



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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

As fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence.
If from any cause you feel irritable, try the harder to do little pleasant things.
The first springs of great events, like those of great rivers, are often mean and little.
Man's grandest study is man; and the best specimen subject is his individual self.
You must love your work and not be looking over the edge of it for the play to begin.
Do not keep your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
Adversity does not take from us true friends, it only dispels those who pretend to be such.
Knowledge is the only fountain both of love and the principles of human liberty.—Daniel Webster.
Humility leads to the highest distinction, because it leads to self-improvement.—Sir Benjamin Disraeli.
The best way in the world to seem to be anything is really to be what we would seem to be.—Tillotson.
The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes, and tiny in its proportions when it follows him.
A man should not form any acquaintance, nor enter into any amusements, with an evil character. A piece of charcoal, if it be hot, burneth; and if cold, it blackeneth the hand.—From the Sanscrit.
What then remains for us? Is it not this—the acquisition of knowledge, the cultivation of virtue and of friendship, the observance of faith and truth, and unflinching submission to whatever befalls us, a life led in accordance with reason?—Droper.
A life without suffering would be like a picture without shade. The pets of Nature, who do not know what suffering is, can not realize it, have always a certain weakness, like foolish landmen who laugh at the terrors of the ocean, because they have never experienced enough to know what those terrors are nor brains enough to imagine them.—Phillip Gilbert Hamerton.
Many think themselves to be truly God-fearing when they call this world a valley of tears. But I believe they would be more so if they called it a happy valley. God is more pleased with those who think everything right in the world than with those who think nothing right. With so many thousand joys is it not black ingratitude to call the world a place of sorrow and torment?—Jean Paul.
The love of the beautiful is inherent in the nature of every human being, and the love should be cultivated and cherished as one of our most valued and priceless possessions. The more we prize and long for the beautiful, the happier we shall become, and the better able we shall be to appreciate all the loveliness that is scattered over the earth by the generous and lavish hand of God, old Mother Nature.—Mrs. E. D. Stenker.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]
From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Given through the scribe of the Order, Mrs. E. S. Fox, by spirit Saidie, leader of the Oriental band in the heavens.]

Children in earth land, happy greeting to all:

From a land where Christmas time prevails all the happy years, where cheer and good will flow from heart to heart, and sunshine and happiness reign supreme, comes Saidie, laden with blessings which she would scatter freely in your midst. Saidie would that each and every child might be happy, and with ready hand and willing heart dispel, as does she, the benefactions they each hold, and might scatter, even as she now scatters from the full supply, these flowers from the better land. (As I write I see flowers in great profusion fall over and around me. As far as my clairvoyant vision reaches blossoms are thickly falling—a beautiful sight. E. S. F.)

Though unseen by mortal eyes, still Saidie has brought from the far off Summer Land blossoms which fill the air with fragrance—pure emblems of our Father's love. Free to all His children it is offered; yet how few see, know or acknowledge, even to themselves, that power which alone will uplift humanity. When will man turn toward the love of the Divine, and teach to his brother man the true principles of life which will make of cold, desolate earth a paradise of beauty? Why only, at stated times, send forth your wishes of good cheer, and again shut the door of human kindness?

Angels rejoice in these holiday times, not because the lowly Nazarene had birth, but because the feelings of love and good will flow through all hearts in a mighty tide which, for the time, carries before it selfishness and ill will. And were it possible to carry all such into the vortex of oblivion to be forever swallowed up by its mighty waves, there would be greater rejoicing in the angel world than those spheres of light and love have ever witnessed and enjoyed. When the time ever shall come that man will join heart and soul in the anthem the angels sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men," with all its depth of meaning swelling the song, joy and rejoicing will fill our hearts, and we will bless earth with a new baptism of peace and good will. Then will new symbols be given, and our own loved ones will see us in the upper air and rejoice.

Saidie loves to soar away into the realms of future possibilities at times. It makes her heart glad, and gives renewed strength and courage to return and take up these weary burdens of life. For she feels the burthens borne by her loved workers, and would herself put the shoulder to the wheel that the car of progress move more rapidly and easily.

Children in earth land, bear ye each other's burdens. Sympathize with each other as a family of loving brothers and sisters, each knowing the sorrows and trials of the others; lend willing heart and helping hand; thus shall blessings unnumbered fall around you, as the beautiful blossoms scattered by loving hands. Thus shall you gather to yourselves four-fold for all blessings bestowed. Saidie's workers are the subjects of her tender care. For them she asks of the entire Order kindly, sympathetic thought and loving words. From far and near responses are coming in, and Saidie rejoices in the tide of love and good will which flows so freely toward the place she calls her chosen center. Let the tide of good will increase; let thoughts and words of love and encouragement go forth freely from heart to heart, and our Christmas time will extend from year to year in one unbroken tide of "Peace on earth, good will to man." Let no ripples be seen on its surface—ripples of selfish inharmonies which hurt you and fill Saidie's heart with grieving; but with love and good wishes to all let the new year dawn. Filled with a purpose to do the will and work of the angel world, may the new year come to you each and every one, freighted with good.

Saidie gives each child a book with leaves all spotless and white. On its title page she herself has written, inscribing thereon each particular name; has dedicated the book to you, and with the pen of life each must write his own record. This is your own work to do. Saidie can write no more for you than this to be your motto over every page and chapter:

"Sacred to the highest and holiest." My children, your own hand and pen will write every page. Your own unfolded self will one day read every line and chapter in future time. Let no unholy thought, no inharmonious feeling prompt the writing. But with the old year bid every unholy, unwise thought die, and as the new year opens its book wherein you will write let no thought of bitterness each toward the other find place within your heart.

Saidie would that her children live the new, the higher gospel of peace. Preach it not by word, but live it before the multitude, before the world. Attract the good, pure and divine to your side by the atmosphere you make around yourself, so that no unholy thought and purpose can reach your inner being. Then will light shine forth in certain rays—light which will illumine man and this earth. For redemption from error and uncleanness of all kind must come. The earth and its children must rise in unbroken ere a new era can dawn. Saidie's work is to inaugurate this, and this must be accomplished ere she can call her children home. In leading them home she accomplishes a two-fold mission; one to herself and the constellation she calls ours; the other to the world at large. Be glad, our children, to lend a helping hand. Be glad and rejoice that it is yours to work in such a field as this. Gladness of soul will be your reward. Time will roll by; the years will come and go. One and another of your number will be called from earth to the spheres of the better land. And still the work will go on steadily. One will work here, another there, and all with one purpose—to dispel light and knowledge from the highest spheres, and all will be justly rewarded by angel hands who deal in justice with each one. Measure full to overflowing shall be meted out to the true and faithful ones who falter not by the way, but fearlessly press on through all trial, bravely overcoming all obstacles, through mountains high that lie in the way. Such have been overcome; such will still be overcome.

Even now, children of light, victory is inscribed on our banner in letters of gold no power shall be able to erase. In the halls of light each name is registered; the record of deeds is kept, with acknowledgments of good done, and faithfully each one will be recorded in the future. The way is not smooth for the medium Saidie loves and uses. She is lonely, and Saidie would that her children do for her, even as they would for Saidie. Loving thoughts, cheery words cost but little, and when they flow spontaneously from human hearts are a continual blessing.

In conclusion, Saidie would say to each one. "Accept the unwritten book from her hand, who loves all with a changeless love, and as you write daily, remember it is done with fadeless ink. One day the pages will unfold and you will read with sorrow or joy. All depends upon your own daily writing. Angels are near to see the record. Grieve no loving heart thereby. And as the years come and go, with their restless tide, may each one be borne farther out upon the sands of unbelief, until, when the weary form lies cold and still, the ransomed spirit may take its final farewell of earth, and return triumphantly home."

Peace be with all, SAIDIE.
J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1887.

"In the great household of Nature the farmer stands at the door of the bread-room and weighs to each his loaf. The glory of the farmer is that in the division of labor it is his part to create. All labor rests at last on his primitive authority. He stands close to Nature, he obtains from the earth the bread and meat. The first farmer was not he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land." So spake Emerson. So should we think and talk; so teach our children; and we will be carrying out one of the precepts of the Grange in trying "to add dignity to labor."

Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and so touching in the evening of their lives.

HOW TO INSURE A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Inspirational Discourse Delivered by W. J. Colville at Irving Hall, Post Street, San Francisco, Sunday Morning, Jan. 1, 1888.

[Specially reported for the Golden Gate.]

On this bright and beautiful New Year's morning, when friends, neighbors and acquaintances are exchanging joyous greetings and offering kindly presents everywhere, what other topic can befittingly engross our thoughts than that suggested by the day itself. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." This time worn greeting has lost none of its freshness from being repeated year after year and century after century at this most delightful season. It has come to us again with all its original freshness and vigor, and we venture to believe it has not been a meaningless formula in the mouths of the multitudes who have echoed it forth the wide world over. Santa Claus has paid his annual visit to old and young alike, and benevolent saint that he is, he has certainly not forgotten the poor and the outcast at this happy season. The Christmas joy bells have rent the air with their soul inspiring melodies; Christmas carols have been sung; trees have been adorned and lighted, and innumerable gifts distributed to the little ones. Young and old, high and low, rich and poor, have all made merry, and the secret spring of so much happiness has all lain deep in the holy well of pure benevolence. Those who have been thinking of self, and not of others, can not have entered heart and soul into the jubilant festivities of this the merriest, gladdest season of all the year; but to every one who has opened his heart to humanity, to every one who has rejoiced in others' joy, and has not wept over others' sorrow for the sole reason that he has helped to chase that grief away and bring gladness in its stead, must feel on this auspicious New Year's morning a thrill of hope and glad content as his eyes scan the past for an instant only, and then as rapidly as an eagle wings its upward flight turns toward the future, riveting its gaze on the glorious glittering crown, the certain reward of noble effort to be made in the coming year, which is his already in that sweet sense of possession which fervent anticipation invariably bestows.

Christmas and New Year are one; there is no break between them; they run into each other; one is not over before the other has commenced, and, as we have before reminded you, Christmas Day, Dec. 25th, is the natural New Year's Day, a holiday appointed by nature herself and so commemorated in those far off ancient days when under the guise of solar worship spiritual and astronomical verities were strangely interblended in the theories and devotions of Egyptians, Persians, Hindus and multitudes besides.

This day, Jan. 1st, the first day of the month of January, dedicated of old to the divinity Janus, whose name signified a door or gate, is the appropriate day on which to usher in the new civil business year. Accounts have been audited; books closely inspected; profit and loss carefully balanced, till the commercial man feels himself in possession of an array of facts not perhaps in all cases thoroughly palatable. Some books may show a balance on the wrong side. Much want and embarrassment may be traceable to follies, lack of foresight, lack of judgment, idleness, carelessness, and a host of other misdemeanors which, if not early nipped in the bud, soon develop into crimes; but whatever the case may be, however blotted the page of last year's record, the new year is here to-day, and as the old proverb says, "There is no wisdom in crying over spilt milk," and as we all know the past is so irrevocable that no amount of weeping, wailing and regretting can possibly change it in even the smallest detail, the path of wisdom surely lies, not through an arid, hopeless wilderness of vain regret and senseless lamentations, but through a bright, earnest and courageous pathway leading straight up to that eventual goal of true success and noble victory, which is open to all no matter what their past may have been.

The most pitifully sad and distressingly

mistaken of all conceivable policies in our estimation is that of wasting golden opportunities in the present in lachrymose complaints over an irrevocable past. "Go and sin no more," is the true New Year's message heaven utters in the ears of every sinner. Profit so far by past mistakes as not repeat them in the future, and if any pain, trouble or anxiety is now upon you, then take it as so much needed discipline, so much necessary education, so much opportunity to convert base metal into burnished gold by the all-powerful transmuting touch of well directed energy. Let us forget the past in so far as the remembrance of it burdens us and holds us down, and remember it only in so far as recollection, reminiscence or memory can aid us in living nobler lives in future. Our past has made us what we are; be it remembered or be it forgotten, it has left its inevitable impress upon us; we are the result of all that we have been. The undeviating law of cause and effect, that mysterious consequence which the oriental mind recognizes in the strange occult Karmic influence of which we hear so much in theosophical circles, is as inexorable as ever fate or providence can make it, and against that mighty resistless, ever onward sweeping tide of sequence we can no more successfully struggle than can the straw contend with the mighty current of the river which unceasingly bears it onward to its destination in whatever direction the river may be flowing. But this law of consequence by no means robs us of our freedom or our power of will. Whatever truth may lie entombed in the strange old fact of destiny, the lesser circle of man's free will is as certainly included in the infinite circle of divine law and order as ever the smaller circles are included in the larger ones we see upon the bosom of old ocean or in any mathematical design. An unvarying order, an immutable law, this we must all confront bravely and resolutely, but to the wise man nature's unvarying order is the rock of immutable certainty on which he builds his perfect assurance of success in every righteous undertaking. In no case can it be to the true philosopher anything less or other than the anchorage of solid hope against despair.

If there were no divine certainty anywhere or in anything, if the universe displayed the hand of chance instead of law, then might our hearts indeed fall us, as we know not upon what pitiless billows of accident our vessels might be wrecked; but the one great awe-inspiring fact of immutable law and order in the universe, so cold, so majestic, to the eye of the agnostic who has discovered nothing of divine beneficence, is all aglow with certainty for all the future to each and every one who can see in this very majesty of order a bow in the clouds, a rainbow covenant of promise forever established between the Infinite and man. With all ideas of forgiveness which antagonize this magnificent conception of immutable order you know we have no sympathy. The prime weakness of popular Christianity is its misinterpretation of the true nature of forgiveness. A theological fiction, such as that perpetually held out to sinners at revival meetings, is a delusion and a snare, while all hopes of escaping merited penalty are idle, vain and impious.

We must face our present boldly, and with the materials at command commence to evolve our future. Here we are to-day, all of us with some peculiar limitation as a result of past weakness, and also with some especial strength consequent on some past victory. Some of us begin the year with ten talents; some with five; others with two, and it may be, others again with only one, but none have less than one—none are left without altogether. With some of us it may be the third hour; with others the sixth; others the ninth, and again with others as late as the eleventh; but to one and all the new year calls, as a master to his servant, "Employ your talents. Go work in my vineyard." Let none say, "I can not work; I could have done something had I not incapacitated myself from all further exertion by wasted hours in time gone by." Let no one say, "My day of grace is past; my time for work is over." Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. If there be a devil or devils bent on luring the human family to destruction, we are sure the devils always urge you to so underestimate your power of redeeming the time and working out a noble

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Facts and Fragments.

BY JOHN WETTERBEE.

My friend, A. B. Brown, admonished me about being "bothered," and wants to set me right. His disposition is much superior to his medicine. If his re-incarnation theory were a fact I would be bothered still more than I am, and be bothered also through all eternity. So I must still say a lie is a lie whether its source is heaven or earth, and whether it is by a spirit or a mortal. The spirit who assumed to be my "once earthly, but now spirit father," when my earthly father was alive in the form, told a lie. If he did not then we may as well drop the word out of the dictionary. Annanias and Saphira never told a squarer out and out one than that spirit did, and I had ocular and absolute proof that it was a spirit. The spirit's intentions may have been good, as Mrs. Brittan's bogus brother's were that good might come, and in that case did come. In my case it was risky; perhaps the spirit saw farther than I did and took her, his, or its chance. I am glad the principle of mind reading, object reading and hearing, by such controls, was made so clear to me by Robert Dale Owen and by Eugene Crowell, and so completely substantiated by subsequent years of experience. So I have no hard feelings for spirits when their intentions are good, but all this is subsidiary and does not affect the point before us, that a lie is a lie, as I have said.

It would have been better and more straightforward for that bogus father of mine to have said something like this: (if he had been a Wetherbee he would): "Your father can be reached by the United States mail, and you know it, but you are investigating, trying to prove all things, so I will not treat you as a deceiver, but show you that you are dealing with a spirit and will answer the questions you ask." Now, that would have been business-like and honest, and when I get over on the other side and mingle with other spirits, low or high grade as the case may be, that will be my square way. If I assume to be anybody's father, put me, or it, down as a bogus. I may never appear in that public way, but if I do I will be honest if I am the same man I am now, and I believe our characteristics do not change much except for the better, by the stepping out of mortality. If I like truth here, I will like it there.

Perhaps I ought to say in this connection that I do not see any reasonableness in the re-incarnation idea. Of course I am aware that the principles of universal life and being are not going to conform to human ideas of the fitness of things, or as we think they ought to be, but we can not very well help having ideas and of expressing them. Two things, however, weigh a good deal with me. "Shall we meet each other there" has a great charm for me, and when I go over and expect to meet some special dear one, it would be a bulkhead to be told he had gone to live another re-incarnated life, and in the order of Bro. Brown's suggestion, become somebody else. It does seem to me it would terribly disturb the family arrangements in heaven; how dreadfully mixed the old familiar faces would be. No, I do not want any re-incarnation in mine. Again, one earth-life is enough for me. I want no second trial, and I have never known anybody who did, or anybody who ever remembered having one, the memory of which would hold water. So I am just as much "bothered" as I was before Bro. Brown turned the light of his lantern on me.

I always like to be set right and enlightened, and when he says, "If my friend, Wetherbee, could have called up from the past all of his envied history, etc., (but there is the rub, we can not; I have never heard even of a spirit who could,) he could have seen the period when he was some other man's son," etc. Ye gods! well, that is a stunner! I am aware it is a wise child who knows his own father, but I am sure I know mine. Well, I must end this or the "fragment" will grow into an article.

This is also a Brown "fact, or fragment," and follows naturally after the preceding one, and if A. B. Brown's re-incarnation idea was a fact, how it would spoil or disturb the incident I am going to relate, in connection with his sister, Maria, which is so interesting that it is worth hanging among these "facts and fragments" in my surroundings. I have met this sister of the scholarly and thoughtful A. B. quite frequently at materialization seances, and other places, and know her quite well. She is one of those who are fortunately attractive to the spirits; that is, in the distribution of apparitions she gets more than her share. I have often envied the Brewers, the Mannings, and the Russells, who, when present, are sure to get three calls to my one, and yet I think I am quite a magnetic and persuasive man, and I try to account for this by the natural modesty of my tribe; they won't push in for the chances on the other side any more than they will on this side, modestly taking what is left. Perhaps it is that the spirits know I do not need the proof as many do, having been favored with many privileges, so I do not feel slighted, especially if in omitting me they benefit those who need the evidence more; but this is off my point.

Miss Brown, at different seances, has had well remembered faces come to her, and that I have recognized, also, after noticing them many times; among them one in whom she was much interested, whose name was Fred. A few weeks ago a message came at the *Banner of Light* circle from Fred Williams, Mr. Fletcher being the medium, and in its order was printed in the message department of that paper. I am sure Miss Brown was not known at the circle or by the medium, nor were the circumstances which make this message interesting. She was not at the circle at the time; I question if she ever was. She was unfamiliar with it and its methods. I accidentally met her as she came into the *Banner* book store, and she asked me where to find the lady who reported the messages, and when I learned, and as it interested me, I said, "You do not wish to see her." She had noticed the message to which I have referred, which was from her Fred, and the message was to her. She had written a verification and asked me to read it and see if it was properly expressed, and I said it was; it was short and to the point, and I had no doubt the paper would like it, for it would be a credit to Mr. Fletcher's mediumship, and was also one of those corroborations which are always in order. I directed her upstairs to Mr. Wilson, the chairman of that department, who was the person to attend to it. The verification was printed. There were some definite statements in Fred's message, and some of them I knew of and appreciated myself, which settled the point of identification. It was intended for this Maria, and the verification from her said so, and I consider the message, the circumstances and the verification strong evidence of the truth of Modern Spiritualism.

I have written this "fragment" for two reasons; first, to emphasize the fact that we all want to know, that there is intelligent communication with the other side of life, and second, to ask Brother Brown, of the prior "fragment," how he recognizes his sister's fact, to which I have referred, with reincarnation. Why does not Fred re-embody himself? Why loafs he in the spirit world, now and then putting in his apparition and sending a message to friends on earth when he ought, according to the Karcadian idea, be working out, as heretofore, his life's environments, or, as Brother Brown puts it himself, becoming other fathers and brothers, perhaps becoming some spirit father to a man like myself who once had an earthly father, as those did who attempted to illuminate Emma Hardinge-Britten and myself?

What a desolate heaven the spirit world would be, carrying out those multitudinous environments that our brother calls my attention to. I would be apt to paraphrase Campbell, and say—

"Hope for a season (forever) bade the world farewell,
And sorrow shrieked as Koskiusko fell."

The only thing for us to ask, or the most important thing is, is it a fact? I am speaking of materialization. There are those who think the phase a fraud; some of them have found it so, but many think it so on general principles. I was strongly of that opinion once myself, but a fact is a fact irrespective of our opinion of what it ought to be, or its explanation, or its reasonableness. I know now the phase is a fact. I am sure there is an intelligent power that can produce or evoke the appearance of these forms. I have had as perfect evidence of the real, sensuous, objective fact of the materialization of these human-looking forms as I have of any fact in my life's experience. The fact of day and night is no more certain to me than this. Whether it is an interesting phase, whether it helps the cause of Spiritualism, whether as a disturber of the peace it does more harm than good, whether it is what it ought to be to establish its claim, is not the main point, but is it a fact? That settles its right to be and its right to stay, and a fact once is a fact forever.

Let me relate briefly an incident of which I have had many, but this special one happened when I was on the doubtful side, and I am now as a general thing as to the identity of the spirits, and think the intelligences behind this phase, as well as in all other phases, play parts that, from a mortal point of view, we should say were not strictly honest, but I give them the benefit of the refraction that may exist between two spheres, and can say also, in the words of the song, "While many are faithless, there are some that are true." All this, however, has nothing to do with the fact itself. It is no matter whether the form is King Solomon or Emperor Napoleon, but it is a matter whether the ancient or modern potentate is a spirit manifestation, and I generally rest my argument this side of that threshold of the bare fact. The incident I propose to relate is this:

A female form came to me; she gave the name of Mary; nodded "Yes," to my question, "Is it a relative?" and "Yes" also to "Is it an aunt?" I had no Aunt Mary, or any relation very near by that name, nor was it a face that I had ever seen before, and the room was light enough for me to see it distinctly. She was an agreeable figure, and stood with me out almost in the middle of the room some feet from the cabinet. My left arm was around her waist and my right hand held her left. I could feel her pulse beat, and her heaving bosom against mine was pleasantly perceived, and I was as sure I held a confederate who was making believe spirit as I am now that I was not. She vanished instantly, and I

was left with my extended arms empty. A soap bubble could not have vanished more quickly. Once a solid breathing form in every respect apparently human, and in an instant, "thin air—*non est*." A number of people, whom I could name, saw this phenomenon and its exit.

There are a good many things to notice in these forms. They breathe, so they have lungs; they are warm, sometimes sweaty, and very human to the touch. They vary in their respect, as human beings do. They can talk, though generally but feebly, but do not seem to have good memories. The most deficient part of them seems to be cerebral. I have been told that the brain is the last thing materialized, and the hardest thing to keep in *statu quo*, and the first that "peters out," so to speak. Beyond the simple facts those important but secondary considerations, and also such as identity and other circumstances, I rarely say but little about, and people must and do generally judge for themselves. The whole value to me is in the bare fact, and on that I put myself strongly on record as knowing that positively; so do I know also the fact of fraud sometimes in connection, both by spirits and mediums—not so often by the latter as many suppose; but, little or many, the fact of fraud has nothing to do with the fact of fact.

I am not without hope that this phase will continue to improve, not so much as some think, as to become an actual, even if a temporary, return; but what I do expect (and the phase commands my respect on that account notwithstanding its disabilities), is that it will prove itself material, as much so as we are ourselves, being a condition of matter, objectively, and it may necessitate a new chemistry, as the discovery of oxygen by Priestly did a little over a century ago; and thus be a bridge to connect the psychical with the scientific. It may prove the *pans ism* which the successful scientist has once at least to travel. "Stoop to conquer," is as true in spirit seeking as in worldly policy. But *pans ism* suggests a new fragment, and even an extended article.

A Theosophist.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

In conversation the other day a gentleman well known in theosophical circles, informed the writer with a sincerity of conviction quite unmistakable that he had himself frequently succeeded in projecting his "astral body"—for so he called it—to places thousands of miles distant. Though comparatively speaking an amateur in this mysterious art, he had on one occasion recently sent his spooklike representative on board of a ship five hundred leagues from land, to visit a friend, concerning whose safety on the ocean he was anxious.

But this was nothing. A practical expert in the science, he declared, could dispatch his spiritual entity—for such the astral body seems to be, rather than a mere phantasm—to the confines of the Infinite; could travel on the wings of thought from planet to planet, and view with incorporeal eye the awful mechanism of the universe.

"But why should not even you employ the power you possess for some useful purpose?" I asked. "Why not project your astral body, as you term it, into the bowels of the earth and discover a few mines of gold and diamonds? Compared with the riches you might so readily grasp, the wealth of a Three-Card Monte Cristo is as nothing."

A gentle smile overspread the countenance of my theosophic acquaintance. "My dear sir," he replied, "you little understand the conditions under which the faculty we speak of is acquired. Only through the cultivation of a purity of mind, untouched by selfish or material ambitions, may the would-be disciple of the divine Mahatmas hope to grasp at length the ineffable secret. Should I apply the limited power I enjoy to such base uses, it would leave. Nay, more, I should myself be exposed to the utmost danger. I have reason to believe that fatal accidents not infrequently occur to rash explorers in the mysterious realm of the beyond. My own astral body, let us say, is absent in South Africa. While on its travels it is tempted, and—not being as yet entirely cleansed from the soil of earthly passion—it succumbs. Subsequently it seeks to re-enter my corporeal frame, but can not, by reason of its unworthiness, and in consequence of this misfortune I perish physically."

"But what becomes of your spiritual entity?" I inquired, much interested.

"I would rather not go more deeply into the subject," he responded, and there the matter dropped. I have been wondering ever since, however, what would happen if a couple of wandering spooks should change places upon returning to their owners. What remarkable complications such an error would occasion, to be sure? The case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde would be nothing to it.

Our deepest gratitude is due, not to the pure and sinless, but to the greatly-daring and the strong-doing; not to the monk in his convent or the ascetic on his pillar, but to a warrior in a good cause, to the laborer in a grand enterprise, to the laborer in a noble work.—*W. R. Grog.*

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion.

Position of the Agnostic and Scientist as Investigators of Spiritualism.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A pleasing delusion has prevailed that when the trained scientist came to investigate Spiritualism the sphinx would speak, the riddle be solved, and no more questioning. But the trained scientist is "trained" for other special departments. He has spent his best years in counting the markings of an infusoria, or the scales on a butterfly's wing, or gathering all the beetles into a cabinet, or making a collection of birds' eggs, and outside of his specialty he knows little or nothing. He has confined himself so completely to matter, to the machine, that spirit has escaped him, and the mention calls forth a smile of scorn.

The scientists have been educated away from the subject, and if they approach it, it is with intense prejudice, which forestalls their correct judgment. As conspicuous examples of incompetency the psychological societies, English and American, may be cited. They were organized, and with sounding trumpets began their work. The English Society has issued several volumes of reports, not quite as valuable as the paper wasted in printing them, and the American Society is following the same path. From the beginning the committees have shown how not to do it. For instance, one of the best committees was assigned the mighty task of determining how an iron ring came on the wrist of a medium. The members were not of the ordinary stripe. Ordinary, commonplace men would have taken the hand of the medium and determined whether the ring could be taken off without violent compression of the hand. If it could not be, then they would have said that it could not be taken off in that way. Not so these experts; they were extraordinary men, and employed extraordinary methods. They measured the ring with tape; they measured it outside and in with copper wire. They measured the wrist; they measured the fingers and the hand; they studied its anatomy; they measured it "troughed," which we suppose means doubled together. That ought to have contented them. Oh, no, they wished to see how anesthetics would affect the size, and experimented on three persons placed under the influence of ether. The hands of these did not shrink! They found as a final result the ring too small by half an inch to pass over the hand, and hence concluded that it had been slipped on by the medium. A conclusion in direct opposition to the facts.

If the phenomena are to be investigated, Spiritualists must depend on themselves, and the past shows that the investigation has been in good hands. In fact no one can investigate for us. It is a work we must do ourselves, for ourselves.

The annoyance of the physical scientist must be laid aside, and the pride of the agnostic held in abeyance. I cast no reproach on the latter; I honor men and women who bravely dare say when they do not know, that they do not know. They are pardonable for a degree of pride even, for the world has been cursed through the ages by those who claimed to know, when they were profoundly ignorant; who claimed to see by the sunlight when they saw only by the pale reflection of twilight. It is not because the agnostic does not know and stands in his place and says he does not, but because he declares his "don't know" with the emphasis that assures us that if he does not know it can not be known, and that it is folly to waste time in endeavoring to know. He who pronounces on the knowable and the unknowable must have infinite comprehension, must know everything as God knows, and we are not quite ready to grant that any one has yet fathomed the infinite depths of creative power.

Outward Bound.

The hour has come, strong hands the anchor raise,
Friends stand and weep behind the fading shore;
In sudden fashion that he safer stays
Who stays behind, than some new danger lays
New snare in each fresh path untrod before.
Ah foolish heart! in fate's mysterious lore
Is written no such choice of plan and days;
Each hour has its own period and escape
In most familiar things familiar shape,
New danger comes without a sight or sound;
No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn
Across our threshold when the day is born
We sail at sunrise daily "Outward Bound."

The above sonnet, from the pen of Helen Hunt Jackson, is truly an expression of her great faith and confidence in the invisible side of life. Writing to a friend a few days before her transition to the higher life she says, "There is nothing to be done, and I suppose I have but a few days to live. I shall be thankful to be released. Good-bye, many thanks for all your long good-will and kindness. I shall look in on your new rooms some day before, but you won't see me." In speaking of her principle work "Ramona," she says, "I did not write that book. It was written through me. I wrote it faster than I can copy." Such has always been the confession of genius that all their best work seemed to be written through them by some power outside of their own consciousness. This, however, is not necessarily a foreign control, but the true Soul or Higher Self of the writer.—*The Gnostic.*

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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.

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Read the following Voluntary Testimonial from
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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 Santa County, on the
outside of the stage, in a very severe, frosty night, reaching
Fresno about 7 A. M. I was completely chilled through, and
the chill resulted in the inflammation of one eye, so 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 appli-
cations 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
the result of catarrh. Seeking your advertisement of the
Carboloc Smoke Ball, I called, received an application,
purchased a "Smoke Ball," and in three days after-
ward, while applying the same, it removed a hard substance
from my nose, as large as a hazel nut. Instant relief fol-
lowed. My eye grew better than that time, and soon was
"as good as new." I verily believe it saved my eye, and
I know how to sufficiently thank you. I keep the Car-
boloc Smoke Ball with me in traveling, and did a
great comfort when exposed to danger of catching cold,
as it never fails to relieve me. Truly yours,
A. R. GUNNISON.

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provements over all other Belts. It is the only one made in
which the BATTERIES can be worn NEXT TO THE
BODY. Guaranteed the most powerful, durable and perfect
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Belt, and also Dr. Pierce's famous High Tension
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT, will positively cure Nervous
Debility, Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Dis-
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of valuable information.

How to Insure a Happy New Year.

Continued from First Page.

future as to clothe your despondent negligence with the spurious sanctimony of a false humility. Do not underestimate your powers of usefulness. To do so is to paralyze your arm; to unnervise yourselves for further action.

Let the dead pass by its dead. Those who have funeral services to attend over the remains of dead follies can never follow truth and engage in the work of the living present. How wise the words of Jesus to one who would have delayed following him until he had buried his father. The Great Teacher answered with amazing brevity and perspicacity, "Let the dead bury their dead; follow thou me." What matters it whether in the annals of history we can prove that such words were ever addressed from Jesus to a disciple in the land of Palestine or not. The truth contained in them is amply sufficient to entitle them to an honored place in literature justly designated sacred, and to endear them to our every mind and conscience because of the inspiration to duty and the brilliant outlook for the future they afford us.

Too many are so haunted by the ghosts of past sins that they can not rest. Marley comes up before the mental vision of Scrooge as a most repulsive factor in his own past career and reminds him by the clanking of his chains and the malignant expression of his face that the evil which men do lives after their material forms have been committed to the dust, but Dicken's was never pessimistic. Marley appears upon the scene but for an instant, and the three spirits who visit Scrooge on Christmas Eve while they have their part to play in rebuking him for many a delinquency of days gone by, have not by any means revealed, much less fulfilled, their mission to the inveterate old miser till they have opened up to him the vista of a new and happy life. It is never too late to mend; no truer words were ever spoken, and as many of you are rejoicing with exceeding great joy by reason of the new spiritual revelation which is coming to the earth concerning the curability of all disorders, dismissing the dead thought of hopelessness from every case you may, of all people, be the most ready to turn your backs on all the gloomy record of past failure and see but one word before you on this day, and that "success." How often we hear the remark, "Oh, if I had then my present knowledge, if I had gained earlier the experience I have earned since, I should have kept out of that scrape and never set my foot in that puddle!" Very true, but you have now grown to the point where you see this, and perhaps the slip and fall of a bygone day was a part of a needed education. How can you be sure that the knowledge you have gained could have come to you in any other way? Take the experience for all that it is worth and go forward into the future strong to avoid a repetition of past folly. As we look back upon the buried year, 1887, we have, no doubt, all of us some cause for regret; many sins, both of commission and omission, confront us all; and have we not also much to strengthen us in our effort to press forward to higher attainments in 1888. 1887 was a remarkable year in many respects; it can not be called an unfortunate or unsuccessful one in America, for though it has witnessed many failures, losses and accidents, as they are called, on the whole, the year has been one of financial prosperity and advancement. Much has been attempted and much has been accomplished; still, there is much room for further effort and development in all directions, and during this now happily inaugurated 1888 let us see to it that we each and all resolve to make this new year notable in history for all coming time on account of the genuine success achieved in all truly righteous and noble undertakings. 1887 has taken from the world many distinguished persons, from America several of her most noted sons and daughters, and from the State of California its much beloved and highly respected Governor, still, 1887 has not robbed the world of the earthly forms of nearly so many illustrious persons as have several years preceding it, and though there have been rumors of wars in many places, these themselves have not played any very prominent part in the world's history during the past twelve months.

We are always, we trust, optimistic rather than pessimistic in our outlook; however, we do not desire to exaggerate or falsely estimate the tendencies of the times when we predict that this new year will be one of signally great and glorious victory for truth over error, right over wrong, peace over strife. Wars and conflicts there may be, and in the less enlightened districts of the earth doubtless will be, but in civilized lands our anticipations are that 1888 will not melt into 1889 till great and radical changes have been effected everywhere in the direction of social, political, religious, and all needed reform. With the general outlook of the world it is not, however, our purpose extensively to deal on this occasion, our subject being one that presses home far more closely to the individual hearts and minds of all before us, and of all who shall read this address from the printed page.

With the destinies of mankind at large, we have comparatively little to do, though our influence, even in international affairs, is not so slender as many would fain believe. Whenever Cain inquires, "Am I my brother's keeper?" the answer comes

from heaven, "You surely are in very great degree." But as it is in the home and social life of which we are most immediately partakers, that our influence is most powerfully exerted and strongly felt, it behooves not so much to try and cope with international problems as it does to so benefit and bless our immediate surroundings that there shall radiate from our local and limited centers of industry and zeal, an influence for good, wide-reaching as the light, carried as on the wings of the wind to near and far as an antidote to all those fell disorders of which we are so constantly reminded by those poorly instructed and painfully short-sighted mortals who deem it advisable to be forever scaring the world with dread of pestilence that thereby it may become cautious while fearful, and thus take precautionary measures to save society from destruction.

As probably the bulk of our hearers, and those who read the reports of our utterances in the GOLDEN GATE, are more or less familiar with our decidedly metaphysical position on every question that can be brought forward for consideration, no one will be astonished at the prominence we shall give to the silent influence of thought as we proceed with our remarks. Good indeed is the advice given by innumerable conscientious moralists pertaining to the importance of correct words and deeds, but the mainspring is lacking wherever the preacher recommends a goodly life and does not explain how branches, leaves, flowers and fruit are produced and sustained through the energy of a hidden root deeply buried in the ground. Persons speak slightly of occultism; some are idiotic enough to say there are no occult sciences, while by so delivering themselves they fly in the face of all natural evidence to the very senses pertaining to the processes of growth in all departments and kingdoms of the universe discovered by man. Ideas are roots, and from these roots thoughts, words and actions spring. A thought is a vibration from an idea, an expression from the root, while words and actions are yet more external vibrations from the same primal source. As the architect conceives the whole design and builds from cellar to dome in his conscious thought, then transmits the model from mind to paper and at length superintends the erection of a building in iron, wood or stone, so must we lay all our plans and projects mentally, see them completed, look upon them as already finished and then set to work with uttermost zeal and assiduity to give them an external vesture. If this new year is to be for us a prosperous, a happy and successful one we must put far from us all gloomy doubts and sad misgivings; no such words as "fail" and "can not" must we tolerate in our vocabularies, and above all we must give up that false and morbid misdirected cautiousness which causes so many people to dampen their own and other's ardor by dreading to avow or claim too much. Many wise and noble projects are now on foot for carrying into practical effect many excellent ideas and schemes calculated to spread a knowledge of truth and advance the interests of humanity. These excellent designs are thwarted not by the antagonism of enemies or the apathy of the indifferent, but by the doubts and misgivings of those whose sincere desire it is to help to carry on the undertaking. We speak from practical and continued observation and experience when we say that no Christian Scientist, putting forth the extreme views of that school has ever taken too presumptuous a stand with regard to what it is possible to effect by simple trust and positive claiming of one's inheritance.

Day by day, and hour by hour, multitudes of opportunities are allowed to slip for lack of prompt decision. We do not, to use a homely old metaphor, strike when the iron is hot; we do not seize the occasion and win what is within our grasp; we let the fleeting moment slide, and that procrastination, which is not alone the thief of time, but of energy also, robs us of what might have been our felt possession. Let no one begin the year without a plan of action. Purposeless, indefinite lives are as nearly wasted lives as any lives can be. Do something; do not wait for something to turn up, but compel fate by setting out to accomplish an undertaking as a vessel sets out skillfully manned and wisely guided in the direction of a given port. What would you say to a captain who took a gallant vessel out to sea and let it drift anywhere? Must there not be a port to reach, a haven in view, an object for the cruise? So in the voyage of life each and every human being needs to steer directly for some given port, bending every energy in the direction of attaining some especial end.

Versatility is not only charming, it is essential to genuine success, but a versatile mind need never be a vacillating one; unstable as water thou shalt not excel. Instability is the curse of the age. Coupled with mammon worship it forms the hydra-headed beast, which, if we do not slay it, will slay our modern civilization as it slew the Roman Empire, and God only knows how many empires and republics before the days of Rome.

When speaking on educational topics, every advanced thinker inveighs against the smattering of knowledge so many youths and maidens have acquired at school and college at the expense of profound or thorough training in a solitary department of information. We all know that a large percentage of the suffering unemployed are people who can do anything. They can turn their hand to anything at a moment's notice, so they say, but while one would think such versatile accomplishment would

be a marvelous desideratum, it happens that the bulk of such people can do nothing sufficiently well to make anything a specialty, and while here and there handy people are required and sought after who can turn their hands to stray jobs from day to day and hour to hour, the rolling stone seldom gathers moss, and the bulk of situations can only be filled by people who can do some one thing thoroughly, and who will stick to their work through thick and thin.

See your ideal actualized in thought, and then work steadily and bravely, unweariedly, with dauntless energy and patience for its external embodiment in the dull realities of outward expression. The child must be conceived months before its birth; acorns must be planted years before oaks adorn the forests, so thoughts must be buried in the depths of mental soil and there germinate and thrive. It may be very gradually till at length, but then assuredly the harvest is ripe for the sickle, and the golden grain is carried on the shoulders of the reapers with jubilant rejoicings. We do not desire, however, to dwell too much upon the length of time required to bring work to perfection. There is altogether too much waiting for the harvest in the years to come, and far too little promptitude in most instances in embracing present opportunities and securing results here and now. Now, immediately, is the time for action. Do not make your wills and bequeath your fortunes to institutions which may be managed you know not how when you have passed from mortal sight, but use your money now, spend it as you go; do good as you have opportunity, and shirk not the responsibility which the possession of funds and the needs of their right disposal impose upon you.

When a rich young man went away sorrowful from the presence of Jesus, it was not because he had been told to make a will and let the poor enjoy his money, when he had no further use for it, but because he had been advised to take instant action, to do good with his fortune there and then, to use it wisely in his earthly lifetime. How many good works languish and how much wealth is squandered and misapplied only because of the ridiculous, and we may even add, immoral tendency on the part of so many to do nothing or next to nothing whilst they are on earth, to superintend the distribution of what is theirs to control and utilize. It will be no salve to the conscience, no satisfaction to the mind, when earthly existence for you is at an end, to see your means frittered away by others, when you should have employed them to the advantage of mankind while you were yet in a position to do so.

Henry Seybert, of Philadelphia, left sixty thousand dollars to the University of Pennsylvania to investigate Spiritualism, and what has been the result? The money has been wasted, almost worse than wasted. No new light has been thrown on any psychic question. The Seybert Commission's preliminary report, as critically explained by Henry Kiddle, of New York, is one of the most fatuous and misleading documents ever brought before the public. Its puerility and flippancy alone render it a disgrace to the professors who compiled it. Were it not for the synchopancy of a purchasable press, such a report could never have won a single word of commendation from a justice-loving public. We do not condemn the men who wrote it, though we certainly pity their ignorance of the subjects with which they profess to deal, and we have only cited the affair as one out of many instances which might be quoted; all going to prove how ill advised is the action of those who put off till the morrow, after death, what ought to be done and can be done during the day, on this side the grave.

Though we should never expect to die and never prepare for death, though death should be the thing furthest from our thoughts, death being, in reality, naught but an illusion of the senses, "There is no death" and there are no dead, still we should so resolve to live as to be always prepared for whatever may occur. The happiest frame of mind is that which does not concern itself at all about the whereabouts of the scene of its action. To be prepared to live worthily in one state of existence is to be prepared to live worthily and happily in all. Sentimental effusiveness on the subject of the spirit world, unfounded predictions of immediate happiness for all indiscriminately, when they cast off the mortal coil, is unhealthy and misleading. The "bright summer land" and "the sweet bye and bye" need toning down considerably. They are usually painted in altogether too vivid colors. Not that the multitudinous spiritual communications reaching the earth during the past forty years have encouraged the hysteria of many Spiritualists, but Spiritualists, like doctors, often refuse to take their own medicine, and like preachers and professors, very often fail to reflect upon and practice the principles they theoretically advocate with boundless enthusiasm.

If we are to have a truly happy and successful year in all our home life and working enterprises, we must resolve to make heaven wherever we may be, not to go to heaven, but to create heaven, or at least unfold it from within. Heaven is within every one of us, but like the gems and precious metals which lie deeply buried in the abyssal depths of many an unworked mine, our heaven lies far below the surface of our thought, as the placid ocean lies far beneath the angry breakers dashing against the shore. We must dive down into the calm, deep

waters of our inner life and bring up pearls thence to fashion the pearly gates through which alone we can enter the celestial city. All things are possible to him that believeth when faith is rightly understood, but faith is a tremendous moral power, an infinite capacity for exertion. As Beaconsfield and Carlyle both declared, genius is little else than an infinite capacity for taking pains, and a disposition to apply one's self indefatigably to one's occupation.

Mixed with truth we always find the alloy of error till the hand of experience has severed the precious from the vile, and redeemed the good from all encumbrance, so in this day we find not a few substituting what they are pleased to call faith and prayer for earnest effort, while there can be no true faith or prayer which is not the very highest kind and intensest degree of effort. We may rest assured of this; we shall get nothing for nothing; we can not fold our hands in idleness and calling indolence trust, obtain the prize we seek, but we can and must endeavor to so lay hold of spiritual blessings, so grasp spiritual principles of action as to save all the energy we have hitherto wasted in doubt and fear, devoting it henceforth to prompt, efficient action.

A fire has broken out in a house or public building. One woman stands still, shrieks, wrings her hands, frantically declares she will be burned to death, and does not offer to stir a step toward the entry; she is rooted to the spot by fear, paralyzed by dread, and in a few minutes she perishes in smoke and flame and falling debris. Another woman of fearless mold dreads not the flames, is confident of escape in season. How does she act? Does she stand idly gazing into vacancy? No; she acts with prompt decision, rescues herself and her belongings, and helps others less brave than herself to act in time. Her courage nerves her arm, and assists in her deliverance, while the other woman's fear has been the cause of her destruction. Can you not see in this parallel the effect of confidence and the effect of dread.

A doctor is sent for to help a dying child. He thinks the hour has come for the child to pass from earth, and that he can do nothing. What encouragement is there for him to try. In his ears the death knell has already sounded. Another physician is called in who takes an opposite view of the case. He applies restoratives, and the sinking child recovers.

What army can long fight bravely, pursuing a forlorn hope? We must believe in order to be saved, i. e., we must see the goal before us, press on to the shining mark ahead, inspired by the certainty of victory, if we are but faithful—as the contestants in the Roman games, to which Paul refers in his epistles, were able to forget the things behind and press on to the mark before, as they saw the glittering object dancing like waves of golden glory to lure their fainting courage on to victory.

Let us decide one point fully and finally with ourselves, and that is that we shall get out of the new year just what we draw out of it. It stands ready to our hand with a basket filled with fortune's favors. Some of the prizes are heavier than others; some lie near the surface, others deeper down toward the bottom of the basket. All are within our reach; at all events, all are which are good for us to have. The absolutely unattainable, could we attain it, would be for us a curse and not a blessing. When we can not succeed, try as we may, we may then safely assure ourselves the prize we seek is not for us as yet; but for our consolation and encouragement we may always rest assured that whether in an outward sense we gain what we desire or miss obtaining it, all honest effort is in itself an education. Our endeavors to succeed qualify us for further attainments in the future, and when this earthly scene shall end and we are all confronted with the results of life in the hereafter—on the New Year's day which ushers us into the realms of conscious immortality—we shall see that many an earthly failure was a spiritual success, many a seeming defeat a glorious victory; as not according to the standards of the earthly mind is the judgment of the soul, for true success and happiness depend not on what is ours from a worldly point of reasoning, but upon what we possess in the way of character, which alone secures eternal happiness.

Resolve that this shall be a year rich in the fruits of good works. Set your ideal high; it can not be placed too far above the sordid earth. Work for humanity and not for self; seek your vocation, and having found it, follow it, and whether high or lowly your outward station may be, to one and all this year, 1888, will be all that the numbers cabalistically signify—a year of unity, brotherly kindness, justice, equity, and the Christmas bells which have rung out the old and rung in the new will be heard chiming till Christmas comes round again, and then on through the unfading Christmas of eternity, "Peace on the earth, good will to all mankind."

OLD LADY (to grocer's boy)—"Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" Boy—"That's what the boss told me to do, mum." Old Lady—"Told you to whistle?" Boy—"Yes'm." He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

He who does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

What is Matter?

In your issue of December 24 I was interested in your editorial on "What Is Matter?" in which you state certain facts in regard to the disintegration of matter by spirit power, which have come under the observation of many investigators. I wish to add some thoughts, with your permission.

I was once brought face to face with the phenomenon, and was most thoroughly nonplussed; but soon after the occurrence, I had a seance with a very fine trance medium, and one of the spirits who claimed to have been the leader of the band that accomplished the physical manifestation took control. I asked him to give their method of arriving at such results. He answered as follows:

"You are well aware that the density of one class of material is to that of another as the law of attraction of cohesion in the one is to the same law in the other; hence, any chemical change that is produced in the organization of matter is simply changing the law of the cohesion of its atoms. Now we, as spirit chemists, have discovered a spirit compound, or acid, as you may choose to term it, which has absolute power over the law of attraction of cohesion. This compound we vary to correspond with the organization of the matter proposed to be treated. When applied to the particular substance the law of attraction of cohesion is immediately suspended, and the atoms are absolutely disintegrated, and are subject to our will. When we withdraw the acid the law becomes immediately active, and the organization of the substance treated becomes at that instant intact."

If this be true, it explains not only the phenomenon you mention, but also the power that Christ held over material substances in performing his so-called miracles. And still further it explains how the adepts of India, in conjunction with what they term "planetary spirits," so deftly manipulate all classes of material substances. It, in fact, reaches out to the science of "world building," from incipience to completion.

E. R. R.

Communion Day.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Grant me a short space for a few words about Communion Day. The 27th brought a few people together in four different homes that I know of. Some people laugh at this move, and say it is like going back to the old Jewish time; but I can see no harm in getting together on that day (or any other), asking for help to better the conditions of earth that mankind may be benefited. Give us more light, is my motto.

Mrs. Allen York was controlled to write these few lines: "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there I shall be also. Holy Communion—bless be the words; they fill my soul with heartfelt joy, and I sing praises to the God of the universe—the ruling power over heaven and earth, the great unknown and unknowable. Let your hearts be filled with gratitude, love, wisdom and praise that you may be ready to receive all that is given unto you. Contentment, too, must abide within you. Harmonious circles are elevating to both mortals and spirit. It brings all the above powers into action, and the result is knowledge. Knowledge raises one from degradation, either physically or spiritually, and in this way humans are made better. Spirits who have been misled are brought to these physical gatherings and receive knowledge which elevates them, and which, but for this knowledge, would be down-trodden and degraded for a much longer time."

What is there in such a communication as this but what the most credulous could accept? What a blessed thing it is that we are not bound down by individual opinion, and that Mother Grundy can't control me. This, in good faith,

MRS. MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Dec. 30, 1887.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1888.

PERVERTED ENERGY.

Energy misdirected ever leads to failure and disaster. All zeal, to be of use to humanity, must be guided into proper channels. A correspondent elsewhere suggests that one's energy in exposing fraud, or the evil in human nature, may so absorb the faculties of one's mind as to leave none "for the dissemination of our great truths."

That the world abounds in ignorance and sin, as the result of undeveloped humanity, all admit. This sad condition is found in all ranks of society. There are those who traffic in all that others hold pure and sacred. It has been so from the beginning, and for sons yet to come it will doubtless continue to be so.

How to remedy these evils has been a great question with the good of all ages. In the earlier ages of man's unfoldment, when there was more of the brute in human nature than there is now, the scourge, the rack, and the dungeon, were the familiar means used for the reformation of the criminal. But did they ever succeed in making any human being better? We have not yet fully outgrown the barbarism of our ancestors in this respect. It does not reform the spirit of man to torture or destroy the body. It is the spiritual nature that needs uplifting, and this can only be done by kindness.

Here we catch a glimpse of the direction that should be given to all effort for the advancement of the race. Not that we should ignore, or wholly overlook wrong, or complacently tolerate evil-doing of any kind, but rather that our best energies should be directed to stimulate the good in man, and thus arouse to healthy action all the better faculties and promptings of his nature. The father who takes a wayward child in his loving arms, and gently admonishes of the wrong, and thoughtfully and earnestly points out the better way, can win that child to a worthy life far better than by the application of the rod.

Many a boy has left his home never to return, rankling with shame and mortification, over a cruel beating, and a lasting hatred in his heart for the one who inflicted the punishment.

Men and women are but children a little older grown—the more so those who have not reached the higher spiritual levels of life, but who yet dwell in the realm of their undeveloped natures, where anger, jealousy, and all the baser appetites and passions hold sway. If we would reach their hearts we must approach them through the better side of their nature, the angel side, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit that could prompt the dying Nazarine to exclaim of his cruel persecutors, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," we must endeavor, by example and loving persuasion, to teach them the true life.

This should be the mission of the spiritual press and platform; and in so far as we fall short of this high purpose, we are unworthy of our high calling—are cumberers of the ground that can be better occupied by others.

WHERE IS THE LIMIT?

When we consider the marvelous manifestations of spirit power now flooding the world, we are lost in amazement at each new development. Where, we may well ask, is to be the limit of these powers over material things?

If spirits can materialize vocal organs and talk and sing, as in the presence of Mrs. Beste; if they can paint in oil, independently, as with Dr. Rogers; if they can write long messages within closed and sealed slates, as with Fred Evans, Dr. Stansbury, W. R. Colby, Mr. Pettibone, Dr. Rogers, and many others; if they can take on mortal form and habiliments, as with many mediums; if they can stand before the multitude and, in rapid succession, name and describe scores of spirits at a single seance, as with Mrs. J. J. Whitney, and others,—what, indeed, may they not do? Where, if at all, are these marvels to end?

Is it not reasonable to suppose that, as the spirit world is now impinging so closely on the mortal, that the time is not distant when the two worlds will be substantially one?

It was long ago predicted that the time would come when spirits would stand beside their mediums on the public rostrum and be seen and heard by all present. Surely, that time seems near at hand—indeed, so near that we shall look for the fulfillment of the prediction within the next few years.

We are evidently on the eve of new developments, more wonderful than any we have yet known. The glory of the Lord will yet fill the whole earth, and all shall know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that death is not the end; and that to secure happiness beyond, man must deal justly, walk uprightly and live purely here.

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

As a tree is judged by its fruits, so may we apply the same standard of judgment to all things or theories with which man has to deal, and even to man himself.

Spiritualism is on trial before the world. There are those who unjustly condemn it without a hearing, and who will not listen to reason concerning it. All such must go their ways until they learn wisdom, which may not be in this life, nor in many ages of eternity.

The champions and defenders of this new science, religion, philosophy, (call it what you may,) ask for it the candid consideration of all thoughtful minds. As to its phenomena we have no apology to offer. They are nature's ways, and inscrutable to mortal intelligence. Not ours to question how Nature performs her work. Her laws are God's laws; man's duty is but to study and obey.

Through these phenomena has come to the world the knowledge of continued existence beyond the confines of the grave. Accepting this fact as an irresistible conclusion of our researches among the varied phases of psychic phenomena, what are the lessons it teaches us? 1st, That only by loving thoughts and good deeds can man attain happiness in this life or the next. 2d, That sin leaves a lasting scar upon the spirit, and that every wrong action done must be atoned for in humiliation of spirit and remorse of conscience. 3d, That the physical temple of the living soul should not be contaminated by base indulgences of any kind, but that it should be kept pure and undefiled, thereby affording to the spirit a pure and healthy channel for its highest and best expression. 4th, That love is the guiding star of human destiny by whose light only man can ascend to the higher realms of being.

Now, these are the teachings of the spirits and the tenets of all true Spiritualists. Can any one say that these teachings are hurtful? Are they not calculated to uplift humanity, and thereby bless the world? What son would go astray knowing that the watchful and loving eyes of a spirit mother were bending down upon him, and her tender pleadings voicing thoughtful warnings to his soul?

Then why is it that so many good people—religionists especially—think so unkindly of us and our cause? A good and faithful brother, residing in an adjoining town, informed us, not long ago, that his pious wife burned all of his GOLDEN GATES that she could get possession of, and without removing the wrappers! He was obliged to have his papers sent to the address of a friend. A zealous brother, imbued with the teachings of Spiritualism, subscribed and paid for a copy of this paper to be sent to a preacher and believer in the eternal wrath of God against all sinners. It soon came back with an insulting note to discontinue sending it, declaring that he should be ashamed of himself to be found reading such a paper!

We are sure our religion teaches us better manners, if not better morals, than these poor souls possess. We can pity them, knowing as we do that they are wholly ignorant of our facts or philosophy. Enlightenment will come to them sometime, and they will see things in a better light.

But the truth is gaining wonderful headway in the world. We can well afford to watch and to wait, not being anxious to cast precious seed where the fallow ground of the heart is not prepared for it. It will come all right in God's good time.

BABY GEORGE.

There is a tender touch of human nature in the history of the little waif whose name heads this article.

A poor, hard-working mother, overtaken by the pains of maternity, with nowhere to go and none to care for her, seeks shelter in the city prison, on the eve of that glad day that gave a Jesus to the world. Here, with the best care that the prison could afford, she gave birth to a fifteen pound baby boy.

Ye mothers in loving homes, surrounded with every comfort the heart can desire, imagine, if ye can, the desolate condition of this poor woman in her extremity of woe. And yet how beautifully and touchingly has her sorrow been turned to joy.

A morning paper called public attention to the event, and made a glowing appeal to the charitably inclined in the mother's behalf. It also became the almoner of the many generous presents that flowed in for her relief, until now the sum in money has nearly reached a thousand dollars, with clothing to dress mother and child for many a year; and "Baby George," as he is called, starts out in life with a dowry that but few of our millionaires ever possessed.

Who knows but some angel hand guided this distracted woman to that prison pen, for the purpose of teaching the world a lesson of charity. It was a time when the better part of even the most selfish of men comes to the surface—when the shining angel of charity sheds the light

of benevolence upon the hearts of all. And so the impulse became contagious to heap blessings upon the heads of "Baby George," and his mother.

May the spirit of sympathy and good will, called into lively action by this incident, radiate other hearts and extend to other lives. There are other sorrowing women in the land, and men also, the victims of misfortune, of poverty, of sickness, who need the help of a strong hand and the sympathy of a loving heart. There is blessing in store for the generous giver.

A DOUBT.

The *Christian Register*, in considering the question of capital punishment as a cure for crime, puts the following pertinent queries as inevitable points of suggestion to all who give the matter serious thought:

"Is death the best punishment for crime, and to what class of crime shall it be attached? Does justice demand it? Can society be protected in no better way? Does it fulfill the duty which society owes to the criminal, and which is increased rather than abrogated by his crime? Still further, do our whole punitive system need revision to meet the problems with which it deals?"

A careful and philosophical consideration of the above questions must, like the questions themselves, incline to mercy, since the criminal is not self-made, but thrust into this life with all the vicious tendencies of his being that in manhood bring him to punishment.

Inherited physical taint is considered a misfortune; moral taint a crime. One case of small-pox or cholera is sufficient to destroy thousands of lives if not isolated and guarded; but no one thinks of putting the person to death who should cause those loathsome infections to seize upon a community by willful spite; and yet are they not more to be dreaded a thousands times than speedy death?

Our mistake is in making any distinction between physical and moral infirmities. For the one we build hospitals, for the other dark, grated prisons. The latter need treatment as well as the former, not punishment. Until we learn how to take care of our criminals by other means than hanging and close imprisonment, we shall have crime as a result of our ignorance.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.

There was a surprisingly large attendance at Mrs. Whitney's New Year's seance, considering the fearfully stormy night that it was. The down-pouring elements, however, did not affect in the least the spirit forces, for the manifestations were of a peculiarly gratifying character. Perhaps the power behind the throne was especially desirous of rewarding the faithfuls who had left the warm fireside in the hope of receiving a New Year's call from some loved one beyond "the pale of time." One is more than repaid in seeing the joy those communications bring to others, even though no message may come to him direct.

Mrs. Whitney, by her earnest devotion to her beautiful gifts, has won golden opinions from all classes, both for her public and private work. There is no medium in San Francisco who is more highly esteemed by more people than Mrs. Whitney, or who has more personal friends. Both as a medium and a woman she stands *sans reproche*; she has endeared herself to many hearts for the heavenly consolation given them. No one who knows the lady, would, for a moment, think of questioning her powers. She glories in her mediumship, as rightly she may, and guards it as a jewel of untold worth.

Noisier! faithful worker! Yours is a divinely appointed office—to be a sacred messenger-bearer from shores immortal to the hither side. May you labor and faint not for many and many a new year yet to come.

Through the direction of her spirit guides, Mrs. Whitney will continue, for a season, her Sunday evening meetings in Odd Fellows' Hall. These services begin promptly at 8 o'clock, and it is desirous that all should be in their seats before that hour, as any entrance or unnecessary moving about is a disturbing element to the finer results.

THE GOSPEL.—A Western paper thinks there is room and work enough in Indiana for all the missionaries we send abroad, and that they should be kept at home and put into the field. It cites the fact that there are three hundred towns in that State "without any one to preach the gospel." There are many kinds of good gospel, therefore we are not prepared to call those people heathen, and very much doubt whether they are in need of orthodox missionaries. The probability is that the people of the towns mentioned, have outgrown the legendary lore called Scripture and gospel, from the Bible standpoint, and are waiting for the new light that is breaking upon the world. We doubt not those people would give good support to any one who should go among them to unfold the living truth, present facts of the day, not stories of the long past. Most persons would rather be told how to live than how to die, for the reason that the majority are sensible enough to know that right, enlightened living, is the only preparation one can make for a satisfactory ending here.

The gospel that tells us death is but a new and everlasting awakening to a continuation, which may be as much better as we would have it—the knowledge of this fact is the best gospel one can entertain, inasmuch as it includes all that is just, charitable and lovely in our mortal existence.

—We have received a beautifully printed and illustrated poem entitled, "At San Diego Bay," a souvenir by that sweet poetess of the south, Madge Morris. San Diego may well take pride in the possession of this gifted lady, although we of the north do not intend to surrender our ownership entirely.

SPIRIT PAINTING IN OIL.

A recent issue of the GOLDEN GATE contained an account of the marvelous production of a fine life-size crayon portrait, by spirit power, given through the mediumship of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers of this city. We now present to our readers that which challenges our admiration even to a greater degree, not only for its artistic merits, but at the wonderment of the ever-widening possibilities which lie within the psychic realm of nature awaiting opportunity to be presented to our mortal comprehension. In the presence of such phenomena as witnessed through these extraordinary mediums, we more fully realize than ever how little, with all our boasted knowledge, we know of nature,—that storehouse of eternal mystery,—for every expression of life, we care not what form, is but the harmonious outworking of nature's laws.

The secret of the rose is as closely wrapped in mystery as when first its fragrance filled the air with perfume, and yet we marvel not at its delicate tint and hue. Why it is, then, that man should so persistently deny the well demonstrated fact of the operation of some occult law in producing the manifestations of spirit after its removal from the physical body, simply because he is unable to explain its hidden workings, is one of the unexplainable mysteries of the mortal mind.

But to our seance, which, by the way, was an experimental one, for the spirit artists, who, believing they had reached a point when they could produce in oil the same beautiful results they were able to in crayon, decided to try an experiment for the same on Tuesday last at 2 o'clock. Accordingly, the writer, in company with the editor-in-chief, found herself at the Doctor's beautiful residence, 524 Eddy street, at the appointed hour.

On our way thence we purchased an academy board of medium size, on the back of which we both placed our signatures and other private marks, which it would be impossible for any one to counterfeit. We simply knew beyond all cavil that the clean board which we took there and the one we carried home an hour later, with a beautiful sketch in oil on it, are one and the same.

The spirit studio is a small room without furniture, save a chair and an easel, off of the front upstairs' chamber, which is used as a sitting room. The studio has one window and two doors in it, one leading into the hall, the other into the sitting room. At the Doctor's invitation we investigated that room from floor to ceiling, not leaving any possible loop-hole unscrutinized. A curtain of heavy material, together with inside blinds, shut out the light from the window. A portiere only separated the sitting room and art room, while the door opening out into the hall was sealed and resealed by ourselves in such way that we further know no mortal being could pass to or from that room without our knowledge.

After all the preliminaries had been gone through—the card-board placed on an easel and a few paints in a saucer on the floor,—we took our seats, with the Dr. and Mrs. Rogers in the outer room. The Doctor's ancient guide, "Esmond," soon came and spoke a few words of friendly and encouraging greeting to us, after which the Doctor, all the while in a deep trance, passed just inside the curtain, but sat, during the entire seance, which lasted about an hour, just by the edge of the door, with the portiere drawn far enough for him to be plainly visible to our eyes. So we knew, further, that Dr. Rogers' physical hands had no part in placing, with such artistic skill, the faces which appear on that piece of academy board.

Almost the instant the Doctor passed into the darkened room he drew aside the portiere and revealed to us an unfinished picture, which we were afterward told they could not complete until they began over, as the rays of light had so diffused their forces, so it took a much longer time than it otherwise would, but considering their first attempt it certainly is a most marvelous display of the power of spirit over matter.

At the word of command the picture was passed into the lighted room, when our eyes beheld four beautiful, loving faces, speaking to us in silent earnestness from that painted page. Lo! a miracle was wrought, and our only answer was mute astonishment. In the central figure, around which is gracefully grouped the other three, the writer instantly recognized a dearly loved sister, and in the other faces also recognized beloved ones. The painting, to us, is absolutely sacred, knowing, as we do, that the faces there represented, and the hand or hand that placed them there, are more than mortal.

The paints were still fresh, showing they had just been placed thereon. The delicate tints of the complexion, the color of the hair and eyes, and the whole wondrous expression, showed the work of a master.

The Doctor's grand guides felt very jubilant over the success of their first effort in oil portrait painting. And they assured us that they will soon be able to produce these small size paintings in a broad light on card-board, held in the sitter's own hands.

The Doctor and his wife, for it is through their combined powers that these fine manifestations are obtainable, are, of themselves, spiritually, highly unfolded, as well as of high standing socially and intellectually. We do not believe the man and the medium can be disconnected; they are too closely interblended. If we wish the higher and finer phases, we shall find them only in mediums whose lives are in accord with the highest and best in man. Spiritualism would have been greatly in advance of its present status had all mediums been true to their trust. The occupation for the dishonest medium will soon be entirely gone, and only such will be sought as are above even the appearance of evil. We believe an honest, pure-souled man or woman is the noblest instrument for spirits to do their

grandest work, and it is in this co-equal nobleness of purpose, with these two grand mediums and their spirit guides, that we are led to expect even greater things than these.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE.

The Christmas season has been delightfully celebrated with a succession of charming entertainments for young and old, interspersed with exercises of a more directly serious character. On Christmas Eve a delightful concert was given. The leading artists were: Mme. Fries-Bishop (soprano), Miss Berford Joy (contralto), W. J. Colville (tenor), Prof. St. Bernard Stagner (violin solo), Miss Noyes (pianist), and Fred Emerson Brooks (elocutionist). Christmas carols were effectively rendered by the following fine quintet of vocalists: Mme. Bishop, Miss Joy, W. J. Colville, Chas. H. Heath, and J. W. Maguire. The hall was elaborately decorated with flowers, evergreens, and an enormous Christmas tree loaded with presents for the children. Appropriately to the occasion, W. J. Colville delivered an inspirational address between the parts of the program on Dickens' "Christmas Carol," after which Dr. Morton presented W. J. Colville with a handsome statue representing a cat, which, on being opened, was found to contain fifty-five dollars in gold and silver as a Christmas offering from a number of devoted friends. The presentation and acknowledgment of this surprise gift constituted a very pleasing feature of the exercises.

It would be invidious as well as utterly out of place to single out any one of the artists for especial praise. All did their work grandly. Perhaps the most hilarious applause, however, followed Mr. Brooks' inimitable rendering of "The Wasp at the Camp-Meeting." All his selections were original and evince a high order of poetical genius, coupled with refined and ennobling sentiment. The exercises commenced at 7:45, and when, after singing the grand old hymn, "Adeste Fideles," the clock pointed to 10:30, every one was asking how could nearly three hours pass so swiftly. It is safe to say an audience rarely enjoys an entertainment more than that on Christmas Eve at the Metaphysical College was enjoyed by the large and intelligent company present on that occasion.

On Monday, Dec. 26th, the children's turn came. Soon after 7:30 P. M. the hall was crowded with little people and their friends, and then commenced a perfect round of good things. First on the program was a brilliant piano solo by Prof. Shraefel. Following this came a beautiful Christmas carol by the College choir, W. J. Colville then sang "The Ballad of the Daughter of Islington." Prof. St. Bernard Stagner followed with an exquisite violin solo, for which he received an enthusiastic encore. Mrs. Josephine Wilson then spoke most beautifully to the children. Next on the program came a song by Mme. Fries-Bishop, who delighted young and old alike by her truly artistic rendering of a time-worn, but ever popular ballad, which was vigorously re-demanded.

The young folks were then called upon to participate in the exercises, which they did willingly and gracefully; many charming recitations, songs and instrumental selections occupied the time until 9:15, when presents from the tree were distributed to all the children impartially. About one hundred presents, fifty or more Christmas cards, an immense box of apples, a large basket of oranges, besides quantities of nuts and candies, were freely offered and gladly accepted by the children; handsome presents also passed freely between older friends. At 10 P. M., the hall having been quickly cleared of its two hundred chairs, dancing commenced under direction of Chas. H. Heath; music by Prof. Eckman. Two hours were delightfully spent, both by dancers and wall-flowers, and at midnight as happy a party reluctantly broke up as, we think, could have met anywhere on the joyful occasion. During an interval in the dance, supper was served in the restaurant under the hall at ten cents each person. Over the supper table much pleasant social intercourse added to the enjoyment, with which all partook, of the excellent and well-served victuals.

On Saturday, Dec. 31st, Fred Emerson Brooks conducted, and was chief spokesman, at a most interesting entertainment given to raise funds for the purchase of a fine piano for the College. As Mr. Brooks and others kindly gave their services, a goodly sum was raised as the hall was crowded to inconvenience. Following the entertainment a watch meeting was held, which concluded directly after midnight; the exercises were most impressive. Addresses were made by Mrs. Cramer, Mrs. Wilson, and W. J. Colville; fine music was rendered by Mme. Bishop, J. W. Maguire, and W. J. Colville.

On Monday, Jan. 2d, another children's entertainment was given, when the exercises were similar to those of Dec. 26th. All enjoyed themselves exceedingly, and despite the inclemency of the weather there was a large attendance, both of children and adults.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 31, 1887.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

We, the undersigned, wishing to show our appreciation of your sterling qualities as a defender of our beloved philosophy, and our esteem of you as a friend, offer this as a humble evidence of our good wishes. That you will long be able to fill the chair, as you are now filling the hearts of your readers, is the wish of

FRED EVANS,
DR. HENRY ROGERS,
MRS. EDGEMONT BESTE,
DR. D. J. STANSBURY,
MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.

"This," in the above instance, is an elegant office chair, just such a one as would naturally fill an editor's soul with delight. The generous donors—the grand mediums in their respective phases in America—will accept our grateful thanks for this thoughtful and valuable interpretation of our needs. Henceforth we shall not rest until we succeed in securing an office that will fit the chair.

Mrs. J. J. WHITNEY'S MEETING.—An unusual large and intelligent audience assembled at Odd Fellows' Hall on last Sunday evening, in spite of the pouring rain to hear Mrs. J. J. Whitney's spiritual messages from departed ones. Under the circumstances the messages were the most successful and interesting of any yet given by this remarkable test medium. The audience was composed of San Francisco's professional and society people. One test came to a lady who was a stranger and skeptic. Mrs. Whitney described a soldier of the Union Army, and gave the number of the regiment as the 71st New York. The lady asked the name of the spirit, which was given in full as George Smith. Afterward the spirit called the lady's name (Tillie), and said she was the soldier's wife, to which the lady replied, "That is correct." She was very much affected. It was a remarkable test, and all through the seance just such tests were given.

OUR PRIZE ESSAYS.—The essays, thirty-five in number, written in response to Dr. Allen's generous offer, were placed in the hands of one of the Committee on Monday last, and they will be passed from one to another until all have had ample opportunity to examine them. The Committee are requested to meet at this office on Tuesday, Jan. 31st, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of comparing notes and making the awards. A friend at our elbow suggests that the Committee leave the country before the result of their deliberations is made known! But we apprehend that when the essays appear, the wisdom of their judges will be so apparent to all competitors that they will join, with us, in crowning the victors.

NEW CLASS.—W. J. Colville's new class in San Jose, commencing in Germania Hall, Second street, Wednesday, Jan. 11th, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.; terms, \$2.50 for six Wednesdays (twelve lessons). The teachings will be of a somewhat advanced order, and will relate to the psychic powers inherent in all humanity, and the practical methods of liberating the intuitive faculty. This course will be of especial use and benefit to students and practitioners of psychic healing.

Nobly could do us any better favor than to emphasize the fact, and keep it before the people continually, that we are diametrically opposed on every point to the theories advocated by Spiritualists.—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Two of the "theories advocated by Spiritualists" are that a manly, upright life, leads to happiness here and hereafter; and that the evil doer can not escape the consequences of his deeds. We are sorry that our friends across the Bay should think differently.

—A cold wave recently swept over the East, sealing up rivers and lakes, and extending as far south as the Gulf of Mexico—how cold only those of us can imagine who are familiar with Eastern winters—while here in San Francisco, in this first week in January, geraniums, roses, fuchsias, heliotropes, and other tender flowers, are blooming in the open air, and away in the distance the hills are bright with verdure.

Sealed Letters.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

On Oct. 27th I sent a sealed letter to Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Columbus, Ohio. The answer, Nov. 1st, was in every way so truthful and satisfactory I send to you. Am told she is an excellent medium on business matters, and as her card is in the GOLDEN GATE I wish to add my testimony of her genuine worth as a medium for answering sealed letters.

Your sister in our cause,
M. B. POLLARD.
LETTER.

BROTHER JOHN F.—M.—You earthly wife bids me ask you, for her, the following questions: Is that daily rap in the house you left behind, from you, and if so, what is it for? Also, if you left money on earth when you passed to spirit-life, that your wife did not know of, and if so, where it is, and by what means she and Theodore can obtain it?

Thy friend and sister,
M. B. POLLARD.

ANSWER.

There comes the spirit of a gentleman who has not been in the spirit world many years; he gives his name as John and says you will know. He sends words of love to his wife and son, Theodore, and says he has often been with them and has tried hard to communicate, and he would wish for you all to sit for development, and he, with others, could demonstrate by physical demonstrations. He has often rapped, and you have heard them. He was not angry, only pleased that he could return, and wished all his loved friends to also be convinced, and investigate fully the return of spirit dear ones. . . . The spirit, John, says he did not leave money behind him that his wife did not know of. But he wishes you would all sit for development; he could assist you, with the aid of the medium's hand, to do so. His wife and yourself need treatment for nervousness, and a tonic tries to strengthen you both. They would aid you spiritually and socially. All send love by Spirit Zulu for the above friends.

I will further add that friend John passed to spirit-life in 1871 from New York State, where his wife and only son, Theodore, still reside. She has heard a noise or rap on the mantel in the room near where he used to sit, once every day for the last ten years. I also heard it when there on a visit. She is very weak and nervous and needs the treatment he recommended. It is also true in my own case.

The seal was stitched firmly on the sewing machine and returned to my hand precisely as sent. I wrote in the letter, containing seal, as if for myself, but the answer came recognizing me as third party. He could not have answered me better had he stood before me in human form. I have seen other sealed letters answered equally satisfactory. How blessed this communion with the spirit world.
M. B. P.
CARDINGTON, Dec. 11, 1887.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—"Prepare to meet thyself" is the spiritual rendering of the injunction, "Prepare to meet thy God." They both mean one and the same thing.

—The *St. Nicholas* for January is a charming number—full of matters of interest for young people. What a splendid educator for the young is *St. Nicholas*.

—Mrs. E. L. Watson spoke at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday evening last, for the first time in many weeks, and was warmly greeted by her old congregation.

—The wife of a prominent business man, residing in Dakota, writes: "We have only been subscribers to the GOLDEN GATE a short time, but shall be a friend and subscriber now until 'death'."

—The editors of this journal desire to express their sincere thanks for the many kind holiday greetings, in the shape of beautiful cards, and other tokens, which they have received from their many friends.

—The Christmas number of the *Golden Era* is especially interesting. This magazine has improved immensely since it was removed to San Diego, showing that it has found rich pastures in the southern country.

—Bro. Walter Hyde will conduct a series of spiritual meetings, to be held in Shattuck Hall, Oakland, commencing Sunday, Jan. 15th. The meetings will be held at 10:30 A. M., at 2 P. M., and 7:30 in the evening.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney will leave this city on or about the first of February for a trip through the southern part of the State. She intends to visit all the principal towns, and hold meetings wherever the opportunity offers.

—The January *Century*, with its rich stores of knowledge and beautiful historical illustrations, is before us. It would seem that this popular magazine had reached perfection; but each new number brings with it new surprises.

—Many successful treatments are reported as having been given by the healers connected with the Pacific Coast Metaphysical Company. Classes for instruction in Mental Healing are formed monthly. Books, magazines, etc., for sale. See advertisement.

—The attention of our readers is called to the open meetings at the Metaphysical College, Room 7, Odd Fellows' Building, on Saturday at 2:30 P. M. Everybody freely invited. Mrs. Shepard, a most successful mental healer now located in this city, will speak Jan. 7th.

—The Society for Theosophical Research will hold its first regular members' meeting in Room 7, Odd Fellows' Building, this (Saturday) evening at 7:45. Addresses will be made by W. J. Colville and others; discussion will ensue. These meetings will be held regularly every Saturday at same place until further notice.

—Those faithful workers in the spiritual field, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mozart, left last week for a sojourn in Fresno, where they go for rest and recreation. They are gathering strength and combining forces for vigorous work in the not distant future. Being unfortunately blessed with means, they are not necessarily compelled to "buckle in" as steadily as some of us.

—Dr. D. J. Stansbury, the independent slate-writer and clairvoyant physician, accompanied by Mrs. Stansbury, will leave for Los Angeles about Feb. 1st. Parties desiring the Doctor to stop over, en route, may address him at 305 Scott street, this city. After visiting the southern part of our State, Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury contemplate an extended tour of the Eastern States.

—At Irving Hall, on New Year's Day, very interesting services were conducted. One of W. J. Colville's discourses, given on that occasion, appears entire in this issue. On Sunday next, Jan. 8th, Mr. Colville's subjects will be: 10:45 A. M., "The Star of Bethlehem;" 7:30 P. M., "The Day After Death, or Actual Experience in Spirit Life;" at 2:30 P. M. the Theosophical lesson will be on "Karma, or the Law of Sequence Simply Explained."

—Our esteemed friends, Judge and Mrs. Anson Miller, at their beautiful mountain home above San Jose, celebrated their golden wedding, yesterday, Jan. 6th. We deeply regret our inability to be present and join with their many friends in the delightful occasion. There is something very beautiful in the life-long companionship of two such grand souls. And now, as they are nearing their celestial home, they can look forward with fond anticipation to the joy that awaits them in the not distant future.

—The classes in Metaphysical Healing are again to be formed at 324 Seventeenth street, on Friday afternoon and evening, Jan. 5th. Mrs. Cramer and Mrs. Wilson, having had a short vacation, are ready to receive all who wish to enter the class at the beginning of the new year. The first lesson will be to state the foundation of Christian Science or Statement of Being. Visitors admitted for twenty-five cents a single lecture. Terms for membership arranged at the class.

—Passed to spirit life, from her home in Oakland, Lena Rivers Thurston, Dec. 21, 1887, aged 17 years, only daughter of Darius and Louisa Thurston, formerly of Friendship, Allegheny county, New York. Funeral services were conducted at the residence on Broadway, Dec. 23d, at 1 P. M., by W. J. Colville, whose inspirational invocation, address and poem were received with much satisfaction by the numerous friends in attendance. The floral offerings were very beautiful. Miss Thurston was a young lady of charming disposition, and in her closing hours realized the consolations of the spiritual philosophy, the blessings of which her parents have known for many years.

"I like your paper very much," writes a large-hearted friend of every good cause; "I do not see how it can well be improved, at least until its circulation has so increased that it can become a family newspaper. I like its style—"charity for all, malice toward none"—admitting there may be fraud, using our best common sense to guard against it, but never seeking for it, and never condoning it; but not using so much energy to expose it that there will be none left for the dissemination of our "great truths." Our friend clearly expresses our idea of conducting a Spiritualist journal.

Retrospection.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It comes to me, this rainy day in the beginning of the New Year, to exchange greetings with my co-readers of your columns. Not because I have nothing else to do, but I can do so with no disturbing, intervening element. Besides, a short time ago an accident procured me a fractured rib or two, and being thus under discipline, I am a little more spiritual than usual. So, Mr. Editor, please let me indulge myself in a free and easy way in your columns once. And as I address you I can not keep my thoughts from wandering away back into those old pioneering days in spiritual work when your name became dear and attractive to me.

In those dear, old days, when fully equipped with tomahawk and scalping knife, we sailed in for scalps and got them, too, or when with our ax we took to cleaning out underbrush or felling oaks, we did it with a will. Ah, those good, old days, I will not readily forget them! Even while they compel me to remember many things very foolish and many a vandal act I could not be guilty of now.

The name, too, of Dr. Allen, which is a part of the woof of the spiritual, intellectual and reformatory history of California, how it does revive old memories, when our battlefied was the *Banner of Progress*. Peace to its ashes! Brother Allen, neither you nor I can forget the brave, eccentric, impulsive, whole-souled Benjamin Todd, nor his equally brave wife who is now battling for the toiling millions east of the Rockies. It brings on a still more reflective mood when I think of the many of the old pioneers who have gone beyond into more extensive battlefields.

There is one name looms up before me this day—a very humble, unostentatious worker, but a name that should be held in grateful remembrance by every Spiritualist of San Francisco—the name of Robert S. Moore, the quiet, indefatigable introducer of the Children's Progressive Lyceum to the Pacific Coast. But then he left us 60 years ago after that—his work was done—that we hardly recognized him as of the earthy, and I never met a man who had so much of the Christ element in him.

But let the dead past bury its dead. Let me speak of the GOLDEN GATE, and through the intervening two hundred and fifty miles between us let me stretch my arm and shake hands with you all, not forgetting John Wetherbee. I never met J. W., but his name has long been familiar to me, and I like his firm, honest words all the time, even when they are hard to swallow. I was much interested in that article, "Bothered," as I see others have been. I liked it infinitely better than that hedging of difficulties which so beset the path of inquirers after spiritual truth. I am a Theosophist, but that explanation of duplicate fathers and duplicate brothers through re-embodiment took the theosophical breath all out of my body. I recovered, but no more of that, please!

Bothered! Who is it who has not been bothered in spiritual study? To my inexperienced, earthly conception of things the paradox is the rule. But, Brother Owen, between you and me, nothing can bother me out of this one imperishable truth: I will meet all these old pioneers of the olden times "over there." Whether my vision be clear or not, whether my intellect grasp the profundity of these things or not, I, yes, I who can't keep my bones from being broken, or my temper at times amiable or angelic, am an eternal entity, and though so closely related to all that is vile and mean, I am yet one with the Eternal, and that relationship enables me to ride through every storm.

J. W. MACKIE.

TULARE, Jan. 3, 1888.

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.; Mrs. Marie Bishop, Musical Director and Soprano; Miss E. Beresford Joy, Soloist and Organist. Public class in Theosophy at 2:30 P. M. Admission, 25 cents. Monthly tickets admit to class. Classes are held in The Metaphysical College, Room 7, second floor, Odd Fellows' Building, Market Street. Class in Theosophy in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, Fridays, at 2:30 P. M. Class tickets admit to Friday evening lectures, at 7:30. Single admission tickets to classes, 50 cents. Reservations to Sunday services to 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.

Albert Morton
BUSINESS MANAGER.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winstow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little sufferer 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 diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY, PLATFORM TEST MEDIUM. At Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Market and Seventh Street, entrance on Seventh. Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp.

W. J. COLVILLE, THE CELEBRATED INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER AND IMPROVISOR. Spiritual Services in Irving Hall, Post Street, above Kearny Street. Mrs. Marie Bishop, Soloist. Miss E. Beresford Joy, Soprano 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. Moore, the celebrated inspirational speaker, will answer questions in the trance state, and will lecture in the evening. Children's Lyceum at 10:30 P. M. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet Sunday at 1 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy st. Free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 2 to 5 P. M. All are invited. Admission to cents.

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Jan. 7

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Life in the Beyond.

(Given by the spirit father of H. H. Kenyon, through a medium at St. Paul, Minn.)

MY FRIENDS:—Do not hide the light of this glorious religion of Spiritualism under a bushel, but rather use it as a beacon to lead the sorrowing ones in earth-life into a knowledge of personal responsibility in earth-life, and the happiness in store for the worthy ones beyond the sunset of mortal life.

The angels in heaven are not made happy in witnessing the way hungry souls in earth-life are fed with useless dogmas instead of the bread of life. The question uppermost in the mind of sorrowing mortals is now, and ever has been, for truth in reference to the real life in the beyond. Ages have come and gone, and this longing was not satisfied until the religion of Spiritualism was forced upon mankind by those living on this side of life for the purpose of settling the question of life beyond the grave.

It is now as it ever has been with those in earth-life, that the things seen are cherished with more reliance than the things unseen, hence it comes that materialism reigns supreme among all classes, and has nearly driven out of the mind of man the power to comprehend things unseen. It is no new idea "that you have also a spiritual body," but from the fact that you can not see, handle and weigh the spiritual body, there are very few, even among church members, who are willing to accept this truth; they do not realize that earth-life is only a span, while the real life has just commenced when they enter the spirit world.

There is a cause for all things, and so of this unbelief, and it is quite likely to be the same that induced one of old to drive the money changers out of the temple at Jerusalem where they had no right to carry on their business of selfish greed, and it would be well if mankind would learn also the lesson that money making is not the only lesson to be learned in mortal life, but rather learn to divide their thoughts between material and spiritual things so as to gain some soul growth also, and unbelief and this lack of knowledge about the real life in the spirit world would be overcome. If your whole effort in mortal life is to become rich in gold and earthly possessions, how do you expect to find anything to satisfy you in the life beyond the grave where gold is of no value, and where you will be asked what good you have done in earth-life, instead of how many dollars you left there?

The majority of mortals give no thought to the life on this side of the river until the angel of death draws near and a loved one has passed out of mortal life, then comes to heaven a cry of despair and doubt. Then it is that a prayer comes to us in the spirit world for some evidence that there is life beyond the grave; then comes the call that if there is any truth in the claims for spirit return "why does not my loved one come directly to me and banish these doubts?" And because this is not done they go groping along in doubt and darkness.

It is wonderful to listen to the demands of this class of persons for proof that we have retained our individuality and have a body that is as real to us as was the mortal form laid aside in earth-life; they appear to think that because we are out of mortal sight that there is nothing left of us, but we are as real as before, and somewhat inclined to expect the same degree of respect from dwellers in earth-life as when we were with them in the form. My friends, try and get into the path leading heavenward before demanding so much from the dwellers here, for some knowledge of spirit-life is necessary to enable those on this side to communicate to you, and while you are looking earthward and thinking of how to gain an advantage over your fellow man, it is difficult for us to arrest your attention. Do not expect those who parted with you at the border-land without any knowledge of the life on this side, to at once return and tell you of the new world they find upon their entrance into the spirit-life, for they must learn some of the lessons neglected in the life with you. Do not be deceived with the idea that there is nothing to do in this life except to linger near the border of this beautiful world to wait for you to come to us, for when we awake upon this side real life has just commenced; then it is that we are called upon to assist those constantly coming into this world enveloped with the dark garments of ignorance in reference to spirit-life, and were it not for the constant efforts of missionary spirits on this side very many would remain a long time in a condition of unrest.

Imagine, if you can, the spiritual condition of those coming into this life who have made material wealth their only aim. Can you imagine their thoughts upon learning that their one idol of gold has not come with them, and they stand before the multitude on this side in the sorrowful plight of a very lean spirit, to be assisted and led into the knowledge of the true life of the soul. To all such, life has to be commenced anew and their last thought would be to return and tell the friends "on change" how insignificant they appear in heaven. Remember always that there is very much loving work for willing souls to do in this life, and you must not expect us to spend our whole time looking after those in earth-life who

seldom send a longing prayer to us for guidance, yet we are always glad to respond to the call of those left in the mortal form, but when we hear no call we are actively working to lead the ignorant ones into light, after they come to us, and when you also come into this work you will understand the joy that comes therefrom.

Guardian angels are appointed to watch over those in earth-life, and a sorry time they frequently have, but without their loving care very few of you would be led into the light of spiritual knowledge, and it is through their loving care that the receiving angels become informed that another soul has come into this vast world of the spirit home to be looked after and led into the knowledge of the true life, and learn many lessons that should have been mastered before coming away from earth-life. Do not wait until the eleventh hour of earth-life before learning something of soul life in earth, and the possibilities that await you upon these beautiful shores in the spirit world.

Love and selfishness do not teach the same lessons, and it is well to learn that a helping hand, extended to the needy and hungry souls you meet in the pathway of mortal life, will be the means to plant flowers in your pathway there as well as here. A little here and there, as you journey along, will do more good than to wait for some great effort at liberality that can be berated to the world as the one grand act of your life. While you have been pinching and gathering those dollars together to build a reputation for liberality upon, it may be that very many worthy souls have been famishing for food to keep soul and body together. You do not have to look far from your own neighborhood to find a lonely widow and mother bending low under the burdens and sorrows that have come to her, and the angels in heaven are made happy when the widow and orphan are not forgotten.

It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die in the mortal form, therefore learn the lessons of earth-life well that you may be prepared to enter into the joys of the real life in heaven.

FATHER KENYON.

W. J. Colville.

(Glimpse Gaze.)

W. J. Colville, the spiritualistic, and generally accounted inspirational speaker, delivered a lecture, at the Congregational Parlor here, last Tuesday evening, on "The true Relations of Spiritualism to the Christian Church and the Physical Sciences." Whether the speaker was inspired in the spiritualistic sense we are of course unable to say, though that is claimed for him by his adherents and admirers. Certain it is, however, that he was inspired in an intellectual and literary sense, for his lecture was able, exhaustive, and intensely interesting to all cultivated minds. It would be impossible for us to attempt, with our limited space, to present even an abstract of it, as we could do neither the gentleman or the public justice. We can only say that the address was eloquent, thoughtful and full of charity, kindness, courtesy, and instruction. At its close permission was given any one in the audience which, by the way, was a large and intelligent one, to ask any questions that presented themselves. Some half a dozen questions were asked, two of them by orthodox ministers of this place, and all were answered readily, courteously and fully. Then the speaker asked for subject, or subjects for an impromptu poem, which it was announced in the programme would be "The New Age," by Mr. Dryden, "Masonry and its Emblems," by Mr. Wardell, and the "Necessity for Educational Guides," by Mr. Blake. The speaker announced the subjects as suited to his purpose, as, indeed, it would appear that any others would have been, and proceeded to improvise a poem using them as a basis. The effort was certainly a wonderful exhibition, considered from no matter what standpoint.

The language was admirable, the measure and meter correct, the diction often sublime, and the whole production something quite beyond explanation by ordinary minds, yet all was simple, dignified, and presented without rant, cant, or pretension. Mr. Colville will always meet an appreciative audience in Gilroy no matter whether his doctrines are accepted generally or not.

A MAN has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips, which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old-style boring machine. It will cut a two-by-four mortise in from four to five minutes, and do it with perfect accuracy, that a carpenter cannot complete in less than half an hour.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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[Boston Globe, Dec. 27, 1887.]

Hearing from a friend that a spirit medium had recently come to the Hub from the roaring wilds of Michigan, who was by spirit power or by sleight of hand out-doing the famed Kellar or Herman, I asked, "Can he equal Slade, Bishop, Montague or the once famous Foster?" "Oh," he replied, "I tell you he can knock Slade and Foster out the first round, and as far as for Bishop and Montague, he can do them up before he starts." "On my soul," exclaimed my excited friend, "he summons the spirits from the vast deep by dozens. I have just had a sitting with him. Why, sir, I got a long communication from my brother, in his own handwriting; also one from my mother and our old preacher. These communications were written between two slates, which I held while the writing was being done."

Satisfied that my friend was off his base, or that he was a victim of a trick, I noted down carefully the name and address and proceeded directly to the place for the purpose of investigating the spirit claim, or rather exposing what I have frequently done, a trickster.

In twenty minutes I was at 109 Fal-mouth street, an apartment house just off Chester park, near Huntington avenue. I touched the electric button. The door was opened. I ascended one flight; was met at the door by a little boy, who, having but one eye, looked like he might see the spirit out of the other. "Is this where Mr. Watkins lives?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply. "I mean C. E. Watkins." "Yes," he is in?" "Yes." "Can I see him?" "Yes."

I was ushered into the reception room. In a few minutes Mr. Watkins entered. I was surprised at seeing such a fine-looking man, a man of fine brain, pleasing manners, an honest face, and seemingly well educated, and, as I have since learned, a cousin of the novelist, Howell. "Are you the medium who gives sittings for independent slate-writings?" "I am," was the prompt reply. "Can I have one?" "You can."

At this I produced four slates. "You can write the names of several of your departed friends on a slip of paper, and ask each one a question; then fold the slips into little balls. I will return in a few minutes."

I wrote the names of nine different persons who were dead, asking each one a question, rolled each slip which contained a name and question into a fine ball, and when done I could not tell which was which. I had read the report of the Seybert Commission, how they claimed that the slate-writing was done by the medium with his feet, and I prepared myself for the trick. In a few moments Mr. Watkins entered.

"Point your pencil toward the little paper balls," he said.

I did so, he standing off three or four feet from me.

"Pick up that one," he said "it contains the name of a lady; her name is (I will give the initials only) E. G.; she says her middle name is C., which you have forgotten, but, as you were an old lover, you can look at some of her letters which are in your vault of the Safety Deposit Vaults of this city, if you do not already remember. She also says the last time she saw you was at Trenton, N. J., and you promised—"

"Hold on," I said, "don't you give secrets out of school."

"This spirit says," continued Mr. Watkins, "if you will take up two of the slates she will write you a communication between them, with nobody touching them but yourself; that your father, who died in Chester, Penn., four years ago, will also write a communication."

I picked up the slates and instantly heard something writing between them. In less than half a minute the writing ceased, and there were two communications filling both sides of the slate, one in the handwriting of the young lady, and the other in the exact handwriting of my father.

"Take up the other slates," he said, and in less than a minute, in the same way, I got three different communications, and one from my little girl who had been dead nearly a year, written in her broken writing, and talking just like she did.

"Look on the other side of the slate," said the medium.

I did, and there was a perfect picture of my little girl, wearing the winter hood she wore the last time she was upon the street.

"This picture work of the spirits," Mr. Watkins said, "seldom occurred."

All the rest of my questions were then answered. So thoroughly astounded and almost paralyzed was I that I left without expressing myself to the medium. In just one hour I was back with our old judge and a brother lawyer. The same performance of writing names being over, the judge said:

"Now, Mr. Medium, trot out your spirits if you have got any. I bet you one hundred dollars you can't get any writing between these slates, if you keep your own fingers off of them."

"Take your slates," said the medium, "into the other room, and sit down on them."

"This judge, though inclined to be fat, did in a most simple manner."

"Now get up," said the medium, "and open your slates."

He did so, and there were two full communications filling both sides of the slates and signed, the one from a prominent lawyer, the other from a book publisher, both well known in Boston, and only dead about two and five years. The handwriting was exactly their handwriting.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Re-incarnation, or The Baby in His Cradle.

BY ELIZA A. PITTINGER.

To-day I saw a baby, and he opened wide his eyes,
And my face he seemed to study with a glad and sweet surprise.
He is lying in his cradle; he is young and he is old—
Oh, this problem of the ages! not the hall has yet been told!
He is older than his mother; he's a symbol and a sign—
Lo, the mystic veil is lifted, and the human made divine!
He still, my soul, and listen, for he whispers now to me,
And he tells me of a mission in a clime beyond the sea!
He is lying in his cradle; he is eight months old to-day;
Come and listen what this baby, now so pretty, has to say!
Ah, behold the shining dimples! 'tis a wondrous thing to know—
To the wise the sign is given—that he lived so long ago!
He was a valiant warrior, with his dazzling armor on;
And he fought the mighty battles 'till the last great siege was won.
'Twas the battle of the spirit! and he fought it brave and true;
Putting down the crafty vipers, as the highest tension drew.
Thus glided with his armor, to the highest tension wrought,
He aroused the slumbering slumber with the lightning strokes of thought.
For awhile the Old Red Dragon lay fettered in his den;
The people rose and shouted, and the angels sang amen!
O Liberty, sweet Liberty, for thee he bravely fought—
This mighty man of valor, this baby in his cot!
Draw near, ye Sons of Wisdom! anoint him with your oil!
And crown him with the glory and the laurel wreath of toil!
Oh, this baby in his cradle! he is lovely as a dream!
His eyes are piercing through me; with a mystery they gleam!
I watch the knowing glances, and I read the heavenly sign,
With his burning eyes upon me and his dimpled hand in mine.
O Freedom, mighty goddess, thou hast borne him in thine arms,
And thy golden stars have led him through the battles and the storms!
By thee he was protected, by thee his mission sealed;
For the baby in the cradle was a warrior in the field!

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Waiting.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

I sit and wait, while far and near
The gathering hosts are marching by;
Their clanging armor, their tread, I hear,
The sounds which tell the strife is nigh.
To arms! To arms! Each loyal heart
Responds to the trumpet's call;
Each valiant soul will do his part,
To win the victory for all.
'Tis not for selfish, worldly gain,
For cross or crown, king or crown,
They march on the battle plain,
To strike the soldier usurper down.
It is no mortal foe they seek,
No brother's blood they wish to spill;
Nor strong that triumph o'er the weak,
Their good to gain through others' ill.
Ah no, the world has never yet
Been called to arm for such a ray,
And we're such countless hosts have met,
As those that bear the sword to-day.
'Tis hidden forces they oppose—
A subtle power that rules the earth—
And Nature shudders in her throes,
To bring the Savior, Truth, to birth.
And 'tis not only mortal hands
That bear aloft the spear and lance;
Lo! o'er the plain stands in her hands
With swift and noiseless feet advance.
And once I dreamed that I might stand
Among the foremost in the fight—
That I might bear a blazing brand
To shed on Error's path its light—
That mine might be the hand to lead
From darkness into sunny day—
That I might stand where the light shone,
And wipe the wronged one's tears away.
But 'tis not mine to help of old—
To mingle in the joy or strife;
Whate'er the hopes and fears I feel,
I waiting stand—alone in life.
Perchance my lips are little fit
To chant aloft the battle song,
And my weak hands are all unmet
To bear the flaming torch along.
But Progress does not halt for me—
Her car is never idly waiting stand;
With tear-dimmed eyes I yet can see
The good that's wrought by other hands.
And so I watch them far and near,
And try to bear my harder fate;
At times a voice steals on my ear:
"—'Tis also serve who stand and wait!"
PALOMAR, Dec. 27, 1887.

The Christmas Gift.

BY FRANK WAGNER (AGED TWELVE) IN GOLDEN ERA.

Away back in the old, old years,
'Tis said that in the little's tears
We born the Christmas gift,
The little Christ child.
And all the years that music swell,
For the blue-eyed babe of Israel.

The Creed.

BY ELIZA WHEELER WILCOX.

Whoever was begotten by pure love,
And came to die and welcome that life,
Is of immaculate conception. He
Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself,
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,
May be another Christ. We all may be
The Saviors of the world, as we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us.
And worship it, and nail our cross selves,
Our tempers, greed, and our unworthy aims,
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

The Eagle's Shadow.

A giant eagle, soaring up on high,
With wings outspread beneath the sun, looks down
Where, a mere speck, he saw a mighty tower.
Lifts towers and battlements into the sky;
And in his foolish pride he dares to cry:
"Let me but hover 'till the sun's bright crown
And yonder hero of men, and I'll a frown
Of shadowy darkness on its streets will light.
So, often, man, in intellectual pride,
Will stand between the sun of God's great love
And God's creation, deeming he can hide
From fellow-man the glad rays from above!
Vain, vain his pigmy efforts to make night;
The sun still shines and fills the world with light.

The Cause in Brooklyn.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At the Brooklyn Spiritual Conference, conducted by Mr. Frank W. Jones, on Dec. 24th, Mme. Walton gave the opening address, "A Eulogy to Woman," given through her mediumship by Mme. De Stahl. It was the voice of the Conference that this address should be published. I offered to copy the manuscript and send it to the GOLDEN GATE.

Soon we shall read the prize essays in your glorious paper. Some of my friends have intended to write upon these subjects, but have failed to do so. I feel that I am about as well prepared to take Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond's place on the rostrum as to write a prize essay. It is said that the pen is mightier than the sword; so the pen and the press combined must be a mighty power indeed, and what Spiritualism needs is to bring these modern manifestations of spirit presence and power to the knowledge of all mankind; that spiritual literature shall be sown broadcast throughout the land, reaching every home and household of all mankind, and in no better way can wealthy Spiritualists bestow their means for the promotion of our cause than in furthering the circulation of spiritual and liberal publications. At the same time we must be true to our mediums, and, if needs be, provide them with temporary or permanent homes, where they can rest, recruit, and gather forces for continued labors in the arduous task of convincing the skeptical world of the truth of spirit return. We owe all that spirit communion has brought us, to our mediums, and until we have learned all the exalted angels can teach us, we should cherish mediumship as the pearl of all price, Jesse Shepard's "Advice to the Mediums" to the contrary notwithstanding. Your reply, Mr. Editor, to his article is so complete and entirely satisfactory that it leaves nothing more to be said or written; otherwise much time might be spent in attempting to criticize his position. Jesse has many friends in New York and Brooklyn who would be sorry to see him turn backward toward Rome. We hope he will halt where he now is.

EMILY B. RUGGLES.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1887.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I would like to describe a seance which I attended the other evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone, mediums, who reside at 115 Jones St. There were four of us seated at a somewhat heavy, pine table—Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone, myself and another gentleman. On the table were slates and a large guitar. We seated ourselves, put out the light, and joined hands, and immediately the most beautiful lights began to float around the room, some around the table, and others near the ceiling. The guitar was lifted by unseen hands, and sailed all around the room, playing sweet strains, then it descended, and going round the circle gave each of us a gentle crack on the head.

Mrs. Pettibone went under control and described a storm and shipwreck, which the control said was then occurring at sea, and on one string of the guitar came a grating sound, as of a vessel striking on the rocks, while the table heaved convulsively, and then gave a violent pitch as the vessel went down; then the regular beat of a drum was heard on the case of the guitar, while unseen hands patted our heads quite audibly, one hand remaining on my head about five minutes, softly threading my hair and answering questions by gentle raps on my forehead; and when the seance was over there was a loving message on the slates for each of us.

Truly, my brother, this is a glorious religion which so beautifully blends both worlds. A CONVINCED SKEPTIC.
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 30, 1887.

Strange Impulses.

[Chicago News.]

One day a man rushed down to the parapet of the Pont Neuf and threw himself off into the Seine. Some of the bystanders saw him and dragged him out. On being questioned as to his motive for acting in so strange a manner he replied: "I can not give any account; I am in the happiest situation in the world; I have never been ill; I have no present troubles; nor, to my knowledge, approaching ones. I can only recollect my arrival on the Pont Neuf, and being dragged out of the water."

A man, apparently in perfect health, was attacked with a sudden disposition to destroy. He took up a stick, and, without discrimination, broke everything that presented itself before him. After a short time he calmed down and appeared to be restored to himself. He knew nothing of what he had done, and became much irritated when shown the remnants of the shattered articles. He was again seized with the same frenzy and committed a murder.

A woman, who became afterward an inmate of a hospital, had a propensity to hack herself all over with any sharp instrument she could lay her hands on. It was not her purpose to kill herself, only she said she experienced a fascinating pleasure whenever she succeeded in drawing blood.

A lady going out to the East Indies was often heard to express a wish to experience the sensation of drowning. One morning, after gazing for some time into the water, she did actually jump overboard. Luckily for her, the vessel was lying becalmed, and a dozen willing men jumped in to save her.

The case is recorded by Tissot of a young woman in whom the imitative faculty was so strongly developed that she could not avoid doing everything she saw others do. Ahabitis has an account of a man similarly disposed, and who "experienced insupportable suffering" if prevented from yielding to the impulse.

A woman, who had an irresistible propensity to destroy, going into a room once while tea was being prepared, could not resist the temptation to sweep the contents of the table on the floor.

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One it was only Self, Blue Eyes.
The City Just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?
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10:40 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	8:30 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
12:30 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	10:40 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
2:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	12:30 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
5:15 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	2:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
7:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	5:15 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
10:40 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	7:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
12:30 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	10:40 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
2:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	12:30 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
5:15 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	2:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and
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SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE (for)	FROM JANUARY 1, 1888.	ARRIVE (from)
8:00 A.	Calistoga and Napa	10:10 A.
8:40 P.	Colfax via Livermore	10:40 A.
9:00 A.	Colfax via Livermore	11:00 A.
9:30 A.	Galt via Martinez	11:40 A.
9:30 A.	C Haywards and Niles	C 11:40 A.
10:30 A.	" " "	" " "
5:00 P.	" " "	" 4:20 P.
5:30 P.	" " "	" 4:50 P.
12:00 P.	C Haywards	C 1:10 P.
8:00 A.	Ione via Livermore	8:40 P.
8:40 A.	Ken's Landing	9:40 P.
4:30 P.	Livermore and Pleasanton	8:40 A.
7:30 A.	Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso & East	8:40 P.
8:00 A.	Los Angeles via Livermore	10:40 P.
3:30 P.	Milton	5:40 P.
4:00 P.	Ogden and Elgin	1:30 A.
5:00 P.	" " "	" " "
8:00 A.	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:40 P.
8:00 A.	Reing via Willows	5:30 P.
7:00 A.	Sacramento via Benicia	3:10 A.
8:00 A.	" " "	3:10 A.
8:00 A.	" " via Livermore	5:10 P.
5:00 P.	" " via Benicia	10:40 A.
5:00 P.	" " via Benicia	10:40 A.
6:30 P.	" " via Benicia	7:40 A.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	5:00 A.
1:00 P.	Salt Lake	5:00 A.
10:30 A.	" " "	1:40 P.
12:00 P.	" " "	2:40 P.
3:00 P.	" " "	2:40 P.
4:20 P.	" " "	3:40 P.
3:30 P.	Santa Barbara	11:10 A.
8:00 A.	Stockton via Livermore	5:40 P.
3:30 P.	Stockton via Portland	11:30 A.
3:30 P.	Siskiyou and Fort Stevens	11:30 A.