



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

VOL. V.

{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,  
734 Montgomery St. }

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

{ TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum;  
\$1.25 for six months. }

NO. 9

## CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; From the Sun Angel Order of Light; Progression, by spirit W. G. Clayton; W. J. Colville and Ada Foye in Denver, etc.

SECOND PAGE.—Thoughts and Things, by Mattie Pulsifer; Premier or Border Thoughts, by John Wetherbee; Dr. Channing.

THIRD PAGE.—Methods of Treating Disease, by Dr. John Allen; Topographical; Emma, Handing Brines on the Sylvest Commission; Spirits of Darkness, by Col. C. A. Reed.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) An Infallible Rule; Real Life in Spirit World; Tell Your Wife: Why Should It Be? Why I am a Heathen; Editorial Notes, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—The Highest Type of Love; A Professional Fraud Hunter, Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Am I My Brother's Keeper? Saved by Solis Protection; Advertisements.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Sam Jones on the Liquor Traffic; Col. Ingersoll's Creed; Spiritual Science and Mind Healing; Professional Cards.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Poetry—Wildwood Flowers; The Two Glasses; Grandmother's Work; Autumn, Prose—Catalpa and Sunambullion; A Telegrapher Talks with a Spirit; Advertisements, etc.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Anger makes a good servant, but a very bad master.  
Self is a poor center for a man's actions to turn about.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others on ourselves.

To understand the difficulties of others is to forgive.—*Tolstoi.*

Many flowers must perish ere a grain of corn be ripened.—*W. S. Landor.*

The love and the hate of people are equally dangerous.—*Oliver Cromwell.*

Garner up pleasant thoughts in your mind; for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives.

Men who live without religion live always in a tumultuary and restless state.—*Alliburg.*

Do not refuse the employment which the hour brings you for one more ambitious.—*Emerson.*

No man tastes pleasures truly who does not earn them by previous business.—*Chesterfield.*

Fortune is like a market where many times if you wait a little the price will fall.—*Lord Derby.*

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship, and he who restrains not his tongue shall live in trouble.

Be not afraid to say "No"—many a man has pined in misery for years for want of this courage.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world; fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it.

In warm moments form your resolution, and in cool moments make that resolution good.—*Prof. Tyndall.*

Even reckoning makes lasting friends, and the way to make reckonings even is to make them often.—*South.*

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—*Bovee.*

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—*Theophrastus.*

When a rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, he answered: "Civility, friend, civility."—*Bright.*

The man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.—*Whately.*

He conquers not who does not conquer hate, or thinks the shining wheels of heaven wait on his forgiving.—*Robert Underwood.*

The main question is not how happy men and women have been in this world, but what they have made of themselves.—*J. A. Froude.*

Man has subdued the world, but woman has subdued man. Mind and muscle have won his victories; love and loveliness have gained hers.—*Gail Hamilton.*

Be still, be wise, be brave! The world is all before thee; its pain will soon (how very soon) be over; the work to be done in it will continue through eternity. Oh, how fearful, yet how great!—*Carlyle.*

{ Written for the Golden Gate. }

## From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

{ By the Scribe of the Order. }

Brothers and sisters in earth land: Greetings from Eona. In the realms of the past Eona loves to wander, bringing therefrom things both new and old—new to you who are shrouded with the mists of mortal life; old to you when free from these same mists you may roam, as does Eona, the fields of the past, following each his own footprints left in the sands of time. Things new and old, joyous and sad; memories pleasant and grievous, yet each scene, each memory replete with good. For, brother and sister in mortal robes, we are glad that our feet could walk those paths—glad that time and place was ours, just as it has been and is at the present. Many times have we each felt our burthens too great to bear, but, looking back over the past, have there not been days of sunshine and of gladness, aye, have these not far outnumbered those of storm and great perplexity?

It becomes not the children of the All-Wise to murmur and grieve over the follies and the darkness of the past, but rather to dwell in the sunshine thereof, gleaming for ourselves the golden harvest, which has always ripened, for the sun has never ceased to shine. The Father never forgets; his children are never left to be lost, even though their pathway may lead through the most dense forest. In the present fulfillment of Saidie's wishes is sufficient proof that greater fulfillments will be recorded continually. Back into the winding past Eona would wander for a time, gathering up from the shores thereof, not pebbles, but diamonds, with which to urge every one to greater diligence in the cause of truth which lies near the hearts of the angel messengers who bear the lighted lamp to the souls of humanity.

Among the children Saidie loves are many who understand not in the true comprehension of the term, the fact of matchood. Those on this side of life understand not as they should. This seems strange to many minds. Many have given thoughts which are erroneous. Saidie has given ever the highest conception of the glorious truth; has ever endeavored to lead her children out from error and darkness, and again Eona would, to her brothers and sisters, point to facts. Turning back in her own history, she remembers many with whom she has mingled, who met in the home in the spheres their own, yet understood not. There has been ever in life a growth, an unfolding of spirit. From the first we each inherit immortality, from the first are we mates through the law of life. Incarnation calls the children, as a loving mother embraces her own, and in the wedding with matter, although we lose not our identity as individualized spirits, yet in the mortal life, with its surroundings and its demands, we lose knowledge of the true soul mate. This is not a necessity of incarnate life, but an effect of the same. In ignorance of a better life has man existed upon this planet, and to-day, were it not for incarnated spirits from other planets, the inhabitants of this world still be groping in spiritual darkness. Were it not for the existence and working of the Order of Light in the heavens, man would know but little of the actual realities of the other life. This history of the past as it is now revealed to the understanding, comprehend this in its length and breadth and this will be readily seen.

The question of immortality is forever settled in the mind of the masses of the human family. With such there will arise other questions, those which not only reach into the future, but back into the past. The soul mates in the higher life are endeavoring to draw toward that life and themselves the mind and heart of their own loved ones. And so inquiry is the result. Angel wisdom answers, bringing facts old and new to meet the same. On the shores of the other life many are continually coming with no knowledge thereof; some know that somewhere there they are, who have gone on before, but the fact, they will meet the one true mate of the soul, must gradually dawn

upon the soul. There is a slow waking to realities, and even then the truth remains hidden beneath a veil of mystery and uncertainty which is difficult to penetrate. This has ever been so through the ages. Those who were highly unfolded have understood not, and, feeling sure they have much knowledge at their command, have given to the world their meager stock, assuming that to be all of truth. Such must again and again seek mortal shores, must again and again wear earth robes, and so solve questions of life they are unprepared to become a teacher of the truth, which as yet they do not understand, and no one can point mankind to a higher life until they themselves reach the same.

In the second and third spheres are masses who can know nothing of heavens beyond. They can tell earth's children the little they do know and understand, but the whole truth is as yet far removed from their understanding. They think little concerning another earth experience, but when again the call comes to them, "Come up higher," then will heart and soul respond, "Amen." Again and again have soul mates even in spirit life been introduced to each other; again and again have those who know and understand this truth there been repelled from the side of those they love, who are shrouded in material mists. To many a home they come, only to return with grieved hearts, that the dear ones have so surrounded themselves with an unholly atmosphere, therein they can not dwell. It is supposed the mates are equal in unfoldment. This is true when they dwell in the realms of life immortal, but in ignorance they have been born, in darkness been reared, and although in and of the spirit pure and true, yet in and of the mortal, they have evolved much of the lesser good which must be overcome ere again the soul is free from that which holds it to earth. These truths are old as the everlasting hills, yet new to the children of earth. Eona has gathered from her own past, and lain it in the land where her brothers and sisters can read and understand the teachings which have been the guiding star of her life from the far away past to the present time. Therein has she revealed much of the past, still there is yet an unwritten volume. The silent experiences, the hidden working of the law of cause and effect, writes itself upon the tablet of life. Eon and Eona gather their own harvests, whether these be of choicer grain, or if that be mixed with worthless tares, the result must be as we have sown and cultivated. So must it be with each child of the Infinite. In the past we have sown seed which may have sprung up again and again in the garden of the soul as unsightly, vexatious weeds. Saidie asks of each of her children that they search diligently for such, and uproot them with an unrelenting hand. She would lead her children home, and there would they be happy and free; they must each come home conquerors, for each and every child waits the robe and crown; each and every child must earn and own the same ere they can wear them in the home of the soul, the Father's house.

Teachers and guides are near each one; willing helpers wait with outstretched hands; the Order sheds its golden light; the arch of promise bends above you even now, and victory has inscribed itself upon your banners. Let us clasp loving hands; let us walk side by side, even though the way may be for the time rugged; let us press on now and ever, cheered by the knowledge we have of the true life and light, and at last, when the pioneers' work is done, we will meet in a Grand Temple, more grand than earth has any conception of—meet as the workers of the nineteenth century, who were honored in being our mother Saidie's true and willing ones, who planted the glorious banner of the triumphant Order of Light. With the love and blessing of EONA.

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

OSWEGO, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1887.

DOM PEDRO is only sixty-two years old, although he has been emperor fifty-six years, and is in length of reign the senior sovereign of the world. But he was born as always lived in a part of the world where he is really older than an Englishman at seventy-two.

## Progression.

{ From Spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium, transcribed for the Golden Gate. }

What loftier theme can present itself to the mind than progression? What the meaning of this term is in its highest sense is not generally understood. To many it falls short of ambition in its character—to many it is closely allied, while to those who have given thought and study to it as a science or religion, its meaning is far above any other; its motive power higher, and its ultimatum the highest happiness.

To progress is not simply to read and ponder over the thoughts that arise from such reading, but to act, to strive in all the avenues that are open to the thinking man or woman, to ameliorate whatever one can of mental or physical suffering, to extend the hand of sympathy to those that mourn; having no knowledge of the advanced position, those that have been pure in heart throughout their mortal life, have it in their power to graduate into when their bodily eyes are closed to all that concerns that life.

Progression implies greater purity of life, greater breadth of purpose, greater charity for those that "having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not" the words that speak to all mankind through the mouth of nature. Take her lessons into your life and profit by them. No atom of matter is too small to be utilized—no life is complete without the co-operation, and often unconscious aid of mankind, through some of the superfluous atoms that comprise his physical formation. Even the exhalations from his lungs contain nutriment to plant and shrub, promoting their advancement by what is no longer needed by the man, and he in turn obtaining nourishment for body and mind from what is no longer needful for plant or tree. Even the wind is an agent in this plan of progression, carrying, as it does, the miasma away from infected places and incorporating it with purifying atoms and influences as it sweeps along unseen by mortal eye, but powerful in its strength for good or (what seems) evil. Much is also purified by that agent which is productive of so much comfort and capable of so much that seems disastrous, fire. The old "fire worshippers" considered it as the most powerful god, and their weird incantations and offerings to this greatest of gods, were owing to the traditions that handed down from one generation to another kept alive the awe and veneration with which this terrible, all-powerful Deity was viewed.

Mankind, now in this progressive age, is prone to consider there is nothing new under the sun. True,—but not in the general acceptance of the phrase, "nothing new,"—because Nature, no matter in what form she presents herself, has been forever, but new, very new, in some points as presented in this present age; new, because of the awakening of the mental faculties of so many whose ancestors, while good, true men and women, living up to the beliefs that had been handed down from generation to generation, lived and died in densest ignorance of the flood of vision of the world at large, whose brilliant beams are destined to make waste places in the hearts and lives of mankind glad, and to make the desert of unsatisfactory, unexplained, unreasoning belief, blossom like a rose.

This fountain-head of knowledge that flows alike for rich or poor, the desire for which will bring the shadow, at least, of attainment, and which when once its beams have forced a lodging place, can not again be turned aside or cast out, whose possession makes life worth more because of the opportunities it presents for increase of the stock on hand, and at the same time dissipates utterly the darkness and gloom surrounding the exit from mortal to immortal life,—this sunshine which brings gladness to all who will open their hearts to its genial beams and bask in its softening influences, is the greatest of all themes to me—progression.

W. G. CLAYTON.

VAGUE promises, hints and intimations, though accompanied by the names of souls known as great through the ages, and to "archangels" and "powerful spirits from other worlds," is not spiritual light, but vapor rising from the stagnant pools of the earth plane. Wise spirits instruct

with directness and definiteness, the same as wise mortals; and then spiritual power is proved by the emotions it awakens, its influence upon the soul, and not by methods of expression.—*World's Advance-Thought.*

W. J. Colville and Ada Foye in Denver.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mr. W. J. Colville, the distinguished public lecturer, paid his first visit to the Queen City of the Rockies, August 27th, and received a kindly greeting at the hands of his friends.

A social reception was given in his honor at the residence of Drs. Barrington, 1526 California St., and among the guests, numbering about eighty, were many of our best people—not all Spiritualists either. An hour was devoted to music and readings and the listening to an impromptu poem by Mr. Colville, after which refreshments were served, and though the cream was quite frigid it tended greatly to the warmth of the occasion.

Before closing the social enjoyments of the evening Mr. C., at the request of many, kindly consented to deliver a short, impromptu address upon any subject given him. "The future of America" was the one given and was treated by the speaker in a very learned and eloquent manner, the discourse lasting some thirty minutes.

The following day (Sunday), he gave three lectures at the Rink—morning, afternoon and evening—on Modern Spiritual Philosophy, the average attendance at each being about three hundred. About one-half this number were present the following day to hear his lectures on Metaphysics, or what he is pleased to term "Spiritual Science."

The lectures one and all delivered by Mr. Colville were of a high order and were greatly appreciated by those fortunate enough to have heard them. They justly deserved the verdict rendered upon them by his audience who acknowledged them to be a rare intellectual treat, and should he decide to revisit Denver professionally I doubt not but he would be favored with much larger audiences. His friends here wish him every success in his new found home on the Slope.

Mrs. Ada Foye followed Mr. Colville at the Rink, appearing there Sunday evening, Sept. 4th, in a short talk on spiritual matters, followed by a spiritualistic seance of the stereotyped kind, during which there was nothing presented that might not reasonably be brought within the scope of psychometric reading, the father of which science makes no claim for any spiritualistic power in connection with it beyond the psychic development of the individual sensitive or person practicing it. Quite a large audience was present at the seance given by this estimable lady, the greater portion of whom remained until its close. Mrs. Foye is, to my mind, an earnest, sincere and true Christian woman possessing certain well developed powers or faculties, the scientific understanding of which she appears to be quite ignorant of. To some questions asked by honest inquirers, who did not for a moment doubt the genuineness of the phenomena, nothing very satisfactory, from a scientific standpoint, spiritually or materially, was elicited. To call these powers "a special gift possessed since childhood," and then couple such powers with Spirit (God), Divine Truth, who being the All Wise and All Just, can have no special favorites among his children, chills alike the scientific investigator and the spiritual inquirer after truth.

The phenomenon is not new by any means, but is the reappearance under another name and form of what has been known to the world for thousands of years. The only thing new in connection therewith is the open acknowledgment of its disciples of the present day that it is not dependent upon moral character or religious convictions on the part of the person claiming to be the instrument of this spiritual truth (so-called), a statement which, if true, would prove that this so-called spiritual phenomenon is and of itself possesses no element capable of elevating man mentally, morally or spiritually, and would appear to be a misnomer. Only the good tree we are told can bring forth good fruit.

Respectfully,  
T. H. DONEHUE, C. S. B.  
DENVER, Col., Sept. 6, 1887.



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Thoughts and Things.

BY MATTIE FULSIFER.

Until very recently, it was supposed that the microscopic thing called microbe attacked only flesh and blood, but it is now known that it, or one of its class, finds steel just as much to its taste. Repeated accidents in one section of road lately led the German Government to appoint a commission of surveillance to keep watch over the place where the accidents occurred. After six months had elapsed, it was observed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded as if by acid; thereupon one was taken up and broken, when it was found to be literally hollowed out by a thin gray worm to which the designation of "rallivorous" was given, and by which it is classed in natural history. So voracious is this creature that it has devoured thirty-six kilograms of rail in a fortnight. This discovery will no doubt solve the mystery that has so perplexed railroad men, which is that on roads running north and south, the west rails wear out the fastest—that three rails on the east side will wear as long as five on the west. The difference in moisture and heat probably regulating the taste of the iron eaters.

No ship would think of going to sea without its medicine chest, so it has occurred to a railroad—the Main Central—to thus provide itself for emergencies, with the addition of what is more necessary than drugs, linen and rubber bandages, surgical instruments and other articles that would be found useful in cases of accident. In view of the daily calamities that are coming to the traveling public by rail, all other lines should follow the above precedent, which would save much suffering to wrecked passengers, and in a great many instances, lives. Too land travel is at present fraught with more danger than lies in the paths of the deep. The mania of train-wrecking that has seized upon a portion of the criminal class is a source of danger from which there is no safety except to stay at home, which would never do. The world must go abroad to see, learn and transact business. Danger and calamity will never lessen the moving mass of humanity surging from sea to sea, but it can suggest precautions that would diminish the risk of travel, and these will ere long become more numerous and complicated than would ever have been dreamed necessary in our free and generous country.

What ails New York? Is it growing rabid over the consciousness of its own iniquities? One John Tobin on a recent day fell upon his knees in Broadway, and put up a fervent prayer to God to save New York from the politicians. He was at once taken in charge by an officer, given a hearing and remanded for medical examination! Similar petitions have gone up from the churches of that wicked city without result of any kind, so far as the public can perceive. The great zeal manifested by New York in enforcing the Sunday Laws would lead one to expect considerable religious freedom at all times. If it is good to pray aloud it is better to pray among sinners who alone are supposed to need such intercession, and what place better than the highways where they do much congregate? It will be interesting to know what relation the medical examinations will reveal as existing between a rational petition to God and the petitioner's health.

It seems that the personality of the sexes, judicially considered, is a matter of convenience, or inconvenience, according to the sex. A person always implies a member of the human species; therefore, to deny one's personality is to question the class to which he or she belongs. Defrauding woman of her rights, our courts have several times in the past decided that a woman was not a person, but in dealing out punishment the same decision has never been known to spare her. A recent case in Iowa is that of a man arrested and bound over to the grand jury for being discovered in a house of ill-repute, released on a writ of habeas corpus, and tried before Judge Given. The decision declared that the word person, as used in the statutes, does not apply to a man found in such a place, but only to a woman. The Iowa Tribune says: "In other words, a woman is a person when the law wishes to punish her, but a man, equally guilty, is not a person." We should say: "In other words, a woman is a person however low she may sink in degradation; but a man, following in her steps, at once loses his personality, and hence becomes a beast." How else can we take such decisions? In shielding man from punishment an irresponsible creature, unworthy of the attentions given to reasoning beings, for a man is nothing if not a person. Our women only lose their human attributes when they aspire to the learned professions,—when they soar above the conception of the average legal mind, but never do they sink below it. Let us thank our good stars that our women, whenever perverted, are still persons in a legal sense, and hence are always creatures to be uplifted from their worst estate. Men and women had far better be punished as rational human beings than ignored as mere animals.

Rev. Dr. G. M. Steele in "Work and Wages," asks: "Is it really true that labor produces all the wealth of the world?" By labor, the Doctor explains that the word here implies the putting forth of physical energy. We are not aware that it has ever been claimed or asserted that manual toil is the only producer of wealth. Brain labor is just as productive as hand labor; one plans and the other executes; the one is just as wearing and tollsome as the other, but the effects of the two are very different upon the individual, for the reason that the two are so widely separated. If they were better acquainted, it would be to the advantage of both. This will come about when working-men, hand workers, are considered a part of society, and given time to cultivate and improve themselves. In estimating the essential value of manual and brain labor, the supremacy of the former must be admitted, inasmuch as muscle can get along without brain, while brain can not without muscle. Muscle can sustain itself, and a pretty fair state of living, while without it, brain would never have seen the grand materializations of its mighty and noble conceptions; it might have toiled and conceived in vain, for without the command of muscle its grandest mechanical and engineering schemes that startle the world with admiration to-day would have remained mere phantoms of the mind. No one supposes for a moment, even without reflection, that "the great factories, the docks, the vast buildings of stone, and brick and iron in our great cities, the railroads, the mighty steamships, the complicated machines and innumerable other structures are the result of manual labor alone." Could they any more have been the result of brain labor alone? There is a certain quality of brain that goes with great muscular power, which, without the finer and more powerful kind, could build up a pretty good sort of practical civilization that would answer all the necessities of life. That which could best get along by itself is deserving the higher estimate in a material state of being. Brain is shrewd; muscle is obedient; the tendency of one is to subjugate and enslave the other. This is wrong and makes inharmonious. The two can and should divide their forces. Muscle needs to improve its brains, and brain the muscle. The latter is older than the former, therefore existed for a time upon its own responsibility. We think the power to act is a noble one, and not second to any.

Insanity, what is it? Certainly something which is not always understood, or more rational treatment would be adopted. Most cases result from one of two causes,—obsession by malicious spirits or concentration of the mind upon self, both of which suggest a natural remedy, but it is not the simplest things that are apt to be considered the surest. If any one visiting an insane asylum will but observe the subjects with half attention he will find that nine-tenths are laboring under some hallucination, the one and only remedy for which is complete diversion of the mind. An instance lately occurred at Blackwell's Island in which two lunatics, possessing each a special delirium, were set to watch each other, both being informed of the other's weakness and charged to be vigilant. The confidence thus reposed in them inspired each with a firm belief of his sanity, and the insanity of each other. The charge that each had in the other soon awakened a scorn and contempt for the weakness and delusion of his companion. Each day they were stimulated in their duty by their attendant, and it soon became apparent that they were forgetting themselves entirely, and their insane maladies almost gone. Their attendant having been concentrated on a special duty outside themselves, gave their unbalanced minds a chance to regain their equilibrium. This abstraction of thought was all the tonic they needed, and after a time a complete cure was effected and they were lately discharged well, sane men. The general treatment of our insane is to foster rather than dispel illusions, and especially to impress upon the patient that he is incapable and not to be trusted. Hundreds are put into asylums who should not go there; and many die for lack of charity and tender home influences. The spiritual philosophy has cast a good deal of light upon the subject of insanity, and it will in future save many a valuable life that would otherwise be sacrificed to false ideas and doctrines.

Indolence is pointed to the ant and the bee for models of industry. For lessons of humility and thankfulness the striking workmen of our country earning on an average forty-five dollars a month, might be pointed to many of its postmasters whose patriotism and love of peace must surely be greater than their avarice. Postmaster Davis of Solar, Ill., gets ten cents a year salary. Postmaster of Peck, Ill., received thirty cents last year, and Postmaster at Lear, Ark., had thirty-one cents. Sixteen thousand of our Postmasters get no more than forty dollars a year, and ten thousand more who receive but eight dollars a year. While we do not see any virtue in working for starvation wages, we do see a great difference between forty and five hundred and forty dollars a year. These poor Postmasters could find no redress in strikes, for it others did not choose to take their places Government would close the offices, and no one would suffer but the people. Some of these poor servants of Uncle Sam even give part of their own buildings to his use.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## "Frontier" or Border Thoughts.

BY JOHN WETTERBER.

There are many bright thoughts in the writings of Shakespeare, more than in any other writer. He is the "immortal bard," the bright flower of poetical genius. I always feel that when I am quoting one of them that I am tapping a higher source than that celebrated playwright of the age of Bacon and Queen Elizabeth, for if he had been the real source or author of his wonderful utterances he would have left more of his visible personality on his age; he must have been a different man in some of his moments of inspiration than in his ordinary working and social life. If he had been the individual that his sublime creations would indicate, we to-day would have known more of him, as we do of the great names of his contemporaries. Many of his characters or creations seem more real to us than Shakespeare himself. An utterance from him sometimes seems like a voice from Mount Zion or Olympus, and in all probability it is as much so as anything in holy writ, as supermundane as the decalogue or Belshazzar's warning. Here is an instance as illustration; it will answer also as the text for my present train of thought:—

"And that should teach us  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will."

If that quotation is really a truth no greater utterance was ever made; but is it? That's the question. If it be but a glittering generality, a simple mortal thought born of the same brain from which came the melancholy utterance that reads, "To that bourne from which no traveler returns," then the utterer knew no more about any "shaping divinity" than any body else, and without further and higher light the "but is it" is only agnostically answered.

If as Longfellow makes one of his characters say, "that the spiritual world lies all about us," is true, and which is also the fundamental teaching of Modern Spiritualism, then it is reasonable to suppose that there is intelligence in that spiritual world and that in some way it reaches this, and necessarily through the brains of sensitive or mediumistic human beings. In all ages and among all people there has been indication of it, and Modern Spiritualism explains it rationally and by a natural law of human life, and it is an explanation that covers the whole ground, fills the bill of human expectations, desires and hopes, and nothing else does, whether it be called sacred or profane. There can be no such arbitrary division as theology teaches. If a higher than mortal intelligence inspired David to say, "The heavens declare Thy glory," so did the same inspire Robert Burns and Lord Byron in some of their equally sublime utterances, and if David was a man after God's own heart, he certainly did not pick spurious sources to do his work, and the two poets named, bad as they were on some points, will hold their own by the side of the Jewish king. I have no question but the following stanza is truth as well as poetry.

"The spirit world around this sense  
Rests like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapor  
dense,  
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

Speaking of the utterance I quoted from Shakespeare, it would be no more reliable than it is if uttered by Moses, Isaiah or St. Paul. I think a positive assertion of either of those sacred characters, or many of the world's profane characters, carries more assurance with it than the common generalities or equal sublimities from human lips without inspired associations, and I put Shakespeare, for reasons stated, on the same oracular pedestal. The lips of the four named persons were all human. Why then are their utterances more reliable than other glittering generalities? Because we know there are those who are sensitive to supermundane influences and are inspired with knowledge thereby and therefrom, we call them mediums, and if there are such higher avenues of thought—and that is the basic teaching of Spiritualism—then the names mentioned, and multitudes of others, are of that class. Socrates may be mentioned especially as one of the brightest in the world's history, sacred or profane, and he was conscious of the fact, and his guidance by a spirit has been considered a blemish in his mental make up, but the fact, in the light of Modern Spiritualism, proves that it was an influence and not a blemish, that he was a medium and spoke with positive knowledge when he said to his mourning friends, "Bury me where you please if you can, and me," and, "How often I have told you," said he, "this body that you see and know is not Socrates."

In the light then of these thoughts, the Shakespearian utterance quoted is a reliable truth. If it came from the other world, as it probably did, admitting there is an other world, hence likely to be reliable, when if its source was this world it would be only a guess. It may be a guess as to its truth, but if Spiritualism is true then this utterance is true, for spirits are within the lines of that knowledge.

It means a supervision of this world by the intelligences of the other; the teachings of religion call it a Divine Providence; so when Charles Sumner says, "In the providence of God there are no accidents," he means that the details of life as well as human history are all intelligently designed and planned. In a

word, not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. The quoted utterance of Shakespeare is in harmony with this evangelical idea, but equally in harmony also with a more liberal construction. It seems to me to mean an intelligent supervision of mundane affairs, and that is just what Spiritualism teaches. What is supervision? It seems to me something, for instance, as the adult world supervises, looks after, the juvenile world here below. The departed have the same interest in us, and with more or less power, according to circumstances, influence and control us; not always successfully any more than we do our children, or the rising generation. I should say the principle of supervision extended *ad infinitum*—children supervised by the adult, and both more less by the spirit world, and the less advanced spirits by the higher or more progressed, and the "divinity that shapes" from the base to the top is intelligence. There may be an Infinite Intelligence that we call God; there probably is, but no human being and no departed friend have ever discovered Him, and I have the impression that He is undiscoverable, or as Herbert Spencer expresses it, unknowable. In the language of Ernest Renan in his remarkable discourse that the Catholic Church calls heretical, he says, "This is the living God who is felt but does not prove himself."

The highest point, the utmost reach of human thought, is intelligence; hence the expression "Infinite Intelligence," in which "we live, move and have our being," but do not comprehend it. The extreme highest limit of our comprehension is the intelligence manifested in human nature in this world and in the other. Where there is intelligence, there is, or was a man. I hardly think any one will question that fact, be he scientific, or be he religious. I use the word "intelligence" in its dictionary meaning. The whole proof of Modern Spiritualism rests on intelligence. The manifestations in themselves are nothing; the attraction is the intelligence back of them, or through them. Even the Rev. M. J. Savage says, these are his words: "One thing and one alone will prove Modern Spiritualism, and that is undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present."

When I speak of embodied and disembodied, I simply mean mortal and spirit. To be exact, I never expect to see or meet a spirit without a body; I can not conceive of such a phenomenon, but we see human spirits clothed in the flesh, but human spirits who have shuffled off their mortal coil are visible to us; hence we say erroneously disembodied. No one questions the fact of intelligence in connection with spirit phenomena. There has been such a thing proved as independent intelligence? Intelligence, disconnected from mortals in the form? If there has, then it proves there are human beings out of the form. That proves the basic claim of Spiritualism, because intelligence is human in its genesis.

It seems to me that the physical manifestations are the best proof of "disembodied" human intelligence that there is, and a sensuous proof of the continued conscious existence of people who have departed this life. The philosophical teachings and the ethical, the wonders of inspiration and of genius are useful, elevating and instructive, far more so than the lower or physical manifestations; but the latter are better proofs that "the intelligence is not that of any of the embodied persons present." In some instances this proof is absolutely certain, which settles the fact that it is not mind reading or mind transference, and that gives a prestige of truth for the source of the higher phases unattainable without the other. Suppose we try to illustrate this point.

Seems to me the slate-writing and artistic phenomena of Mr. Evans are as absolute proof of spirit intelligence as can possibly be, (not all of his manifestations, but some of them), and if so in single case the question is settled. I fully believe in all of them. First, they have been observed and recorded with care, and second, I have had great experience myself in the phase, and know it to be sometimes absolutely "intelligence" that is not "the intelligence of any of the embodied persons present." So does the Rev. Joseph Cook, whether he now dares to own it or not.

I hate to speak of materializations, there are so many who consider them frauds even among Spiritualists; and yet if the phase is a fact that there is such a thing as the materialization of human forms, it is a settler, for there can be no mind transference there. I do not refer to the often stupid utterances, or bright ones, of the forms themselves, for they are as likely to be mind-reading as any kind of manifestations, but of the objective fact itself. That certainly is an intelligent act; it can not be a chance or accidental phenomenon. If it is an honest act on the part of the medium, it is an intelligent performance and a proof of spirits, the spirits of departed human beings. I say all this, knowing beyond a question that the materialization of human forms is a positive fact.

I will briefly relate an incident that occurred lately, and is about as perfect a demonstration of the fact as one could possibly have. Mrs. Helen Fairchild, now giving seances in Cincinnati, Ohio, has been the guest of Dr. N. B. Wolfe, a well-known Spiritualist of that city. While a guest in his house, she gave him, under

strict test conditions, remarkable materializations. He has published accounts of them in some of the secular papers. I am not going now to refer to them, but the other day, at the Doctor's request, she came to his house and gave there a private seance. There was an intact log in the room before which he arranged a curtain; there was then a small, intact enclosure, no access to it but through the curtain. The room was light enough all the time to read a newspaper, so with open eyes there was and could be no surreptitious ingress to that empty enclosure. The medium remained in sight out in the room. A distinguished looking person came out from the curtain claiming to be the Empress Josephine; a form then came out who was introduced by Josephine as the Emperor Napoleon. Then there came out a platoon of six or seven soldiers, armed *à la pique*, dressed in the style of the French soldiers of the early part of the century, saluted the Emperor and Empress, who retired behind the curtain. The platoon of soldiers then marched around the room, in precise military style, and then entered the enclosure, and that was the last of them. These distinguished personages may not have been Josephine and Napoleon; probably they were not. At any rate, if spirit forms, it is hard to believe them to be those historic characters, nor is it necessary for my point. It has always appeared to me when characters of that sort appear, ancient or modern celebrities, like the ancients that appeared at Mr. Ayer's new Spiritual Temple on the Back Bay, claiming themselves to be Hiram Abif, King Solomon, or Jesus Christ, or these French nobilities of which I have just spoken, that they would bring such credentials with them as to settle the matter. I am not criticising their claims; I am stating only my own convictions. I have no question but the ancients of the Temple were spirit manifestations, and the royal and military display in the house of Dr. Wolfe also, and that fact is the point I have in view, though it is not impossible that they may have been all they claimed to be.

There certainly came out of that empty enclosure eight or nine human forms, acted their part and then went back there again. They appeared to be living human beings. I am inclined to think they were while they lasted. They must have been extemporized out of the circumambient air and vanished into it again. It was then an astonishing and an intelligent phenomenon, and the fact, if I have stated the truth, settles the question of spirit existence.

Dr. Wolfe has written to me about it personally. I have no question of the fact as herein related, for I have witnessed in the presence of this medium equally wonderful phenomena, and besides the Doctor does not need my endorsement as he is well known as a scholarly and sensuously astute observer, and any one can see that confederacy in a man's own house, under the circumstances, impossible; and if they were not confederates they must have been spirit manifestations, and they could not have been mortal confederates. I state this as positive truth. First, I know Dr. Wolfe, and second, have witnessed, in the medium's presence, equally wonderful phenomena, and it seems to me it shows that Shakespeare nodded when he said, "From whose bourn no traveler returns," and that he did not nod when he said, "There is a divinity," etc. He probably spoke, as I have intimated, wiser than he knew in the latter case, especially if we can substitute the supervision of departed spirits for the word "divinity."

Dr. Channing.

MAUD HOWE thus writes in the Boston Transcript: "My mother well remembers the great Channing at the Gibbs place, where she frequently visited with her father in early youth. She says: 'My recollection of his countenance is that it wore an expression of mild austerity. I suppose that its deep thoughtfulness thus impressed me. While my elders conversed with him, I used to roam among the flower beds of the beautiful old garden with the daughter of the house, Mary Channing, afterward Mrs. Eustis. She was a pupil of Margaret Fuller, and probably proficient in German, as she once spoke to me of reading Goethe to her father, and of her enjoyment in so doing. The feature of these visits, which I still remember, was a certain dish of ripe gooseberries, which was handed to visitors by a weird-looking little girl employed in the service of the house. The Gibbs estate belonged jointly, as I remember rightly, to Miss Gibbs and her sister, the wife of Dr. Channing. The first of these ladies was an ardent Episcopalian, while her sister entered sympathized with her husband in his religious views. Yet the household seemed an exceedingly peaceful one. My father, who was also a staunch churchman, was always impressed with the excellence of Dr. Channing's character. I have heard him maintain against some in authority that the Doctor was a perfectly sincere man,—a point which no one in my denomination would call in question to-day. The Gibbs place, fifty or more years ago, was kept in what was considered high style for those days. Miss Gibbs had many rare flowers, which were not seen elsewhere in the Newport of that day; and some flowering plants of rare beauty were always grouped around the great tree which stood immediately in front of the house."



## Methods of Treating Diseases.

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

The following narrative is written in the interest of suffering humanity, and is an attempt to gain some light from observed facts on the obscure subject of curing the various ills that flesh is heir to. If we have a healing art, we have no science of medicines or any scientific method of treating diseases.

Oliver W. Holmes, a professor for half a century in a medical college of Boston, says: "How strange it is to look down on the world's progress half a century above the level where we left them! The stethoscope was almost a novelty in those days. The microscope was never mentioned by any clinical instructor I listened to while a medical student. *Nous avons change tout cela*—true of every generation of medicine—changed oftentimes by improvement, sometimes by fashion, as the pendulum swings from one extreme to another."

I have been a Spiritualist almost from the Hydesville raps, but have been disposed to take a conservative, even skeptical, view of the cases so often reported, where chronic diseases with organic lesion of tissues were claimed to be cured by spirit treatment through mediums. Cases of mere nervous affection that could be reached were readily by impressions on the mind were quite credible. My skepticism was based on the fact that I had never witnessed a case of cure which seemed miraculous in the sense that it appeared contrary to the recognized laws of healing.

The following case has changed that, as it is based on facts, part of which were observed by me and the other part I had from the lips of the party blessed with a cure, and her husband.

Mrs. Ella Filkins, the subject of an almost miraculous cure, is an estimable lady, whose acquaintance the writer has enjoyed from her school-girl days. She was most happily married and living in the beautiful and prosperous town of Riverside, where her husband was postmaster, and an enterprising citizen. Two years ago in August she suffered from a severe form of typhoid malarial fever. The disease that logically followed this continued to afflict her for over two years, during which time her recovery was extremely doubtful. Her model husband left his business and devoted himself to her treatment, and, as he said to me, "I determined that, if she must pass away, she could not look up into my face and say that anything more could have been done for her." She was taken to Los Angeles and treated by the best physicians of that city. It is sufficient for the purpose of this narrative to say that she suffered from an internal abscess and dropsy of the left leg, which was so swollen that she could not walk, rendering traveling difficult. Mr. Filkins brought her to St. Helena to her foster parents, hoping that a change of air would aid medical treatment in restoring her to health. But neither seemed to accomplish the desired result. He then took her to San Francisco, where she was treated by a prominent Christian scientist. Her treatment afforded a respite from pain during treatment, but no permanent result. Her husband then conceived the heroic purpose of taking her to New York to be treated by Dr. Theodore G. Thomas, a specialist of great reputation for such diseases as she was suffering from. This was done with great difficulty in the drawing-room of a Pullman car, Mrs. Potter, her foster parent, traveling with them. Dr. Thomas examined her and said that, before deciding upon the treatment, he desired to have a consultation. This was granted, and two eminent physicians were called and the three held a consultation. They decided that to use the knife there were not over three chances in a hundred in her favor. Of course that was not admissible, and he said he could do nothing for her. With sadness bordering on despair, the company then went to Chicago and she was treated for fifteen days by Dr. E. J. Foutte, a Christian scientist of great reputation. Nothing was effected, and he frankly stated that he was doing no good and must give up the case. As a dernier resort Mr. Filkins determined to consult Dr. J. J. Foutte, who treats as a spiritual medium. He held the examination, and without being told anything in regard to Mrs. Filkins he diagnosed her case most perfectly. He then said he could cure her, but it would take about three months. Mrs. F. was still unable to walk. It may here be said that Dr. Foutte was an uneducated man, a hard working blacksmith, when this power to diagnose and successfully treat diseases came upon him like a revelation. Like Jesus, he cured multitudes without a fee, until it was apparent that he must give up his practice or give up his business. As humanity required, he gave up the latter, devoting himself to the relief of suffering and charging a very moderate fee. Accordingly he treated her, without using medicine, by the aid of a band of spirits, and before the expiration of the three months Mrs. Filkins was well, and as Mr. F. said to me, she could outwalk him or Mrs. Potter.

Comment is unnecessary. Her recovery is a miracle in the best sense of that term, but not as a violation of the laws of nature. I have nothing to say against machine-made doctors as turned out by our medical schools. They do the best they can, and often do well; but when they attempt, as they are doing in most States, to get by law a monopoly of treating diseases, it is an outrage upon the

rights of American citizens, and little less than a crime against humanity. It is time for them to know that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy; that the knowledge they have acquired is but the segment of a wheel, the greater and better portion of which is hid from their view; and that, if they persist in such ignorance, wrong and oppression, God and humanity will hold them accountable.

## Topolobampo.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The *Daily Examiner* recently published an interview with Messrs. C. Woolrich and J. Bull, from Mazatlan, in which they call "the Topolobampo scheme the biggest fraud ever gotten up;" assert that "no one endowed with common sense, and the slightest acquaintance with Mexico, could ever have entertained a hope of its success;" and that "the condition of those who have not gotten away is most deplorable. About thirty people still remain, and all are in the most destitute circumstances." They further say that "A. K. Owen, its chief promoter, is a crank;" that "the land Owen obtained from Mexico is utterly worthless," etc.

As agent of the Colony in this city, I wish to contradict these statements: There are one hundred and seventy people in the Colony, united, contented and happy. The merchants of Guaymas, La Paz and Mazatlan are jealous of a rival port, and all they can do to kill the Colony in its infancy, by spreading bad reports about it, and by bribing police officers to stop the importation of the necessities of life to the colony. On May 7th, Dr. E. J. Shellhouse and L. A. Gould shipped by steamer "Newbern" about \$1,000 in goods. These were held at La Paz. On June 8th, another cargo worth \$1,600 was sent, and was held at Mazatlan, both for some so called slight infraction of the customs laws. Since November, 1886, goods to the value of \$6,000 had gone through in the same way without trouble. The goods were held at Mazatlan one month. Those detained at La Paz are still there, and will be abandoned, unless the dues for storage, as well as other claims are remitted, the expenses already amounting to more than the value of the goods. This detention of supplies placed the colonists on short allowance, and caused much trouble among them. The short crops in Mexico last year, caused by the drouth, and the primitive mode of agriculture, made provisions scarce and high, and fear was excited among some of the colonists that the enemies of the movement were conspiring to starve them, so these took the first opportunity that offered to get away.

Every move made in the management of the colony was hampered by unforeseen circumstances. At first, when only one hundred and thirty-bodied men were wanted, as pioneer workers, four hundred people rushed in, over half of whom were women and children. Smallpox was brought to the colony, causing much suffering. There were thirteen cases, of which four proved fatal. Then treachery appeared in the camp. Some men went there with the evident intention of making trouble and breaking up the colony. They were probably hired to do so.

Instead of the land being "utterly worthless," everything grows to perfection. Wheat, corn, potatoes, onions, beans, melons, and all garden vegetables mature rapidly, while the orange, olive, banana, fig, guava, peach, plum, pear, grape and all small fruits grow well. Letters of August 14, received here, report everything working well at the colony; the crops were growing finely, the country was covered with grass three inches high at that date. The weather was delightful, and all were well and happy.

This colony movement is not of mushroom growth, but is the outcome of the earnest thought and careful work of over five thousand men and women in the United States. San Francisco is particularly interested in this colony, for here is where all supplies and material for construction will be purchased. This trade will increase with the growth of the colony. The press of this city should do the enterprise justice. The principles of integral co-operation are sound, and this effort for practical co-operative work will succeed, notwithstanding the attacks made against it. The people engaged in this movement are in earnest, and it must live.

The "Newbern" on its August trip took down Dr. E. J. Schuchman (one of the Board of Directors) and three colonists, Mrs. Clark and Mr. Edbell and son, with provisions, tools, etc., to the value of \$1,800. In conclusion, permit me to say I will furnish circulars giving information concerning the colony, free to all on application. Yours for justice and truth,

H. W. FAUST,  
Agent, "Credit Foncier de Sinaloa."  
307 Fourth St., S. F.

PRESIDENT McCOSH, of Princeton, is agitating for a correction of the evils which have grown up about public college games. He thinks their present conduct invites jockeying, betting, and drinking, and considers that it is time to take action, if the character of the colleges is to be maintained as places of high education, cultivated tastes and refined manners. President McCosh will be sustained by sensible people everywhere.

## Emma Hardinge-Britten on the Seybert Commission.

[Manchester Guardian.]

In your issue of the 2d inst. I find an article headed "Spiritualism" from the pen of Mr. Moncreux Conway. Mr. C. commences by saying—"You need not be surprised if a number of mediumistic avatars appear in England about this time. During the last three years there has been going on without observation, even without the knowledge of the Spiritualists themselves, a scientific detection of their frauds, which leaves few eminent mediums with reputation enough to remain even amongst their most infatuated customers." I reply, the Spiritualists have known all about it from the day of Mr. Seybert's decease. As in similar attempts to entrust the life or death of Spiritualism to the tender mercies of associations whose vested interests Spiritualism materially interfered with, every experienced Spiritualist has known from the first, it would be a pitiful failure, and from the first to the present moment laughed at the pretensions of ten men to imitate the Saviour of old, and with the same respectable weapon to slay the world-wide faith of millions.

Next, we repudiate as utterly unworthy of credit the statement that the sixteen persons who were examined as "mediums" on the Commission can be considered as a fair representative of the American mediumistic staff. Four only of those persons stand in a representative point of view, and the others can only be regarded as being chosen because their services were readily available. When it is remembered that Australia, India, China, Japan, every one of the thirty-six states of America, and every country of Europe abounds with mediums, and that the private mediums of the home circle are in thousands of instances preferred to professional ones, it is something too much to expect that even the whole sixteen, if found wanting, should outweigh the truth of the thousands who did not go to Philadelphia. But even then, it is so thoroughly certain that all the sixteen examined would be found wanting if the ten professors and Mr. Conway had designed to look on the other side? Permit me then to lift the veil to see what that other side may be. The late venerable Thomas Hazard accepted the office of counselor to the Commission upon certain conditions, including one which Mr. Conway has somehow forgotten to allude to. It was this, that he (Mr. Hazard) and here I use his own published words—"should reject the attendance of any person or persons whose presence I deemed might conflict with the harmony and good order of the spirit circles." How far the Philadelphia Commission respected this condition may be gathered from Mr. Hazard's own words. He says: "I must say that through some strange infatuation, obliquity of judgment, or perversity of intellect, the trustees of the University have placed on the Commission for the investigation of Spiritualism a majority of its members whose education, habit of thought, and public addresses on Spiritualism breathed that very spirit of hatred and contempt of which he complained should be excluded from the Commission. There they remain to this day, and are among the signers of that report."

It is not only that whatever facts did accrue in these investigations are reported in the spirit of "prejudice, hatred and contempt," but there are some reasons to show why it must have been most difficult to procure any spiritual manifestations at all before such a Commission. Whatever force may be which constitutes the difference between a "medium" and a non-medium, it is certainly of a mental and magnetic character, that is, a combination of the subtle elements of mind and magnetism, and therefore of a psychological and not of a physical character. Whilst the Spiritualists of this generation have had no one to teach them either what spiritual gifts are, or how to use them, or how to abuse them, experience has shown that the conditions under which spiritual phenomena are produced through mediums are not only helped or hindered by their mental states, but also by the will, magnetism and mental states of those who surround them. Investigators have again and again proved that the presence of some individuals promotes and aids the manifestations of spiritual power, while that of others absolutely quenches or nullifies it, and that in hundreds of well proved cases in which human agency or fraud was utterly impossible. The most philosophical writers on occult subjects all testify that while honest skepticism is not obnoxious or injurious to medium power, determined antagonism, ill-will, "hatred, and contempt" are, and hence

it is that strong prejudice, bigotry, and above all, the proud self-sufficient assumption of associative bodies have invariably been found to quench and destroy the power they pretend to show by other reasons are wanting to show why committees of specialists, self-styled scientists, or determined spiritual manifestations, we have but to add that the application of physical formulae to psychical conditions can not be otherwise than a failure. For corroboration of these facts we have but to refer to the recent French experiments with "hypnotism," i. e., animal magnetism, as evidence that the whole subject of occult force is at present entirely beyond the domain of physical science, and requires a thorough and candid research into psychical phenomena to master the laws of its production. Without further dilating on a subject to which physical science affords no clue, we submit that the most ordinary experience will show that materialistic writers and physical scientists imbued with hatred and contempt of any subject involving subtle psychological conditions may be fairly distrusted when they assume to pronounce the verdict of failure which they had evidently determined to ensure.

Let me refer to Mr. Conway's statement concerning the four Leipzig professors, who endorsed the genuine character of the occult phenomena given through Slade to the Leipzig University, and published in Zollner's excellent work entitled "Transcendental Physics." On the faith of Prof. Fullerton's statement (one of the veritable Philadelphia Commission), Zollner was mad, Fechner blind, Scheibner nearly so, and Weber too far advanced in years to recognize the disabilities of his associates. A noble verdict truly to pass on four accredited professors of the Leipzig University! and one which should make the Pennsylvania professors tremble lest they, too, should fall under the lash of Mr. Conway's gentle pen! True it is that Mr. C. C. Massey, the eminent London barrister, who translated Zollner's book, in the last number of *Light*, August 13, in a long and lucid article emphatically refutes each statement; and *Light* is only a Spiritualists' organ, and how many of those who read Mr. Conway's cruel words in the *Manchester Guardian* will see Massey's noble refutation in *Light*? I would gladly give quotations from this part of the other side, but dare do no more than repeat the too true opinion of Von Hartmann, quoted in Massey's article, when he says: "The short way with spiritualists who are unfortunately also men of science, is to declare them mad." As a final word to Mr. Conway, permit me to assure both him and the English people whom he so generously warns against the invasion of the mediumistic avatars of America, that the Spiritualists in that country are just now too busy to trouble themselves about the Seybert Commission or the idea of emigrating to England.

This is the camping season, and by my latest public and private advices I find that there are scattered over America about from twenty to thirty camp-meetings, averaging in all something over two thousand campers in each. Every day brings long trains full of visitors, all believers, or at least sympathizers with the spiritual movement. I don't know where Mr. Conway's sixteen "representative mediums" may be, but I do know that at least a hundred times that number are busily plying their profession in different directions, and from the reported speeches already made on the occasions of the great mass gatherings, either the verdict of the Philadelphia doctors has entirely dropped out of memory, or it is not deemed worthy of a reminder in the Spiritualists' happy, holy, religious meetings. Let me assure your readers that the English people are safe from the irruption threatened by Mr. Conway at present; and last of all, that which might well have been the first—setting aside all the ages of proof that have preceded this century, that which is now called Modern Spiritualism is not due either to the spirit circle or to spirit mediums at all.

By many long years of travel around and about the world, as well as by ceaseless research and investigation, I have proved, and shown in many voluminous published writings, that Spiritualism is a spontaneous, world-wide, and irresistible outpouring—often as unwelcomed to its recipients as it was unlooked for and astonishing. The spirit circle is wholly a secondary movement, and was organized and commanded by spirits for the purpose of developing mediumship and aiding investigation. To these facts I have pledged myself by the publication of an immense mass of testimony gathered from every country of civilization, and witnessed by tens of thousands, among whom were monarchs, princes, nobles, statesmen, authors, scientists, and plain common sense men and women, many of whose honored names I have given in full, and whose testimony I have openly cited. When all these can be shown to be such fools as not to know fraud from fact, or such knaves as to be in one world-wide conspiracy to delude the ten Philadelphia professors may put Spiritualism in the tomb of "hatred and contempt," and Mr. Conway may preach its funeral sermon.

LONGFELLOW was a tender-hearted boy. One day he followed his elder brother, who was a natural sportsman, into the woods for a game. He came home with his eyes full of tears, because he had shot and killed a robin. He never went hunting again.—*Cincinnati Times*.

## "Spirits of Darkness."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have been reading a little book entitled "The Spirits of Darkness," by the Rev. John Gmeiner, Professor in the Theological Seminary at St. Francis, Milwaukee, Wis. This work is from the Roman Catholic standpoint, and is the fairest of any work against Modern Spiritualism from a Christian standpoint I have had the pleasure of reading. I will here say, I wish it were in the hands of every Spiritualist in the land, as its support of spiritual phenomena is very clear and conclusive. If this little work is the true exponent of the Roman Catholic view of Spiritualism, then I hold that they are all Spiritualists. It matters not whether they believe that Modern Spiritualism is the works of God or the Devil, they will take the world of the fact and they will take the chances of its author in order to investigate it, and when they once investigate it and find out that it is true, they can soon determine that there is good as well as bad spirits who do return. They will soon learn that they all return under a divine law.

Any experienced Spiritualist, on reading this work, can very readily see how ignorant the Catholic priests were who undertook to handle a case of spirit control over a young man whom they call Charlie, for, prove that the spirit controlling the young man was not only a triller but a better being than themselves. The writer says, in speaking of their effort to cast out the (evil) spirit: "And now commenced a little disagreement between my revered friend and myself. Perhaps while we were exorcising the demon in Charlie, some of his companions were busy in bringing about a little dispute between us both. If so, they succeeded admirably." "The following is certainly not flattering to either my revered friend or myself, but it is only fair to mention it." Here is related what follows, too long for this article, but is quite sufficient to not only prove their ignorance but ill temper, and any fair and thoughtful reader would at once come to the conclusion that the demon (so-called) was much the best in every sense of the word, for when one of the priests calls him "Canis infernalis," the spirit promptly replies, "Ich bin kinder hund." (I am no dog.) Again, when they call him a devil, he replies: "I am no devil, but I admit I am not perfect."

And the whole account of the young man, Charlie, would go to prove that all that was wanted in such a case was the use of a little common sense, together with the council and advice of some one who had had experience in spirit control. They admit that they were not able to exorcise the evil spirit, and then the young man died some eight years after their efforts with him, and that he had been more or less troubled by this demon all that while. The chances are if the young man had fallen into good hands that he would have become a fine medium and been a blessing to himself and to the world.

From indications I can not believe that the Catholic Church will much longer stand in her own light in regard to this most wonderful of all phenomena, and I believe that this little book is one of the entering wedges that will bring it about.

C. A. REED,  
Portland, Oregon, Sept. 1, 1887.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**TAPE WORM** REMOVED ALIVE in 2 hours. Hundreds of people who are suffering from dyspepsia and liver complaint, and general debility, are afflicted with Tape Worm or Stomach Worm. TWENTY HUNDRED TAPES WORMS REMOVED BY PROF. SHIPLEY, 510 MARKET STREET, near the Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco, Cal. Send for circular giving symptoms. Medicine sent by Express, C. O. D.

**WHIPS** MADE IN ALL STYLES. Buggy, Carriage, Cal, Team, Farm and Express. 3020

**PERFECT HATCHER!** (AND) PERFECT BROODER! The leading machines of the world for Artificial Hatching and raising all kinds of Poultry. H. D. Grindle, M. D., Perfect Hatchery, the average was 95 per cent. This beats what you are now getting. AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC CO. (Limited). ELNORA, N. Y.

**WM. H. PORTER,** (Successor to Lockhart & Porter), Undertaker and Embalmer, 106 EDDY STREET, Between Market and Taylor Streets, opposite B. R. Hall, one block and a half from Baldwin Hotel. PRESERVING BODIES WITHOUT ICE A SPECIALTY.

**\$1.00 FOR WATCHES** CLEANED AND WARRANTED. GLASS 10 CENTS. T. D. HALL, Jeweler, No. 3, Sixth Street, San Francisco. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired at wholesale prices. Clocks and Jewelry repaired. Orders and repairs by mail attended to.

**SHAW'S Photograph Gallery,** No. 343 Kearny Street, SAN FRANCISCO. What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery or Market streets, when the very best work can be obtained at this Gallery for half the price. Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantaneous process for three dollars and over, and no matter how restless, a good likeness guaranteed.



## GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at  
734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

TRUSTEES:  
AMOS ADAMS, PRESIDENT; L. C. STEELE, VICE-PRESIDENT; ABRAHAM BAKER, TREASURER;  
DR. JOHN ALLYN AND J. J. OWEN.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.  
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary and Assistant Editor.  
R. B. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.25 for six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses) \$10, and extra copy to the sender. Sent money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

ALL letters should be addressed to "GOLDEN GATE, No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

## AN INFALLIBLE RULE.

The relative value of any religious system or teaching, as compared with any other system, may be truly estimated by the effect it produces upon the minds and consciences of its advocates and believers. If its believers are uncharitable and intolerant of the opinions of others—if they are dogmatic and bigoted, and wrapped up in their own conceit,—either they have failed to profit by the lessons of their belief, or said lessons are wanting in the element of divine power to shape their lives into that harmonious and progressive condition of true manhood and womanhood to which all should aspire.

Teachers of our spiritualistic philosophy, while all agreeing upon its central facts, are nevertheless of many shades of opinion concerning what may be regarded as non-essentials. This diversity of opinion is the great obstacle to the unity of action, or effective organization. But it is not of this we purpose to speak at this time, but rather to place within the comprehension of every intelligent Spiritualist a rule whereby he may measure and compare his own spiritual development, and estimate quite correctly the value to him of the doctrines to which he subscribes, and by which he claims to be guided in his life and conduct.

Every individual ought to have his own nature so well in hand as to be able to determine precisely where he stands in the pathway of his own unfoldment. He ought to know whether he has placed under his feet all selfishness and uncharitableness—whether he has reached that point where he can render good for ill, and think kindly of those who think unkindly of him. The application of this rule to himself will give him the true status of his own character, and enable him to compare himself with others.

No one is perfect. All are struggling slowly up the heights. It is only when we are seeking the highest good of our fellow beings, exercise the broadest charity and send forth the kindest thoughts for all, that we make any considerable advancement toward the higher life.

The religion that inculcates these noble qualities of the spirit to the greatest extent—be it Christianity or Judaism, Spiritualism or Buddhism—must be the best for the world; and the teachers of these, or any other doctrine or faith, who are most endowed with these divine attributes, are the most worthy to bear the banners of truth, and the best calculated to lead others into the better way.

Then let us, as Spiritualists, learn to be generous and charitable; let us be considerate of the opinions of others, and endeavor to carry out in our lives the lesson of good will and brotherly love that constitute the burden of the teachings of all advanced spirits.

We have had occasion to remark on the theological superstitions of our friend of the GOLDEN GATE. We put it straight to him thus: Mr. Owen,—If you have strayed so far from truth in your advertisement of Mr. Morse, how can we believe you when you panegyricize Jesus Christ? If you have imposed upon the public in respect to a man in your midst, are you likely to be more successful in respect to one who is reported to have died 1850 years ago? Would not the inflated and false puff which you have vended in respect to Mr. Morse, not attain to much larger proportions than the status of Jesus Christ, if it have 1850 years to grow?—MEDIUM AND DEBATE.

We are at a loss to understand exactly why our friend across the big water should manifest such hostility to his talented countryman, Mr. Morse; nor why he should become so irritated at the mere mention of the name of Jesus Christ. We have found Bro. Morse not only a very fine inspirational speaker, but modest and gentlemanly in private life. The *M. and D.*'s treatment of him will almost make him wish he were an American. We apprehend, however, that he can stand a little abuse of this sort if Christ could. As for the editor of the *G. G.*, he is used to it and doesn't mind it.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY.—This wonderful instrument for the invisibles will resume her public meetings on Sunday evening, Oct. 2d, at Irving Hall, 139 Post street, between Kearny and Dupont streets. As a platform test medium Mrs. Whitney is without an equal on this Coast, and we doubt if her superior can be found anywhere. Possessing a fine and impressive presence, coupled with rare sweetness of manner, she never fails to inspire confidence and trust in her audiences. She has appeared before many of the largest audiences ever gathered together in this city, giving hundreds of the most convincing tests of spirit presence, calling forth the admiration and astonishment of her multitude of hearers. Irving Hall will no doubt be crowded upon her opening night.

## TELL YOUR WIFE.

It is no doubt true that a woman's intuition is often better than a man's judgment. The man who recognizes this fact, and makes a confidant and adviser of his wife in all business matters in which she is supposed to be equally interested with himself, has a potent counsellor and guide at his elbow not generally appreciated or understood.

We often hear it said of some person remarkably successful in worldly affairs, that he must have been born to good luck, for every thing he touches turns to gold. Now, there is no such thing as good or bad luck in the sense in which the terms are generally used. It isn't luck that brings success to one person and failure to another. It is that peculiar sagacity, or intuition, in the one case, that tells one when to buy and when to sell; the lack of which, in the other case, leaves him mainly at the mercy of a fallible judgment, which is liable to be overreached by some superior judgment.

Now, while reason is something that no man can afford to dispense with, it nevertheless stands a poor chance in the competitive struggle for wealth with reason and intuition combined.

The intuitive faculty is often strongly developed in man; but when so developed, the reasoning faculties are apt to be less strongly marked. Reason is a tyrant who will submit to no dictation in the realm of his own nature; hence, when dominant and imperative in the individual nature there is no room for intuition.

But, as a rule, the wife lives more in the feelings and emotions than does her husband. She knows the right step for him to take, because—she does! She doesn't stop to reason out her conclusions, but she grasps them through the exercise of a faculty which she can not explain, and which the husband often does not believe in. If he is wise enough to seek and profit by the advice of his wife, before taking any important step in business affairs, he will generally find it to his advantage.

Hence we say to every husband, Tell your wife, or rather counsel with her in everything relating to your business affairs that she ought to know. Take counsel of her and make no important move without her approval. Keep no community secrets from her. You are partners in business as well as in social and domestic life. Keep her posted in all that you do; and especially help her to cultivate the intuitive faculty, which is hers by right of her finer organization, and which may be made to become an infallible monitor in all things.

The true man who has the companionship of a good wife may consider himself doubly blessed. With his wisdom interblended with her intuition, they can face a frowning world and come off victorious over all obstacles to their reasonable success or happiness here or hereafter.

## WHY SHOULD IT BE?

Our neighbor across the bay, *The Signs of the Times*, the organ of the Seventh Day Adventists, seems to take real pleasure in the thought that death is the termination of all conscious existence. It says, in a late number, that "the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is the profane 'life breeder of moral, mental, and spiritual pestilence everywhere.'" Its idea, as near as we can understand it, is, that when a man dies that is the end of him, temporarily, or until in some indefinite future, and in some miraculous way, the very elements of his physical body shall be brought together again, and the cadavers restored to life—the righteous to an immortality of happiness, and the wicked to total annihilation by fire. Exactly who are to be considered as the saints, or the righteous, and entitled to live forever, besides the Seventh Day Adventists, we are left in doubt; or exactly why the wicked dead, who have ceased to exist, as our Adventist friends declare, should be called to life again just for the purpose of giving them a final extinguisher, is not clearly made plain to us. If they have ceased to exist, why not leave them alone? And if the righteous are to live forever in physical bodies, why keep them waiting so long?

This planet has doubtless been inhabited for two hundred thousand years, and will be inhabited for untold eons of ages to come. And yet our friends across the bay tell us that, with one or two Bible exceptions, no defunct member of the race has yet come to life—that they are all asleep in their graves, where they will remain until the great cataclysm of the end of the world takes place.

Of course we, who have talked with the spirits of our friends who have passed on, taken them by the hands, and looked upon their familiar faces, know that the so-called dead are not dead; hence, we can hardly understand how our Adventist friends, who are really a very excellent people, morally and socially, can be so woefully deluded. How much real happiness they are depriving themselves of here, besides loading their minds with errors that they will have to unlearn hereafter.

But we are forgetting the question propounded in the heading of this article, called forth by the singular statement of *The Signs of the Times*, that the doctrine of spiritual existence, or immortality, "is the prolific breeder of moral, mental, and spiritual pestilence." Why should it be? The statement is simply amazing. We should as soon think that the Golden Rule, or Christ's Sermon on the Mount, was a source of moral pestilence. If there is anything in this world calculated to prompt one to a pure life and

noble endeavor, we should think it would be the thought that one's loved ones, who have passed on, are watching over him with tender solicitude. A belief in immortality a breeder of moral, mental, and spiritual pestilence, forsooth! Are our neighbors going clean daft, and losing their heads entirely?

## REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

On Sunday last, September 11th, W. J. Colville commenced a series of interesting and instructive inspirational discourses on "Real Life in the Spirit World," which will be continued regularly till the series is completed, during the morning service, in Odd Fellows' Hall, which begins precisely at 10:45.

The opening or introductory lecture dealt, of course, to some extent in generalization concerning the future state, and was in some sense a refutation of many old ideas common alike to Christians and not very advanced Spiritualists. Emphasis was laid on the fact that man as a spiritual entity is little changed by passing through the change called death; indeed, to speak of dying at all is to speak incorrectly, as man no more dies when he casts aside his physique than when he undresses his body, or, to use a more eloquent simile, when he bursts the bars of a prison and emerges into the air and sunshine.

The ancients beautifully represented transition by employing the chrysalis and the butterfly as their most frequent illustrations, but as we penetrate more deeply into the spiritual philosophy we shall see that this natural and poetic emblem is applicable in its highest sense only to those who have mastered the senses and achieved a genuine spiritual victory. If the mere fact of dissolution necessitated spiritual advancement, suicide would not only be justifiable but desirable, and a lengthened term of earthly discipline would be a useless experience for the spirit. But when we grow to comprehend the actual state of the case, we shall see the desirability of living on earth long and usefully. Length of days is a blessing, not a burden, as when we reach the unseen state we immediately profit by our earth experience, as a young man or woman going out into the world profits at once from the effects of home and scholastic training, certainly if that training has been of a practical nature.

Possibly the view taken by some that there is no betterment at all in our condition when we reach the thither side of life is extreme. We may safely conclude that even though such be the case in a minority of instances, the great bulk of mankind show to a disadvantage while enwrapped with matter, and appear much more beautiful from a moral point of view when released from earthly bonds.

In spirit-life we are far less fettered than on earth. We all go to our own places; our surroundings typify our states. We look like what we are; disguises are useless. Still, we are relieved from much external trial and pressure, and while we have nothing we do not earn, the fierce competition of the labor market is unknown.

On the whole we should judge, from the tenor of the teachings given through W. J. Colville, that our expectations of a better time in the spirit world than we enjoy here are pretty well founded, unless we spoil our prospects of happiness by willful misconduct. Uncharitableness, we are assured, is the most heinous of all crimes, and is the only milestone which effectually hangs about the neck of the spirit and prevents its soaring to the higher life.

Alluding to the diversity of views expressed and opinions entertained by the spirits with whom the world has communicated recently and in ancient days, the speaker endeavored to account for and reconcile them, first, by maintaining that no spirit could describe more than he saw, and though two or three of our departed friends might be in the same place at the same time, one might fail to see what others saw clearly; and secondly, by considering the utter impossibility of a perfect spiritual revelation through imperfect media.

Excellent practical advice to public and private mediums, as well as to all students of Spiritualism, was given in the lecturer's peroration.

Next Sunday morning, Sept. 18th, "Communities and Homes in Spirit Life" will be the topic.

CURED BY PRAYER.—Mrs. Ruby Mantel, of Keeler, Mich., arose suddenly from her bed, the other day, where she had been lying ill for eighteen months, dressed herself, and has felt perfectly well ever since. She says her surprising cure was due to prayer. As is general in such cases, the prayers are addressed to the Lord, and if a cure comes it is attributed to His power. But His angels are commissioned to do as much, and it is doubtless they who perform our modern miracles, asking, for our part, that we only trust and believe them. There are mortals who can do nothing for those who mistrust their ability. How much more sensitive must the spirit be when freed from its fleshly house, that acts in a measure as a shield against the rude impulse of the sharp and wrong feelings of our fellows. The power of the invisibles for our good lies mainly in our faith, therefore let us make it strong.

A COMMENDABLE ASSOCIATION.—The "Boys' Grand Army of Industry and Congress of America," is the name of an organization instituted, as we are informed, "to unite the boys in companies for social advancement; to create a military discipline of good conduct; to encourage talents in all its members; to help one another in industries; to create exchanges of various articles of use, such as books, bicycles, toys, etc. When a member at a distance is in need of any article he can send to the commander, stating his wants and receive prompt reply; to aid in sickness; to find employment and help our own. A Beneficiary Department is included for broken limbs and sickness. Any bright boy wishing further information on the subject can obtain it by addressing W. H. F. Briggs, Department Commander, 35 Sixth street, San Francisco.

## "WHY AM I A HEATHEN?"

W. J. Colville's lecture at Odd Fellows' Hall, last Sunday evening, was on "Why Am I a Heathen? or the Comparative Merits of Christianity and Confucianism." The speaker's remarks were largely based on an article by Wong Chin Foo which appeared in the August issue of the *North American Review*. The lecturer, who spoke rapidly for fully an hour, paid a high tribute to the great Chinese sage, Confucius, who flourished more than five hundred years before the birth of Jesus, and who was the remodeler of Chinese legislation, and without doubt the leading philosophic intellect China has ever produced. Confucius was a reverent thinker and believed firmly in a Supreme Being, but his mind was somewhat of a skeptical and melancholy turn, which led him to sorrowfully underestimate the success of his own endeavors. In early life he distinguished himself, holding a high office under government when only nineteen. To his credit he it said he won his high position through faithfulness in a humble sphere. When twenty-four he lost his mother, whom he deeply venerated. After her death he spent three years in privacy devoted to the study of religion and philosophy. His philosophy recognized God as the Principle of Life; in common with the majority of his countrymen, he believed in spirit communion, and we shall find that all Orientals are Spiritualists rather than idolaters when we understand them; their images are only symbols like the statues in Catholic churches. The leading traits in the character of Confucius were a deep sense of universal justice, coupled with a fervent love of all mankind; he was not so tender or expansive in his teachings as Jesus, and indeed the leading difference between these two great moral lights was that Confucius specially negated evil, while Jesus positively affirmed good.

The article of Wong Chin Foo is a deserved rebuke of Christian inconsistency and hypocrisy, and while we do not think it necessary to leave Jesus for Confucius, we are sadly in need of a religion in which the theories of both these noble teachers will be reduced to practice. Salvation depends on fidelity to conviction; the only road to heaven is the one of pure philanthropy, thus Confucian and Christian, if sincere, may assuredly enter its gates together.

PICTURES.—It is the general opinion that picture-making is an art only, but it is just as much a consequence of life, and no one lives who is not painting pictures every hour of the day. These life-pictures are drawn with invisible colors to mortals, but they are luminous or dark, on the walls of those mansions we are building for eternity. Our actions, deeds, words, and, more than all, our thoughts, are the material from which they are made, and it would seem that it was an easy matter to make them just to our liking; and so it would be could we see the process, and had the privilege of discarding what did not please us and begin on clean canvas, but we have not. Every line, color and form must remain, and the subject go on to completion however repulsive. If mortals could be brought to believe that they will have their life and its secrets thus to look upon, great care would be taken to make it beautiful and just. This is the panoramic view that passes before the vision of the dying—the long ago forgotten comes up with the clearness of yesterday, our life-thoughts take form and shape, and glorious scenes are these pictures to many souls passing through the shadow of death's valley. Every noble sentiment, and generous impulse, and benevolent deed, is a grand picture that will thrill the soul with joy to look upon, the more that it is not premeditated or anticipated. It is sad to think of the scenes that will meet the eyes of those who live in darkness and sin, and listen not to the voice of conscience. Memory is the artist, and can average as well as reward. Happy are those who live up to their better promptings; their works shall not condemn them.

OPEN DOORS.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists have thrown open their doors to free admission, commencing on Sunday last with a full house. Dr. W. W. McKaig was the lecturer and delivered a grand and scholarly lecture, which was listened to throughout with closest attention. His subject was, "The Mission of Free Thought in the Ages of the Past and the Present—its Benefits to Humanity." That truly good man, Judge Collins, is Chairman, and it is needless to say that there is an inspiration in his presence, which of itself aids much toward harmonizing and spiritualizing these meetings, for he could not draw around him other than helpful elements for good. There were, also, tests given, and good music. Altogether, the Progressives may feel assured that in their new departure, of no admission at the door, their Society will lose none of its spiritual power, whatever may be its financial success, and we have no fears of that. Three places for Sunday gatherings of Spiritualists, with a fourth to open soon, surely all ought to be satisfied, and as the more meetings the larger attendance each seems to have, the indication is that the one in no way draws from or interferes with the other.

MME. FRIES-BISHOP.—The congregation of Odd Fellows' Hall are loud in their praises of that highly accomplished vocalist, Mme. Fries-Bishop, of Boston, who occupies the double position of soprano and musical director, whose delightful rendering of beautiful sacred solos, and other vocal efforts, adds immensely to the charm of the services in the above place. Mme. Bishop has an international reputation both as a vocalist and teacher. She has spent several years in Europe studying under the best Italian masters. Her singing, a few years ago, created quite a furore in the British metropolis, while as a teacher she has few equals and no superiors. Her thorough, painstaking, conscientious efforts deserve the most cordial recognition at the hands of the public on this Coast, where she is as yet a comparative stranger. We have had the pleasure

of meeting Mme. Bishop personally, on several occasions, and feel deeply impressed with the high degree of culture and evident sincerity of purpose manifest under all circumstances. She may be seen at 129 Taylor street, daily, where she is prepared to teach voice building and languages, privately or in class.

## ITS PERFECTION.

There is something astounding and sublime in the growth of the English language. All other languages are tributary to it, flowing into it as the rills, streams and great rivers flow into the mighty ocean, becoming a part of it, and helping to bear upon its broad bosom the life and commerce of all countries.

While the English language is criticised for its complication, its contradictions of orthography and meaning, there is no foreigner that comes to our shores who can not make himself understood by it in a few months, while the average man or woman requires even less time. Other languages do not readily adapt themselves to foreign tongues, and while there is at present an advantage in being master of different languages, the time is coming when the English language will be the more indispensable of all throughout the world. The United States is the greatest country on the globe; all nations turn to it, and its language will yet be the universal one.

The great English dictionary, just being published by the University Press at Oxford, is to contain a quarter of a million words, that "on a very low average," says Prof. F. Max Muller, "admits of at least ten changes by means of declension, conjugation or degrees of comparison, making, in English alone, two million and a half of words, every one a bright star of human thought." And yet the perfection of language is not in words, but in thought waves, that impress as they come; intuition or soul impression. But few attain to the perfection as mortals. The world must be guided yet by arbitrary signs.

THE "SISTERS TWIN."—Sarah A. and Elizabeth Ramsdell, two gifted sisters, instruments of the higher intelligences in spirit life, are stopping at Mrs. Miller's, 114 Turk street. They are the authors of several works written by spirit dictation, to one of which, "Lessons of the Ages," by spirit Theodore Parker, we desire to call special attention to. It is a neatly bound volume, of nearly two hundred pages, and bears evidence of that polish of expression, and grand vigor of thought for which that eminent Unitarian free thinker was noted. Sarah, who is the medium for the transmission of these messages to the world, hears the utterances clairaudiently, and they are faithfully transcribed by her sister. Another work, which we have not had an opportunity to examine, is entitled, "Science Made Easy." These good sisters want to dispose of these, and others of their works. One of them is an invalid, and a great sufferer, and they are in sore need for means to meet the demands of physical life. The price of the first book mentioned is \$1.50, and of the other \$1.75. Will not our friends feed their own spirits and aid these noble women by purchasing their books?

A BAD PICKLE.—The Fresno people naturally regard their grove of big trees as public property, and by tacit agreement the citizens made it a park, sacred to Fresno county. Now, however, they are in trouble, "in a pickle," as the old saying goes, but does not exactly apply to them; but still it covers the case since there is a Pickle in their grove of big trees. Noble Pickle, he is called, but we fear he is not so noble as he might be, since he has done a very ignoble thing in making application to the Fresno Land Office to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land, and before the Board of Supervisors could get an order from Commissioner Sparks, forbidding settlement of the land in question, Mr. Pickle got his title and paid the price. It is to be hoped the remainder of the grove may be secured against further invasion. The giants of our remaining forests should be preserved, and it is not enough to trust their safety to the simple consent of the residents in their vicinity; strangers are ever abroad who will take advantage of the unprotected condition of our State's wonders, and make of them personal belongings. No time should be lost in securing all such lands against purchase.

MANY MOTHERS.—Henry M. Stanley is surely one of Nature's own children, and clings to her bosom still with the affection of a child for its mother. None other has he ever known, and of the twenty-three women who are said to have acted in that capacity toward him, after he was picked up in a Welsh village, wrapped in a paper bag, not one of them appeals to his heart with maternal tenderness, though each one now claims him as her very own. His memory does not probably go back to the days when he is described as an eighteen-inch mite, waiting out his miseries in the arms of loveless strangers; but he has an instinctive knowledge of many unmotherly mothers scattered about Wales, which country, as report says, he shuns as he would the black death. The wilds of Africa give him a safe retreat from false maternal claims, the true mother doubtless having laid down life's burden when she cast him off a waif upon the common street of humanity. The wide world is his mother now, every nation looking upon him with the pride of a fond parent for a noble son. Invisible hosts attend his perilous undertakings, and inspire him with the courage of an army.

A RELIC.—To a great many visitors of the Mechanics' Fair there will be no more interesting and suggestive exhibit than an old printing-press, a Washington hand-press, the platen being but 16x12 inches in size, on which was printed the *Sonoma Bulletin* in 1850. This relic of the golden days of our State has laid in an old adobe building since the decease of the *Bulletin* in 1855, its long repose being disturbed



for the purpose making it a part of the Sonoma county exhibit. It will perform its part best beside one of its descendants, the Campbell Well Perfected Press, for instance, that does more work in one hour than the Washington in its palmist days could perform in a week. But all we do not despise the day of small things, since all things grow but by beginning; and it is important that we lose not sight of our incipency—it sustains our modesty.

**A PLEASANT EVENING.**—The literary entertainment and dance of the Union Spiritual Society at St. Andrew's Hall, on Friday evening last, was an unqualified success. The hall, which had been neatly canvassed, was partly decorated with flowers and presented a charmingly inviting appearance. The various numbers on the program were excellently rendered and well received. The attendance was a little over one hundred, and although dancing men were rather at a premium, the whole proceeding was voted a great success. The amount of thoroughly genuine enthusiasm and excellent feeling displayed was a matter of much congratulation to those who had worked to bring it about. The next dance will take place on Tuesday, October 4th. Next Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, Mrs. Babbitt will relate her experience as a medium, a subject that promises to be highly interesting, and the following ladies will assist at the seance: Mrs. McClellan, Mrs. Parry, Mrs. Jennie, Mrs. Finnian and Mr. Babbitt. The admission is free. Go early for a seat.

**A GOOD MAN GONE.**—Hon. Washington Bartlett, Governor of California, passed on to the higher life, from the result of a relative in Oakland, Monday, Sept. 12th, in the sixty-third year of his age. The Governor had been in ill health for some months which culminated in a shock of paralysis, about three weeks ago, whence he gradually went down and out into the night of the grave. He leaves no wife or children to mourn his loss—never having been married—but he was held in fond esteem by a host of relatives and friends, who will miss him as they would not many of a closer tie. Although he had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, we nevertheless regarded him as a truly upright man, and one of fine executive ability. In his demise the State as well as society generally sustains a sad loss.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

—J. W. Mackie, of Tulare, a progressive writer and thinker of note, was in this city last week, and honored this office with a brief visit.

—Mr. J. J. Morse's meetings at the Temple, on Sunday last, both morning and evening, were largely attended, the evening meeting especially. The interest in his lectures seems to be increasing.

—W. J. Colville's address is 111 Mason street, where all communications to him should be addressed. He is usually at home to visitors on Tuesday or Wednesday afternoons between 3 and 5 o'clock.

—A friend, writing from Denver, says: "Bro. Colville created quite an impression here in the two days in which he gave six lectures to appreciative audiences. Many who never heard a spiritual lecturer were astonished at his utterances."

—Mrs. F. A. Logan has just finished a course of five lectures in Salt Lake City to interested audiences, and will resume her labors in Ogden city, as lecturer and healer, on the 18th of Sept., at which place she can be addressed until further notice.

—In answer to numerous inquiries, W. J. Colville wishes the public to understand, that he gives no treatments and consults with no one on disease; he begs to refer all who would apply to him for such services to Mr. Chas. H. Heath, whose advertisement appears in another column.

—Dr. Henry Rogers and wife, the wonderful mediums for spirit painting, arrived in this city a few days ago. They are not yet permanently located, but soon will be, when, no doubt, the public will have an opportunity to test their marvelous gifts. They are both delightful people, and as for their spirit work it is simply amazing.

—No more zealous worker in our holy cause, or more honest and conscientious medium, can be found in this city, than Mrs. M. Milne, of 114 Turk street. She not only gives daily sittings, but holds public seances on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and on Fridays at 2 p. m. Admission to public seances only twenty-five cents.

—Our friend, Burns, of the *Medium and Day-break*, is much exercised over the ordination of teachers, or ministers, of the Gospel of Spiritualism, as practiced in this country. He regards it as reprehensible trucking to the ways of the material world. Our friend should not allow himself to become unduly excited upon this subject, when he is informed that such ordinations are in essence hierarchical, of an ecclesiastical character, but simple and requisite compliance with the laws of the land to enable spiritualistic teachers to confirm marriages, and enjoy the same immunities and privileges as are accorded to ministers of other religions.

—We know persons, Spiritualists, teachers, who never lose an opportunity to criticize and condemn a weaker brother or sister, who are the first to wince when the sharp shaft of scrutiny is turned on their own lives. All such should learn to say, not exactly in the words of the Golden Rule, "What I can do nothing for others, others shall not endure from me." There is no life so pure but it is itself something not akin to good. No person lives who is entirely above criticism from the world's view, and it is well to remember that what we mete to others could by others be meted out to ourselves. Advice and criticism are two things that to most minds are more blessed to give than to receive.

—The Jewish New Year commences next Sunday at sunset. In harmony with the spirit of the hour, an elaborate musical service will be rendered at Odd Fellows Hall, commencing precisely at 7:30 p. m. Several of the most popular and effective selections from the great masters will be rendered by an augmented choir, under the direction of Mme. Francis-Bishop. W. J. Colville will lecture on "Scientific Evolution in its Relation to Spiritual Truth." All who attend will doubtless enjoy a rich treat, both musical and spiritual.

#### A Professional "Fraud Hunter."

(Vigilant in Light, London.)

I agree with "A Student" that it is not advisable to revive a discussion which is likely to lead to further recrimination, but I take exception to his considering the concluding paragraph, to which he refers, "damaging" to either Spiritualism or mediums. It is a very well known fact that Mr. Hodgson is bitterly hostile to everything spiritualistic, and seeks, through his bias, to prove every medium a "fraud" and consequently Spiritualism a delusion. Such a man has no right to be permitted to enter seances, being unable to weigh impartially the evidence presented, and the GOLDEN GATE has rendered a service, I consider, to the cause in America by warning mediums against him. The paragraph in question may not have been strictly correct in saying that Mr. Hodgson is an *employee* of the London Society for Psychical Research, but I believe it is true that his services in India were at the expense of one who is, *de facto*, a very prominent member of that body. The GOLDEN GATE should have said that Mr. Hodgson was employed by the American Society for Psychical Research at a salary of \$300 per annum to hunt up "frauds," and not by the London Society.

#### The Price of Blood.

I can not consent, as your queen, to take revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects.—*Queen of Madagascar.*

The deriving of vast sums for the revenue from the bitter suffering and grinding pauperism of the people is a terrible offense.—*Canon Wileforce.*

To sell ruin for a livelihood is bad enough, but for a whole community to share the responsibility and guilt of such a traffic seems a worse bargain than that of Eve or Judas.—*Horace Greely.*

If the traffic in ardent spirits is immoral, then of necessity are the laws which authorize the traffic immoral. And if the laws are immoral, then we must be immoral if we do not protest against them.—*Gerrit Smith.*

And if a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be a gainer of a thousand-fold in the health, wealth, and happiness of the people.—*Justice Greer.*

It is true, I can not prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.—*Emperor of China.*

Gentlemen, I can not permit a question of mere revenue to be considered alongside of a question of morals; but give me a sober population, not wasting their earnings on strong drink, and I will know where to get my revenue.—*Gladstone, to the brewers of London.*

Luxury, my Lords, is to be taxed, but law be what it will, would you lay a tax upon a breach of the ten commandments? Government should not, for revenue, mortgage the morals and health of the people.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

Should these wages of iniquity be put into the treasury? They are the price of blood, and in their aggregate would be inadequate to buy fields enough to bury the multitudes who are the victims of the dreadful traffic for those whose profits they sell the people's sanction.—*State Board of Charities of Pennsylvania, 1871.*

If the revenue diminished from increased habits of temperance the amount of wealth such a change would bring to the nation, would utterly throw into the shade the amount of revenue that is now derived from the spirit duty; and we should not only see with satisfaction a diminution of the revenue from such a cause, but we should find in various ways that the exchequer would not suffer from the loss which it might sustain in that direction.—*Sir Stafford Northcote.*

It is gratifying to observe that the scientists are endorsing the conclusions which advanced spirits have announced to us for many years;—that man builds his body, from earliest infancy, and develops organs to enable him to handle matter in its crude forms, and to protect himself from injury by too close contact with his environment. Faraday has said for the last decade that the spirit builds the brain, and as it wishes to produce a higher mentality it increases the convolutions of the brain or adds new convolutions to enable it to express higher thought. It is the spirit-body as his master. He makes the house for a temporary home. He withdraws from that machine when he has perfected a better one with which to explore and add to his experiences in the world of etherialized matter.—*Alcyone.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

#### The Highest Type of Love.

BY JOHN C. KASHNER.

It can not but strike the average mind that the love precepted and exemplified by Jesus of Nazareth is, in reality, the only saving love and the only love worth seeking after. The others are selfish, partial and unjust, and dependent for their blessedness upon conditions, leaving the unfortunate out in the cold.

Divine love has no earthly returns acceptable to the natural man. To be hated and despised by all for testimony and advocacy of a righteousness demanding annihilation of all self-love, self-glory and self-merit down to the very grave, requires a love simply impossible with human nature—the natural man.

It matters not in the least how little or how much of this truly spiritual love is found upon earth this day, Paul, in the fourth chapter of First Corinthians, testified of a blessedness inconceivable amidst humiliations and temptations crushing to every thought of gratification of natural desire.

There is a philosophy of, or rather to, every plane of spiritual progress or estate. Nevertheless it may be safely asserted that every type of love is blessed only in exact proportion as it contains a mite or more of the truly spiritual or divine. What is impure or selfish must suffer and perish. Plainly speaking, the love of a clergyman for a fat salary is identical in type with that of a cannibal for a fat missionary. Both are flesh. The only difference lies in training and polish; the substance is the same.

Were the Christian faith simply a matter of frozen doctrine and dogma instead of a divine dispensation of a law governing life eternal, the more correct creed would soon vanquish all the rest. As it stands, all Christian creeds represent but human endeavor to insure an infallible way unto divine favor and estate. The greatest and most advanced followers of the Lord always returned to the plain gospel for guidance, while the ignorant masses battled over creeds and slew each other for such.

Nor is the love of churches for display and pomposity distinguished from that of the Indian maiden who utilized the leaves of a Bible for a bustle. Advanced and pious vanity remains vanity still. And the love for constituted ecclesiastical authority is of self-made type and origin as that which crucified Jesus.

All these things are of the natural heart; nevertheless of Christ. Of course, divine love has a moral code intrinsically its own. The Golden Rule is not to a savage what it is to a slave; capable of loving for love's sake. Its demands upon our minds and hearts increase in beauty and glory as we ascend spiritually toward greater life. No one having in verity entered upon the Christian faith can or will regard mundane prerogatives, honors, privileges and glories otherwise than beggarly elements of this world. His or her desire will be concentrated upon but one hope—to love as God loves us.

We have stated this in defense of the only Christian faith—at least expressed in the last verse of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew.

Mrs. Moulton thus writes of George Meredith in the Boston Herald: "Meredith, also, is a handsome man. I should think he was between fifty and sixty. He has iron-gray hair and a most expressive and interesting face. He quite realized my preconceived ideal of what he ought to be. He is large and tolerant of nature, genial and unaffected, and to the last degree witty and brilliant in conversation. I asked him if he had found the 'Egoist' in actual life, and had really been acquainted with him. He said he had known him well, and that the real man was just as sure of his claim on the world's interest, just as amazed when any one failed to share the enthusiasm of his self-worship, as was the character so vividly portrayed in that very remarkable novel. There is nothing languid or diletant about George Meredith. He has great charm of manner, and a beguiling air of interest in everything you say to him, which is the subtlest of compliments.

The several other great novelists, his most passionate attachment is, I think, to his verses. He is the only one of the unfavorable criticism on him of the English press. 'Why,' I said, 'it seems to me that your novels have universal praise.' 'Oh, my novels, perhaps,' he answered discomfitedly; 'but what did the *Athenaeum* say of my poems? I am called a harlequin—a harlequin!'

Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin gives utterance to the following remarkable combination of poetic fancy and unanswerable logic: "We must have the liquor tax to pave our streets, says a politician. But I think if mothers had the control—

"They could pave to-day  
The broad highway  
With something not so white as the souls  
Of the innocent boys at play.  
With something harder than the hearts  
Is there no gold that will serve their turn,  
Save the shining gold of the heads that rest  
Soft on a loving mother's breast?  
Must these go down to the drunkard's grave  
In order that we the streets may pave?"

#### SOUL COMMUNION.

The whole world, regardless of race or creed, is invited inspirationally, through the GOLDEN GATE, to join in soul communion, *Advantage*—From this time, to soul communion, the twenty-seventh day of each month, for one-half hour, at 12 o'clock—Salem, Oregon, time. The object is "to seek higher truths and secure universal peace through unity in aspiration and co-operation of thought and action." The conditions are—each self must be lost sight of, and that every soul shall be given up to universal love." We should be pleased to have any of our readers who may feel inclined to write up their experiences during the half-hour communion for our columns.

#### Passed On.

CULLEN—From this city, Friday, August 9th, Fannie, wife of Gerald Cullen. Born in London; aged 48 years.

#### MANAGER'S NOTICE.

W. J. Colville's Sunday Services are held in Odd Fellows Hall, Market Street. Entrance on Second Street.  
Lectures at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Answers to questions at 2:45 P. M. Joseph W. Maguire, Musical Director and Soprano; Miss E. Beresford Joy, Soloist and Organist.

Classes in Spiritual Science—embracing the salient principles in Metaphysical and Mental Healing, Mind, Prayer, and Faith Cure, and Christian Science—will be held in Encampment Hall, Mondays and Thursdays, at 8 P. M., and Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 A. M. Elevator runs one hour previous to and close of classes. 3 P. M., and lectures the same day at 7:30 P. M. Fees for a course of twelve lessons in Spiritual Science, \$5.

Single Admission tickets to classes, 50 cents. Admission to Sunday services to 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.

Copyright 1886

Patented April, 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

#### FROM THE OTHER SHORE

Your Loved Ones Call Back to You!  
"STAY WHILE YOU MAY"

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

#### THE FAMOUS

CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL  
TREATMENT

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

It is a simple yet effective  
HOME TREATMENT,  
That does its work of healing quickly and well, leaving no trace of disease behind.



Patented April, 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886

Copyright 1886











[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Wildwood Flowers.

BY SARAH A. BROWN.

Dear to me are willow flowers,  
Gaily blooming in shady bowers,  
Buttercups decked in golden sheen,  
Daisies mingling with the green.  
Refreshed at eve with gentle dew  
Brightening every rainbow hue.  
Wildwood flowers in colors rare,  
Sweetly scenting the morning air,  
Bright and pure, from mossy beds  
Moistly filling the gentle breeze;  
Angel forms seen ever there,  
Watching the flowers with tender care.  
Arbutus vines swayed by the breeze,  
Fondly clinging to bushes and trees,  
Roses fair, pink and red,  
Slyly peeping from under the hedge;  
Lilies, pure as the moon's soft beam,  
Floating gracefully on the stream.  
In the wildwood's shady dells  
Pure inspiration ever dwells;  
When the birds' sweet voices of praise  
Mingle with the sweetest of lays,  
Gently it falls upon the ear  
Like melody from heavenly sphere.  
At the close of Summer's day,  
When the wild bee bears away  
Golden sweets from fragrant flowers,  
I love to roam through nature's bowers,  
And feel the glow in all its power  
Of inspiration's copious shower.

The Two Glasses.

There were two glasses, filled to the brim,  
On a rich mahogany table, rim to rim.  
One was ruby and red as blood,  
And one as clear as the crystal flood.  
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,  
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.  
I can tell of banquet and revel, and mirth,  
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth.  
Pell under the sun as though with my light,  
Where I was a king, for I ruled in might.  
From the heads of kings I have bared the crown;  
From the heights of fame I have bared men down.  
I have blasted many an honored name;  
I have taken virtue and give and shame.  
I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,  
That has made his future a barren waste.  
Far greater than a king am I,  
Or than any army beneath the sky."  
"I have made the arm of the driver fall,  
And sent the train from the iron rail.  
I have made good ships go down at sea,  
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.  
For they said: 'Behold, how great you be!  
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you lie.  
For your might and power are over all.'  
He! he! pale brother," laughed the wine,  
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"  
Said the water glass: "I cannot boast  
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host,  
But I can tell of a heart, once sad,  
By my crystal drops made light and glad.  
Of thirst I've quenched, and of love I've loved,  
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved.  
I've leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,  
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,  
Slept in the sunshine and trooped in the sky,  
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.  
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;  
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile with grain.  
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill  
That ground out flour and turned at my will;  
I can tell of manhood, dashed by you,  
That I lifted up and crowned anew.  
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;  
I gladden the heart and man and maid;  
I lead the wine-chained and give cheer,  
And all are better for knowing me."  
These are the tales they told each other—  
The glass of wine and its paler brother,  
As they sat together, filled to the brim,  
On the rich mahogany table, rim to rim.

—Maine Farmer.

Grandmother's Work.

BY MRS. C. R. HEWITT.

Up in the garret the grandmother sits,  
Under the rafters dark and low,  
Sorting over the faded bits  
Of woolen, silk, and calico;  
And the children wonder, as peeping in,  
They watch the old lady her task begin,  
Why the aged hands, so wrinkled and thin,  
Should tremble and be so slow.  
Run away, ye careless ones, to your play!  
Let her muse for awhile alone!  
These faded remnants, once bright and gay,  
Have a history—every one;  
And this is the reason the thread she sighs,  
And the blinding tear that unbidden rise  
She pauses to wipe those faded eyes  
Whose weeping she thought was done.  
The silk whose color she scarce can tell,  
Laid away with pride and care,  
Was the bridal robe, the remembrance well,  
Of her darling son, who never wore;  
And she hastily folds it out of sight,  
For she knows full well, in that land of light,  
Unfading and spotless, clean and white,  
Are the garments the ransomed wear.  
And these tiny shreds of old soft lace,  
Which the years have turned so gray,  
How they bring before her the happy face  
That within these ruffings lay!  
And her heart leaps over the days that remain  
Till she clasps in her arms her babe again,  
While her withered heart feels a yearning pain  
For the little one who has fled.  
And now she has found a scrap of blue,  
And she brushes away her tears,  
As she thinks of her soldier son, so true,  
To his country—their her so dear;  
A bit of the blue her brave boy wore  
When he said "good-by" to the cottage door;  
She now lists in vain, in the shaken floor,  
For the footstep she loved to hear.  
And now she labors and thinks and dreams,  
While memories fast arise,  
Till the fading light of evening seems  
To come with a swift surprise!  
And the children that night, in the chimney nook,  
Looking up at length from their picture book,  
See the folded hands and the shadowy look  
Of tears in her kindly eyes.

Autumn.

Feathery clouds are few and fair,  
Thistle-down is on the air;  
Kissling sunshine on the lake,  
Wild grapes scent the sunny brake,  
Wild bees' murmuring take the ear,  
Crickets make the silence dear;  
Butterflies float in a dream  
Over all the woodland gleam.  
Here and yonder, high and low,  
Golden rods and sunflowers glow;  
Here and there a maple flushes  
Summers redness, so divine blushes,  
Purple asters bloom and thrive,  
I am glad to be alive. —Robert Kelly Wells.

Gems of Liberal Thought.

Prosperity shines on different persons much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.

If any sentiment was deeply fixed in Dryden, that sentiment was an aversion to the priests of all persuasions, Levites, augurs, mutts, Roman Catholic divines, Presbyterian divines, and divines of the Church of England. —Macaulay.

Affectation is always to be distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might with innocence and safety be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy; affectation, part of the chosen trappings of folly.

What distinguishes a man as superior to his fellows is greater goodness, stronger and clearer intellect, so that he speaks and acts according to the dictates of reason, not under the impulse of passion and prejudice; in fine, does not fly into a rage when anybody disagrees with him.

It is not what we earn, but what we save that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle, that makes us valiant.

Think no man the better, no man the worse, for the church he belongs to. Try him by his fruits. Expel from your breasts the demon of sectarianism, narrowness, bigotry, intolerance. This is not, as we are apt to think, a slight sin. It is a denial of the supremacy of goodness. It sets up something, whether a form or dogma, above the virtue of the heart and life. —W. E. Channing, D. D.

Catalepsy and Somnambulism.

By catalepsy is meant a condition of suspended psychical manifestations on the part of the subject, during which the limbs exhibit no muscular or nervous hyper-excitability, but possess the singular property, while remaining flexible, of preserving indefinitely any attitude imparted to them; hence the name of "waxy flexibility," given to this condition by old writers. Unlike the rigid spasms of the lethargic muscle, the plastic fixity of catalepsy is not relaxed by friction over the skin. The aspect of the patient in the two conditions, moreover, offers striking differences, the sleep-like immobility of lethargy contrasting vividly with the petrified attitudes of catalepsy. In both conditions, however, there often is the same absolute insensibility even to the most painful stimuli. A more remarkable phenomenon may be observed in some instances—by merely opening one eye of the lethargic patient the corresponding side of the body is catatized; and so in the same subject these two phases of the hypnotic sleep may coexist side by side with the fullest display of their contrasted characteristics.

The third condition, that of somnambulism, may easily be brought about by light pressure or rubbing on the top of the head. The hysterical patient then passes into a state somewhat between the lethargic and the cataleptic condition. The muscles have lost the hyper-excitability of the former state, and do not possess the plastic adaptability of the latter. Still they react abnormally to light external stimuli; if we very gently stroke or blow upon a limb, it becomes somewhat rigid. We cannot then relax it by a mere touch, as we can in lethargy; and, unlike catalepsy, it offers some resistance when we attempt to move it into a different attitude. Insensibility to pain may persist, but there often is in the somnambulant phase a singular exaltation of memory and of sensorial perception which has caused it to be called the "lucid state," and which has been described by the devotees of mesmeric delusions as "second sight." Our readers will recognize in this description the ordinary "magnetic" or "mesmeric" sleep, into which not only hysterical, but many other individuals may be more or less completely plunged by the usual "passes" of operators.

It is especially in the somnambulant state that the astonishing phenomena of suggestion are observed. By this we mean that the patient in whom every spontaneity is in abeyance, who does not "sleep," and who yet does not move or think, can be so impressed through some sensory channel as to enter upon some definite train of ideas or movements. He is under the control of the experimenter, whose will is his, so to speak. He is a machine ready to go, but unable to start of itself. —Popular Science Monthly for Sept.

SAVED BY A DREAM.—There is more between heaven and earth than is dreamt of in philosophy, and there are more wonders in dreamland than there is in the tale of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp." Thus thinks Mr. Ben De Beck, a resident of Hawkins street, who dreamed last Friday night that a friend of his was being chopped to pieces by a murderer. The details were so vivid as to awake Mr. De Beck, whose eyes the next moment rested on a tall man standing near his bed. The tall man, on seeing that he was discovered, slid out and took refuge in the kitchen. Mr. and Mrs. De Beck started to search the house and detected the burglar hiding behind the kitchen door, seeing which he broke and ran.

Close to where he was hiding he found an adz on the floor, and thus it was that Mr. De Beck's life was, in all probability, saved by a dream. —Dallas (Tex.) News.

A Telegrapher Talks with a Spirit.

[Burlington (Kan.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Dem.]

Allow me to contribute my mite to the very interesting ghost column of the Globe-Democrat. Last winter, while stopping at my uncle's in Louisiana, Mo., the family held occasional seances. One night while the table was tipping to questions by the circle, what purported to be the spirit of a telegraph operator manifested his presence in the usual way. I was not in the circle, but was sitting some distance across the room on the bed. Being an operator myself I thought I would try with the Louisiana depot call, which was the same as now, Ny. I took my knife, and between the bars of my crutches I commenced calling Ny. ny. The table stopped tipping instantly, came directly across the room (with just the tips of my cousin's fingers resting on the top), where it hit the bed, jarring the whole structure, such was the force with which it came. I then conversed with this unseen spirit through the Morse alphabet, the letters being tapped off independently on the under side of the table. Of course it was difficult to read, there being no back stroke, but any words came plain and distinct. He told me correctly where he lived when on earth, where and when he died, and many other things. He had boarded with my uncle when he worked in the telegraph office fourteen years ago. I talked with him by sound, using the Morse alphabet, when no one but myself was present that knew a thing about telegraphy. There was no possible chance for trickery or deception. All present recognized the sounds as telegraphic, and would be surprised when I failed to catch it. I would like the Seybert commission to explain this phenomenon. From whence came this intelligent force that understood the Morse alphabet, if not what it purported to be?

HAVE FAITH IN YOUR DAUGHTERS.

A bright, young, American girl was the center of a little circle one evening not long ago, in her parental home, entertaining her listeners with a sketch of her summer trip abroad. "There is one thing I don't like about Paris," she said; "a young lady must never go out without a chaperone. I am very glad I am not a French girl; as for having an overseer for my actions and friendships—that would most assuredly not do for me. Why I would never do what my mother has taught me was wrong, even if the ocean rolled between us and no eyes were watching me, for I have a goodness in my own heart which is guiding me, and the thought that my mother trusts me is a sufficient safeguard for me."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES!

Advertisement for Epps' Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's benefits for health and digestion.

Advertisement for Mrs. Martin, a ladies' physician, located at 342 Third Street, offering medical services for various ailments.

Advertisement for O'Banion & Dagenas, Merchant Tailors and Dealers in Clothing, located at 712 and 714 Market Street, San Francisco.

Advertisement for Reversible Collar Co., featuring an illustration of a collar and text describing their products for men and boys.

Advertisement for Grangers' Bank of California, San Francisco, listing capital, assets, and officers.

Advertisement for Albert Montpelier, Cashier and Manager, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing his services.

Advertisement for Epps' Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's benefits for health and digestion.

Advertisement for The Grandest Spiritual Work Ever Published, offering a book for sale.

Advertisement for A Spiritual Legacy for Earth's Children, offering a book for sale.

Advertisement for John B. Fayette, offering a book for sale.

Advertisement for Southern Pacific Company, featuring an illustration of a train and text describing their services.

Advertisement for Southern Pacific Company, featuring an illustration of a train and text describing their services.

Advertisement for Southern Pacific Company, featuring an illustration of a train and text describing their services.

Advertisement for Southern Pacific Company, featuring an illustration of a train and text describing their services.

Advertisement for Southern Pacific Company, featuring an illustration of a train and text describing their services.