent supporters many of the first men and women of both continents. Ministers, doctors, lawyers, judges, congressmen, governors, presidents, queens, kings, and emperors, of all religions, are bowing to its influence and showing their sympathy with its teachings. No other system of religion ever made so great progress in so short a time, or ever had a better prospect of bringing the whole world into its embrace. Its doors are open for Catholics and Protestants, Infidels and Atheists, the lewd and the virtuous, Mohammedans, Jews and Pagans, all are invited, all are welcome to this 'broad church.' Scores of ministers have left their churches to preach this 'new gospel of Spiritualism,' as it is termed. Large numbers of church members have broken off their former religious associations to mingle with those who teach the 'new religion,' and very rarely do they ever return to the Christian church again.

"The question comes before us with much force, What is this 'new religion'? whence its origin? what is its object? its tendency and final results? what are its doctrines, morals, precepts? who are they that are performing miracles in all parts of the world, and endeavoring to cause all to adopt this 'new religion'? are they good or bad spirits? men or demons? where did they come from? where do they live? how do they perform their wonderful manifestations? Or is it all mere trickery, humbuggery,—the work of cunning men and women in the flesh? Or can the varied phenomena of Spiritualism be accounted for upon philosophical principles?"

"Every effect must have a cause adequate to produce that effect; and when we arrive at the true cause of the spiritual manifestation, it will account for all their phenomena. Various causes have been suggested by different writers and speakers, which have explained some of the phenomena, while they have failed to account for others still more wonderful.

Some have assumed that all the manifestations of Spiritualism were the results of trickery, practiced by the mediums and those associated with them. This assumption might have answered very well in the early history of Spiritualism; but who makes such a statement now would only show that he knew but little about the facts in the case. We think no one, after a little reflection, would venture to say if by many thousands, and even millions of Spiritualists, among whom are a large number of men and women noted for intelligence, honesty and veracity, that they are only playing tricks on each other; while at the same time they so boldly affirm that they are perfectly sincere in their belief that the manifestations come from the spirits of their friends. Can any one tell what object all these fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, dear friends, and loved companions can have in pretending that they have communications from spirits, when they know at the same time that they are only deceiving each other by means of trickery? We think such a position is but little less than an absurdity, and must be given up by those who would treat the subject with candor."

The Elder then relates a number of incidents confirming his position. But he denies that human spirits have anything to do with the manifestations,—that they are demons, etc.

WE can conceive of some philosophic mind saying to this great nation, "One thing thou lackest." Knowledge we have, and material power and business energy, and back of all this, no doubt, a great fund of true humanity. But the lack is in consciousness of the true aim of life, which is beauty and harmony in all social relations. The voice of Science itself bids us make a true generalization, a true synthesis, before we begin to work out our plans. We have hitherto stopped short too much at the idea of knowledge as an instrument of work and ambition, and have greatly hindered the growth of knowledge thereby. If we now set before us as our main object the building up of character in all its elements, we shall find our progress sure, if not rapid, and shall discover a deeper meaning and value in our labors from year to year and from age to age.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

There are those who never reason on what they should do, but on what they have done.—*Pittsburg*.

W. J. Colville's Discourse.

(Continued from Third Page.)

one thing and do it earnestly; do not let that single occupation so monopolize you as to render you unfit for social life and diversified enjoyment; but rally all your forces round a central point, have an object in life, and that a noble one, and if so circumstanced that your hands have to perform the most menial tasks, while your thoughts soar to some lofty altitude of spiritual attainment, never divorce the nonplace by throwing into your outward actual from the ideal, but idealize the endeavor a psychic and dynamic virtue which will make even the hem of your garment emit health and blessing to all around you. Thus, and thus only, can you exalt the humblest toil till it becomes occupation worthy of an archangel; thus only, but thus most surely, can you lift your load of care and lighten the burden of your neighbors by so living in two worlds at once that earthly tasks are never fatiguing, but contrawise refreshing by reason of their appearing to you as needful means for the outworking of a celestial purpose, the magnitude of which eternity can alone reveal.

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LEAVE S. F. COMMENCING AUG. 20, 1886. (ARRIVE S. F.)

LEAVE S. F.	ARRIVE S. F.
8:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
11:30 A. M.	11:30 A. M.
2:30 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
6:30 P. M.	6:30 P. M.
8:30 P. M.	8:30 P. M.
10:30 P. M.	10:30 P. M.
12:30 A. M.	12:30 A. M.
2:30 A. M.	2:30 A. M.
4:30 A. M.	4:30 A. M.
6:30 A. M.	6:30 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
10:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
12:30 P. M.	12:30 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
6:30 P. M.	6:30 P. M.
8:30 P. M.	8:30 P. M.
10:30 P. M.	10:30 P. M.
12:30 A. M.	12:30 A. M.
2:30 A. M.	2:30 A. M.
4:30 A. M.	4:30 A. M.
6:30 A. M.	6:30 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
10:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
12:30 P. M.	12:30 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
6:30 P. M.	6:30 P. M.
8:30 P. M.	8:30 P. M.
10:30 P. M.	10:30 P. M.
12:30 A. M.	12:30 A. M.
2:30 A. M.	2:30 A. M.
4:30 A. M.	4:30 A. M.
6:30 A. M.	6:30 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
10:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
12:30 P. M.	12:30 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
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10:30 P. M.	10:30 P. M.
12:30 A. M.	12:30 A. M.
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8:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
10:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
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10:30 P. M.	10:30 P. M.
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12:30 A. M.	12:30 A. M.
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