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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.—*Gethe.*

I have no fear of what is called for by the instinct of mankind.—*Loveell.*

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.—*Dryden.*

As long as the Lord can tolerate me I think I can stand my fellow creatures.—*Holmes.*

A man without self-restraint is like a barrel without hoops, and tumbles to pieces.—*Becher.*

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.—*Leighton.*

Prejudices, when once seen as such, are easily yielded; the difficulty is to come at a knowledge of them.

Work is not man's punishment; it is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure.—*George Sand.*

There can be no great men for lackeys, since lackeys insist on measuring all men by their own standard.—*Tolstoi.*

The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist, but the people will conquer in the end. I foresee it.—*Byron.*

Good nature shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.—*Addison.*

Many do with their opportunities as children do at the sea-shore—fill their little hands with sand, and then let the grains fall through their fingers till they are gone.

As barnacles gather upon the neglected ship, so bad habits are fostered by idleness; we lighten the ship to discover the one, and we lighten our character by continuing the other.

One thing we see: the moral nature of man is deeper than his intellectual; things planted down into the former may grow as if forever; the latter as a kind of drift mould produces annuals.—*Carliste.*

"There are but few thinkers in the world, but a great many people who think they can think." There are but a few people in the world who know what they know, but there are a great many who think they know what they don't know.

Ah! when a man is dead, and you are sure that he is out of the way, you can afford to praise him. It is when men are living that we are not charitable. I have not the least particle of prejudice against the thistles that were on my place last year. It is those that are there now that I don't like.

No human actions ever were intended by the maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. No man ever knew, or can know, which will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act.—*Ruskin.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Spiritual Thanksgiving.

BY S. B. CLARK

A pleasant and surprising termination to a most joyous Thanksgiving was participated in by a few harmonious friends, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Stansbury, whose guests consisted of the following: Mr. and Mrs. Mozart, Dr. and Mrs. Forden, of Portland, Or., Captain Watson, Mr. A. J. Gupta, Dr. W. W. McKaig and the writer. These, with their host and hostess, making ten in all, assembled in the seance room at 8 P. M., all sitting around a large, square table holding hands upon the table. When the light was turned off, there was singing by the sitters, and almost every one present felt the presence of the invisibles, by touches upon their hands and faces.

The first surprise of the evening occurred by the table being strewn with flowers. Singing was resumed, and two spirit voices joined in and sang to the end, when a voice was heard distinctly saying, "Give us some light." Dr. Stansbury said, "All right," and lighted the gas with a match, turning it up so we could all see each other quite distinctly. Singing was resumed, when, from one corner of the room, where a slight curtain had been placed, forming a cabinet, with solid walls at the rear, a female spirit form walked out directly to Mr. Gupta, who recognized her as one that had come to him on several occasions. He talked with her for at least five minutes. During the same time another form arose from the corner of the room, diagonally opposite the cabinet. This proved to be Dr. Stansbury's main control, Jeanette Stansbury, who, from the moment she assumed perfect form (and after the Doctor had taken her around the table introducing her to each one), took control of all that followed, with spirits and mortals, as perfectly as any mortal present could have done, many times remaining out of the cabinet, and among us, for fifteen or twenty minutes. She twice called for more light, which was given, and when she felt it a little too strong would shade her face with the lace veiling which she wore suspended from the top of the head. At all other times her face was as perfectly exposed as was any of our own.

Whenever she went to the cabinet, it was to look in at the wide opening in the center and lead out a spirit form to the one whom the spirit called for, when the party so called would get up and walk toward the two forms, but in every instance when she so led out a form, she would not allow the mortal to take the spirit by the hand until she had first blended the magnetism between the two, an operation that was very interesting to watch. On some occasions the spirit forms were strong enough to walk out to the ones they wished without her assistance. On one occasion one walked out and peered into the faces of nearly every one at the table until she had got to next to the last one, when she threw her arms around the neck of Mrs. Dr. Forden, and exclaimed, "Oh sister," and was likewise recognized by Mrs. Forden. Capt. Watson's spirit wife did nearly the same. A spirit with a slender little form came out and made herself known to Dr. McKaig, and proved to be one he had earnestly desired to hear from for years, but until this evening had never received a word from her, at least in that manner.

While another spirit form was holding a long conversation with the writer, she told him the three sprigs of flowers that fell into his lap represented patience, purity and power, being a green, fine-flowered spray, a white and a yellow chrysanthemum. She wished him to take them to a sick lady, giving her name, who is also a fine medium. During and after that conversation, Jeanette took a seat at the table between Dr. Stansbury and his wife, and compared her hands and arms with those of the Doctor's wife, and was holding conversation with the Doctor and his wife about having her photograph taken, when from the farther end of the cabinet came a child's form of about eight years, saying she wanted her picture taken, too. This was a fresh surprise to all present. She came out several times and talked more distinctly than any of the others.

One form came to the front of the cab-

inet—a tall, male spirit—giving the name of Richard Booth, and greetings to all. He and the little one were the only ones that did not walk out of the cabinet. Another form came out of the cabinet, announced herself as Lottie Clifford, and shook hands with the writer, who, some three years ago, did her and her medium a valuable service. Mrs. Mozart's sister came to her, as did the spirit wife of Dr. Forden. In all, there were fourteen forms and identifications.

Finally, Jeanette signified her desire to be photographed. The camera being in place, she adjusted the star upon her forehead, which she had not worn until then, and stood just in front of the cabinet ready for the light to be turned up full upon her, and all who caught a sight of her face, as the full head of gaslight struck it, will not be apt to soon forget it, for, if the expression could be allowed, it was something heavenly. A fine photograph was obtained of her, as was shortly proven by Dr. Stansbury, Dr. McKaig and the writer taking the plate into the dark room and developing it.

The above is only a summary of what each and every one present felt and experienced, to all of whom the writer is at liberty to refer any one for their version of the same. As there was no medium in the cabinet, and no one entranced, but all remained at the table all the time, except when conversing with their spirit friends, I think, as the heading indicates, it was a glorious, spiritual Thanksgiving.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

November.

BY MATTIE E. PULSFER.

Dull and gray is November, and deceitful, too. Successor to gentle and beautiful October, he has to smile upon the land to lessen the contrast of his presence; but it is only until his benign predecessor is well out of sight. His countenance soon assumes its wonted cast, and he then goes about prying into the secrets and condition of his subjects, with a very apparent intention of making them uncomfortable, which he never fails to do, to a greater or less degree.

In the first place, he frightens all the gentle and grateful breezes from the land, and gives dust full sway, that his victims may suffocate, if not strong enough to survive the infliction. Days pass, and he finally bids Old Boreas to his aid, and between them the trees are shorn of their autumn robes and left shivering under the exercise of the tyrant's whims. By and by, November promises us that the welcome rain shall come to gladden the earth and dispel the dust fiend and generally brighten the face of desponding Nature. Propitious clouds come over the sky and fog descends the hillsides, and the tree-toad croaks with joy; the air is soft and warm, and a gentle south wind comes to confirm the various indications that the rain is near. But who does not know November better than that? Has he not a sad work to do first, and does he not do it sternly and relentlessly?

The slaughter of the flowers is his mission, and now he goes about it. His promises go by without fulfillment. The clouds hurry away, the hills stand forth in great clearness, and the North wind sweeps their face and drives the fogs and mists back to the deep. A chill comes upon the land, and the bright blossoms shrink and shiver, and would hide themselves from the nightfall that comes on with a threatening aspect. Morning dawns, but upon what a sad scene. Flora's children are no more. They have been ruthlessly slain by the notorious Jack Frost, wicked accomplice of November who could not do the deed alone. So they lie upon the gray field of death, no more to be brightened by the Old Year. This is the last tragedy his dim eyes shall behold. One more scene he will look upon—the Christmas festival, which perchance, may cheer his departure to that bourn from which he and his fair offspring shall return no more, and to which November, heartless and cold, preceded the white-bearded mourner. From the gray ashes of death, Spring will bring forth our flowers again, and they shall be ever the same that were slain by November.

Symbolism of the Cross.

By W. W. McKaig—Address Before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, Sunday, Nov. 20, 1887.

That great writer on art, John Ruskin, has always insisted that the highest style of painting consists in giving the largest possible amount of truth in harmony with the beautiful. To portray the beautiful is its special aim, but it should never sacrifice truth and sincerity in order to secure this result. For instance, he says that is false art in landscape painting which represents nature as always bright, beautiful and glorious. The picture that daintily groups all that is sweet, fragrant, lovely and beautiful in nature may succeed, if it has no higher aim than to amuse and please; but if it designs to instruct the mind, elevate and purify the imagination into a healthful appreciation of natural scenery, it fails, for it has given us a false representation of nature. We know that nature is not all lovely, fragrant and beautiful. Her temper seems to be very capricious and ugly at times. There are foul marshes that poison the air with malaria, deserts where no green thing grows, and hills and mountains that have been gashed by rains, winds and frost, and torn by fire and flood into grim and fearful shapes. Give us nature as she really is, and do not hide her ungainly features. Idealize the picture as much as you like, but let it be a truthful ideal. Cromwell was right when he said to the artist who was trying to give him a fine and courtly appearance, "Paint the scars, sir, or I will not pay you."

The same rule holds good in historical painting. Ruskin points out many examples of false art among the great masters. Paul Veronese paints Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Jesus with a countenance as unmoved as if she were washing her own hands. Francia, in his picture of the Nativity, represents Mary, the mother of Jesus, kneeling on a marble floor under a Lombardian portico bedecked with costly jewels and a dazzling crown on her head, while in the background the spectator may see sweet odorous shrubs and flowers, and in the distant perspective a landscape thrived by graceful, winding rivers, dotted with village spires and baronial towers. Now any one who has read the simple story of the manger can see at a glance that this picture is a gorgeous falsehood; for it should conform to the story, be it real or mythical. Raphael, in his representation of Christ's charge to Peter, represents Peter as a spruce young man with curly hair, handsome sandals, and an elegant robe embroidered with rich fringe. Now go and stand on the shore of Galilee that morning and see Peter come up out of the water cold, wet and hungry, having been out all night fishing and had bad luck, and you can not help seeing that the picture is a deliberate perversion of the whole scene. We have one very painful instance of this disregard for truth in all the mediæval pictures of Jesus. Almost every act and event in his life has been the theme of art and nearly all were false or distorted. One of the most popular subjects of nearly every great artist has been the portrayal of his sufferings. The whole history of the portrayal, trial and crucifixion has been reproduced on the canvas. Here the noblest powers of genius have toiled. And yet almost all of these middle age picture, samples of which may be seen in the Catholic churches of to-day, as historical scenes are false and often hideous. Take, for instance, the picture of Jesus bearing his cross to the place of crucifixion. Primitive art seized on this fact and represented Jesus walking erect, calm, serene, uncomplaining, a countenance a little clouded with sorrow, through which shone the sweet, ineffable light of peace and triumph. We all feel that such a picture is true to life, that it represents a moral hero, conscious that he had done right in trying to liberate the thought of the people from the thrall of narrowness and bigotry, and who felt sure of the ultimate success of his work. But at a later period, when the theology of the church became more sensuous and pervaded by a Tuscan gloom, Jesus is represented as having fallen under the weight of the cross, and looking around upon the cruel throng as

if in an agony of despair. As hundreds of men have gone more bravely and serenely to the scaffold, even in a bad cause, we feel certain that in this instance at least, art, dominated by a theology of the letter and appearance of things, has failed to comprehend the true meaning of the cross.

Passing this thought by for the present, what more curious theme can engage our attention than the symbolism of the cross? Ever since Jesus died on the cross it has been the ensign and chosen symbol of the Christian faith. It points the spires of the churches, shines on the banner of the Red Cross Knights, is embroidered on the vestments of priests, and worn as an ornament on the bosom of beauty. It has been invested by superstition with marvelous power. At the sign of the cross the devil fled and witches were discovered. The writings of the early church are crowded with wonders it performed. One writer reminds us that the sea could not be safely traversed without a mast in the shape of a cross, and that the earth became more generous and fertile if stirred by a cruciform spade. Many of these superstitious fancies still exist borrowing their vitality from the crude but dominant idea that Jesus dying on the cross was a sacrifice that placated the wrath of God, who otherwise would have sent to an eternal hell all earth's millions because Adam had tasted of the forbidden fruit.

But the cross, as a symbol, was in the world long before the crucifixion of Jesus. It is one of the oldest symbols in the world, so old that Plato declared that the gods had made the world in the shape of the cross. It has certainly come down to us from the night of the pre-historic times, and may be found on the ruins of the most ancient tombs and temples, Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Ethiopian, Hindoo, Mexican, and Tartar. Along with the circle and triangle and other symbolical devices the cross has been found on the obelisks of Alexandria, the ruins of Karnac, the remains of the Aztecs in the forests of Yucatan, and on the massive temples and monuments along the Nile, known to be older than Moses or the Trojan war. Among a group of hieroglyphics on the side of the ark Osiris may be seen the *crux ansata*, or headless cross, which the Egyptian priests always carried in their hands during their devotions. It had a ring or globe over it, and it is said the same beautiful symbol may still be seen standing over the gateways of old monasteries and other mediæval structures of Europe. This symbol had a prominent place in the religious ceremonies of the Egyptians. It was woven into the robes of the priests, and the sign of the cross was made with water or oil upon the forehead of the neophyte in their secret vaults of initiation, as in the Catholic rite of baptism and confirmation of the present day. How strangely humanity clasps hands across the wide waste of the centuries!

And what is still more strange, the sacred Tau, the Egyptian cross, made like the letter T, the undoubted origin of all the cruciform designs in the world, has been found on the druidical stones made long before the Roman conquest. M. de Morillet, in 1866, published a very interesting book on the subject. He was led to the study by the common opinion that the builders of the Celtic monuments had no religious ideas, because no idols had ever been found in the dolmens. What was his surprise to find on these monuments of the bronze epoch and the first epoch of iron the circle, the pyramid and the cross. Even the oak trees, the ancient druids consecrated as summer churches, had the two principal branches in the shape of the cross, and when none of that shape could be found, they fastened a cross-beam to them. Hence we may conclude that this ensign of the Christian faith is a leaf from a very ancient tree.

The cross has had many meanings. There are more languages upon it than Pilate wrote. It has meant generation in one age, regeneration in another. "The Sacred Tau," says Prof. J. P. Lesley, "was recognized from almost the earliest dawn of the history of the classic world as a sign of life redeemed." The prophet, Ezekiel seems to have used it as a badge of safety when he says: "And Jehovah spake to the man clad in linen, saying go through the midst of the city, even Jeru-

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Life in the Beyond.

[Given by the spirit wife of H. H. Kenyon at St. Paul, Minnesota.]

To loved ones in earth-life I come at this time to describe some of my experiences in the real life that I have entered into on this side of what you call the river of death. I do not like that word "death," nor the thought it brings, for I have passed into this life as mysteriously as was my birth into earth-life, and with all its mystery there is no death except to the mortal form that was so lovingly laid in the grave by my dear ones.

Very often do I find myself recalling the descriptions of heaven as preached to us from the pulpit before I passed away from your mortal vision, and I yet wonder where they received the idea that heaven was a grand concert where the sanctified would forever be content to sing "Gloria to God." I have failed to find any such place, or meet others who have, and rejoice that I have not, for the real heaven, the real life here, is very much to be preferred to that, and I hail with delight the chance to come to you and relate some of the varied experiences I have passed through since coming into this life, that you, and those who read my letters, may know more of the real life in the beyond than I did before coming here.

You can hardly imagine the surprises awaiting all who come from the beautiful scenery of earth-life to find no streets of gold, but instead far greater beauty of hill, valley, river, foliage, flowers, and real living people, who are happy and full of tender sympathy for each other. My amazement was very great to find all these harmonious influences and beautiful scenery in place of a multitude chanting praises in one continued concert, as we had been taught to expect in case we were so fortunate as to enter into the joys of heaven.

One of my early surprises here was a visit to a place known by us as Eden Castle, and the remembrance of that visit ever remains one of the bright spots in my life on this side, because I was not, at the time, aware of the existence of schools in the spirit world. I was invited to accompany friends on a visit to a place of "interest" and gladly joined them, thinking that they had found another of the many lovely retreats where we could feast the soul upon the beauty of some landscape or shady dell. You remember the beauty of early morning in earth-life when the sky is free from clouds and the sun bursts forth in all its glory, giving nature a beautiful glow of golden light, assuring mankind that there is life everlasting which came into life as did the sun in the morning, filling each thinking mind with a sweet, confiding belief that some time the mystery of the sky overhead and the grass beneath will be solved. When I came in view of this grand Eden Castle there was the same golden light flowing over all, which glistened and reflected shadows here and there, giving to all its surroundings an appearance of life and harmony within its walls.

You can not imagine the emotions which flooded my soul at this time, when instead of a shady, restful place in some beautiful valley, I beheld a building larger than any I had ever seen in earth-life; a vast building of wondrous beauty in all its proportions, having a dome reaching so high that Castle, of some nature, was quite a proper name for it; a building made of what appeared to be perfectly white marble, except that this was semi-transparent and giving out the same golden glow that you frequently see in early morning in earth-life; the surrounding scenery was more grand than I had before seen. I was spell-bound until my friends said that it was one of the many schools for instruction; then I was filled with thankfulness that where there is life there are also opportunities to secure education and happiness.

As we neared the archway leading into the building, the door opened and a little child greeted us and led the way to a large room decorated with living flowers and occupied by very many little children who were flitting happily from one thing to another. My surprise was so great that I thought this must be dreamland, but I was very soon so warmly greeted by the dear little ones that I was made aware that all this was a reality, and I entered fully into their condition of gladness. The children enjoy the wonder that is certain to overspread the face of all upon the first visit there, and they delight to lead us into the other and more wonderful rooms of this beautiful place which serves as a home and school for them. From room to room they led us until I learned that the plan of education here is one of continual progress, and from here they pass into other schools where higher development is reached. We were led from the lower to the higher stories of this place where greater surprises awaited me, for there are rooms devoted to art, music, sculpture, drawing, painting, with one given up entirely to making models of homes, each pupil following out their individual idea of a home, but the room that I found the greatest delight in was devoted to the manufacture of statuary of men, women and children in all their various playful postures. I was charmed with the perfection and rapidity in completing the pieces, and was very pleasantly

surprised in being presented with a lovely bust of Abraham Lincoln in pure white marble.

It may not be well to describe this Castle and its inmates in full, for in earth-life you have nothing like it and you might think that I have grown visionary since coming into this life. The teachers there have been in spirit-life very many years, as you reckon time, yet they look youthful, and happiness rests upon them like the golden sunlight of a Summer's day in earth-life.

Do you wonder that when we find so much that is like nature's radiant beauty in earth-life, and frequently far exceeding all previous ideas of beauty, and so many schools for education and aids to progression, that we fail to find words to fully explain our real life here clearly to you, and not leave with you the thought that our story is overdrawn?

All is not joy, unmixed with sorrow, even in this beautiful home where we dwell, for we can not forget the grief of parting with those in earth-life who were so dear to us, nor are we unmindful of the truth that the sorrow would be less if those left in that life would learn the truth that we are not dead, but only gone before, and though now out of sight to you we are as real as when you could clasp our form to your throbbing heart and pour words of love into our willing ear. The mortal form fades away, but love and the soul will endure forevermore, and on this side loved ones will meet you and again place the hand in yours with the assurance that there will be no more parting in doubt and tears.

Affectionately yours, ADELAIDE.

Sunday Observance.

[Dr. John Allyn in The St. Helena Independent.]

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—You have published several articles in regard to the proper observance of Sunday. Will you afford space for another? The Adventists have adopted the innovation of observing Saturday as a day of religious observance. There is no authority for this but the far-fetched and baseless assumption that Moses had a right to legislate in this matter for the American people. True, he spoke in the name of God,—so also did Mahomet, and not a few others. His laws were binding upon the Hebrews because they acknowledge him as their law-giver, but they are not binding upon other peoples any more than his rules in regard to kosher meat, matzos bread and other sanitary observances.

When we come down to Christ we find He laid down this rule: The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. This covers the ground and is sufficient if interpreted with common sense. Jesus never changed the law from the seventh to the first day of the week. The most he said about the matter was to combat the two superstitious and strict observance of the letter of the Mosaic law. As the observance of Sunday rests neither on Jewish nor Christian command, it is plain it rests on the conventional usage of centuries. Of itself it matters no more what day is kept for Sunday, than what day is kept for Thanksgiving. One is based on the established custom of centuries, the other on the usage of a few years, and the proclamation of the President to fix on a day. It is important that the entire nation should keep the same day for Thanksgiving; it is equally important that the entire nation should keep the same day for religious observances; and this for its convenience and utility. There is no essential sacredness in the day as is proved by the fact that our Advent brethren keep Saturday as strictly and with as good a conscience as other churches do Sunday.

What then is the proper way to observe Sunday? As the Sabbath was made for man (excuse this Christian logic) it is plain that Sunday should be kept in a way to best promote his mental, moral, spiritual and physical well-being. This must necessarily vary somewhat according to the climate and the habits and needs of the different people.

The Mexicans make too free a use of Sunday; they attend church service in the morning and go to a bull fight or gambling table in the afternoon. Equally bad is the Puritanical extreme of attending three church services and teaching a Sunday-school class, so as to feel a jaded, nervous exhaustion the next day, so as to have a blue Monday without intoxicants.

This climate invites to out of door life, and to those who, by their business, are kept confined indoors six days in the week, outdoor exercise for a part of Sunday is a necessity for their moral and physical well-being. To prohibit this would be to force them to commit a physiological sin. For those who labor physically in the open air six days in the week, indoor rest, meditation and reading are grateful and beneficial.

Probably the best arrangement would be to attend one church service, whether good or bad, one is enough, and then spend the remainder of the day in outdoor recreation or indoor rest, according to the needs of the individual. If there were one good sermon on some live subject, fully abreast with the advanced science of the times, or telling us the latest and best that is known in regard to the future life, and the relation of that to this life, people would attend and listen with interest.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

John Wetherbee is "Bothered."

BY A. B. BROWN.

It appears to me that Mr. Wetherbee's article, "Bothered," is open to grave defects, both in conception and utterance. Did I not think that it would be misleading, and "bother" others more than he is "bothered," I would remain silent, for I do not like to play the role of critic, especially toward an old friend and associate; and this dislike is made tenfold more irksome when one is obliged to tell his friend that you think his position is false, and his well-meant effort an injury to his readers. And then, again, one in such criticism places himself in a position to be called an egotist, especially if he assumes that want of information on the part of the writer, as in the case under consideration, is the cause of the "bother."

I would not assume to teach one of Mr. Wetherbee's experience; but I would suggest that a want of a fuller knowledge of life, both subjective as well as objective, and its underlying principles, and true methods of development, may possibly be the cause of all his "bother." His article is too long for full review, and I will confine myself to the enclosed paragraphs, which, I think contain the greatest errors; for when a man calls his own want of knowledge a lie, he is not reasoning, but ignorantly asserting that which he does not himself know to be true. I do not wish to use the word "ignorant" in any odious sense, for we are all ignorant of many things, and, in fact, of most things pertaining to the universe in general and to man in particular.

I was "bothered" once with a message that came to me from my father who was a living man in the form. The message was from a spirit who lied by saying he was my once earthly but now spirit father, giving his name in full. I went in my "bothered" condition to Emma Hardinge (now Britten) who said to me she was converted to Spiritualism by a fraud. A brother came to her, she said, through the most excellent medium, Ada Hoyt, (now Mrs. Foye) and told her things that nobody but he and she knew. Some years afterward she met that medium, and after she had gone she talked to her brother audibly, who said he had never met this medium, and was reminded that he once communicated through her and was the means of converting her to Spiritualism. He said he never did, and gave her a long and satisfactory explanation of the matter in its dynamics. I will very briefly give the idea.

"The spirit brother said mediums and every body else have guides, controls or bands who are interested in them and in the cause. Miss Ada Hoyt's control got the facts by reading Emma's mind, and gave them as tests that converted her, doing, therefore, a good thing both for the medium and the cause. And such was the fact; it was a benefit to Miss Hoyt and the cause, for Emma Hardinge-Britten has proved to be one of our brightest lights."

"The end in this case may have justified the means, but I am 'bothered' with the principle. The explanation of the spirit brother was satisfactory to herself, and so it was to me as she stated the case. I was younger by a score or more of years than I am now, and, though I do not doubt but it may be all right, still I am 'bothered' about it."

This statement from Mr. Wetherbee's purported spirit father may have been perfectly truthful in every respect, and it is, in my opinion, only the want of fuller information as to the life and condition of this spirit ego that misled Mr. Wetherbee, and drew him into the grave error of affirming, in the most positive manner, that the spirit ego who gave him that message "lied."

It was this same want of information as to the workings of evolution, both in subjective and objective conditions, that blinded the scientist, Darwin, to the full and complete chain of cosmic development and human unfolding, and hence his "missing link," when, if he could have seen nature in her entirety, he would have seen her fairest flower, humanity, in its thus far perfect and consecutive chain. Not yet completed, but he would have found no missing link in its past, and no final and complete end in the present physical life or civilization. But the want of a fuller knowledge of cosmic law and nature's methods of advancement, both in the present as well as in the past, "bothered" Darwin, and hence the apparent incompleteness led him to a positive assertion, and he accuses Nature of incompleteness, of a want of fullness and perfection.

Now, if my friend, Wetherbee, could have called up from the past all of his envied history, perhaps he could have seen the period in his ego's life when he was some other man's son than his present earthly father's. This is not an impossible hypothesis. Nay, it is a very probable one, and one which is in perfect harmony with the teachings of many spirits, and appears to be the basic stone of human evolution. Re-embodiment or re-incarnation seems to be a philosophical fact and a truism in human history. If it is such, John Wetherbee's father's message may not have been the lie which he asserts it to have been. In any event, would it not be better to reason from a

higher plane of ethics? and seek to know wherein lies the apparent untruthfulness rather than to assert to the inquiring and fact-seeking reader of spiritual literature that "spirits lie," and "I am 'bothered' about it?" And, again, would not this same truism of re-incarnation, or an evolution consisting in alternate periods of subjective and objective lives, have yielded some other spirit brother for Mrs. Hardinge-Britten than the one with whom she last talked?

It appears to me that we jump at conclusions too quickly. We are like the judge who decides the case before him and sentences his prisoner before he has heard all the testimony. When I contemplate the subject of spirit science and spirit manifestation, I am lost in the depths of its grandeur and amazed at its perfection of manifestation,—notwithstanding such positive witnesses as Mr. Wetherbee and Mrs. Britten, who bear their testimony to its most disparaging feature.

Personal experience in spirit intercourse will furnish such apparent, unreliable phenomena as referred to; but when we get in juxtaposition the reverse of such, and the most complete illustration of the great truth of spirit return, is it not well to pause and see if we can not discover the cause of the apparent discrepancy before we thrust before the inquiring multitude the assertion, in print, that "spirits lie?" If we would help mankind, it seems to me that we should stimulate them to inquiry, to investigation of this great truth of all truths, and grandeur of all grandeur—immortality. I am reminded of what Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe once said of Phillips and Garrison, that their methods were open to criticism, from the fact that they said "the most disagreeable things in the most disagreeable way."

It may be true that spirits speak apparently falsely to us; but, if we knew all the environments, conditions and causes, I am inclined to the opinion that the imperfections and seeming errors would lie in combination of such conditions instead of spirit intention and purpose to play false to man.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 25, 1887.

Spiritualism in Portland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

"If Spiritualism is true, what advantage is it to mankind while in earth-life to know it to be so?" was the question under consideration before the First Society of Spiritualists of Portland, last Sunday evening. It again fell to my lot to have the opening remarks on this question in the discussion of which I took the position that Spiritualism was true, and that the modern advent of it came to fill the demand of the age. That while it had inspired its declared believers with new life and vigor from on high, it had infused its sentiments into all the churches and into all kindred and tongues of earth. That "knowledge is power," and the knowledge to mankind that we survive the change called death—that in leaving this material world we step just a little higher, and keep right on—that the good that this knowledge is to mankind is being felt on every hand. Already the nations of earth are feeling its benign influence, and treating each other more as friends and brothers. All Christendom has become inoculated with the principles of Spiritualism, and are squaring their sails for softer breezes. We no longer hear the orthodox minister preaching infant damnation or a literal lake of fire and brimstone, but the love of Christ and cleanseth from all sin is more the theme. A broader philanthropy, a better fellowship, is apparent on every hand.

You may say that all this would have taken place had Modern Spiritualism never been known, but I contend to the contrary, and claim—and I think rightfully—that we are indebted to Modern Spiritualism for all our great advancement. I know not how it is with others, when you come down to individuals, only as I have been told, but for myself, I am able to speak, and while I am willing to admit that in view of worldly fame and position for the accumulation of this world's goods, Spiritualism has been of no apparent advantage, and perhaps a hindrance, the knowledge I have gained is of priceless value, and can not be estimated, and so far outweighs all worldly consideration. Thus wealth and fame and proud position are but an atom in the balance; and as our earthly days shorten, our passage to the tomb is not only smoothed but illuminated, and we would say to the young, the middle aged and especially to the old, seek first of all things the knowledge that Spiritualism imparts, and certainly all things else will be added.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 28, 1887.

DR. L. COMEAU, who published a work ten years ago on the certain signs of death, with the avowed purpose of "preventing the interment of living persons," says that he can cite ninety-six well authenticated cases who were buried alive by mistake. Here is one: "A French army officer, on August 30, 1836, was buried at Saintes with military honors. The parting salute awoke him from apparent death. He knocked upon the lid of the coffin, was heard, set at liberty, and marched back to the house of mourning at the head of the detachment that had been detailed to escort his body to the grave."

Reasonable Complaint.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I take the liberty of communicating with you through the columns of your splendid paper, for the purpose of voicing a complaint which a great many earnest-minded truth-seekers have to make regarding some of the public exhibitions of Spiritualism.

There are, at present, in this city several materializing mediums. Never having witnessed any of this class of phenomena, myself and some friends attended one or two seances recently. We were all Spiritualists and consequently more than anxious to be convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations; nevertheless, the medium and her controls seemed to regard us, and the rest of the audience, as sworn enemies of the cause who were doing all in our power to thwart the spirits and hinder the manifestations. Whoever hesitated to immediately recognize in the almost total darkness the form or features of a spirit friend, or made a mild request for any sort of test, or refrained from joining in a song he did not know, pitched in a key several tones above his register, was made to feel very uncomfortable. Please bear in mind that I make no accusations of fraud, but I think it is apparent to any fair-minded person that in presenting such startling phenomena to investigators a moderate degree of skepticism and cautiousness in accepting it is natural and excusable, and should be met with courtesy and consideration. Surely the cause of Spiritualism will not be promoted by this method of checking honest inquiry and bullying ladies and gentlemen who are engaged in rational investigation. I am confident that this method of procedure deters many persons from investigation who might become valuable adherents, as I personally know a great many who are thus discouraged from farther efforts in this direction. If you will give your opinion upon this subject you will greatly oblige

A TRUTH-SEEKER.

FROM THE OTHER SHORE

Your Loved Ones Call Back to You:

"STAY WHILE YOU MAY"

"Amid the joys and beauties of Earth, lest you come, unprepared, before your time, an unwelcome visitor to the Spirit World. Life purified and flesh made 'clean fit the soul for the delights that await you in the Better Land.'"

THE FAMOUS

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL TREATMENT

Cures Catarrh, (that most loathsome, offensive, and destructive malady) and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. It purifies the Blood, tones up the Stomach, Spleen, Liver and Kidneys, and cleanses the soul.

It is a simple yet effective

HOME TREATMENT,

That does its work of healing quickly and well, leaving no trace of disease behind.



CAN BE CARRIED IN THE POCKET

READY FOR INSTANT USE.

Sent by Mail or Express, with full directions, on receipt of price, \$3. (Smoke Ball \$2, Debilator \$1) and four cents in postage stamps.

Will You Weigh the Evidence? Read the following Voluntary Testimonial from a gentleman well known throughout the Pacific Coast:

OFFICE OF COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO., 439 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1887. CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.—GENTLEMEN: In November last, I rode all night, in Shasta county, on the outside of the stage, in a very severe, frosty night, reaching Yreka about 7 A. M. I was completely chilled through, and the chill resulted in the inflammation of one eye, as severe that, in three days, an oculist decided that I was in imminent danger of losing the sight of one eye, and ultimately the other eye would follow, and I would become entirely blind. From one eye I could not see objects sufficiently distinct to recognize the faces of my friends. Local applications relieved the pain and retarded the loss of sight, but failed to effect a cure. After suffering several weeks, I formed my own opinion as to cause, and concluded it was a severe case of Catarrh. Seeing your advertisement of the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL, I called, received an application, purchased a "Smoke Ball," and in three days afterward, while applying the same, it removed a hard substance from my nose, as large as a hazel nut. Instant relief followed. My eye grew better from that time, and soon was "as good as new." I warmly believe it saved my eye, and I know not how to sufficiently thank you. I keep the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL with me now in traveling, and find it a great comfort when exposed to danger of catching cold, as it never fails to relieve me. Truly yours, A. R. GUNNISON.

Hundreds of such Testimonials at the office. Circulars and Testimonials sent to any address. You can test it FREE at the office of the

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO., 652 Market Street, Corner Kearny St., San Francisco. 392A

Symbolism of the Cross.

Continued from First Page.

salet, and stamp 'T upon the foreheads of the men who sigh and cry for all the evil that is doing in their midst." The cross has had a serpent coiled around it in the shape of a circle, emblem of immortality and eternity. It has had a wreath of lilies hung upon it, emblem of hope and victory. Jesus hanging on the cross has long been regarded in the church as a symbol of the way he appeased infinite wrath and upheld the honor of the divine government by allowing the hell-wave of a world's sin and guilt to roll over his soul. It is marvelous what a charm this absurd conceit has possessed, but it is now slowly fading out. Like all errors that have shown a wonderful tenacity of life there has been a grain of truth in it, and that truth has been the heroism that has voluntarily taken both reputation and life in its hands and dared the gibbet and the mob for the welfare of man. No great truth of liberty, justice or religion has ever come into the world that did not have to wear a crown of thorns. With bare and bleeding feet humanity has come down the ages, limping over battlefields, scaffolds, and through the fires of martyrdom, bearing its cross.

But there is one meaning that all hearts have agreed to fix upon this symbol that may be used as the basis of a few practical reflections. That meaning will unfold as we pass along.

There is a sense in which we shall all find the cross to be inevitable. It is certain that a majority of mankind find it easier to do evil than to do good. Why this is so, is the stone of Sisyphus that philosophy, for ages, has tried to roll up the hill, only to find, when apparently on the verge of light and distinctiveness, that it had eluded the grasp and plunged back to its ancient profundity. Theologians say it is owing to original sin, whatever that may be; scientists find it came in hereditary influences, and those who are fascinated by the Eastern lore are quite sure it is bad Karma, or the consequences of evil deeds coming over from a former state of existence. Be all this as it may, it is certain that every one who has sought to find the perfect way has discovered with the old Christian saint that when he would do good, evil is present with him. We begin to feel the weight of the cross the moment we attempt to practice the good. The giant evil must be torn out of the heart and then it will bleed and cry with pain. In other shapes the cross will loom upon our path. One of the earliest lessons we learn is that our freedom is in bonds; that our wills are crossed, our purposes thwarted, our plans baffled by contingencies we could not foresee and provide for. We can not always have things as we like and cause events to turn out as we expect. How often it happens that some hidden casualty is thrust as a bar across our path just as we thought we were on the eve of success. You are poor, find it hard work to make the ends of life meet, with little or no prospect that your condition will ever be any better. You have worked hard, fortune has smiled and you possess abundance, but find your health has begun to give way, or old age is silently creeping on. Trouble in some shape lies ambushed along every road you are called to travel. Yes, the cross is inevitable. You can not run away from it. If you see it standing on one path and hasten to take another, it will get there before you.

Then you will find when you look closely into the matter that cross-bearing is the law of all growth and progress. A healthful nature is one that is in a constant state of evolution from lower to higher things, from the crude to the perfect, from the bondage of sense and the flesh to the freedom of the spirit, and every transition from a lower to a higher plane is won only through painful conflict. This is the law of nature in everything. If you would seek for wealth you must pay the price of tireless effort, drudgery and care. If you would possess intellectual culture and vigor of thought you must pay the price of severe study, early rising, late hours of toil. And in like manner, if you would come into the heritage of your moral powers, have a conscience resonant with the voice of God and a heart blossoming into all that is pure and good, you will have to hold many desires in check, crucifying many a wayward appetite, give battle to many a pleasing temptation that would lure you in another direction. You will be called upon to kill out ambition, love of ease and comfort, and this is not easy to do. Be assured that no good is attained without effort. Nature gives no alms; she feeds no tramps at her door. She says to every one, that by the sweat of the brow, shall you eat bread. Soul growth is a series of births—a birth out of the old into the new, out of the lower into the higher. Every good thing is born of pain, struggle and self-denial. Every good thing carries a cross.

And it may be added again that each one's cross is unique, peculiar and individual. Crosses are as multiform and various as the human soul. What is a cross for one is often a joy to another. For instance, if a man has an ear finely attuned to melody, as a Mozart or Beethoven, and listens patiently to the hideous and tearing discords of uncultivated singers, saying, in his heart, poor souls, they are doing the best they can; perhaps they will do better by and by. His taste has taken up its cross, for it bears calmly and uncompunctuously with the imperfections of others. But if he has a dull ear that does

not know "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle," then his taste has no cross to bear when he hears some dear old song torn to tatters by rude voices, for he can hear nothing that wounds the sense of harmony. This thought may be widely applied. If a man has a proud and haughty disposition then whatever tends to humble him will be a cross, but if his self-esteem is below par, then what would mortify the proud man will give him no sense of shame and uneasiness. It is no great self-denial for a spontaneously benevolent nature to give to a worthy object, for it is the natural and pleasurable exercise of a generous impulse to do so, but it is a cross, and a very heavy one too, for a mean, stingy, sordid man to come down amiably and liberally in a benevolent cause. His nature does not take kindly to that sort of exercise. It is no trouble for a radiant, happy disposition to have a smile and a kind word for every one under all circumstances, for it comes as freely and sweetly as the fragrance of flowers, but for a morose, sour, surly, sulky nature to carry a bland word and an obliging demeanor through all the cares, losses and disappointments of business, is really a very great effort, for it goes against the grain. And so all along the higher ranges of the key-board of life you will find this individuality of self-denial. What tempts one man is no temptation to another. You may walk from one end of the street to the other and not see even the semblance of a temptation, while your neighbor may find it harder to pass each saloon than to deploy before a battery of guns. But he walks bravely on, carrying his cross while you carry none. There are some natures that seem to come into all the charm and beauty of a virtuous life as easily as the rose-bush blossoms or the fruit tree comes to its delicious harvest, but the great majority find it a hard struggle to keep in the right way. They find life at every step a ceaseless warfare. Hence each one's cross is unique and peculiar. Like some Masonic signet or charm it has a history written upon it that only you can read and understand.

It follows from this that each one must carry his own cross alone. There is a cross of effort laid upon the reason. There is a cross of duty and obligation laid upon the conscience. There is a cross of prudence and self-denial laid upon the passions and appetites. There is a cross of doubt and uncertainty laid upon faith. There is a cross of fear and misgiving that often clouds our hope. There is a cross of solicitude, care, disappointment and sorrow that is sometimes laid upon the affections. These crosses are heavy to bear, and yet no one can help you. However sweetly inter-dependent are all your family ties, and however intimately your heart may be intertwined with beautiful friendships and social sympathies, there is a deep, solemn sense in which each soul walks alone, moves along a silent, solitary path. In your search after truth you are alone. It can not be bought nor sold. It can not be had in the market at any price. No one can loan you the light that warms and cheers his own soul. The best he can do is to tell you where the oracle dwells, and bid you pilgrimage to her shrine. If you sincerely try to realize your highest convictions of what is right, proper and just, you will soon find that you must strive alone. You will find no help by voting with majorities, wearing the uniform of parties, marching with a crowd, or timing your conduct by the town clock of popular customs and maxims. By the light of the dim star that burns within, pale as it may seem, each one must thrid his way through the night and storm of the world's strife, passion, pride and folly. This is one of the hardest lessons we have to learn. We are always looking around for some stronger brother to lift us over the rough places and pull us up the steep grades. But we look in vain; we are not allowed to shirk duty in this way. The angels may come and sing to us, but they can not carry our burdens. History is radiant with the examples of the wise and good, but we can not walk in their steps. We are making a piece of history that never made before, that will never be repeated, that is peculiarly our own. In short, each one must carry his own cross alone.

There is something very solemn in the deep retirement and seclusion of the soul. To think in all the world there is no one who knows us as we know ourselves. Who has not sighed at times, Oh that there was some one who was intimately acquainted with me! I would be willing he should know my most secret thought, my most besetting sin, if he only knew how it came. Well, that wish is answered in a way and time you little expected. There is one who knows you better than you do yourself, for it is your higher self; that knows you not by report or hearsay, but by a spirit-surrounding, inter-penetrating presence; that knows you, for your life is a part of its larger life, your soul a rivulet from the infinite soul. This revelation is made when we have put forth our best efforts to realize our convictions of right, justice, love and truth. Out of the silent depths there welled up strength according to our need. The heavy cross grew light; its ruggedness blossomed into beauty and fragrance, and then we learned to say, like Tobias in the old apocryphal story, that we have had a heavenly companion all these years and wist not who it was.

The monkish legend that the cross Jesus carried as he went forth from Pilate's bar was made of wood taken from the Eden Tree of Life has more truth in it

than the poor monks ever knew. It means the crucifixion of self is the enthronement of the divine. Let us then learn to accept of our lot and seek in all ways to do our work. Our crosses may sometimes seem very unlovely and hard to bear, but they are ladders to the stars. No cross, no crown.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Slate-Writing in its Various Aspects.

During the last two years, when at leisure, I have made slate-writing an especial study, and with very different results from those reported by the Seybert Commission. Why this should be so I am at a loss to know, unless it is to repeat history and demonstrate the truth of what was said of old—that things of this nature should be "hidden from wise men and revealed unto babes." I lay no claim to the possession of learning and talents, such as the individual members of that Commission are endowed with, but do claim that any one with common sense and common business sagacity, not a crank, is just as much entitled to believe and trust his senses as those called professors, scientists and experts. I am a practical mechanic, a contractor and builder and manufacturer, and am accorded by those who know me in business, a fair share of business sagacity and discrimination.

In the pursuit of my calling for a quarter of a century I have had to deal with facts and figures, and pay close attention to details. Now why should those who give me credit for this—and who are willing to risk their material interests on the accuracy and honesty of my observations, figures and conclusions—the moment I apply my powers to spiritual phenomena, treat the results as though they were the conclusions of an idiot or a madman? And yet this is what the outside world have been doing for years, and are doing now. If this subject causes my common sense and judgment to leave me, I must insist that it has the same effect on the Seybert Commission. (I am inclined to think such is the case with them anyway.) The way in which they, and a good many others, approach this subject for investigation reminds us of the old story of the pussy cat's visit to London to see the Queen:

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the Queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what saw you there?
I saw a little mouse under a chair."

With all the grand sights of London, so strong was her scent for mice that she could see nothing else. Just so with all such investigators as this Commission; they can see nothing but fraud, having no scent for anything else.

Having established beyond the possibility of a doubt that the slate-writing was not done by any sleight-of-hand, my next aim was to see how much the writing depended on my expectations or those of the medium. In my first experiments through Dr. D. J. Stanbury, amongst other messages I received one from Robert Thompson, of Bloomington, Ill. Some months after, I was down, and wanted to get a message from his brother-in-law, C. Wakefield. I had reported Mr. Thompson's message to his wife back there. This time I held the slates, but wrote no name, as I wanted to see the result with that part of the program left out. The writing came; I heard it and felt the vibration of the pencil on the slate, and supposed of course my friend, Wakefield, had reported; but no; on opening the slates the message was from an entire stranger—James Folger—who wanted to communicate with friends in Stockton. (On my return here, I found such a man used to live near here, and he had friends here.) The Doctor said that was the way they would slip in, unless the name you wanted to hear from was written. I then put a slip of paper in the form of a pellet between the slates, with the name of C. Wakefield on it. As before, the writing came, and I took it for granted this time it was from Wakefield, but on opening the slates found a message from Thompson, thanking me for sending his message back to his wife; it closed by saying, "Wakefield is here and will answer for himself." Signed, "Robert Thompson." I then gave Wakefield another chance, and received the following:

"FRIEND BOWDOIN:—I never expected to be in this business, but it does me a great deal of good to be remembered to my friends in Bloomington. Thank you for the privilege."
C. WAKEFIELD.

No one there knew anything about my friends, Wakefield or Thompson, or that they lived in Bloomington. That disposed of the "expectation" theory, and the idea that the "spirits" could only write in reference to the names we had written, or that our minds shaped the message.

A recent most sad event—the death of a beloved wife four months ago—has given this subject a deeper and more earnest interest to me. At a visit to the city a month ago I attended one of Mrs. Whitney's meetings at Irving Hall. Not a soul there knew me, and until five minutes before entering I intended to go to another meeting. I was one in a large audience. After she gave a few tests I was surprised to hear her exclaim, "Leon, Leon, why don't you speak?" I answered to the name, and she said, "This is said by the spirit of a lady who has recently passed away very suddenly; she

gives the name of Etta Bowdoin; she had a great deal of distress here [placing her hands over the stomach, which was correct]. She is accompanied by the spirit of a lady who gives the name Fannie Bowdoin [my first wife], who says they have both been your partners in earthly life, and that Elliot Bowdoin is with them [this was a brother who died two years ago], and he says he and Fanny were present to welcome Etta to spirit life."

The next day I went to Fred Evans for a sitting. I took with me a pair of slates on which my wife received four messages through him over a year before her death, and which were still on one side of the slates. I told him I wished to see if my wife, who got those messages through him, could write on the other side of the slates. I put a pellet with her name on it between the slates and laid them on the floor three feet from him. On taking them up there was a message from her, and also one from each of two other wives who died many years ago, signed with their proper names. My second wife, who is the mother of my living children, wrote, "Give my love to the children and mother." This lady, aged eighty-seven, is a member of our family. He then handed me a slate for me to hold under my own handkerchief, and there came a message in four colors signed by my brother. Next I took a slate and placed it on the floor on my side of the table, and put my foot on it; and there came the names of seven or eight of my family in spirit-life. Then, on a piece of clean white paper, between two slates, almost in the twinkling of an eye, there came the picture of Charles Foster. Following this, at Dr. Stanbury's, I got a message from my wife on one slate saying, "I came to you at the Hall, and other places," referring to sittings with Evans and Mrs. L. J. Bennett, 1031 Market Street, and wrote of other matters.

The Doctor then requested me to put a pellet between two slates that I had brought, without knowing whose name was on the pellet. I took it at random from half a dozen. The slates were placed ten feet from us, on the floor, and while lying there the Doctor said: "Your wife is trying to write on those slates; I see her form there." On taking them up, and opening them myself, I found a message from her, giving a direct and explicit answer to a private question I had asked her on the slip her name was written on, which happened to be the one between the slates. Later on I asked her four questions while sitting with the same medium. The questions were on a slip so mixed with others that neither he nor I knew what was between the slates at the time. The controls said they were going to do what they didn't often attempt—write an answer between the slates, and through the medium's hand automatically, at the same time, more in detail.

Three of the questions were answered both ways, and the fourth was referred to, saying she would give that test through another medium when she had a chance. Now, having proved to my entire satisfaction that the writing is not done by any human hand, and neither my mind nor the mind of the medium can control it, the next point, and perhaps the hardest of all to determine is, to what extent do these messages come from the parties whose names are signed?

Yours truly,

L. M. BOWDOIN,

STOCKTON, Dec. 3, 1887.

Seeking for Light.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

"Pray without ceasing," is a command in the New Testament. I have for over two years been trying to fulfill this command, asking for evidence of a future life beyond the grave—immortality. I get no answer.

In the first place I recognize the true definition of prayer to be the soul's sincere desire—nothing more, nothing less. Some of my Spiritualist friends tell me the reason of my getting no evidence is because I make conditions for the spirits, and that I should imitate a young robin, open my mouth and receive what may come. Not so with me. I endeavor to give the invisibles to understand that I want no communications nor manifestations, but what would tend to make me a better citizen, better neighbor, and help me to live up to the Golden Rule in this present life, thereby preparing for a happy, useful hereafter.

I fully and sincerely believe in immortality, I want to say I know from good evidence; how shall I obtain it?

HENRY WATERS.

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAIN, Dec., 1887.

[Don't be too anxious. Intensity of desire often prevents the manifestations of spirits. Pray less; patiently strive to do all the good you can, and hopefully trust.—Ed. G. G.]

SOME European ladies, passing through Constantinople, paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments, including a great variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give one of the ladies double the quantity he gave the others. Flattered by this marked attention, she put the question, through the interpreter: "Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?" "Because you have a larger mouth," was the straightforward reply.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Inquiry of an Investigator.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Reading this morning a short report of Mr. Colville's lecture, given here last evening, has induced me to call your attention to this fact. You, who live in a city where you have mediums for every phase of Spiritualism have at least the foundation laid for your grand belief. The phenomena of Spiritualism are certainly the foundation of it all; now, how are the twenty thousand people here to even form an opinion in regard to it when we have not one good, well-developed medium in the place? You might answer by saying, "Read the GOLDEN GATE, and see the reports of the tests that have been made by the editor and others, and published in the paper." Well, I have done so, and, like Thomas, I still doubt; and in speaking to others, I find them in the same condition. If you have had the evidence, we, too, want it; then we will be ready and glad to listen to Mr. Colville or others that may come to us; but first we must know, beyond a doubt, that we do live after death.

Having been told by two who claimed to be mediums that I had in me the making of an unusually good medium if I would sit at a certain hour and for a certain length of time, I did so for about eight months, and have never noticed any "manifestation" or any change in myself from the time I commenced; and such is essentially the result of a friend of mine who commenced some time before I did. In his case he thinks he has got something, but not in any way satisfactory.

Now, Brother, what are honest investigators to do? We are thirsting after the truth; we can not all go to San Francisco to get it, but if this all be true this city could be turned upside down, and many hearts now dark and hopeless would be made glad—"if they only knew."

I like the GOLDEN GATE very much. Any man will live better who reads it; and now that I have taken it so long, I would be lost without it. I am anxious to learn whether the claims of Spiritualism are true or false, and I shall stay right there until, knowing, I shall be lifted up to the highest pinnacle of contentment here and hope hereafter, or lost in dark despair.

Yours truly, INVESTIGATOR.

SAN JOSE, December 3, 1887.

[We hardly know what advice to give our brother, but we can assure him he is on the right track. If he can advise us a week in advance when next he intends to visit San Francisco, we think we can arrange to throw a little light on his path, and shall be glad to do so.—Ed. G. G.]

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In Heaven We'll know Our Own.
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Love's Golden Chain.
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Our Beautiful Home Over There.
Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking.
One it was only Soft Blue Eyes.
The City just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are left Ajar.
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Who Stays My Child to Sleep?
We're Coming, Sister Mary.
We'll all Meet again in the Morning Land
When the Dear Ones Gather at Home.
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

UNLICENSED JOURNALISM.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my good name, Robs me of that, which neither enriches him, / And makes me poor indeed."

A bright young journalist, of Redwood City, met his death, a few days ago, at the hands of a man whom he had reviled through the columns of his paper, by charging him with a gross offence against law and decency. The young man was a gifted writer, but inclined to be aggressive and insolent toward those for whom he had a dislike.

It was this kind of personal journalism that caused the death of one of the De Youngs of the *Chronicle*, and came within a scratch of sending the other to that bourne whence, as was once believed, no traveler ever returns. It has sent to his long home many another journalist from these shores; and juries fail to convict the homicide, and will probably continue to do so as long as that sort of journalism exists. Shall we blame them? Let us see.

While no spiritually minded person can justify the taking of human life in retaliation for any offence committed—believing, as he must, that it is better to endure wrong than to do wrong, still we must remember that the standards of human judgment are not yet infallible—are not those of Him who said of his traducers and mortal enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Hence, the disposition to justify the one, who, smarting under the lash of some belligerent and unscrupulous pen, turns upon his traducer, and smites to kill.

The publisher of a great daily newspaper possesses a mighty potency for mischief. He can make and unmake men—can blast a good name as with the breath of a moral sirocco; and his victim has no redress. The jewel of an untarnished reputation, once clouded with suspicion, its lustre is gone for aye. The worm, trod upon, will turn and sting. What is man, in an unspiritualized state, but a worm of the dust, with all the untrained passions and resentments of the lower forms of life?

The modern reporter for the daily press is a moral vampire, that feeds and fattens on ruined reputations. His eye is at every key-hole within the precincts of whose walls he imagines some moral nastiness can be discovered. He intrudes himself unbidden into places where he has no right of common decency to enter. He is on a perpetual still-hunt for skeletons in private closets, the dragging of which to the light he regards as legitimate news. And all this to gratify a vitiated public taste for garbage, which is becoming more and more vitiated and debased by the food upon which it feeds.

Where is the chivalry, the honor, that should protect the fair fame of woman—where the nice sense of justice that would do no wrong to the humblest of mortals? Surely, not in the breast of the average newspaper reporter. And yet it seems like a waste of raw material to kill him, when he ought to be remodeled and utilized for the good of humanity. Others will flock to fill his place; besides, the fault is not so much his as his employer's; and not wholly his employer's, either, but of the people who demand that sort of intellectual pabulum—who like to hear their neighbors talked about and reviled.

And so, while we insist that the press should aim to mold public opinion into better shapes, and lead the world upward to higher levels of man- and womanhood, the real work lies with the people who need to come into the truer life, where they will reject all newspapers that cater to the lower elements and appetites of human nature. All true spiritual teaching surely leads to this end.

DR. J. D. MACLENNAN.—This eminent magnetic physician, whose marvelous healing powers have brought health and happiness to thousands of lives, has recently returned from a long and highly successful professional tour through Utah, Montana, Idaho and Oregon, and has opened an office at 26 1-2 Kearny street, in this city, where he is now prepared to attend to all calls from the sick and afflicted of whatever nature. The Doctor has returned in splendid health, and was never ready for better work than now. Invalids residing abroad should correspond with him, and get a correct diagnosis of their cases. He is thoroughly kind-hearted and gentle, and strictly honorable in all his dealings. We have known Dr. MacLennan for many years, and take pleasure in commending him to all who may need his assistance.

SECRET CIRCLES.

An officer of a Spanish war vessel that arrived in this port, recently, was heard making earnest inquiry for a "secret spiritual circle," which he was desirous of visiting. When told that such circles were not known here, except as private family circles, from which all except invited guests were excluded, he said that in his own country Spiritualism, being under the ban of the church and the government, Spiritualists, of which there were many to be found in all walks of life, were obliged to meet in secret; that only proper persons were permitted to join such circles, which were protected against the admission of intruders by signs and pass-words; and thus strangers, members of one circle, could obtain admission to circles where they were unknown.

While there is no necessity for any such precautions in this country—Spiritualism having the same rights, and being quite as respectable, as any other ism—still, the Spanish method, or some other method whereby the doors of our circle rooms can be guarded against the entrance of improper persons, is becoming a most pressing need.

Most of the inharmonies in our ranks to-day is the immediate outcome of the promiscuous seance—especially of the seance for form manifestations. In the private seance with a single investigator, the prejudice, skepticism, dishonesty, or general unworthiness of the investigator, may be overcome by the medium's strong band of spirit guides, and good manifestations be obtained; but when a number of unworthy persons—or even of respectable persons, but filled to the brim with self-importance, bigotry and skepticism—are permitted within the precincts of what should be a sacred place of holy communion with the spirit world, then trouble is sure to follow. Such persons are not ready for the truth—the marvelous manifestations of spirit power they are apt to witness on such occasions. And then their very presence becomes a disturbing element, often, no doubt, destroying the nice conditions necessary for the evolution of the psychic form, and opening the way to deceptive manifestations which come in response to their own thoughts; for psychics are more or less subject to their immediate surroundings.

All such persons, if really desirous of the truth, should first learn the alphabet before entering the higher grades of this wonderful school of mystery. And especially should they be religiously excluded from the materializing seance. It is not the true way to make converts to Spiritualism.

Some skeptics seem to consider that it is the duty of Spiritualists to be perpetually trying to convince them of the truth of spiritual phenomena. Therein we may be permitted to differ. The cause, in our judgment, is gaining converts quite as rapidly as is desirable. It is only upon those who are ready for the truth that we would press the glorious facts of our philosophy.

"Knock, and the door shall be opened unto you," said the great Teacher. But it was the duty of whosoever would enter therein first to "knock." We do not believe in opening the door of Spiritualism to any one who does not earnestly and honestly seek to enter in. To the moral hoodlum without, the reviler of spiritual truths, the unfair, prejudiced skeptic, we would say stay out until your spiritual nature is further developed. At the same time we should endeavor to impress all such, by the beauty and harmony of our own lives, that we have found the "better way" whereof it might be well for them to seek to know something.

TWO LIVES IN ONE.

That the outward body is not the man is a well demonstrated fact, but man's doings, independent of physical volition, is what the scientific world makes a great stumbling block to its understanding. Not the least interesting of these instances of the power of spirit over matter come under the head of somnambulism, which science bases upon abnormal mental activity, but which seems clearly to be simply spirit power of one's own, or another; more likely the first, we think. We incline to this belief for the reason that all somnambulist feats are accompanied by a dream of the thing done. Sleep must always be profound, for the spirit to impress clearly upon the physical brain a record of its experiences while acting independent of the corporeal form.

An English mason was ordered by his employer to go the next morning early and measure the stone walls of a churchyard that had just been repaired. He dreamed that he got up at day-break, walked to the spot and measured the work, as directed, making a record of the figures in his note-book. He was awakened by the church clock striking two, to find himself in the graveyard. Being Summer-time he concluded to remain and perform the work ordered by his master. This he did at daylight, and turning to his book was greatly astonished to find that he had actually taken the measurement of the masonry repaired, in feet and inches, that corresponded precisely with that taken awake and by daylight. On going to the locality every object by the way was perfectly distinct, and he supposed the walk and work to be normal transactions until the striking of the clock awakened his physical senses.

Thus we go on calling these things abnormal,

because we are so ignorant of the true motor that impels us, sleeping or waking. We live double lives here, but neither is complete since we have false ideas of the one, and are ignorant or intolerant of the other.

MORE KIND THAN DEATH.

"When Death cuts down a weed,
Then Death is kind;
When Death cuts down a flower,
Ah! Death is blind!"

No one loves weeds in this world except the few who know their valuable qualities. To the larger part of mankind they are a most unlovely pest, and never seem tolerable only when springing up by the dusty roadside to break the monotony of the dullness stretching off in the distance, like the prospect of some unblest life, that accepts anything that will give change to its sameness.

When we see one industrious in the destruction of weeds about his own premises, he invariably wins our approbation; and if employed on the public highways to do the same, we think the authority so directing is sensible and wise. Better still, if the weeds die by any process of nature; it is a good riddance, and we see no poetry in their taking off, and feel no regret, because there is no beauty in them.

But the trees, grain, grass and flowers,—these are the forms of life that speak in a thousand voices and inspire alike the ignorant and the learned. The latter are both useful and beautiful, while the former, if we think of them at all, remind us of the ill that flesh is heir to, without appealing to our sense of refinement. Now, this is strange, since all things lovely, refined and noble, in human life, depend upon the physical condition for their growth and perfection. Whatever promotes this we should study and cherish.

Such is the mission of the weeds, and their fecundity and tenacity to life is in proportion to our determination to destroy them, otherwise they would have been exterminated long ago. They stand, like a resolute man with an unpopular purpose, before the world, and scorn its efforts to annihilate them.

The weeds are the solid and tiresome prose of the vegetable world that outlive the rhyme and romance of Spring and Summer; and get taken in by good old ladies, tied up in sociable bundles and put carefully away in a warm, dry place to come forth with healing and balm for Winter's afflictions, when the trees are bare, the flowers dead, and the grain is garnered. Then they are more kind than Death.

NO GOOD REPORT.

Life in the great Russian capital is doubtless as delightful for the money classes as it is elsewhere in the world; but St. Petersburg comprises so small a portion of the life of the great empire that it is lost sight of in the vast, struggling mass of humanity outside of it on Russian soil.

In the matter of rights and privileges anywhere these times, free speech is being most abused; and yet it would seem that a debating society would be the last place where it could do harm, since its object is simply to call forth the various views that any one theme presents to different minds. However, this institution for mental cultivation is not a place of free speech in Russia, as the recent sentencing of the young army and navy officers to imprisonment and hard labor for a term of years, for daring to present the superiority of another form of government other than that under which they lived, shows such proceedings are doubtless intended to crush out supposed incipient Nihilism, but it is a mistaken cause, for nothing could better foster its growth than such senseless intolerance.

One thing is quite free—free to be done, and with a vengeance, in Russia, that is manual labor, and it really seems to be without system or regulation, therefore works as much injustice to some as it does partiality to others. A late reporter, founded upon the inspection of twelve hundred and fourteen factories, in one hundred and twenty-five different branches of industry, states that the periods of work there vary from six to twenty hours, and in some special instances men are obliged to work twenty-four hours without rest. And the pay is doubtless as small as the labor is great and long. Would those wage-workers appreciate the blessings of our land? Our experience tells us that perhaps one in ten would. The other nine would want to reconstruct our system of things.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.—Nothing is so changeable as that thing called popular sentiment, and it is a pleasing reflection that it is ever changing for the better. It is losing its conservative spirit and growing into a broader liberality that tends alike to enhance the life of man and woman; its leaves them, especially the woman, to choose her vocation from the long list but recently open to man alone. There is missionary work, in which but a short time ago it was a very improper thing for a single woman to be found abroad. Now, however, the records show the names of twenty-four hundred unmarried women in the foreign mission field. While we regard this a very poor use to devote valuable lives, and that the services of such were better performed at home, we still think woman's freedom should command any field of labor she may choose in any part of the world, married or not. But we do hope no Mrs. Jellybly may be evolved from the ranks of foreign missions. Such degree of enthusiastic forgetfulness of a sphere that woman alone can create, is deplorable, since the arduous more than wasted abroad, while it would be appreciated at home.

—We have received several copies of Emma Hardinge-Britten's new paper, *The Two Worlds*, published in Manchester, England. We congratulate our sister on the attractive appearance of her new paper. It is thoroughly spiritual, as all who know the gifted editress might naturally expect. The paper ought to have a large circulation in this country, where the lady is well known, and no doubt will. We wish it unbounded success.

INTERESTING & INTERESTED WOMEN.

The two classes of women above named are so rapidly increasing that we shall ere long cease to single them out from the sterner sex, but rather consider the two as one with identical interests and almost identical pursuits.

Of colored cultured women of the day there stand besides Edmonia Lewis, Mrs. Nellie Brown, noted as a musician, and the inventress of several musical appliances now in use by teachers of the musical art. Ida B. Wells, the most noted of colored women journalists, was given additional notoriety a few years ago, by being ignominiously forced out of a passenger car by three white gentlemen(?), and farther by bringing suit for damages under the laws of Mississippi. Poetry claims Miss M. E. Lambert, of Detroit, as one of her most successful and loving votaries. Then, the law has its representatives among colored women in the persons of Miss Florence Ray, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. M. S. Cary, of Washington. The ministry claims Mrs. Freeman, of Providence. The journal published in behalf of American negroes had a colored woman as its head for some years, Miss Carrie Bragg, of the *Lancet*, Petersburg, Va.

Indian women are fast awakening to the progressive and independent spirit of the day, and while one is distinguishing herself in the profession of medicine, others illustrating the evolution of ideas in domestic and social life. At a ball lately given at Oldtown, Me., by the Governor of the Indians of that State, two young Indian women were conspicuous for their rich, brilliant and becoming costumes. One was of blue satin and old gold plush, with a much embroidered skirt front; the other wore a dress of bright scarlet and bright blue, artistically combined.

There is one particular woman held in unusual regard by her husband to-day—the good genius who saved his life many times over. This is the young bride of Dr. Holub, the great botanical explorer, who on his wedding day started for Central Africa, from Vienna. The tribes living in the region North of Zambesi had never before seen any body in skirts, or any one who wore long hair; therefore, Mrs. Holub was summed up in their untutored minds as a being of supernatural origin, with the white man under her special protection. She was even proclaimed queen, and urged to stop with them. But for this superstition the expedition would have been disastrous in all respect, since it did not hold good in all localities, the explorer and his wife after having one of their white assistants killed, barely escaped by forced and stolen marches. Through his wife's unexpected influence upon the savages, the Doctor succeeded in bringing home two thousand specimens.

Augsburg, Germany, is soon to be the scene of a strange congress, that of women, held for the purpose of discussing the extension of avenues of employment for women, their higher education, civil equality with men, and all the other public questions of interest to the sex. Mrs. Secretary Whitney is considering the matter of establishing a training school for domestic servants in New York. She proposes to invest one hundred thousand dollars in the enterprise. Thus the world moves.

The idea that man is a part of God, necessarily goes hand in hand with the idea that he is possessed of an immortal, indestructible nature. So say we that the natural tendency of the teaching that man is by nature immortal is toward unrestrained vice. When Spiritualists teach that all the god that man will find is in his own nature, they directly defy vice and crime. But Spiritualism is simply the doctrine that men have a continued existence without any break at what is called death. Therefore we repeat that the doctrine that man is by nature immortal, tends directly to immorality, and to that alone. If many who believe in that doctrine do love truth, and right, and do live moral and upright lives, it is only because they have not yet followed that doctrine to its legitimate, ultimate results. God grant that such may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil before it is too late.—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We never cease to admire the marvelous, illogical gymnastics practiced by our good friends across the bay. The foregoing is a brilliant sample thereof. If man is not a part of God, then God is not everywhere. If, being a part of God, and consequently immortal, gives man a natural tendency "toward unrestrained vice," then God must be the infinite embodiment of vice. If defying the god, or good, in man's own nature, is to defy vice and crime, then there is no such thing as good in the universe, but all is one universal devil. If God is good, as our neighbors believe, then any part of God incarnated in man must be good also. If a belief in immortality "tends directly to immorality," then "immortality" and "immorality" must be synonymous, or interchangeable terms. Then, what is the difference between immortality that naturally belongs to one, and immortality brought to light through the literal resurrection of the physical body, and given to one as a reward for the unmanly act of shirking the responsibility of his acts, and permitting an innocent person to suffer for his sins? If a decent adherence to truth and a manly desire to bear one's own burdens, is a "snare of the devil," to catch our souls, hadn't we all better fall into the snare and go to the devil together?

THE FIRST OF HER SEX.—The "medicine men" will have look sharp about them, and search deeper the mysteries and secrets of nature's laboratory if they are to hold out in their profession against a woman physician who has based her knowledge of the healing art upon study. Miss Susan La Fleche, an Omaha Indian belle, is soon to appear in the medical circle of her reservation, armed with a diploma that will bring all the practice the place is capable of supplying. Miss La Fleche is the first Indian woman who has ever attempted to distinguish herself as an M. D. She has taken a pioneer step for her sisters, who will be encouraged to venture into other professions, now open to all women regardless of color, race, or previous condition. It remains to be seen how her possible failure to cure all her patients will be regarded. The white man's art may not be estimated so highly as Indian lore, learned from the streams, rocks, trees, earth and flowers.

HOW DID SHE KNOW?—A young mediumistic acquaintance of ours, accompanied by her father and a lady friend, took the train at Sacramento, the other day, for this city. They took a seat near a gentleman who had entered the car before them, and whom they had never seen before. When the conductor came for the tickets the gentleman was unable to find his. He turned his pockets wrong side out, fumbled through the leaves of his diary, and finally came to the conclusion that the ticket was lost, and was about to pay his fare again. Just then our young friend, controlled by an irresistible impulse, said to him: "Your ticket is in the little yellow book." "Is it?" he asked, as he thrust his hand into a side pocket of his overcoat and drew out a little yellow pass-book, between the leaves of which he instantly found his ticket. Now, will Prof. Carpenter, the Sylvest Commission, or the *Signs of the Times*, please inform us how this lady knew where the ticket was. She had never seen this man before, and could not of her own knowledge, have known that he had a yellow pass-book. She says she so strongly impressed to utter the words that she could not resist; at the same time she was astounded at the seeming folly of the utterance. What if he had had no such book, she thought,—the reader can imagine the embarrassing position in which she would have been placed.

RE-OPENING.—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the wonderful platform test medium, will re-open her public seances at Odd Fellows Hall, Market street, on Sunday evening next, Dec. 18th, with renewed power and accuracy. Notwithstanding the heavy expenses attending these meetings only ten cents admission will be charged. Mrs. Whitney's purpose being to do good, rather than to make money, from this public work. Her guides inform her that great developing power will be given out at these seances, hence it will no doubt be greatly to the advantage of all who are seeking for "gifts of the spirit" to be present.

—On Sunday last, Dec. 4th, W. J. Colville delivered three powerful and intensely interesting inspirational lectures at Irving Hall to large and appreciative audiences. The morning subject was "Elisha and the Bears." It was handled in a deeply spiritual and thoroughly practical manner, and like previous discourses in the present series on "Dark Sayings in Holy Writ," threw much light on the inner meaning of the singular narrative discussed. The afternoon lesson, on "Persian Theosophy," was intensely interesting. A number of important questions were answered at the close. The evening lecture, on "Mediumship," has been reported in extenso for the *GOLDEN GATE*. The music was fine all day, particularly so in the evening between the lecture and poem. A delightful trio was exquisitely rendered by Mmes. Fries-Bishop, Miss Beresford Joy and Chas. H. Heath. W. J. Colville's subjects Sunday next, Dec. 11th, will be: 10:45 A. M., "Ezekiel's Vision of Dry Bones"; 2:30 P. M., "Class lesson, 'Greek Theosophy'"; 7:30 P. M., "The Philosophy of Re-embodiment." Objections answered, and the true position stated. (By particular request).

—W. R. Colby exemplified slate-writing last Sunday before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, subsequent to the able lecture of Dr. McKaig. First giving, in a short address, the conditions required by all mediums, and especially those of a physical nature, so plain and terse that all present could but see the reasons why and justice of the same. When the proper conditions were obtained he asked for a skeptic to step to the rostrum and examine two slates that were there, also his hands and fingers. Mr. Ashley was selected and made the examinations and stood close to the medium all the time, and at the close pronounced everything open and above suspicion. When the control was ready he said he would produce writing on the slate with his forefinger, which he did, writing on the four surfaces of two slates a number of names and messages, all of which were recognized by members of the audience. Such exhibitions, under such test conditions, go a long ways to prove the genuineness of a medium as well as the power of the spirit to communicate with mortals.

—W. J. Colville, having received a pressing invitation to visit San Diego in the early Spring, wishes to inform friends in Los Angeles that he would like to spend the month of March in that city on his way to San Diego. Friends there who would like to join a class in Spiritual Science or Theosophy are requested to notify him to that effect without delay. A class in the science of Metaphysical Healing can be held for three days per week, and a class in Theosophy three days per week, for four successive weeks. Terms for each class \$5 for each student. Sunday lectures can also be arranged for. Address, W. J. Colville, Metaphysical College, Room 7, Odd Fellows' Building, Market street, San Francisco. The month of April W. J. Colville hopes to spend in San Diego, returning to San Francisco to resume his work May 1st. His present term of work in this city positively ends with the last of February, 1888. The work of the College will be continued by competent teachers during his temporary absence.

—It is claimed that life might be much prolonged if the nervous system could be protected from the wear and tear of the ceaseless shocks occasioned by unpleasant and disturbing sounds. Hence, it seems that Capt. Plessner, of Stuttgart, brother of Mrs. Louise Pollock, the promoter of the kindergarten system in our country, is to be no less a benefactor than his noble sister. He is the inventor of an instrument which he calls the "Autiphone," intended to protect the ear against disagreeable and injurious sounds, thus affording great relief to nervous persons, metal artificers, invalids, and those who toil by night and sleep in the daytime. The advantages of such an invention are too many to enumerate, most of which the thing itself will suggest. Let us hope the Autiphone may be a success, for surely it is needed, and by none more than journalists.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The *Graphic* for December, just received, contains a fine portrait of its able editor, Prof. George Chalmers. It is in every way a splendid number.

—A pleasant party, given in honor of Mr. J. J. Morse, was held at the residence of Dr. L. Schleisner on Tuesday evening last. There were about sixty present, and all enjoyed the occasion highly.

—Mr. Colville's masterly address, "A Theosophical Defense of Mediumship," will appear entire in the next issue of the *GOLDEN GATE*. As the subject was one of our own selection, which Mr. Colville's guides kindly consented to speak upon, we take especial pleasure in presenting the lecture to our readers.

—The attention of our readers is respectfully called to W. J. Colville's excellent lecture on "The True Secret of Success," on sale at our office in pamphlet form. Price, five cents; three copies, ten cents. This lecture is one of Mr. Colville's happiest efforts, and is a tract well adapted for general circulation.

—Dr. W. W. McKaig's lecture before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists last Sunday, "We Make the World We Live in," was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. If the management continue to furnish such feasts of thought, as they have been doing of late, through the Doctor, Mrs. Harris and others, Spiritualism will take a step forward in the right direction.

—A good sister, writing to renew her subscription, says: "We can not get along without the *GOLDEN GATE*. It is our greatest consolation since the loss of our only son." It is when our loved ones pass from our sight that we most need the comforting assurance of the knowledge that "they live and love us still." Spiritualism brings us the positive proof of continued existence.

—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, held at the office of the Company on Saturday, Dec. 3d, the following persons were re-elected as a Board of Trustees for the ensuing year: Hon. Amos Adams, Hon. I. C. Steele, Abijah Baker, Dr. John Allyn, and J. J. Owen. The Board adjourned, without further action, until Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2 o'clock p. m., when it is hoped all the members will be present.

—We shall endeavor to present in our next issue one of five spirit pictures, taken by magnetism light, at a private seance for form manifestation, held at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury, on Monday evening, Dec. 5th, in the presence of eighteen persons, all of whom were especially invited by Dr. Stansbury's spirit guide to be present. We shall also give a full account of the seance, which was probably as remarkable an exhibition of spirit power as was ever witnessed on this Continent.

—The Society for Theosophical Research, W. J. Colville, President; Mrs. Sara Harris, Vice-President, held its inaugural public meeting at the Metaphysical College, Room 7, Odd Fellows' Building, Market street, Thursday, Dec. 8th, at 8 p. m. A report of the interesting proceedings has been prepared for our columns, and will appear next week. The Society numbers over one hundred members already, and promises finely for the future. It all grew out of a little weekly gathering held sixteen months ago at 1016 Union street, on Saturday evenings.

CONTINUE to wish honestly with your whole heart to act rightly, and you will not go far wrong; no other advice is needed, or can be given. One has to learn the hard lesson of martyrdom and that he has arrived on this earth, not to receive, but to give. Let him be ready then to spend and be spent, for God's cause; let him, as he needs must, "set his face like a flint" against all dishonesty and indolence, and puffery and quackery, and malice and delusion, whereof earth is full, and once for all flattery refuse to do the devil's work in this which is God's earth, let the issue be simply what it may. "I must live, sir," say many; to which I answer, "No, sir, you must not live; if your body can not be kept together without selling your soul, then let the body fall asunder, and the soul be unsold." In brief, defy the devil in all his figures, and spit upon him; he can not hurt you.—*Carlyle, to his brother John.*

No reform can attain to success that lessens the power or influence of any order in the social compact, but by battling its way, by truths that culminate through way, by reason into light, or through martyrdom into adoption. To win the battle, faith must gird on the armor to encounter the strong and encourage the weak, before conservatism will permit the absolute in truth to become the real in practice.

FROM recent experiments by Dr. Parsons, on the disinfection of clothes and bedding by heat, the conclusion is reached that the germs of the ordinary infectious diseases can not withstand an exposure of an hour to dry heat of 220 degrees Fahrenheit, or an exposure of five minutes to boiling water or steam of 212 degrees.

BEGGAR WOMAN—"Please, sir, give me a penny to keep me from starving." "Gent—" "Can't stop—in a great hurry; I've got to make a speech at the Society for the Relief of the Destitute."

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. Winkler's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are suffering from colic, or when the little sufferer is at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for all disorders, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Spiritualism in Brooklyn.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There is so much to be said and written upon the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism that I long for "the pen of a ready writer" to portray its truths in an acceptable manner for the multitude of investigators. *Mind and Matter* once published a letter of mine on the question of giving the late Prof. S. B. Brittain, as "Editor-at-Large," the sum of \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, in which I said, "If I could write with the ease and grace of Prof. Brittain I would write for the love of it." We all love to do what we can do well, and Prof. Brittain did not demand so large a sum as was proposed to give him at that time. Let us hope his mantle has fallen upon some one whose pen can advocate our cause with the same logic and beauty of style.

Many in our ranks ask for Spiritualism pure and simple. They want no discussions upon the Social question, Co-operation, or Equal Rights. Others think that Spiritualism includes all subjects, and that it is a univocalism of truth in all directions, both in relation to human interests here, and to the vast universe which the mind of man seeks to explore. Each individual must be true to his unfoldment, and extend charity to those who differ from him, as all classes of minds are needed to complete the mosaic of human life. By our fruits we shall be known, and if we are censorious and quarrelsome, and revile again when we are reviled, instead of emulating each other in good works, we shall be judged accordingly. We love the cause, and desire Spiritualists to make faster progress now that we are approaching the Spring-time of a new era and a new Messianic period, when all men shall know the truth of the Golden Rule, from the least to the greatest. Now most of us are in the swaddling clothes of ignorance and uncharitableness. For instance: At our spiritual conference in Everett Hall, Brooklyn, only two weeks ago, one of our oldest Spiritualists, who said he had given hundreds of dollars for the cause of Spiritualism, declared he would never attend another conference meeting, for we had sat in silent prayer for five minutes for the anarchists who were executed on the gallows the day previous. He had come to attend a spiritual conference and found it a meeting for the anarchists. I asked him if he could not pray for those misguided men. Talmage had said he was not able to pray for Giteau; some one better and more charitable must pray for the wretch who had shot our President Garfield. Talmage is now equal to most of the Spiritualists. He wants a more humane taking off of our convicted ones, if we must resort to such extreme measures. We may expect Talmage to preach the most advanced ideas to the thousands to whom he ministers each week. He has the prayers of many enlightened minds that he may "break the bread of life" to the multitude. Shall we not "seek truth where'er 'tis found on Christian or on heathen ground?"

At this same conference we had had an inspirational lecture by Mrs. E. C. A. Hall, subject, "What is written is written," wherein the deep things of creation were scientifically and spiritually unfolded—the philosophy of the dual life in all the kingdoms of nature. This was followed by Capt. Dey on the "Creation of the planet earth," in which he presented the various stages of our earth unfoldment in a modest but very profound and masterly manner. Other speakers followed in criticism of Mrs. Hall's metaphysical lecture, and only a few minutes were devoted to the Anarchists by a medium who said she saw that they were brought to our meetings by their attendants to get strength and help by our silent aspirations for their benefit. To this were objections made. We are not to organize, it is plain to be seen; we are so individualized, each one must have a platform of his own. We can have the family circle. I have two each week, and have held them for seven or eight years, and many sorrowing ones have been comforted and sent on their way rejoicing by the attendant spirits, who seize every opportunity to bless the children of earth, and who do not expect mediums to be more perfect than other members of society. Our mediums compare favorably with business men and church people the world over, and yet there is a constant cry about frauds. Let us bring the best conditions to our mediums, and there will be less cause for complaint.

Fraternally,
EMILY B. RUGGLES.
P. S.—The spirit portrait of your ancient spirit guide is the finest of the many I have seen. I have one by Wella Anderson that has been greatly admired. It is supposed to be an ancient.

THE *Western Christian Advocate*, published at Nashville, Tenn., says: "The modern thought that enamors the young theologian not yet fully born into real, intellectual life is, in nine cases out of ten, the mummy of an error that was killed, embalmed in a book, and buried years ago. It is usually dangerous only in the period of intellectual dentition."

"I have met with success very frequently," remarked the aged campaigner, "but we never spoke as we passed by. Success always seemed to be in a hurry to see another man."—*Harper's Bazar.*

LINES

(Addressed to Dr. F. O. Houlbert, Speaker of the First Spiritualist Society of Seattle, on his leaving for California.)

O traveler, up life's mountain height,
Whose rugged side few dare ascend,
We see thy pathway clear and bright,
And angel guides thy steps attend.

The lofty heights of knowledge vast,
Whose snows are purity and peace,
Where sun and shade alternate
Their grateful change o'er life's increase.

Fear not that thirst thy lips shall parch,
Or quell the fullness of thy thought,
The founts of friendship, on thy march,
Shall be to thee with nectar fraught.

Along thy daring pathway's side
Bloom flowers of rich, cerulean hue—
Emblems of hearts, both true and tried,
That cheer thy toilsome journey through.

Above the highest mountain peaks
Thine shines for thee a radiant star,
That thy soul a language speaks,
And guides thee where all glories are.

For thee shall occult mysteries glow,
For thee shall philosophic lore
Her garnered wealth of thought bestow,
And science open her golden store.

The grand accretions of each age
Where'er thy restless steps have turned,
Have filled for thee life's richest page
In many a sacred lesson learned.

Thy feet have pressed the desert sands
Beneath the burning tropic clime,
And crystal fountains of northern lands
Have thrilled thy breast to thoughts sublime.

Where rolls the ocean's mighty tide,
O'er trackless wastes thine eyes have sped,
Yet through thy wanderings far and wide
Bright angel guides thy steps have led.

And all thy heart, and all thy brain
Were with thy inspiration fraught,
While from thy tongue, like words of flame,
The truth has flashed in burning thought.

And many a dark and sorrowing mind
Has learned from thee of endless life,
With nature's noblest laws combined,
Where right o'er wrong prevails in strife.

And, oh, for those from higher spheres,
Who've been to thee as teachers, friends,
We give the meed of well-spent years,
And all the promise life extends.

Press on, oh, traveler, to the heights,
Thy noble work's unfinished yet;
Go where the famp of knowledge lights
Thy course that angel hands have set.

Brother, we part. Throughout the earth
May friends sustain thee in thy need,
Like those now here, who know thy worth
And kindly give thee a "Good-speed."

Brother, farewell! We pray for thee
Through all the years that shall befall—
That thy guiding star shall be
Till we no more must say farewell.
LENA I. GIFFORD.
SEATTLE, W. T., Nov. 30, 1887.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. C. C. Crow, of Crow's Landing, daughter of Mrs. C. E. Eliot, of Oakland, passed to spirit-life on the 25th inst., after a long and painful illness with that dread disease, consumption. She was but twenty-four years of age, yet had long been a believer in the truths of Spiritualism, and died as she had lived, firm in the faith. She was a tender, loving wife, mother, and friend. She leaves a husband, one little boy, her mother, two brothers, and a host of sorrowing friends to mourn her loss.

How blessed at such a time to know that death is but turning a leaf in the book of life, recording one more incident in the diary of eternity.
B. DOHRMAN.
NOVEMBER 28, 1887.
THE *GOLDEN GATE* comes to us with a perfect flood of remarkable phenomena and soul-stirring reading. Mr. and Mrs. Owen are doing a grand work by the able and catholic way in which they are conducting their paper. The work in psychography done by the medium, Fred Evans, under Mr. Owen's direction, seems to excel everything hitherto reported in this line. Since after late has been written full before crowded audiences in the various towns of California. The newspaper people in each place have been invited to a test seance, and in each case have been compelled to witness to the genuineness of the phenomena and admit their inability to explain it away on any ground of jugglery or trickery. Among other remarkable things, such as the production on the slates of writing in many different languages and various colors, has been the production between the slates of photographs in pencil of well known persons, including such names as Rev. John Pierpont, Prof. Hare, and Prof. Denton. These have been engraved and printed in the *GOLDEN GATE*.—*The Graphic.*

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

W. J. Colville's Sunday Services are held in Irving Hall, 139 Post street. Lectures at 10:45 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.; Mme. Marie Bishop, Musical Director and Soprano; Miss E. Beresford Joy, Soloist and Organist.
Public class in Theosophy at 2:30 P. M. Fee for course of 12 lectures, commencing November 27th, \$2.50; single admission, 25 cents. Monthly tickets admit to class.

Classes are held in The Metaphysical College, Room 7, second floor, Odd Fellows' Building, Market street. Special class in Theosophy for advanced students, and unfoldment of powers commences December 12, at 8 P. M.

Class in Psychometry, for instruction and development, commences December 12, at 2 P. M. Fees for each course of 12 lessons, \$5. No single admissions will be sold for these classes, and no new members or strangers admitted after the classes are formed.

Classes in Theosophy commence in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, Friday, December 9th, at 2:30 P. M. Fee, \$5. Class tickets admit to Friday evening lectures, at 7:30.

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

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

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

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

W. J. COLVILLE, THE CELEBRATED SPIRITUAL SPEAKER AND IMPROVISOR, Spiritual Services in Irving Hall, Post Street, above Kearny Street. Mme. Marie Bishop, Soloist. Miss E. Beresford Joy, Soloist and Organist. Lectures at 10:45 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Answers to questions at 2:45 P. M.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, every Sunday, at 11 a. m. J. J. Morse, the celebrated inspirational speaker, will answer questions in the trance state, and will lecture in the evening. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet Sunday at 1 p. m., Washington Hall, 33 Eddy at Free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 3 p. m. All are invited. Admission 10 cents.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 11, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION MEETS every Sunday at Grand Army Hall, 459 Thirteenth Street, Oakland. Children's Lyceum at 10:30 a. m. Lecture and Conference Meeting at 7:30 p. m.

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

CLEVELAND, O.—SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS for the people, at the Columbia Theatre, Euclid Avenue, every Sunday evening, at 7:30. Speakers, Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. Ada Foye, Arthur Dawson, J. Frank Baxter and others. Thomas Lee, Chairman. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, meets at G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior Street, every Sunday, 10:45 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

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NOV-15-3m

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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SHORT-HAND AND CALIGRAPH TEACHER.

MISS GEORGIA HALL,

At 167 Seventh Street, 1 1 1 Oakland.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

(Given by Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band in the heavens, through the scribe of the Order, Mrs. E. S. Fox.)

On this so-called Sabbath day of earth, made sacred to the minds of earth's children through the teachings of the past which have enslaved, held in bondage cruel and strong earth hearts, Saidie comes from the land of love and light to send far and near words of liberty and truth. May they feed hungry ones, give cheer to the weary and hope to the despondent. There are many children of the Father destined to reach a higher state of being, destined in the great future to shine as lights in the firmament of the Infinite; yet, as Saidie looks abroad over the fields of humanity, she sees these same untutored children walking the by-paths of wrong, and inviting their fellow-man into the same cheerless roads. While these things exist, while wrong and injustice rule and oppression binds, Saidie's voice shall never be silent in the land.

The land is stained with innocent blood, the cries of the oppressed sound forth in the air, and angel hearts are saddened over wrongs perpetrated and cruelty suffered. How long ere the children of the land will wake and rouse into action? How long need be sounded in your ears the cry, bidding go forth to battle the wrong, to meet in open conflict the enemies of life and liberty? Saidie means not the battlefield with its din and smoke and carnage, but she means the enemies within, the fierce tide of selfishness and all it gives to the outward expression of the man. For these things place the yoke of bondage upon the human neck, and must fade away.

Go with Saidie, if you will, into homes where hearts are sad and sorrowful, hear the cries breathed forth, and ask each his inmost soul, What will right human wrong? What will throw light upon these great questions which to-day are agitating the minds and hearts of the people? For surely there must be yet questions unanswered, problems unsolved, which, in answering and solving wisely, will strike the keynote of happiness and liberty.

A reformation, deep, lasting and true, is the crying need of the land. Can the angel world not give to the world of humanity the watchword which will open to them the doors of progress, where every child of the Father may be bidden welcome to enter? Saidie says this may be, yet throughout the length and breadth of the land error rules the mind and heart, and where these false teachings are accepted, while mankind builds upon the sandy foundation of an atonement for sin through a crucified one, it must ever be difficult for angel voices to be heard, even though they sound a truth which must be heard ere mankind can receive the blessings which lead to a better life. The world needs noble examples of right living, needs men and women who dare do right and dare to be true—true to the highest convictions within, true to the divine impulse of the soul. Teach mankind, first of all, there is no atonement for sin; every act of life will meet its own just reward; as you sow, you must reap, and the old, false will begin to totter and in due season must fall. Saidie longs to see error and injustice fade away and die; longs to tell to humanity would they see a better state of things, each and every one must leave the ways of the past, and for themselves walk a new way, pave the same with honesty of purpose in all things.

Be true to the light which shines far out on the sea of life from the tower high up in the lighthouse of love, the light of eternal truth. Think of the loved ones who have gone from your sight, gone into the realms where all is light, gone to the land where truth brings to light the real person; every deformity is made plain. The failures of life are known, and of them lessons are learned—lessons which lead out and on to better ways. Longings for better, more true lives are felt; aspirations for more and higher gifts, and so, reaching out continually, steps of progress are taken. Saidie wishes in her heart of hearts these few thoughts might be made a foundation of every life, however low such life may be. Children, wherever you have opportunity place these truths in other hands; sow this good seed which may spring up for good in lowly lives. Thus you may place in the hand of mortals a lever which will prove able to uplift the standard of right in the land. Anarchy seeks not to rule in your midst, but right and justice seek to assert their claims, and their voices must be heard. The land must be the land of the free, and its banner wave proudly over a nation of freed men ere happiness rest with the people. Man must not hold the rod of punishment threateningly over his fellow-man; but with voice and example teach the true principles of equality and freedom. No slave need be, when within reigns the great principles of truth and right. Thus, and thus only, can man become a law unto himself, and when such time has come, courts and prisons, with their paraphernalia, will have passed into oblivion. Then men will be worthy to be called children of the All Good.

Saidie knows time will roll by ere such be the condition of earth, for no revolution comes in a moment of time. Angels have learned to wait for unfoldment, but could we but hasten the same, our hearts would be glad. We long to see the land made better and brighter through our

ministrations. Guardians are becoming known to their own in earth land, are teaching the way of life, and earth shall be blessed thereby. Saidie counsels silent, persistent teaching of the higher truths, and asks that her children tire not in the work laid in their hands to do. Fear not, be not discouraged, though slow move the wheels, the car of divine progress moves steadily on. Though many hearts have grown weary in well doing and hands refuse to help in the unselfish work of the angels, many more are ready with willing hands and glad hearts to help, and will never tire. For there are yet those who hunger and thirst for the true bread of life, who will not rest satisfied with receiving for themselves, but will rejoice to give to others, and so Saidie's work will prosper in the land. With a fresh baptism from the higher life, and with added laurels, she comes to her true workers who do her will under all conditions, and crowns her chosen ones anew. Brave hearts and true, fear never, Saidie's blessing is yours.

Saidie sends greetings of love across the continent to the workers in the southwest. Be true and hold high the banner of the Order, and light will come over to you. In the gatherings in Ohio Saidie is well pleased. She will delegate messengers to you who will bear messages back and forth from the center; so will we work in harmony, and Saidie's heart will be made happy.

Lift high the standard of truth and right; upon the altar of love sacrifice all that is of the lesser good, thereby making yourselves receptive to the influences of masterful ones, and your pathway home will be straight, with fewer thorns and more blooms abounding. Peace be with you.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1887.

Questions for Re-Incarnations.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you kindly permit me to ask a few questions through the columns of your paper? I have been a reader of the GOLDEN GATE for some time, and have also read all that came in my way on the subjects of Occult Science, Theosophy, Mental Healing, and kindred subjects.

Now, while I have gained much information on many points, I find my mind in a puzzled state; and I presume there are many others in the same condition. No doubt the editor, or some of his able contributors, can place these matters in a proper light, and I, for one, shall feel heartily grateful to anyone who will do so.

First, Do we, in this present embodiment, have to suffer from others the same evils which we inflicted upon others in a former incarnation? For instance, if a man should suffer terribly from the slanders of the malicious and envious, is it because he himself, even though a good and just man now, was in some former life a slanderer, jealous, envious and malicious?

Second, Supposing the theory of evolution to be correct, is there a spirit embodied in each animal form? Or in the lowest forms of life—reptiles, insects, or even forms of vegetable life? When we take the life of any of these, must the liberated spirit go through the same sort of embodiment again, or does it always find a higher? If the first is true, would it not be wrong to take the life of even a plant? If the second is true, is it not right to take the life of the highest animals?

Third, What is the astral body, and what is its use?

Fourth, If the mental scientists can do the wonders which they claim to perform, why can not they just as easily prevent old age, and even death itself? If disease exists only in the mind or belief of the patient, as they claim, if I do not mistake their meaning, how is it that not only the patient, but any and all who chance to see him can detect the physical symptoms? A cut, a bruise, a boil, or a gunshot wound, appears about the same to every one who looks upon it.

Fifth, Has any mental scientist succeeded in restoring an amputated limb? If not, why not? That would be as easy as many of the other things they claim to do. I shall be very much obliged to any one who will answer these questions, and I doubt not there are many others who would gladly receive information on these points.

Fraternally,

MAX KLEIN.

It is the duty of every man to think for himself. The duty of this age is the duty of inquiry. The old Israelites demanded of Pharaoh liberty of worship; the Puritans demanded liberty to believe; the French Encyclopedists liberty to think; Americans demand liberty to inquire and to give the result of inquiry expression.

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oct-17

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Dawbarnism.

BY JOHN WETHERHAM.

I do not know but I give it too high a name by calling it after my estimable friend, the able, intellectual lecturer, because the genesis of the idea was not through him, for it was a growth visible before he was the star he is now, and it has grown also to be a manifest feature of, I will not say the windy spiritual world, even if Sidney Smith said, "Words are mouthfuls of spoken wind," for it is valuable wind lifting up to a higher intellectual and spiritual level the hungry sons and daughters of men. I refer to the growing disposition among spiritual lecturers to relegate the phenomena to back seats, to the cellar department of spiritual life. This is what connects my thought with Dawbarn, and inspires this modest article.

The speakers referred to are apt to consider us lovers of this basic and only significant truth, or rather distinguishing truth of our light, as wonder-seekers, unprogressives, and in the language of brother Dawbarn, as immaterialists rather than Spiritualists. The distinction between these two words I do not readily see, as my friend appears to. I am a great lover of phenomena—the sensuous proof that we are not extinguished by the chemistry of death—but I have never argued for immortality. I know nothing about it; I don't see how any body can, even the angel Gabriel, if he be not a myth. It is enough for me to have proof that I will still live after the dissolution of this clay tabernacle that now passes for me. How long, it does not seem to me a "conscious survival" can tell. True, if we survive one death, we can better imagine the survival of many; but, as the Rev. M. J. Savage says, "One may survive many deaths and yet come to an end at last." I mention this for clearness of thought, and probably believe in immortality as much as any one; but I must confess I do not see the application of immortality to me instead of to Spiritualism.

What is the difference between modern immaterialism and Modern Spiritualism? Will not twaddledom and twaddledom answer it?

I am aware there is a difference between the phenomena and what the phenomena teach, as there is between revelation and religion, but I do not see that the men of precept surpass, as a general thing, the men of practice, nor do I see that the bright or the little stars of the platform, nor the attendants or listeners to their teachings are any more spiritual or intellectual than are the seekers first of the kingdom of heaven, that is, the sensuous proof. I do not believe there is a better judge or a better lover of eloquence, cultivated teachings, ethical conclusions and philosophy than I am. I sat for years under the solid talk of Theodore Parker, and I have listened also with admiration to the inspired utterances of even uneducated people on the spiritual platform. I can say, with N. P. Willis, that the early utterances of Mrs. Hatch, (now Richmond) though without education, were matchless and scholarly. I appreciated the remark I heard Prof. Felton (later President of Harvard University), when in his wonderment, say to this trance speaker, "Come now, own up that it is yourself and not a spirit influence, and take your stand as one of the most cultivated women in the land." I heard that, and I have heard much royal road erudition since, and I have heard able speakers on the platform, also, who grind out, by study and hard labor, thoughtful discourses for the cultivated and for the elevation of listening crowds.

Do not suppose for one moment that in writing phenomena large I mean any slur on the intellectual efforts and the ability of the sages; they are needed in this vineyard. Man can not live by bread alone; he must be otherwise spiritually fed. In the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," is as important as "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." The bread, in its lower sense, if you choose, is the sensuous phenomena; it is the base of Modern Spiritualism, its only distinguishing feature; then there is the other bread, the pabulum, or food for the mind. Brother Dawbarn, who is scientific, will agree with me that "bread" is a good symbol of the phenomena, food for the body, but will say, "Spiritualism comes by effort." Yet a healthy body goes a great ways in building up a healthy soul. We can live as human beings without the pabulum for the mind or spirit, but we can not live without the bread to sustain the body. I am aware the animal man without his expectancy is hardly worth sustaining, and except for his true manliness, or spirituality, he would be of no account.

I am in the habit of saying more of phenomena than I would if those who claim to be our higher lights did not so often snub phenomenal Spiritualism, which is our only distinguishing feature. Everything else, even our philosophy and intellectuality, is common property with the rest of the world's religious literature and thought. If the phenomena were eliminated to-day, and existed only as a memory, where would be ethical and philosophical Spiritualism? It would be but liberal Christianity. Revelation would be a myth and future life a sentiment, and not a fact, as now. No doubt intellectual and spiritual culture would still ennoble man, but future life, only as a hope,

would be gone. The thoughtful world would be playing Hamlet with the ghost left out. I come to the defense of this underground in Spiritualism, if the platform lights consider it so, or the "cellar" of our building, as our Dawbarn calls it. I have no fears of its disappearance; if so, might indeed be setting in. We could spare everything in the way of sentiment and mental and spiritual culture better than we could spare the phenomena, for through that, and that alone, we know that we have eternal life.

"We have learned," says our prescient Dawbarn, that "the immortality of man does not depend upon divine fiat, etc. I don't see how we know anything about it. We are here, and sooner or later we will 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' and but for the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism we would, in the words of the Elegy, he saying:—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;
The breezy call of incense breathing morn;
The swallow twittering on the low built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall wake them from their lowly bed."

Now we know by sensuous proof that the man don't die when his body does; but we don't know anything about immortality, whether it is a divine fiat or not, or how long hereafter man is to be perpetuated. I am so happy that death don't end me, and that "we shall know each other there," that I am not concerned about the termination of my future. There is time enough yet to take that into consideration, when we reach our second volume, as suggested by Holmes' beautiful lines:—

"But the tired spirit waiting to be freed,
On life's last leaf with trembling eye shall read,
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,
Not fims—But the end of volume first."

In Dawbarn's very readable article, which has inspired this, his illustrations hardly fit the case he criticizes. "Cellar manifestations." One does not want to live in the cellar, but what is a house without a cellar? It ought to be a good place for viands; the furnace is also down there, as are the wine-spis. Without the phenomena of the cellar there would be no health or comfort up stairs among the Dawbarns. Admitting that no one wants to live down there, he will say, "And so would I, if I admitted the fitness of the illustration." I might reply, in Scripture (I don't know as I will word it right, as I have not studied it very lately, but I can give the idea) "The eye can not say to the *os pelvis* I have no need of thee." The lumbar region, the bowels, the extremities, have their important uses, and the head and heart and face can not get along without them; but I do not admit of any such stratifications or divisions in the phases of Modern Spiritualism, metaphysical or physical, mental or sensuous. We Spiritualists are made up of all kinds of people, but you can not divide them into two classes, patricians and plebeians in an intellectual sense. I am not ashamed to be classed among the phenomenalists, and I find myself in as good intellectual or spiritual company in one class as in the other.

I think I have as clear and as high conception and appreciation of the intellectual and philosophical in the teachings of Spiritualism as most people, and am proud of the gifts and ability of the exponents of such teachings. For a good many years I have mixed with and have been an observer of audiences and popular gatherings of the body-politic of Spiritualism, and I do not find the listeners of addresses any more progressed, any more intellectual, any more inspired with high resolves, any more inclined to be influenced by what the phenomena teach than the average audiences of circles for sensuous manifestations. I have met among the interested attendants on phenomena as fair a proportion of bright, intellectual, thoughtful people, as I have met in the listening gatherings of the lecture rooms.

The "wind instruments" of our modern light, (I use the word respectfully) are not fair judges of phenomenal Spiritualism. Their interest is in their own field, and they are not a competent jury to give a verdict any more than the mediums for phenomena would be on the good that preaching does. One would see the red side and the other the blue side of the same shield. Can you find any greater lights among the lovers of platform eloquence than you can among the lords of phenomena? Why, even in the late raid on Mrs. Fay, the reporter as head actor was astonished to find, among the interested men who stood so well it surprised him, naming Mr. Shorey, the associate of Epes Sargent, and a Mr. Dame, ex-revenue collector. Take Prof. Wallace, of England, (I might name a hundred other celebrities as an illustration. While examining the phenomena with interest, and as much so in his late visit as in his earlier experience, was he interested in the platform teachings? I think he would say, "Words, words."

In witnessing phenomena you get facts, and Epes Sargent, who was an intellectual man, was seldom seen among the listeners of addresses, but never tired of phenomena. Did he not say, and publish also, that "The transit of a pencil, proved beyond a doubt to be guided by unseen force and intelligence, is a phenomenon of infinitely more value and concern to the world to-day than the whole science of astronomy." I do not think he would say that of all the preaching on our platform from 1848 to date. I am not "sitting down" on preaching, or teaching, for I owe them much, but on the disposition, among our platform lights, to dis-

parage phenomena as having had their day, assuming that we should now listen to them and learn what the phenomena teach.

I am not asking or expecting the "wind" to subside; I would be sorry if it should; it is all needed; so are the circles for sensuous phenomena. So I say to the Dawbarns, the Lillies, the Richmonds, the Birghams, the Colvilles, "Blow breezes blow!" but never forget that the phenomena,—the pearl of great price of the wonder-seekers,—is what makes the whole thing alive. Without the phenomena as a setting for your teachings you would all be likely to be in eclipse by many of the world's scholarly lights.

Perhaps I can not close better than by referring to J. Clegg Wright's weak criticism on Dr. Wolfe's late published experiences with Mrs. Fairchild. I read it, as it publicly hangs pasted on a large card, headed "R. P. Journal" in the *Banner of Light* book-store. I am glad Brother Colby was so courteous to Brother Bundy as to give the article prominence; it was next to printing it. I don't think it will hurt Mrs. Fairchild any, or Dr. Wolfe either. The fact that the Chicago editor is printing accounts of astonishing phenomena, and from mediums he has abused, and the able editor of the *Banner* (whom I respect for the good he has done, and is still doing,) seems to be paying a tribute to his eminence in Chicago,—all these are "pointers." Well, "Let us have peace." This, however, will be more of a hint to mediums, and more needed, than for editors.

I have digressed from Wright's criticism, which I said was weak. I consider him one of our ablest speakers. I listen to him always with admiration, but as Homer nods sometimes, this criticism was a "nod," perhaps not under his higher influences. Why I refer to him is he is so pronounced in what I have rather inaptly called "Dawbarnism." I am getting so lengthy I will reduce my thought to a few words. Speaking of the audiences being more interested in the phenomena, which the society combines with lectures to bring in more money, he says: "It seems to me more and more clear that the mere lecturer will be less and less wanted on the spiritual platform." There, it seems to me, is where the shoe pinches, but the "light" need not fear; learning and eloquence will always be in order and be wanted.

No man can be sure of his survival of physical death into another conscious existence without beneficial effect on his life here in this world. The lack of such effect is the measure of his unbelief, and no amount of preaching will fit his case, for it is a matter of experience and not of argument that make Spiritualists.

"Mr. SNYDERLY, I hear that you referred to me as a liar." "Yes, sir, I did. What are you going to do about it?" "I was going to ask you to put it down on paper for me. I want to get a job in a San Diego real estate office, and I don't need a better recommendation."

They have just put up an epitaph in one of the London cemeteries which equals in pith and exactitude anything of the old time. Over the grave of a dentist there run the lines:—

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Some Days.

TO C. H. D.

I think, my friend, that there are certain days
When gladness smiles to live
Their charges, thinking with them every thought,
Feeling with them every hope and fear
And these, dear, are our better days—
Our pure, better, happier days.

And then, sometimes, I think o'er in my sight
We are so ignorant, so apt to err,
They yearn to hear us from this weary school,
And over us move a bitter pain,
These, dear, are our better days—
Our sorrowful, despairing days.

Again it seems to me they sing with joy
When we live nearer o'er self and sin—
Some little nearer our God have come—
And then our hearts are full of light
And these, dear, are our better days—
Such calm and holy, peaceful days.

Often when our aching hearts we almost feel
The things that these angel carolers leave
With us in tender, loving sympathy
When have death our tender hearts leave
They try to comfort us, these days—
These sad and dreary, dreadful days.

Father, we thank thee for these faithful friends,
Who tell us always of sweet hope and Thee;
We pray Thee that our spirits may unfold
So thy messengers may clearer see
Let them abide with us always,
That we may better live our days.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

M. G. T.

A Fable.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Some cawing Crow, a Hoosting Owl,
A Hawk, a Canary, an old Marsh Fowl,
One day all met together
To lay a caucus and settle the fate
Of a certain bird without a mate—
A bird of another feather.

"My Friends," said the owl, with a look most wise,
The Eagle is soaring too near the skies,
In a way that is quite improper;
Yet the world is growing so green and gold,
And I think her actions have been so bold,
That some of us ought to stop her."

"I have heard it said," quoth Hawk, with a sigh,
That young lambs die at the glance of her eye,
And I wholly scorn and despise her.
This, and more, I am told they say,
And I think that the only proper way
Is never to recognize her."

"I am quite convinced," said Crow, with a caw,
That the Eagle minds no mortal law;
She's an ugly thing," piped Canary Blith;
"Some call her the Queen of the Air," said—
She has a decent feature."

Then the old Marsh had been bopping about;
She said she was sure—the hawk's a doubt—
Of the truth of each bird's story;
And she thought it a duty to stop her flight,
To pull her down from her lofty height,
And take the gift from her glory."

But lo! from a peak on the mountain grand,
That looks out over the smiling land,
And over the mighty ocean,
The Eagle is spreading her splendid wings;
She rises, rises, and upward swings,
With a slow, majestic motion."

Up in the blue of God's own skies,
With a cry of rapture, away she flies,
Close to the Great Eternal;
She sweeps the world with her piercing sight—
Her soul is filled with the Infinite
And the joy of things supernatural."

Thus rise forever the chosen of God,
The grain-crowder or the power-shod,
Over the dust-world sailing;
And back, like splinters blown by the winds,
Must fall the millions of silly minds,
Useless and unavailing."

Learning to Spin.

BY HATTIE F. CROCKER.

Up in the attic old dim
There is a picture far to see;
Not a faded relic of old times,
But as fresh as when it came—
A set young girl with a slender form,
And eyes of blue, and tender brown,
With bright hair braided against her head,
And clad in a modest modest gown."

Back and forth with swift, light tread,
She walks by the spinning-wheel quaint and old,
While near at hand, in a straight-backed chair,
Sits grandmother dear with her heart of gold."

"Never close my eyes, my child," says she,
"Just keep at work, and try and try;
Be careful, and steady, and patient too,
And it surely will come right by and by."

So the pretty fingers ply their task,
And the rounded arm turns skillfully,
And the dark eyes smile at the dear old face
So kind, and gentle, and good to see."

Back and forth on the very floor
That grandmother tread in her own young days,
Sweet motion walks and sings a tune—
A dear old tune of love and praise."

Grandmother sits in the ancient chair
And watches the mother and the young;
And her quivering lips takes up her heart
That for long, long years her heart has sung."

Up in the attic old dim,
Hung with cobwebs and ears of corn,
And filled with furniture past its prime,
Is a picture sweet and fresh and warm—
Two fair women, young and old,
Singing together a sweet old song
To the musical wheel of the spinning-wheel,
One voice tremulous, one so strong:

"Never close thy dear, dear eyes," she says,
"Look to God with a trustful cry;
Whatever the shadows here for thee,
It will all be brighter by and by."

Don Quixote.

BY ANTON DORRIS.

Behind thy paneboard, on thy battered back,
Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,
Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe,
And doubtful Sancho striding at thy back—
Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack,
To make wondrous, long and high and low,
Rash portland eyes, and (having watched thee go)
Dispatch thy doggies under thy track."

Alas, poor knight! alas, poor soul possessed!
Yet would to-day, when country grows chill
And life's few loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of these might burn within us still!

Alas! I would but learn what his lance in rest
And change in earnest, were it but a mill,
The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting as we live in who must stay,
Lamenting, day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one beloved face.

—Longfellow.

Rev. Miles Grant.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I noticed in GOLDEN GATE of Nov. 19th., 1887, an introductory part of a pamphlet called "Spiritualism Unmasked" by Miles Grant. Permit me to say that several years ago I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture upon the same subject, by the Reverend gentleman, delivered in Dover, Maine, in which he took the same position upon spirit phenomena, as that quoted by your correspondent "H". He there said that it was too late in the day to say that those so-called miracles were humbugs, produced by fraud and deception; that it was unreasonable to suppose that so many eminent men and women as were witnesses to the phenomena could be deceived as to their occurrence, and that children could practice the deception so cleverly as not to be detected by critical observers, and further there could be no motive for friends and relations to deceive each other, and further, he said "I know from personal experience that these so-called miracles are actually performed, and that without any fraud on the part of the mediums. I have myself had such tests as I know could only come from spiritual beings."

"But," said he, "it is the spirits of devils working miracles in these last times as prophesied in the Bible, to deceive if possible the very elect; the air is full of these demons and they have the facilities to know, and do know every thing that is said and takes place, then they come and pretend to be the spirits of our friends; they manifest all the friendship that our friends would be supposed to manifest; they cure the sick, restore the sight, cure the lame, and in fact tell our secret thoughts and acts, and by these acts deceive kings, princes and the most learned and talented, to prepare the way, by the fulfillment of prophecy before the destruction of the world."

After the lecture he kindly invited any one to ask questions assuring us he would be happy to answer any question relating to the subject.

An old farmer arose and asked the speaker if he understood him to say that these phenomena, so very like those recorded in the Bible, did actually take place without any fraud on the part of the Spiritualists, and that they were performed by devils. The Elder said, "You understood me right, I know the phenomena occur as claimed." Then the farmer said, "The questions I wish to ask are, if these so-called miracles are produced by devils, were not those recorded in the Bible produced by the same power, as claimed by the Jews? If not, then how are we to distinguish between divine miracles and Devil miracles?" Said the Elder, "I won't answer, for it is evident you came for no good."

"Very well," said the farmer, "if you can't, all right. I asked the question in good faith." Said Grant, "So you will go away and say I can't answer—I won't because it is evident your only object is to try my wheels."

"Very well," said the farmer, "if you don't want me to report that you could not answer, then answer; I will not lie for you or your cause. And as to my trying your wheels, I would say, you set yourself up for a teacher, and from your profession get your living; now I would suggest that if your wheels are so small and your intellectual strength so feeble that you have to let a plebeian farmer try your wheels, you would do more good to go home and hoe potatoes for the support of yourself and family than you possibly can do in the lecture field."

Now I have never heard the farmer's question answered, and if we admit the Reverend gentleman's position, that no human intelligence has ever returned from he beyond, how do we know there is any hereafter for man? History informs us that every religion has had its priests who, like parasites, lived on others labor, who by pretending to revelations from the gods have imposed upon the credulity of the ignorant and made them subservient to their wills. If we have no communion from our friends confirming the reality of the Summer land, how do we know but that the priesthood from the beginning have been imposing upon us all for selfish motives, and have established their pretensions by legendarium or Grant's Devils?

ALEXANDRIA, Minn., Dec. 1st., 1887.

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(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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LEAVE S. F. Commencing Aug. 29, 1886. (ARRIVE.)

Train	San Mateo, Redwood, and	Merced
8:30 A.	8:30 A.	8:30 A.
11:30 A.	11:30 A.	11:30 A.
3:30 P.	3:30 P.	3:30 P.
5:30 P.	5:30 P.	5:30 P.
11:45 P.	11:45 P.	11:45 P.

Train	San Jose, and	Merced
8:30 A.	8:30 A.	8:30 A.
11:30 A.	11:30 A.	11:30 A.
3:30 P.	3:30 P.	3:30 P.
5:30 P.	5:30 P.	5:30 P.
11:45 P.	11:45 P.	11:45 P.

*Sundays excepted. †Theatre Trains, Saturdays only. Standard time furnished by Randolph & Co.

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Round Trip	San Francisco to	San Francisco to
San Francisco to	San Francisco to	San Francisco to
San Francisco to	San Francisco to	San Francisco to
San Francisco to	San Francisco to	San Francisco to
San Francisco to	San Francisco to	San Francisco to
San Francisco to		