



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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star.—Byron.
Where evil is true, mercy must be terrible.—George Eliot.
Royal deeds may make long destinies for multitudes.—George Eliot.
Daily perform thine own appointed work unwearily.—Brahman.
Faith, the stronger for extremity, becomes prophetic.—George Eliot.
Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds, An easy access to ignoble minds.
True nobility scorns to trample upon a worm or sneak to an emperor.
Every thought which piety throws into the world alters the world.—Emerson.
Clap an extinguisher on your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it.
Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls, makes us covet that which hurts us most.
Talking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is niggard in deed.
One must study to know, kind to understand, understand to judge.—Indian Proverb.
Truth should be the first lesson of the child and the last aspiration of manhood.—Whittier.
One may live a conqueror, a king, a magistrate; but he must die as a man.—Daniel Webster.
Reason may be the lever, but sentiment gives you the fulcrum and the place to stand on, if you want to move the world.
Happy the man, and happy be alone, He who can call to-day his own; He who, secure within, can say, To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—Boree.
How cunningly nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses, and violets, and morning dew!—Emerson.
Do not fret. It only adds to your burden. To work hard is very well; but to work hard and worry, too, is more than human nature can bear.
So long as you can contribute to the pleasure, happiness, or comfort of any human being, you are of importance in the world—and no longer.
A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—Carlyle.
One of the saddest things about human nature is that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot and yet a castaway.—Anon.
Appetite is a relish bestowed upon the poorer classes that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat when they like.—Horace Smith.

PRIZE ESSAY.—No. 1.

First—"Can Money be Used to Advantage to Promote the Cause of Spiritualism?"

Second—"How Can One Hundred Thousand Dollars, More or Less, be Used in California to Ensure the Best Results in Promoting the Cause of Spiritualism?"

First—"Can money be used to advantage to promote the cause of Spiritualism?"

This proposition seems almost a self-evident fact, that will not need much elucidation to enable us to answer it in the affirmative, for although a knowledge of these great and startling truths will find its way to the hearts of many "without money and without price," still an effort involving an outlay of money will result in bringing it to those in great numbers who will not come in contact with it without that effort. Among the means to be used requiring money may be mentioned,

First—The sending out of "test mediums," with lecturers, into places outside of the city, as well as to employ them in the city;—to do which requires money to pay traveling expenses, hall rent, printing of posters, and advertising bills, and the workers employed, for no matter how devoted mediums of any and all phases may be to the cause, they can not live on air, and should be paid for their services, not a beggarly allowance just to keep soul and body together, but enough to enable them to lay by a little for a "rainy day," or for the time when their powers may fail and leave them no other means of gaining a livelihood.

Second—The distribution of spiritual papers and magazines, so as to have them on the tables of all the public reading-rooms in the State, and many of the hotels. This, in connection with meetings held in the city for its own citizens, as well as those outside, will give all a chance to learn of these truths.

Third—A very important and necessary means of accomplishing this work is the erection of a building such as was proposed by a public-spirited Spiritualist, of San Francisco, in the GOLDEN GATE, a few weeks since. Its proposed object was to provide rooms and offices for the GOLDEN GATE and *Carrier Dove*, and halls for our various societies, in the city. Without exceeding the limits of the amount specified (after reserving a necessary fund for missionary work), this edifice could be enlarged sufficiently to accommodate a school of "Spiritual Technology," if I may be allowed the term, in charge of competent professors, who have made a life study of spiritual phenomena and therapeutics, assisted by those who are used by workers in spirit-life; their work to be the teaching of the philosophy and laws of all branches and phases of spirit force and their significance, from the beginning of its simplest expression in the spirit rap, to the walking out of the fully materialized form, with power to stand the full glare of a calcium light and be photographed.

These and other modes that will be considered under the second proposition, will require money to put them in practice, and can not show us that money not only can be used to advantage in this cause, but is an imperative necessity.

SECOND PROPOSITION.

Second—"How can, say, one hundred thousand dollars, more or less, be used in California to ensure the best results in promoting the cause of Spiritualism?"

To erect a material edifice in the best manner and at least possible outlay, we employ an architect to furnish plans and specifications, showing its capacity, appearance and cost. In the construction of our spiritual "house," "not made with hands," there should be a striking resemblance in our mode of procedure.

Now, in this case, what do we wish to accomplish? We want to bring as many as possible to a knowledge of the grand truths of this philosophy—from the rudiments up to its most exalted teachings.

And how shall we do it? That was a very pertinent injunction given by a caterer to a lady as a prelude to a recipe for making rabbit stew: *First, catch your rabbit.* And before we can make good Spiritualists out of people, we must first "catch them."

We all know there is a disposition with some of our best and most steadfast believers and speakers, who are doing a

grand work, to decry and deprecate the phenomenal part of Spiritualism. This has been brought about by several causes.

First—The amount of fraud practiced and exposed in connection with "physical manifestations"—an evil that has assumed vast proportions, greater than it ever could have reached, had it not been for the still greater and more momentous truths that it has tried in vain to simulate, and which hungry souls are reaching out after.

Second—The propensity that people show for following after the sensational to the neglect of more important truths—thus engendering a habit that infits them for the ethical teachings of Spiritualism.

These are points that are entitled to consideration, and we should do our best to correct these abuses, and leave no fair means untried to detect and expose these infamous frauds, and then let them *severely alone*.

But the people have got to be "caught," and we have only to open our eyes to everyday facts to see at once that "tests" and "phenomena" are the means best adapted to first arrest their attention.

See the crowds that flock to Mrs. Whitney's test meetings because there is a certainty of something tangible from lost friends—something that not only says but demonstrates the fact that our loved ones not only live, but can come to us. It is not an unfavorable omen, but shows how many hungry souls there are.

Look at the interest taken in slate-writing because something comes that is tangible.

Go, if you please, to a harmonious seance for materialization, where no mercenary motive tempts to fraud and no contending forces break the conditions, and see the heavenly visitants walk out from a background of solid, white, plastered walls and stand the intense glare of a calcium light for a photograph!

Witness under test conditions the production of a spirit picture that would be no discredit to a Raphael or Michael Angelo, where the spirit artist stands out in bold relief in view of all present.

Observe how spell-bound the sitters is when the "test" or "trance" medium reveals from some lost loved one proofs of her loving presence, or the gratitude of the invalid restored to health by the "phenomena" of the magnetic healer.

These phenomena, these "object lessons," make an impression that is ineffaceable—that volumes of words alone could not accomplish, though laden with the most exalted thoughts that ever came over the celestial wires—and point with unerring certainty to the means first adapted to make us "fishers of men."

These were the most important means relied upon by Christ and his Disciples to gain followers—To "heal the sick," "make the blind see," "cast out devils," "raise the dead," "roll away heavy stones," "materialize" when the doors were closed and vanish as mysteriously.

Bishop Watson, thirty-five years a preacher, says: "It is from such objective demonstrations that mankind are enabled to learn of the infinite."

"It is evident that something more (than speaking) in this age is needed to satisfy the cravings of the human mind—something by which the mind can be brought into closer relationship with the subtle forces that are met with on every hand in the journey of life."

When, by these means, the early Christians had "caught" the multitude, they proceeded to teach the higher truths, just as we want our Mrs. Watsons, Colvilles, Moses, and Richmonds to do, together with our McKaigs and Ravlins, whose inspiration, though to us an "unknown quantity," tells of a gospel whose source may be traced to the superhuman.

But we may send our best speakers out without the "phenomena," and their words, though "pearls of great price," will fall unheeded upon listless ears. The breaking-up plow of "test" and "phenomena" must go with or precede them, for it is a peculiarity of this belief that everyone wants to know the "proof" for himself. It will be found characteristic of nearly all "experiences" in this philosophy, that conviction did not come till the test was brought directly home to the convert.

Obliterate all physical manifestations and tests, and the twilight of Spiritualism would soon set in, and the next generation would be enveloped in a night of total darkness, relieved only by traditions of past glories.

Having satisfied ourselves that the

"phenomena" is needed to break up the ground, what then? When we have given people proof of the truth of this philosophy, we have only made a beginning.

We have dwelt at length on this "phenomena" and "test" question, because that will be the *pivotal point* on which this great movement will swing.

Already we see ideas becoming crystallized in the minds of speakers and writers on this point, and it is of such vital importance as to command our earnest attention.

But unless these proofs and "tests" lead us to something higher, our work is vain.

Spiritualism must make us better women and men; more charitable, less selfish; help us to keep in subjection our lower passions, and raise in us higher aspirations; make us more tolerant of the opinions of others; less grasping in our dealings; and cause us to realize that this life is not all, but only a beginning, and that "as we sow we shall reap." Unless it does this it will fall short of its mission. We might as well remain in the dark, if "having eyes we see not, and ears we hear not."

Above all, should our faith bring us in harmony with those of our own household, and make us "agree to disagree" on minor points, that we may work together on the more essentials.

Our intense individuality should not result in broken heads in our own ranks.

We shall spend money in vain if we don't pull together.

If, when one of us adds a brick to our edifice another flings one away, it doesn't rise very fast.

An urgent necessity among Spiritualists, and in our cause to insure combined effort and lasting results, is a better "combination of trace and breeching," individually and collectively.

These are the lessons that are taught us from the heavenly world, and this is what we want our speakers to tell us of, giving us "line upon line" and "precept upon precept."

An important item to take into the account is where to do this work. The city is our first starting point, but must not monopolize our efforts, for in all the outside precincts and in remote towns and villages are hungry, thirsty, benighted souls, reaching out for "light," "more light," and a display of spiritual power and eloquence that attracts but little notice among the many exciting scenes of the city, will in the quieter conditions of the country towns yield a more abundant harvest of more lasting fruits.

The camp-meeting, rightly managed, is an effective agency, and there should be not only one State Association, but district and county meetings. The same tent and some of the same speakers and mediums could do duty in different localities—not as a traveling menagerie, but dispensing light to all free. We should have not only speakers and test mediums, but our publications should be on the grounds with agents to sell and take subscriptions.

The injunction, "Go ye all into the world and preach the gospel," was a recognition of the fact that Jerusalem was not the only place in which to work in early times, and this city, our Jerusalem, should not mean the whole world to us.

An "editor at large," such as S. B. Brittain in the East, to answer assaults on our cause, and give out instruction through secular papers of the State, thus reaching a class not otherwise accessible, would be a valuable auxiliary in this work. One of the professors of our spiritual school might fill this place till one could be afforded especially for this work.

To summarize the various ways of spending our money to best advantage. As our work begins in the city, here should we spend our first money.

First—Let us immortalize ourselves by not giving it to a *Seybert Commission*, but by putting up a substantial edifice for the accommodation of the GOLDEN GATE and *Carrier Dove*, for halls for the various Spiritualist societies, and a school for the education of the people in our philosophy, including mental science, healing and mediumship, the details to be decided on by the trustees; the outlay to be—say, \$400,000.

Second—Pay for our papers and magazines to lay on the tables of all public reading rooms and many of the hotels in the State.

Third—Send lecturers and test mediums

into interior towns, stopping in each place long enough to get up an interest and organize societies, repeating the visits occasionally, with publications for sale at the meetings, and let the speakers act as agents for our papers.

Fourth—The regular annual State Camp Meeting on grounds belonging to the State Association, and also other camp meetings to continue one week. At all of these camp-meetings have the best speakers and test mediums possible.

Fifth—With present number of books on hand for a nucleus, found a "Spiritualist library," to contain all works of merit extant, bearing on this philosophy, and other works of general interest; to be accessible to members in good standing of all Spiritualist societies in the State.

L. M. BOWDOIN.
STOCKTON, CAL., FEB., 1888.

Questions and Answers.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

If you will kindly permit me the use of your columns I will answer a few questions and objections used by skeptics in opposition to Spiritualism. That I may not occupy too much of your valuable space, I will proceed at once with questions and answers.

SKEPTIC.—My chief objection to Spiritualism is the mystery connected with it.

ANSWER.—There is no more mystery in any of the teachings of Spiritualism than there is in the creation and propagation of mankind.

S.—By whom are spirits permitted to return to the earth?

A.—Without God's consent they could not come.

S.—If he is willing for them to return, why does He take them away? Why not permit them to remain here as long as they could be useful?

A.—No Spiritualist claims to be able to give God's reasons for all things. That our loved ones are taken from us by God's will, in spite of all we can do to keep them with us, no one will deny. Why it is so, no human being has ever been able to tell.

S.—If our spirit friends are with us every day, why do we not see and hear them, as many mediums claim to be able to do?

A.—The power to do so is not given to all, yet we should accept as a truth what is told us by those whom we have no reason to doubt, just as we accept a scientific fact.

Every man is not a philosopher, or an astrologer. Yet we do not question the truth of statements made by them. Every man is not a Landseer or a Raphael; but when they tell us their talent is God-given we believe them, even though we see others struggling for years to attain the same high standard of excellence without success. Therefore, when we are assured by mediums, whose reputation for truth and veracity we have not heard questioned, that they can see or hear our spirit friends, it is unjust to doubt them, with agents we can not enjoy the same privilege.

I am sure the disbelief of the most stubborn skeptic in existence would be considerably shaken, if not entirely dispelled, if he should see two slates with a tiny pencil placed between them put upon the floor, and left there fifteen or twenty minutes, with no human hand touching them, and upon opening the slates find written messages from some dead loved one, signed with their full name which the medium could not possibly know. Let no man say it was the devil; he would not dare say so if his own angel mother's name was signed to the message; he would not believe that his little, innocent child was used as an instrument in the hands of the devil to play upon his credulity; besides, to attribute these messages to such a source is giving undue honor and credit to his Satanic Majesty.

Then as you cannot believe that an evil hand guided the pencil, you must believe that spirit hands did; for, quoting from an article which recently appeared in the GOLDEN GATE, written by my learned and venerable friend, Dr. G. B. Crane, "If spirits do not write these messages, who does?" Let him who may answer.

J. E. T.
SAN FRANCISCO, January 26, 1888.

It is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave, than to expend it like a gentleman.

Spiritual Gifts, Intuition, Clairvoyancy.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

BY A. F. MELCHERS.

The aim of life in connection with matter is to attain a state of harmony with Divine Nature, or God, so-called—this being to unfold a condition of soul or innate life force which neutralizes or counterbalances the exterior or material life-impetus—the physical senses, so-called, and the animal or material emotions as anger, fear, sentimentality, grief, selfishness, hatred, malice, the craving for affection, sympathy, love, and such impulses as vanity, conceit, self-righteousness, and haughtiness or contempt. Arrogance is will power perverted by, or rather, misused for selfish purposes; and lust, or passion, so-called, is will power perverted by a misuse of the senses—either taking the form of a discordant force which craves repetition, or infuses the spirit body with a dark or material aura, which acts or reacts for this effect, and which, at the same time, beclouds the innate intelligent life principle or soul, and prevents this from exercising its powers or divine qualifications for a positive or spiritual effect.

The divine qualifications of the soul are those finer sensibilities or senses, emotions and impulses, which have been developed through a spiritualization of the exterior or material senses (sight, hearing, smell, taste and feeling), the animal or material emotions, and impulses, as above mentioned, and the discordant forces or passions, so-called; although many of those emotions, impulses and tendencies, which are usually termed passions, are but strong uncurbed animal feelings existing in the spirit body or the seat of material life-impetus—the soul or interior life principle containing only the divine or so-called spiritual qualifications, gifts, talents or forces of a strictly intelligent or divine nature, and constitutes the positive condition of man as a life entity or individualized intelligence, so-called.

Intelligence is generally credited as being that condition of nature which constitutes the causal or the positive of existence—the primitive or God-unity, and supposed to be intelligent by virtue of bringing forth intelligent effects in the form of animal and human life, and having the power of controlling life in the universe generally.

Now, law is the material definition given to this wonderful power, but no elucidation as to its nature or its components parts is made, and is therefore just as vague as the term God in a religious sense. Spiritualism teaches self-knowledge in so practical a manner, that man must gain a comprehension of his soul nature through it, and as an epitome of the original cause, or an emanation from the same, we learn that the soul is a purely intelligent life principle, and in conjunction with this state of consciousness is capable of loving, willing, desiring, planning, deliberating, judging, etc., and from which it is inferred that life in causation, or God, so-called, must be a similar state of existence, or conscious life condition, only that it must be infinite in extent, and therefore absolute in power, or force, potency, activity, consciousness and love, and accounts for the intuitive expression of man, that God is love. In human affairs love constitutes harmony, and if this is also a reflex of the original, God must be a grand condition of harmony or law. Thus law is correct, only that we understand it as an intelligent motive power, and that condition of existence which constitutes life, or the cause of all life, and as effects partake of the nature of their causes, we may comprehend the nature of God through ourselves or the study of self.

Self-knowledge leads to self-culture, and especially when discovering that God is love; for to become one with Him it is necessary to unfold a condition which is analogous to it, or one that harmonizes with it, and to do this, man must curb his animal or material nature—his exterior impulses, forces, tendencies, habits, tastes, needs and desires.

The spiritualization of the material or physical senses, leads to the various spiritual gifts (clairvoyancy, clairaudience, psychometry, etc.), and is accomplished through mental labor or physical purity (abnegation, temperance, etc.). The spiritualization of the animal emotions leads to gentleness, soul-strength or courage, practicality or consistency of action, fortitude, justice, benevolence, and charity. Of the material or human impulses to manhood or spiritual strength, for vanity, conceit and self-righteousness are nothing more than mortal or human weaknesses and an effect of extreme self-love or self-aggrandizement. Of haughtiness to tenderness, consideration and deference for others, for this evil is a mixture of conceit and selfishness, and generally an outgrowth of false pride.

Arrogance spiritualized leads to conscientiousness, humility, and so-called universal love, or a feeling of kindness toward all mankind, for this evil is an outcome of extreme selfishness, or man's highest qualification (will power) misused for unlawful purposes, either superinduced by malice, hatred, avarice or jealousy, and when neutralized for a spiritual effect, takes the form of humanity or love of a higher order. Lust or passion, so-called, takes the form of soul sight, discernment or penetration of causes, ubiquity of spirit, prophetic clairvoyancy, extreme sen-

sibility to magnetic currents, and through which the one so gifted is enabled to psychometrize the regions of space, planets, suns, universes and their various positions in other portions of space invisible to the material senses or apparatuses from the earth's sphere of action, and which, at the time, proves the pre-existence of man as a mortal being, for many are born with this gift inherent, which, as a powerful force or qualification of the soul, could not have been developed and neutralized again for a spiritual effect in one short lifetime on earth. Thus its wonderful potency in penetrating both the past and the present outside of its own material sphere, and in the same comparison it is enabled to penetrate the future, only the latter requires an extremely passive condition of spirit to accomplish its aim—this spiritual or mental passivity being attained through spiritual purification, so-called, viz., a freedom from impure magnetic or material auras connection with the spirit body, for in its pure state, the latter is a strictly magnetic, and therefore transparent counterpart of the physical body; but when infused with impure auras (superinduced by sensualism or selfishness), it beclouds the soul nature, and to penetrate the future, the soul must be able to pierce through its spirit body directly, and not through the agency of the brain as it does in the reasoning process of intelligent activity or motion. Intuition is just the reverse—being the light of causation peering into the soul directly, and to admit this, the spirit body must offer the necessary conditions.

Inspiration is the action of another spirit on one's soul nature, and is light forced through the aura by the exercise of will from the spirit infusing it. Impression is the action of a spirit on one's mental faculties, and is not an uncommon thing, for all mortals are more or less subjected to this mode of receiving light, and exists in some as an extraordinary qualification. Intellectually developed persons, poets, musicians, artists, mechanical geniuses, inventors, etc., are especially qualified for spirit impression. But intuition is not perceived on the brain at all, being sensed or cognized near the center of one's being, and appearing as if thoughts or truths in answer to one's desires, are being mirrored or reflected on the soul or law center of existence. Inspiration is experienced in like manner, only that such is accompanied by more or less animation or vivacity, and betrays the presence of an individualized intelligence, or another personality, as the guiding motive power or force for the above effect. Intuitions also come like flashes of light within expressing intelligence, and have sometimes to be conveyed to the mind for further comprehension, or to be reasoned upon before being able to express them for the benefit of others; although when of a personal nature, this is seldom necessary.

Clairvoyant visions sometimes take the place of thoughts, and contain a symbolic expression of the information wanted. Through the same agency spirits may be seen and described, only that they are seen reflected within, instead of at a distance or in any definite part of the room. But in connection with such spirits are also very frequently seen the places from whence they come—every spirit bringing part of its localized aura along, and which may be either psychometrized clairvoyantly, or penetrated by aid of the magnetic current which leads to their homes. In the first instance the scenes appear like a panorama in one's immediate presence, but when following the magnetic current to its end, the scenes appear in the distance, and also pointing out the direction in which they lay. By close observation, and following the train deliberately, the soul seer may describe the whole road with accompanying incidents. We write this from personal experience and therefore need no philosophic argument to show the possibilities of such a force of being.

Facts close out debate, and therefore we will close by saying to the reader that he may put any construction on the rest of the article he pleases. If following out the principles of Spiritism had anything to do with our development, or if it was a natural outgrowth, we leave for inference. Fact is, that our untiring energy in the search after truth, through the aid of Spiritism and the practice of Spiritism, led us to what we are, and what we know of life generally. It may not be much comparatively, but it has made us happy. And if happiness is an indication of harmony with higher conditions, why we are on the right road, that's all. Hoping that others may find it through the same source, we remain, Respectfully, A. F. MELCHERS.

MEXICO A GREAT COUNTRY FOR VISITORS.—Every steamer that touches port has all its state-rooms filled with passengers for here, and every train coming down from the North is equally crowded. Within the last five years Mexico has become the most visited country on earth, the objective point of tourists. How much of this influx of travel is due to those earlier scribes who were first to excite the world's interest in the beauties and wonders here, I leave to the perhaps grateful railroad and steamship companies to determine.—Vera Cruz Corr. Philadelphia Record.

WHERE there is abuse, there ought to be clamor; because it is better to have our slumbers broken by the fire-bell than to perish amid flames in our bed.—Lord Brougham.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Steadfastness.

BY ABRA L. HOLTON.

To be firm of purpose and steadfast to perform the duty paramount above all others, "true to thine own self," is to be sheathed in armor and prepared for battle.

The nature of the physical man or mortal mind is gregarious, therefore the masses are ruled by those of strong psychological powers and old modes and fashions, because they, too, possess mesmeric power, and in no way can the human soul be unfolded to independence and steadfastness of purpose except by a culture of the inner being—the spiritual nature.

"God is not a God of the dead, but of the living," and the living spirit in the mortal man is just as much of a spirit, and capable of being as spiritual, as though it had laid aside the mortal dress and lived only in the spiritual or translated form. Jesus said, "I can lay down my life and I can take it up." Colville says, "We must grow into the knowledge that we have a spiritual body as well as a physical body, and this external we see now and can touch is spiritual too, because grown and born of the spirit."

Spiritualists believe that their spirit friends come to them and communicate, and that by going to certain mediums they can see them in materialized forms. Now it is very likely they can; we do not dispute the fact that materialized forms are seen by many persons; and it is our opinion that if all souls would put away the external matters of the world fully, that friends who are translated to a higher life could visit as much after the change as before the change.

The Christian, or orthodox follower of Christ, opening wide his eyes at that statement, asks in bated breath, "And do you believe in the Bible?" Our answer is always, Yes, most assuredly; we believe all the good, the pure, the beautiful, the righteous, and the spiritual contained within its pages. The account given where the angel wrestled all night with Jacob in intellectual and physical combat to try his steadfastness and courage, assures us a divine power can and does watch over us; that a voice called unto Samuel and bade him become the anointed one of the Lord; that loving angels can and do call unto us to come nearer to our Father; but the proof to me of materialization in the Bible, of those not in the flesh, is on the Mount, when Moses and Elias came and talked with Jesus. I have never seen the mountains in the moon, but I believe there are mountains in that beautiful orb, and if I have not seen Jesus or one of his disciples, I am positive there can be no doubt of their real existence, and that the transfiguration did take place. I believe this with the same assurance that I do that the moon has hills and valleys that will be brought to view to our very eyes soon, by the great Lick telescope. Then all will be willing to admit of nature's wonderful unfoldments, but so very unwilling to heed the visits of the angels, the voice of God, and the transfiguration or materialization of departed friends, and ready to cry out to me, "You are possessed with a devil."

Some question the truth because all are not clairvoyants, clairaudients, and materializers. Not knowing the powers of their own souls, they doubt the unfoldment of others, for to see translated beings is a spiritual unfoldment—a soul growth that can only be truly attained by living in harmony with the divine will.

If we put our minds upon one subject, shutting out all other purposes, say that of getting a dinner, writing a letter, or making a trade, we will lose all consciousness of everything but that one idea; so if we desire all truth, and earnestly try to understand the divine truth, we can enter our soul's sanctuary, our inner consciousness, (Jesus said, "enter our closet") and contemplate the things of the spirit, relating ourselves to our Supreme Ruler, and then we shall be able to know of heavenly things and to commune with the angels.

First seek ye the kingdom of heaven, and all things shall be added unto you," was written hundreds of years ago, but is as true to-day as when first breathed to man. Now, so many will say, "I desire to be a medium; I have done everything, prayed, fasted, and sat in circles, but all is dumb, all is silence." If questioning you brings this to view, you desire to become a medium to make money, to get tests, to be a certain kind of a medium. We have this to say, Have no desires; place your mind wholly upon the trust that "God doeth all things well," let your body and soul be given up to hungering after righteousness and purity; then your mind will be clear and steadfast, and the guardian angels will help you to unfold in spirit, so that you can see your work and how to do it.

The idea that for one to be a medium and be controlled by any and every spirit that happens to come along is a fearful thing, for to be controlled is to sink one's own personality and act out another's. If anyone is controlled by a spirit, or by a desire or thing, to the exclusion of his own intelligence, there is a loss of individuality and his God-given nature. No man has a right to stand between any soul and God. No priest, creed, dogma or book has a right to come between any soul and God. Everyone must think for himself and die for himself. The ego in every mortal is the one to be developed, un-

folded and trained in this life for the good it can do. But it is beautiful to converse with translated beings and be guided by angel hands, "lest we fall." All the time considering all things, weighing all things; not believing all we think they say, for sometimes we may hear wrong, but believing all that is good and true, pure and holy, just because it is good, true, pure, and holy. There is one test that will try all things; ask yourself, "Is it as God would have it? Will it harm anyone, and can it harm me?" If the answer is satisfactory, then it is expedient, and, if followed, will bring peace and happiness; but if the answer is to the contrary, then, if followed, it will lead to disaster and error. The conscience is the unerring guardian, that gives us a warning, and how earnestly we must labor to drive away the errors of the flesh, and live truly and steadfastly in the faith that "man lives not by bread alone," but,

"That the universe rests on the shoulders of love—A love so limitless, deep, and broad That men have renamed it and called it God." SAN FRANCISCO, February 1, 1888.

World's Soul Communion.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

How many readers of your valuable paper have borne in mind that to-day is the "whole world's soul communion?" Not many, I presume; and some of those who have, have done so only passively, and without entering into the spirit of the movement. I am not prepared to say, that, as a matter of fact, there is any such thing possible as soul communing with soul, especially at a distance, yet I believe it. I am not certain that the ideas, as set forth by the instigators of this movement, has any foundation in fact, still I hope it is true. Yet I do believe that the world could (can, I might say), derive much benefit in carrying forward the practice of once a month going apart by themselves, or in groups, and devote a half hour to thought and meditation on these things. If there was no other influence than that of self over self, I believe it would be the means of doing much good; like the effect of prayer, it could but have a beneficent effect upon the party so communing.

At the appointed hour to-day, I went away by myself to lose myself in contemplation, when the following words came, unbidden, into my mind:

Roll on, roll on, oh, light divine, Roll on, and let thy glory shine From east to west, from pole to pole, In sweet communion, soul with soul. Oh, spread the truth, the light, the life, Dispel the darkness and the strife That clouds the narrow way we tread, Oh, lead us out to higher walks of life, And feed us with thy daily bread; Disperse the darkness and the gloom That shades the pathway to the tomb, And let the fettered spirit free, Then soul to soul united stand And spread the truth from land to land, From shore to shore, from sea to sea.

I must say that I feel much benefited by my half hour's meditation, feeling a stronger faith in the goodness of God and the ultimate triumph of the fellowship of man. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Jan. 27, 1888.

Note to a Brother Editor.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am not sure that I ever met you in the form, but having read the GOLDEN GATE ever since its commencement, I have so far felt your spirit that I seem well acquainted with you. I admire your eminent fairness toward mediums, in that you are disposed to commend the good in all, rather than to, unsympathetically, denounce all as bad when one fault is seen. Your way seems to be our way. I would grow a large crop, and thus overpower the weeds. I would be more declarative in favor of the good and less denunciatory toward the bad. I would be very discriminating between the *dear* and the *deed*.

When I see poor, weak men and women stooping to great inconsistencies, I can but think of what the bible makes Paul to say, viz.: "The things I would do I do not, and the things I would not do those things I do; nevertheless, it is not I, but the sin that dwells in me." Can any humanitarian suppose for an instant that a man ever sunk so low, was so depraved, as not by time to hate himself for his crime?

"Charity suffereth long and is kind." Let us, as editors and individuals, apply this to mediums, in regard to their shortcomings, as well as all others.

I have been particularly interested in the slate-writing, through Fred Evans and Dr. Rogers. The drawings in colors, etc., together with the autograph writings, have made the paper interesting and profitable. I know Chas. Dawburn, and others, stigmatize (and it may be applied to some with propriety.) Some who proclaim the importance of phenomena as spiritists, phenomenalists, etc. To us the phenomenon is the foundation of the entire superstructure, and we know it is the only thing that will convince some minds of the fact of continuity of life "over there." Long live the GOLDEN GATE.

Yours, for truth and progress, A. C. COTTON. VINELAND, N. J., Jan. 29, 1888.

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.—F. W. Robertson.

A Gilroy Ghost.

[Special to the Examiner, Feb. 9th.]

A sensation has been created in the quiet town of Gilroy by the alleged reappearance, in ghostly shape, of a woman who died on the 9th of December, 1887. Mysterious noises and the moving of furniture by some invisible agency in the house where she died, have attended her return. The woman, whose wraith has frightened several brave boys who thought they were not afraid of ghosts, went by the name of Birdie Siebolt. She died suddenly on the date mentioned, in a little house on Seventh street, between Monterey and Egleberry streets. After she was stricken she was unable to speak, although she tried hard, creating the impression that she desired to communicate something. She was a young woman, scarcely twenty-six years of age, and was the owner of some property in Portland. After her death the house was closed, and so remained for several weeks. Last week the attention of the lessee of the house, Thomas Fox, was called to some mysterious noises around the premises, which led to an investigation that revealed the facts herein narrated.

The noises consist principally of raps, which are not confined to any particular portion of the house, and have been heard by a number of people. Behind them there is an intelligence which responds to questions, raps out the name of the deceased woman, and when the question was asked if she had something to communicate to her husband, the raps came loud and strong.

The lamps in the house are lit and extinguished by this invisible agency, and on several occasions where the lamps have been lit, the window curtains have been suddenly and simultaneously pulled down. At a time when the house was securely locked, and no one in it, the chairs and tables have been overturned, and the furniture all piled in the middle of the room. This has occurred several times. But the most startling manifestation is the reappearance of the woman, who has been seen at one of the windows after the blind had been pulled down.

Her husband avers that he saw her and recognized her; that she seemed to be standing between the window and the curtain, and looked perfectly natural, except that she wore her hair flowing, which was not her custom in life. She seemed to be clothed in her night-dress. On another occasion another party saw a woman standing inside the room, but the features were not distinct enough to be recognized.

These occurrences created such a sensation that a young man by the name of Everett Willis, in the employ of Mr. Fox, who claims to have had some strange spiritualistic experiences, determined to sleep in the house and ascertain, if possible, what caused the disturbance. He says he retired about 11 o'clock, and, after reading awhile, turned the light low and went to sleep. Between 12 and 1 he was awakened by loud raps, and found that something had put the light out. The raps seemed to come from every part of the room, a cold wind fanned his face, there was a rustling sound, such as would be made by a woman's clothing, and an invisible and undefinable presence seemed to be touching him. This was more than the investigator bargained for, and more than he had courage to stand. He sprang from his bed and grabbed his clothes. When he reached to the bureau for his collar and cravat the looking-glass swayed violently and the raps came on it so loud that he thought the glass would be broken.

The Examiner reporter asked Mr. Willis if there were any cold waves that caused a trembling sensation. "Did I tremble?" he replied. "I guess I did! I trembled so I could not get my breeches on."

It is needless to say that his subsequent investigations of the mystery have been conducted during daylight. He claims, however, to have established a communication with the Intelligence, which says it is the spirit of the deceased woman, and she desires to communicate with her husband.

The most reliable witness to the mystery is Police officer J. A. Harrison, who is neither superstitious nor credulous, but in this case frankly confesses his inability to explain what he saw. He visited the house about 10 o'clock Thursday evening and found the furniture piled around promiscuously. He was told that the last person in the house left it in good order. He put things in order, raised the curtains, securely fastened the doors and windows, and, leaving all the lights burning, went out at the front door and locked it. He then took a position across the street and awaited developments. In about twenty minutes the curtains on the two front windows were pulled down at the same time, and when he entered the house he found the furniture piled up more promiscuously than before.

A curious part of the whole strange proceedings is the disposition manifested by a little black and tan dog that was a favorite of the deceased. He will not enter the room where his mistress died, and when taken into it forcibly acts like mad and tears the carpet or anything else he can get hold of. At other times he has acted in such a manner as to indicate that he saw his mistress. This would seem to corroborate the theory or idea entertained by many Spiritists that dogs see clairvoyantly.

A prominent Spiritist of Gilroy will investigate the phenomena.

LIBERALISM.

Delivered in Avon Theater, Stockton, before the Liberal League, Jan. 29, '88, and the following Sunday before the Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, San Francisco.

BY DR. W. W. MCKAY.

There has ever been two well-defined parties in the realm of thought. One party loves change, variety, progress, and is never so happy as when a new truth is born or wins a victory. They hate to wear old coats and gowns, and declare they always feel better when getting measured for a new suit of ideas. To be a newer man or woman each day, something fresher and different from yesterday, is their special aim.

The other class hates change. Having got themselves tucked in good and warm with few ancient beliefs and opinions, they dislike to be disturbed. They are afraid to let a new lodger into the mind, for one is never quite sure how it will behave itself. There is always the haunting dread that it may raise a rumpus some day and turn all the rest of the mental family out of doors. We are reminded of the ambitious youth, who, trying to drive Apollo's steeds, and not keeping in the beaten track along the middle zone of the sky, they run away with him, upset the chariot and set the world on fire. All these fine efforts to improve the way our fathers went to heaven may end in a like disaster. It is safer to keep in the good old ways the saints and sages have traveled before us.

Liberal thought is no stranger that has recently come among us. Way back when the world was young the patriarch Abraham preferred the freedom of the wilderness to the idols and superstitions of his clan. In Athens and Rome we find many earnest souls who were restive under the polytheistic ideas and customs of the day. Men like Xenophon, Socrates and Plato who early perceived the divine unity and thirsted for a more spiritual worship. And over in India Buddhism began in a revolt against priestly domination and caste. Considering the time and place in which he lived, Jesus was the most radical teacher the world has ever known. When only a boy twelve years of age he discarded the absurd Sunday-school theology of the rabbis, and puzzled them with some very hard questions. When he came to mature years he cast aside all superstitious reverence for the Sabbath day, found no charm in the bars and sacrifices of the temple, and preferred to sit under the shade of an olive tree and watch the shepherds leading their flocks or the husbandmen at work in the fields. In Lecky's "History of Rationalism" you will find the spirit of liberty along what is called the Dark Ages, like an oasis in the desert, with its palm trees and fountains, where weary men found a spot to rest. In spite of fetter and fire and threats of an eternal hell, there were always a few souls in that old medieval church, that, like Galileo, would whisper, "The world still moves after all." Perhaps at no period has human thought been so bold and aggressive. It has taken possession of all the new lands of modern discovery, and the ring of its ax may be heard in all the old woods of the past. Though still put into the ecclesiastical pillory, pelted with epithets and ex-communicated as a heretic, it holds the reins of science and philosophy in its hands, and gives to literature and art about all the fragrance and charm they possess.

But what is Liberalism. Let us see if we can get a good working idea of the term. When fully conscious of itself, it is a love of the most true and enduring. Could you go back to the town or neighborhood you left many years ago, after a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep, you would feel almost as if you were in a foreign country. The fashions and manners have changed. The folly and gossip, the pleasures and conversations of society, or the clubs are all quite different from what they were. You would specially miss the dear old doctor who used to come with his blood-letting lancet and big dose of calomel and jalap. But amidst all the varied change you would soon find there was something that had not changed. Human nature remains the same. You would find the same laws of life and health, the same old-fashioned love blossoming into the rose-bower of home and the family, the same principle of justice and equity holding sway in the markets and courts. In like manner there is a fashion in literature that passes away. We can all remember plays and songs that were once all the rage that have nearly gone out of date. Most of the books and pamphlets that nourished a former generation have passed out of print. Thus time sweeps out the old fashions of thought, and when they are gone we wonder how they could have produced as much interest as they did. But amidst all these changes there is a form of literature that does not pass away. Time winnows out and lays away a great deal of seed-corn for other ages, like the poems of Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, and Milton; like the music of Hayden, Mozart and Beethoven, or certain masterpieces of art; like the matchless productions of Angelo, Raphael and Titian. The local and transitory perish. They belong to the passing hour, while the ideas and sentiments that are the

blossom of an age, the fruit of humanity, fragments of the universal man and live on and never know Winter and decay.

The liberalist in literature gathers and gathers all that is imperishably true, beautiful and good that comes into the market of this or any other age, and lets everything else go into time's great waste-basket. The liberalist in politics looks upon all questions of tariff, paper money, home and foreign policies, and many kindred matters as merely possessing a temporary interest, but the perpetuity of free government, the inalienable right of every one to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness belong to humanity. These rights he will chant in national odes, paint on his banners, and woe be to the man or party who shall attempt to fetter their evolution.

Well, now, the Liberalist in religion is one who perceives there are two sets of theological ideas in the world. One as fickle and unstable as the clouds; the other as permanent as the blue sky. He treats the old controversies about the fall of man, original sin, miracles, eternal punishment, and many kindred opinions as he would a relic of the May Flower, or a piece of Washington's tomb, for they all did good service in their day. They were, perhaps, the best ideas the times could produce. But we throw away old hats and shoes when they are worn out, and feel a little bit ashamed to be seen on the street in a coat out of style. Even snakes will not crawl back into their old skins. Why should we be so economical as to cling to a dogma that has seen its best days, and is considerably the worse for wear?

Our chief concern should be to deal with the unchanging facts and imperishable truths revealed in nature, in the grand evolutions of divine thought in history, in the soul, and in all the Bibles and mythologies that have been produced by the religious consciences in all ages. It is these particles of gold in the quartz-rock of humanity that we will dig out, assay, and coin into general circulation, and let the rest wash as sand into the rivers that run into the sea.

We all know, when we stop to think about it, that there is a great change going on in the world of religious thought. Our fathers came together a hundred years ago, and built a constitution, a sort of political ark, freighted, as they believed, with all that was necessary to bring in a political millennium. But before a generation had passed it was found necessary to patch the instrument with a few amendments, and the work is likely to go on. In like manner, many very good people, a few centuries ago, filed a claim on Christianity, and run a fence all around the goodly country of religion, as they believed. All outside of that enclosure was the devil's common. They built themselves a house to live in, a massive pile of doctrinal architecture, grand, gloomy, and as unapproachable as some feudal castle perched upon a rocky crag; and then they said one to another the gates of hell can never prevail against it.

But in our day you may everywhere hear the clink of the mason's trowel and the sound of the carpenter's hammer mending seamed walls and leaky roofs. Now the liberalist comes along and says you never can make that mediæval structure look modern by pushing out a bay-window here and there and giving it a new coat of paint. Would it not be well to do, as poor men do when they become rich, pull down the old cabin, no matter how sacred with the memory of children born or dead, and build a more elegant and commodious edifice, with ample grounds in which grow the flowers and fruits of all lands?

Life is too short to waste on the transitory. All the disappointments of the past, all the labors that have come to naught, all the sadness and despair of the day warn us to gather the truths that are imperishable, that belong to all men, all ages, all religions, and let the local and temporary that belong to parties and sects pass away, the sooner the better.

II.

But Liberalism is also the love of the most useful. That is the best philosophy which is the most practicable. A new thought that can not be put to work and made to earn something that may lighten the burdens of toil, may as well pass on, the age has no use for it. And this is the only safe rule by which you can estimate the value of religious beliefs and opinions. The good men of the past were made so by the few useful ideas they possessed. All that is worth remembering in the lives of the old patriarchs and prophets can not be found in daily sacrifices, chants, and ritual readings in the temple, but in the truths that they uttered, the help they rendered. Jesus went about doing good. The glory of Paul's career was his desire to break the bread of life he had found to the Gentile as well the Jew. So, too, all that was noble in Seneca, sweet, pure, and gentle in Epictetus, brave and grand in Marcus Aurelius, were the few great, practical ideas they inculcated, and that could be made serviceable to their age.

It was not the Catholic creed that made the lofty and serene trust of Fenelon, Madam Guion, or St. Louis, but their faith in a just and merciful God. Pascal was not helped in the least by Gothic cathedrals, masses, confessionals, winking madonnas and the bones of old saints, but by the eternal truths he found scattered about in the literature of the times, like grains of wheat hidden in the dust and cerements of a mummy. It was not metaphysical dogmas about original sin, total depravity, or vicarious atonement,

but the useful in Christianity, the love of humanity that sent St. Xavier into the wilds of Mexico, Eliot among the Pokanokets, Marquette into the pine woods of the Northwest to preach to the red men, Henry Martyn into Persia, and Judson to die on a foreign shore. It was the true spirit of religion, what the author of "Ecce Homo" calls an "enthusiasm for humanity," that gave inspiration to the eloquence of Willforce as he pleaded for the slave, that sent Howard to explore the prisons and wards of crime and disease in Europe, Florence Nightingale to the Crimea, and hundreds of noble men and tender-hearted women during our Civil War to the hospitals to help the wounded and console the dying, not even caring to ask whether they wore the Union blue or Confederate gray.

One of our war correspondents, who had an eye for the beautiful, relates that after the terrible cannonade on the third day at Gettysburg, when four hundred cannon answered each other along Cemetery Ridge, there came a lull while Pickett's division was getting ready for its grand charge, and then the birds that had been chased away out of the peach trees came flying back through the smoke and began to sing. Over that field of fratricidal blood, where ten thousand corpses lay upon the earth, with hearts that had scarcely stopped beating, the sweet birds sang. But when that awful storm of human passion and rage had spent its force, and the two armies, like two mighty giants, lay panting and gasping for breath, a more beautiful spectacle might have been seen, when the divine form of Religion, in the shape of good men and women of every name and denomination, came forth from both sides of the line, mingling their tears in one common benediction of love and charity.

Now, this is about the only shape of religion that liberalism delights to honor. Its spirit is most beautifully portrayed in James Russell Lowell's poem entitled the "Vision of Sir Launfal," one of the Knights of the Round Table in the days of King Arthur. There was a legend in those days that the cup from which Jesus drank at the Last Supper with His Disciples was still in existence, and might be found by any one who devoted himself to the search, and once found, it was worth more than thrones and diadems. Sir Launfal made a vow that he would go in search of it, but before starting on his pilgrimage he spent days and nights in fasting and prayer. As he lay upon his rough bed of rushes one night a vision came to him, and he saw himself mounted on a fine horse gayly caparisoned, lance in hand going forth in all the pride of youth and ardent hope on the long journey to the distant mountain where the cup was supposed to be concealed and guarded by angels. A leper crouching in the shadow of the arched gate-way begged alms as he rode by. Sir Launfal shrunk from the loathsome object, and throwing a paltry piece of silver hurried on. He saw himself for long years wandering through strange lands in search of the magical cup, until his youth is gone, his health fails, and weary and broken in strength he came back to the castle, only to find himself unknown and unwelcome to his heirs enjoying his rank and wealth. At the gate still stood the old leper, who appealed for help as before, and descending from his horse he shares with him his last crust of bread and cup of water; when lo! the beggar was suddenly transfigured and glorified before him, and said, "I am Christ himself; this is the holy cup; this is the bread I bless, that which is lovingly and cheerfully shared with a needy brother; who gives himself with this gift feeds three—himself, the hungry brother, and me." On awaking in the morning Sir Launfal hung up his lance, and said, "The Holy Grail has been found in this castle," and threw wide open its gates of hospitality to the poor and needy.

Now, this is about the only shape of religion that has ever done the world any good. It has banished the rack, thumb-screw, ducking-stool, whipping-post, slavery, and religious persecutions. It has built and protected the free schools, zodiacated the world with asylums for the blind, insane, deaf and dumb, poor-houses, charitable institutions, and beneficent laws. Its fair and beautiful spirit in these modern days has wonderfully blossomed into fragrant clusters of fraternal orders. Seeing all this, Liberalism says to the preachers who will not exchange pulpits because one was ordained by a bishop and another by presbytery, to the Christian believers who will not commune together because some have been baptized by sprinkling and others by dipping, some believe in the one god and others in three persons in the god-head, Go hang up your theological words and cockades, and turn your war horses out to grass, for your Divine Master, in the shape of Humanity, bearing his cross of suffering, want, ignorance, toil and poverty, stands at the door of all your churches. It says in a city full of grog shops and social evils, in a land marlous with political corruption, monopolies and business oppressions, where the woman's cause and the temperance movement are struggling to gain a footing, Go vote your religion, put your prayers into the ballot-box, and you shall be saved. It is only the useful that lives or has a right to live.

III.

But while the mission of Liberalism is to seek for the truths that are most enduring and useful, we must not forget that its attitude may sometimes cause much alarm. One of the last lessons most people learn

is that many of our most loved and cherished ideas may perish. It is so easy to believe what is pleasant and agreeable may live forever. The aged father imagines that the dear old tunes he sings with a cracked voice is precious melody that will last long after he is gone. It seems so strange to him that so many people fail to find rest in the strong doctrines that have nourished him so long. There are a great many people who cling to the ideas of their sect or party as if they were life-preservers, believing they are absolutely essential to salvation. The liberalist will never be popular in his day, for he will always seem to those who cling to the transient and perishable as an iconoclast, a breaker of the precious images and idols of the people. Jesus was not welcome to his age, and the age slew him.

But in the reaction that is now going on there is some danger that many may go to an opposite extreme. As the heart smitten with the love of travel may become so roving and restless as to ask at the close of each day where it shall go tomorrow, so the truth-seeker in his hunger for something new may fail to appreciate the good he has. In Coleridge's beautiful poem, "The Ancient Mariner" recklessly slew the albatross, the bird of good omen that followed the ship as it came from the North through fog, floating ice and winter, but soon found he had slain his best friend, for the sun hid itself in deep mists, the breeze ceased to blow, the empty sails hung idly about the mast, the vessel lay becalmed upon the dark and motionless waves, and his companions, one after another, dropped down dead of thirst.

Now, it would not be hard to find many who, in their reaction from the faith of the old church, have ended in the midnight of an arctic winter. Ever since Mr. Comte wrote the "Positive Philosophy" there has been a growing impression with many that religion belongs to the childhood of the race, that as men grow up in science God recedes and becomes apparitional, and immortality fades into a beautiful mirage hovering over the resting-place of our dead. This is the scale-bug and rust of liberal thought. All good things have their parasites. Doubtless the growth of science and the rational method have displaced many old theological notions. Dead dogmas lie around the churches thick as the strangled snakes around the cradle of Hercules. Still, Liberalism is not Nihilism that merely seeks to pull down and destroy. It stands upon the moral and religious consciousness, the deepest wants of the soul, the same in all ages. It seeks to enlarge and brighten our idea of God, and gild with a more rosy hue the sunset-clouds of the future. It appeals to the moral sense, and seeks to show men how easily they may slide into temptation, how dangerous it is to dally with sin, and how fearfully fast habit increases the love of wrong and deadens the moral nerves of feeling. Its chief work is to help make life, home, love, friendship, society, and the world more beautiful, richer in the glory and splendor of the divine, the spiritual and unchangeable.

IV.

The great charm of Liberalism is its love of freedom and toleration. But right here we may find it easier to preach than practice. It is related of the bloody tyrant, Robespierre, that while a number of patriots stood before him to receive sentence of death, he rebuked a man doomed to die within an hour, who happened to step on the foot of his favorite poodle, saying, "Sir, have you no humanity?" How often you hear politicians declaim against stealing, who steal the first chance they get. So you may find many who expatiate on the beauty of liberal thought who are as dogmatic in defense of some pet theory or hobby of reform as the Pope or theologian in his arena. The fact is we are all creatures of infatuation and liable to become enamored with whatever belongs to us, be it our house, garden, horse or dog. Nature has kindly ordered that this should be so, for if things were otherwise there would be a terrible state of discontent. Every man thinks his own wife the best, his own children the prettiest and smartest, and the thought lightens the burden of toil. We are all natural born egotists, and find a deal of happiness in our self-love, and are always pitying other people because they are not like us. Now in matters of opinion, this feeling may swell into a sort of pride and arrogance, and the scientist pities the clergyman who does not see the infinite beauty of being evolved from an ape, and the clergyman pities the scientist who fails to perceive the glory of God in eternal damnation. It is really not strange that each one fails to see the fault and blemish in his creed. It is his belief. People who have a small bump of philoprogenitiveness wonder how some parents can be so silly as to love their cross, ugly, stupid children. They forget that we naturally love what is our own, and what we love seems beautiful to us. So, when you see any one in love with a horrid dogma, you should remember that it is a matter of taste. It may be the child of his brain, the idol of his heart, an heirloom in the family. It may be a very old-fashioned and clumsy piece of furniture, but it has a charm for him it has for no one else.

It will help to make us patient and indulgent when we remember how much the spirit of the age has had to do with the shape of a belief. Science and religion are both alike in this respect. They are both largely the products of the

times. When religion was afraid to go out at night for fear of the devil, and all good people nailed horseshoes to the door to keep away the elixir of life, science revealed in dreams of the fate of individuals or nations from the position of the entrails of animals. When we read how Jonathan Edwards preached to his people, that had dreams and morbid desires came from the devil, and could only be cured by fasting and prayer, we need not wonder very much, for Dr. Benjamin Rush, about the same time, taught his medical class that the best way to break up a fever was to bleed a man till he fainted, then give him ten grains of calomel and ten of jalap, and keep on repeating the dose. Now we should think of this, and recognize the fact that the whims, follies and harsh ideas of past theology was part and parcel of the spirit of the age. As snow-banks linger on the north side of mountains late into the Summer, so many of these ancient dogmas still linger among us under a shadow of veneration and authority, but they are melting away as the day grows brighter and warmer. After all the only quality of liberal thought that is worthy of any consideration is that which goes forth to gather the good of all religions. It is not the brans and brambles that are found in the waste-fields of religious literature we want, but the fruit and grain that have grown there and nourished the people.

V.

Liberal people have many reason to feel encouraged. They have not toiled and worked in vain. The age of authority and tradition is passing away. The age of reason has come. There are many pleasing indications that religion is coming into a more tropical zone of thought. It is certainly more cosmopolitan than when it lived in hermitages and run the church as a close corporation. It is not so egotistical as it once was, when a select company was badged and ticketed, though the death line and the residue of mankind were left to perish as hopeless outcasts. Its hospitality is becoming as large as the human family, and its heaven has as many ways of approach as hundred-gated Thebes. Indeed it is really quite impossible to find out what orthodoxy is any more. Once it was a very tangible thing that could be weighed, measured with foot rule, packed and labeled. It had a sharp and well defined contour. Like a marble bust it had but one expression, and if you passed it every day in the year, you would always have seen the same cold, stern features. The whole country of religion had been carefully surveyed, and the domain of orthodoxy established with definite metes and boundaries, and could be as easily described as a section of land, and the way to heaven was as straight and plain as a turnpike road. For instance, hell was known to be a place, a geographical locality in the universe, where there was an intensely hot fire, fueled with brimstone, and damned souls were tossed on fiery waves in unspeakable agony, and through all the eons of eternity there arose no star of hope. The idea was so clear-cut and complete that the preachers could describe the world of eternal dole with as realistic accuracy as a newspaper correspondent portrays the eruption of Vesuvius. Indeed it could be painted and hung on a wall. The preachers were not verbal gymnasts in those days. Words were used, not to conceal, but to define and explain. It was a very somber theology, it is true, but it was as clear as a frosty night, and no one could mistake its meaning. Now all this is changed, so changed that Henry Ward Beecher a few years before he died threatened to browse around among the different theological seminaries to see if he could find a way to heaven they would all agree to indorse.

Everywhere you will find the idea growing that all religions are akin. That Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism, Mahometanism and Confucianism have all sprouted from the same primal root, are all branches a little lower or higher up on the same tree. The Jehovah, Jose Krishna or Woden are only the efforts of the human soul to articulate its best conception of the One Eternal, Supreme Right and Good. And now what does all this mean? It means the time has come to winnow from the literature of all religions, the Scriptures of the universal church, not founded on Moses, or Jesus, or St. Paul, or St. Peter, or Luther, Calvin, or Wesley, but upon the rock of man's spiritual nature. A church, whose God overarches all, as the universal sky; that inspires all, as the universal electric force; that binds all the immense variety into unity, as the universal law of gravitations globes atoms into worlds and worlds into systems.

In a primary school the teacher had the little ones learn "The Barefoot Boy," and told them about the author, John Greenleaf Whittier, whose birthday was to be so lovingly remembered. "And now," said the teacher, "who is this poet whose birthday is on Saturday, and whom you must all love?" The answer came clear and prompt from the small boy, whose voice is always heard in the land, "Mr. Barefoot Man."

"Bromley, you never heard such an eloquent sermon before, I am sure. There was no lagging of interest. Such brilliant passages! Yes, Darringer, I admit that. Still, I slept during one of the passages." "You did, eh? Why, Bromley, what passage was it?" "The passage of the collection plate."

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Like rain to the parched and thirsty earth are the crystal drops of spiritual truth to the soul whose inner consciousness has been awakened to its divine origin and mission.

Who can account for the infidelity of those who call themselves Christians, concerning the demonstrations of a future life through the phenomena of Spiritualism? One would naturally think they would be glad to prove what they can only hope for.

We bring nothing into the world but the germs of body and spirit; we take nothing out but spirit. The body having done its work is resolved into its original elements.

Last Sunday was a golden day. The bright sunshine flooded the earth with a mellow warmth, making the green of the rolling hills more green, and the sky a softer blue.

"Once upon a time" there was a rich man who fared sumptuously and riotously. He had many mistresses, and openly boasted of his shame. In this direction there was no depth of dishonor he had not reached.

"One world at a time," says the Materialist. That is good advice, provided one makes the right use of the "one world" he now lives in. But the trouble with most people who give no thought to a future life, or to another world, is that their spirits become so incrustated with material things, and so oblivious to things spiritual, that when they enter upon the other life they are as illy fitted for its duties and responsibilities as babies.

Don't complain of your lot in life; you are not nearly as poor off as you think you are, however deficient of this world's goods you may be. The real treasures of earth and heaven are all yours, if you want them. Love and honor are yours; so also are the beautiful stars, the bright sunshine, the golden glory of the evening sky, the breath of the rose, the song of the birds, and the laughter of children.

SPIRIT "CONTROL."

Some of our theosophical neighbors hold to the idea that no one should ever consent to be "controlled" by any spirit in or out of the body other than one's own, and that we should so develop our own spirits as to be able to dispense with all mediums in the matter of spirit communion. This seems to us a selfish view of the question, as we shall endeavor to show.

We must ever remember that all persons are not gifted alike, and in the nature of things never can be; and all are more or less "influenced" or "controlled" by their spirits. Now, really, in trance mediumship, the spirit does not control the medium, but merely borrows the medium's machine—his brain and vocal organs—through which to communicate with his friends in mortal life.

Suppose a person who could not read should come to you with a letter from some loved one far away. What should be thought of you if you refused to lend him the use of your better educated brain that he might hear from his friend through you? It would do you no harm, and would afford him a great satisfaction.

This is the case with mediumship. You lend the communicating spirit your instrument for a little while. Of course you have the right to refuse it to any spirit who would in any manner injure it, or make an improper use of it. Of that you must be the judge. But to say that you will refuse it to all spirits for any purpose whatever, is not the right way to treat your neighbor; it does not bring the highest good to yourself.

There are spirits infinitely more exalted than the best of us mortals. We can not come into their atmosphere without benefit to ourselves. Shall we shut them out from our lives? Of course not, you will say; and yet if we refuse to help those beneath us, or who are not favored in the matter of spiritual gifts as we are, how can we reasonably expect that those bright and shining ones will come down into our lives?

The duty of developing one's own spirit no one will question. And herein is found the highest mission of men and angels—to assist the less favored ones of earth or spirit life. In the discharge of this humane and divine mission one naturally finds the means for his own higher unfoldment. For in doing good to others we bring the highest good to ourselves.

So may no medium for the angel world ever feel it his duty to refuse a kindly service to one less gifted.

SWEDENBORG.

"Swedenborg, the Buddhist, or The Higher Swedenborgianism—Its Secrets and Theban Origin," is the title of a volume from the pen of Phiangli Dasa, of recent issue. The work is unique in construction, but bears evidence of much careful research into the mystic teachings and practices of Swedenborg. The author in the preface or "foreword" gives a condensed biographical sketch of his subject, in which he says, regarding his mode of living, that—

Swedenborg lived in great simplicity; waited, as a rule, on himself, and prepared his own meals, which consisted generally of bread, milk, and coffee. His sensitiveness was extreme, and so disgusting to him were the physical and psychical emanations of most persons with whom he came in contact that to prevent nausea and fainting he used to take snuff of which, therefore, there is a liberal amount scattered throughout his manuscripts. He worked and slept without regard to day or night, and in the latter years of his life he became severely ascetic, inspired thereto by the Great Buddhist Ascetics with whom, on super-sensuous planes, he came in contact. In character he was gentle and modest, shrinking and unassuming, hopeful and contented, industrious and unselfish, benevolent and loving.

The chapters on "The Seven Principles of Man," "The Semi-physical State," "The Astral Light," "Mystic Anatomy," "The Divine Sun and Universal Life," and "Karma and Re-Embodiment," will be of special interest to students of theosophical literature. The book is for sale by Carrl & Co., Santa Cruz, Cal.; Price, \$1.50. We commend the perusal of its pages to the thoughtful mind in search of "more light on the subject of life—its causes and objects."

PHIANGLI DASA says: "The motive that underlies this book is to lead to truth and goodness," and the reader will surely receive some rays of truth and goodness if he reads its pages with a desire to be benefited thereby.

onize that is better or in any way compares with their own. Congress will grant them all the rights and privileges they may reasonably demand. Those who go from home for such purposes only make room for foreigners not so blind to our superior advantages for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

OUR PRIZE ESSAYS.

The Committee chosen to determine the merits of the essays on the best methods of using money for the promotion of the cause of Spiritualism in this State, and to award the generous prizes offered by Dr. John Allyn, of St. Helena, have discharged their onerous duties and retired to private life.

The work of carefully reading thirty-five essays, many of them of great length, and not always plainly written, was no light task; and where so many of them were good, it may reasonably be supposed that it was with no little difficulty that the Committee could arrive at a definite conclusion. The disappointed competitors may conclude, when they read the winning essays, that another committee would probably have discovered the superior merits of their own essays and decided accordingly. With this comforting assurance, coupled with the thanks of the GOLDEN GATE for their interest in the matter, we will proceed to announce the result.

The first prize of \$25 is awarded to Leon M. Bowdoin, of Stockton. His essay appears on our first page. The second prize of \$15 is awarded to Hutton Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. This essay will appear next week. The third prize of \$10 has been awarded to E. G. Anderson, of this city, and this will appear the following week.

We will say that the name of each writer, in a sealed envelope, was kept in our own hands, and that no member of the committee, (which consisted of three gentlemen and two ladies), had any knowledge thereof until after their choice was determined.

Those wanting their essays returned will please forward a few stamps to pay postage thereon, as no fund has been provided for that purpose.

A GRAND SUCCESS.

The spiritualistic portion of our community were hardly aware, until last Sunday evening, that we had another platform test medium in our midst who is quite likely to equal the best, but of whose wonderful powers the public was hitherto ignorant. And yet it is nevertheless true.

At the Fraternity Hall meeting at Oakland, Sunday evening, Mr. Fred Evans and his wife, Agnes Evans, (formerly Agnes Hanco) were announced to be present and give manifestations from the platform.—Mrs. Evans to give tests similar to those given by Mrs. Whitney, John Slater and others, and Fred Evans to give his usual wonderful slate-writing tests.

The house was densely packed, and hundreds of eager investigators were unable to obtain admission. The hall should have been one of the largest in Oakland to accommodate those who would have been glad to be present.

The expectations of all present were more than realized. Mrs. Evans first took the rostrum. She was naturally somewhat nervous until after passing under control, when for three-quarters of an hour her guide held the large audience as if by magic, giving test after test, clear and positive, with full names in every instance, and never making a mistake. Each name as given was accompanied with a message from the spirit, which were mainly of the most convincing character. It is needless to say that Mrs. Evans' friends were taken by surprise, as none of them were aware of her power in this respect.

Mr. Evans followed with his marvelous slate-writing manifestations, which have been too often described in these columns to need mention here.

These mediums are both admirably fitted for public work. Working together as they do, the manifestations through them present a most pleasing combination. They will occupy the platform of Scottish Hall in this city to-morrow (Sunday) evening. Mr. Maguire and Mrs. Carrie Minor will be present and sing.

ONLY THE BIBLE.

This is an age of phenomena, and now comes a man who is not only a puzzle to himself, but to all others who do not understand spirit power. As usual, he hails from Georgia. His name is J. B. Wilson, and the Griffin Sun says he was born at sea; lived in sixteen different states in many years; grew up without education, wild and wicked. Some years ago he became a Christian, and since then has lived consistently with his profession of faith. One night he dreamed that he must read a certain chapter in the Bible; the dream so impressed him that he arose to obey it, and although he did not know the alphabet, found the chapter and read it through. Since that time he has read his Bible regularly, but not a word, it is claimed, can he read in any other book or paper.

It is often of just such crude material that good mediums are made. The intelligences who would control them find no prejudices to contend with, and the weeds that have grown up on the uncultivated ground, do not seem to offer any obstacle to the useful seeds they desire to sow. Wrong methods in the rudimentary instructions of mathematics and music are worse than no instruction at all, since all must be unlearned for a correct understanding of either. So we suppose it may be with mediums and the spirits who would control them. Ignorance is doubtless preferable to false teachings, in which time is lost to get rid of them and their bad effect.

IRVING HALL.

On Sunday last, Feb. 5th, W. J. Colville had excellent audiences in Irving Hall despite the announcement previously made that meetings would be held in Old Fellows' Building. The proprietors of Irving Hall have been extremely kind and courteous, renting that popular and commodious place of meeting on peculiarly advantageous terms. The hall last Sunday presented a truly fascinating appearance, as it was adorned with a large number of very handsome pictures which were sold at auction during the week.

The subject of the morning discourse was "The Transfiguration." A synopsis could not possibly do justice to the treatment of the theme. An active member of the audience, who circulates a great amount of spiritual literature, the GOLDEN GATE in particular, was very anxious that it should be re-delivered and reported for these columns, as it was full of practical suggestions for the spread of spiritual truth, and earnestly called upon all who had received any light to let that light shine brightly wherever it would.

In the afternoon the class lecture on the "New Dispensation" was very interesting, as it explained the signs of our times in a most instructive and impressive manner. But the event of the day was the evening discourse on "The True Basis of Moral Education and the Relation of Spiritual to Secular Culture." W. J. Colville seems particularly inspired when dealing with educational topics, in which he and his guides seem to take a special interest. As a preface to the discourse short extracts were read from the works of Herbert Spencer and J. R. Buchanan. Both these eminent men seriously condemn the present defective systems and point out the means for a new and much higher system of culture.

Education is properly five-fold, according to both these authorities. Herbert Spencer's divisions are as follows: First—Activities which directly minister to self-preservation. Second—Activities which indirectly minister thus. Third—Activities which qualify for rearing and training of offspring. Fourth—Activities for maintaining honorable, social, and political relations. Fifth—Miscellaneous activities gratifying to sentiment (accomplishments).

Dr. Buchanan's five-fold order is perhaps even happier than Spencer's. His divisions are: First—Moral Culture. Second—Physiological. Third—Practical. Fourth—Hygienic. Fifth—Intellectual.

W. J. Colville's lecture first considered Spencer's and then Buchanan's recommendations, *seriatim*; but throughout especial prominence was given to moral culture, which, when it takes the lead, glorifies all the rest, and indeed expresses itself through all methods which are but diversified channels for its expression.

What is true education but education from the Latin, *educere*, to lead forth. Intellectual cramming is not conducive to health or longevity; indeed, it saddens and shortens many a career. Upon being misdirected it places power for mischief, rather than for good, in the hands of the morally perverted. Education is an engine of tremendous force; without it men are comparatively helpless; with it there is little they can not perform. Therefore, its direction into useful and ennobling channels is the one great question of the day.

Schooling is not education; book-worms and scholastics are too frequently nothing but pedants contributing scarcely anything to the real welfare of the race. Literary is not a sign of true education, as the illiterate are often highly educated. Knowledge of men and of a trade is far more serviceable than an acquaintance with dead languages and classic literature. As long as college grope in the midnight darkness of an effete classicism to the neglect of the practical affairs of modern life, education will too often be conspicuous by its absence in those very places where its presence is most loudly proclaimed.

Statistics abundantly prove that college and high school graduates are by no means invariably the best educated people; they are bookish and conceited, but they are practically uneducated and are as ready as any to fall into the grossest vices. Anything but a compliment was paid to the ordinary curriculum of medical and other universities when it was declared that the system of training in vogue now was better calculated to enslave than liberate, to brutalize than refine the feeling.

When vivisection was touched upon, the speaker denounced it in unmeasured terms, and quoted freely the testimony of eminent scientists against its shameful barbarity. Any act of cruelty inflicted even on a lower creature tends to stultify the higher moral faculties, and thereby slams the door in the face all higher influences which would otherwise approach and uplift. Psychometry and kindred psychic sciences were alluded to most eulogistically as tending to refine and elevate the feelings, while in the ordinary walks of life manual training should be far more prevalent, and accomplishments receive much less attention. Every effort should be made by citizen, and secure the election of such men and women as are distinguished for sterling worth of character, rather than for mere intellectual brilliance. Many a brilliant man has ended his days in a convict's cell. Good citizens, rather than wealthy and dazzling ones, are the need of the age.

The music at all services was very pleasing, and the collections large. The door fee, morning and evening, has been abolished and with very good results.

The attendance last Sunday evening was sufficient to fill the lower floor and nearly fill the gallery. W. J. Colville has only three more Sundays in this city, as he leaves for Los Angeles and other Southern points at the end of this month.

On Sunday next, Feb. 12th, the subjects of discourse will be: 10:45 A. M., "Eminent Heroes of History, with Special Allusions to the Life and Work of Abraham Lincoln, the Anniversary of whose Birth Occurs To-day;" 7:30 P. M.,

Second lecture in the present course on Education, "The True Higher Course of Man and Woman by Means of Enlightened Co-education." The Theosophical lesson at 2:30 P. M. will be on "The Great Pyramid of Egypt—A Symbol of the Universe and Man," (by particular request).

SUPERSTITION AND SCIENCE.

Some very pretty beliefs are ascribed to the Wintuns Indians—pretty because they were considered the untutored children of Nature; but it will be seen that these ignorant people have an inkling of some scientific truths. They believe in three worlds, while we know there are two, and believe in many more. Some of this tribe think the sky is smoke, others that it is ice, and still a few more believe it quartz crystal.

Some modern would-be scientists declare that were it not for smoke in the atmosphere all distant objects now at all visible would stand out clearly to our vision. Those who believe it is ice have surely had strong confirmation of their opinion in the recent snow and extreme cold. No fairer conception could be had of the serene Summer sky than that it is a dome of crystal. To the ancients it was a concave expanse resting upon solid foundation. To the Wintuns mountains were made by the burrowing of the mole god.

The idea that the mountains were raised is a correct one, the method only is in error. Calling light and darkness maiden goddesses very much resembles the superstitions of mythology, of which those regarding the forms of Nature and natural phenomena were most beautiful, however heathenish and far from the truth.

According to the Wintuns rocks and other inanimate things were once living, and some rock now live and speak, which is the Wintuns explanation of echoes. See, now, another truth perceived by the Wintuns.

E. D. Walker, in *Christian Wide Awake*, says: We generally think of minerals as dead lumps of inactive matter. But they may be said to be alive—creatures of vital pulsations, and separated into individuals as distinct as vines in a forest, or the tigers in a jungle. The dispositions of crystals are as diverse as those of animals. They throbb with unseen currents of energy. They grow as long as they have opportunity. They can be killed, too, though not as easily as an oak or a dog. A strong electric shock discharged through a crystal will decompose it very rapidly if it is of soft structure, causing the particles to gradually disintegrate in the reverse order from its growth, until the poor thing lies a dead, shapeless ruin.

Linnaeus, the renowned Swedish naturalist, defines the three kingdoms thus: "Stones grow; plants grow and feel; animals grow, and feel, and move."

To the Wintuns whirlwinds are little spirits seeking water to drink. Is not this what the winds mostly do—drink up the earth's moisture? Farther and lastly, these people attributed disease to mythical animals. We call these mythical animals evil spirits, and we dare say their forms are sufficiently hideous and various as to stamp them with any but a natural origin.

A LIVELY REVIEW.

What I saw at Cassadaga Lake: A Review of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. By A. B. Richmond, Esq., a member of the Pennsylvania Bar; Author of "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer," "Court and Prison," "Dr. Crosby's Calm View from a Lawyer's Standpoint," and "A Hawk in an Eagle's Nest." Glibly & Rich, publishers, 5 Bowdoin Street, Boston.

All Spiritualists will remember the "Open Letter to the Seybert Commission," by Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa., which appeared in the leading Spiritualist papers, as well as in many secular journals, a few months ago. The author of that letter is one of Pennsylvania's ablest lawyers and jurists, as he evidently is one of the country's brightest and most forcible writers. The above volume of about 250 pages is a masterly elaboration of the subject matter of said "Open Letter." For keen wit, unswerving logic, and exquisite beauty and force of expression, there is nothing in our spiritual literature that can equal it.

The author quotes in the title page, and elsewhere gives a *fac simile* of the message and slip upon which it was written, the following, purporting to come from Henry Seybert, and which he received, last Summer, through a slate-writing medium at Cassadaga Lake:

SIR—Do all you can to combat the error into which my communications have fallen. They were unworthy and unfair. HENRY SEYBERT.

Mr. Seybert has evidently found the right man to vindicate him, and properly rebuke the Commission, (the custodians of his magnificent gift to the University of Pennsylvania,) who, by their report, sought to cast ridicule upon his belief. In Richmond's trenchant pen they have met their lost Atlantis, and have been overwhelmed so vastly by the deep sea of argumentative oblivion that nothing but another planetary cataclysm can ever resurrect them.

Every Spiritualist should procure a copy of this book. Price, \$1.25. The publishers have our thanks for a copy.

HER MISSION.—Rumor has evidently reached the end of her tether regarding Mme. Blavatsky and her mission outside her native land. Her last "find" in the character of Mme. Blavatsky is that she is a spy of the Russian Government, and the mystery she professes and practices is but a means employed to detract public attention and curiosity from her real business. The meddlesome Dame is rather rough on Col Olcott, making the Madam designate him as a "fool," "the chief of her domestic imbeciles," her "psychological baby," etc., etc. Now, if the mission of this remarkable woman has been to further Russian interests in India, the long years she has persistently devoted to that end, have certainly entitled her to the highest reward that attaches to such service. The outcome of her work does not yet appear, but if it be such as described, the near future must reveal it. If it shows nothing to sustain present reports, then the world will have to content itself about Mme. Blavatsky until the Recording Angel chooses to truly enlighten it.

—Hon. Horace Davis has been elected President of our State University.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

-E. W. Steele and wife, of San Luis Obispo, favored us with a pleasant call on Wednesday last.

-Admission to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans' seance at Scottish Hall, 111 Larkin street, is only ten cents.

-Mrs. Elsie Reynolds arrived in San Francisco on Thursday last. She will remain for a week or ten days, and will hold seances each evening during her stay at 1037 Mission street.

-Mrs. M. J. Hendee will lecture before the Union Spiritual Society next Wednesday evening, at 111 Larkin street, St. Andrew's Hall; subject, "Social Science." Doors open free at 10.

-An appreciative reader says: "Of all the Christmas presents received, from her husband that of a year's subscription to the 'GOLDEN GATE gave her the greatest pleasure.'"

-Masloth, the astrologer, will be located the ensuing summer at Turlock, Cal. Send stamp for circular containing full particulars of his astrological readings. Address, Masloth, Box 45, Turlock, Cal.

-Victorin Sardou, the great dramatist, is to call his villa at Nice "La Tosca," after his latest play, which has created such a furore in Paris, with that queen of tragedy, Sara Bernhardt, in the title role.

-It is authoritatively stated that General Lew Wallace has received \$37,000 as royalties on Ben Hur, the sales of which have reached to almost 200,000 copies. This "tale of the Christ" is one of the great works of fiction of the century.

-We call attention to the advertisement on our fifth page, of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's new book, entitled "The Soul." All advanced Spiritualists will find in the teachings of Mrs. Richmond's guides the grandest of spiritual lessons.

-The Society for Theosophical Research which meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. is progressing admirably. The exercises, Feb. 4th, were both attractive and diversified. Several excellent speeches were made; songs were finely sung; several new members were enrolled, and a general good feeling pervaded the assembly.

-Mrs. J. J. Whitney will hold a public seance at the Avon Theatre in Stockton, on to-morrow (Sunday) evening. She will leave Stockton for Sacramento on Thursday next, February 16th, and will stop while in that city with Mrs. Thorpe, 908 Eighth street. On Sunday evening, the 19th instant, she expects to give a public seance in Sacramento. She is receiving a grand ovation in Stockton.

-We recently attended a delightful birthday party, given by Mrs. Agnes Evans, wife of Fred Evans, to a few friends. For an hour or more their beautiful parlors resounded with the mirth usual to progressive ecclesiasts; then followed an adjournment to the dining room, where all sat down to a substantial banquet. Mrs. Evans presided gracefully, the guests were in their best humor, and the evening was one of refined social delight.

-Odd Fellows' Hall was packed to its full measure, on Sunday evening last, with an intelligent audience, to witness the marvelous manifestations of psychic power as given through the mediumship of Mr. John Slater. As a public platform test medium, Mr. Slater has no superiors and but few equals. His seances promise to be both profitable to himself and the cause he so ably represents. He appears at the same place again to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and evening.

-At Metaphysical College, Room 7, Odd Fellows' Building, W. J. Colville's classes crowd the hall both Monday and Thursday evenings. The teachings are of great importance, as they are upon vital topics of interest to every human being. Exercises commence precisely at 8 P. M., and conclude at 10. There is also a class on Tuesday at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. Single admissions are now granted at twenty-five cents, to place the instruction within the reach of the multitude.

-We had a pleasant call the other day from that grand pioneer Spiritualist of Michigan, Hon. J. G. Wait, of Sturgis, Mich. He, with his family, are on a few weeks' visit to this Coast. They have been for the last two weeks guests of Mr. L. L. Moore, of Lemore. Mr. Wait was chiefly instrumental in building the first edifice erected to the uses of Spiritualism in America. He has occupied many positions of honor and trust in his native State, and is a man to reflect honor on any cause.

-Hon. Amos Adams, in the Patron of Humane Society, says: "I am in favor of taxing whisky 'in every form, and, if possible, banishing it 'from the face of the earth. If that cannot be done, then I would enact laws to punish the 'whisky-dealer as an accessory before the fact 'of three-fourths of all the crime committed in 'the United States.' We are pleased to add that the author of the foregoing noble sentiments is the President of the 'Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company.' As a rule Spiritualists are generally sound on the whisky question.

-A good friend and patron of the GOLDEN GATE takes exceptions to an "editorial note" that appeared in last week's issue of the paper, wherein we spoke of a certain seance at which she was present. We stated what had been represented to us as a fact, whereof we asserted, "We are assured," etc. Our friend informs us that so far as she and at least one other person were concerned, our informant wholly misrepresented the facts, as they were very much dissatisfied with the seance. We see in this the necessity of greater caution in relying wholly upon the statements of others in matters of such importance. "I said in my haste," says the Psalmist, "all men are liars." Don't apologize, O Psalmist.

-At Oakland, Alameda, and San Jose, W. J. Colville is continuing his work most acceptably. The local papers are fair and courteous, often devoting considerable space to excellent reports of the proceedings. Classes in Alameda are held in Odd Fellows' Hall, Market street, Monday and Thursday, at 2:45 P. M.; San Jose, Germania Hall, Wednesday, 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.; Oakland, Hamilton Hall, Friday, 2:30; public lecture, 8 P. M. The Friday evening lectures on "The Miracles" are found intensely interesting, the audiences increasing each week. February 3d the subject treated was "The Man Blind from Birth;" February 10th, "Raising of Lazarus." The subjects for the two closing lectures will be: February 17th, "The Woman who Touched the Hem of the Garment of Jesus;" February 24, "The Resurrection of Jesus and What it Signifies." Admission, ten cents.

To all Interested in Spiritual or Mental Healing.

As my recent announcement in the GOLDEN GATE has brought me crowds of letters and inquiries from all parts of the country, in many instances coupled with offers of subscriptions, which I have, with two exceptions, declined to receive at present, I must beg leave to trespass again on your hospitable and widely circulating columns to give all interested precise information as to the nature of the work. I have decided to issue it in handsome cloth binding at \$1.00 as a companion volume to "Spiritual Science of Health and Healing," (new edition, 270 pages, Garden City Publishing Co.) It will also be issued with "Spiritual Science" in one volume of fully 500 pages, under title, "Universal Theosophy" at \$2.00. Now to cover the actual cost of production and no more, I will take subscriptions immediately from subscribers to the GOLDEN GATE only at 50 cents for the \$1.00 book, and \$1.00 for the \$2.00 book. Such subscriptions to be sent to Mr. Owen, who, of course, knows who are his regular patrons. All subscriptions sent to me must be at the rate of 75 cents for the single, and \$1.50 for the double volume. I have already almost more material than I can use, but as my time is fully occupied in so many directions, I can not promise the book earlier than June, though I want to see it in the hands of subscribers at an earlier date if possible.

I repeat, what I ask for is definite questions for the philosophical department, and well authenticated reports of cures for the section entitled demonstration. Readers of "Spiritual Science of Health and Healing" will, no doubt, have many questions they desire to have answered.

A little book entitled "Metaphysical Queries," compiled by Miss S. C. Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., is still in the market, and is her copyrighted property. I shall take nothing from that for my new work, the questions and answers in which will be in every case original.

I have been particularly requested to republish "Practical Directions for Treatment," which, when issued in type writer style two years ago, achieved an enormous circulation, but are now out of print. These will be greatly improved and extended in my forthcoming work.

A book entitled "Universal Theosophy," now in the market, is nearly exhausted. Though, on the whole, a creditable publication, it does not satisfy my wishes. It was hastily compiled and lacks many important elements which will be conspicuously present in the new edition.

In ordering, please remember "Mental Therapeutics, Philosophy, and Phenomena" is the title of the new book. "Universal Theosophy" is the large, double volume, containing "Spiritual Science of Health and Healing" and "Mental Therapeutics" in one volume.

W. J. COLVILLE, SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 7, 1888.

A Test Case.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE: Miss Ruth Randolph of Oakland, who was recently favorably mentioned by the GOLDEN GATE, gave the writer thorough and unmistakable evidence, last week, of her power as a slate-writing medium. The slates were my own, and sealed in a wrapper and tied with bands of rubber. She took hold of one end of the slates and placed them under the table with one hand, while I held them by the other end. Immediately the writing commenced on the slates. I could hear the sound of writing and feel the vibration of the slates; at the same time I distinctly felt gentle pressure of spirit hands on my hand under the table. I received a long, friendly communication, in four distinct colors, on one side of each slate. This communication was written without any pencil, as I did not place any between the slates. The medium held a slate before the mirror, with a piece of white slate-pencil, and I saw it write a sentence. The pencil wrote without hands—so far as I could see. About the genuineness of this message there can be no mistake. H.

MAN'S deepest want, uttered out of the defect and penury of his spiritual life, has been that he might be something more than a withered branch, a fragment; that he might know his place and be at home in the universal order reconciled to the divine law.—J. C. Learned.

WOMAN is the Sunday of man. Not his repose only, but his joy. She is the salt of his life.

Live Reflections.

[The following, from a private letter from a valued friend, is well worth considering.]

Human nature is becoming to me more and more a puzzle. That rich men, who have no assurance of enjoying their pelf a week, and who firmly believe their interest in the never ending higher life will be in proportion to the good they do their fellow sufferers in this vale of tears, can be devoting all their energies to further accumulation, withholding even small portions of the same from the advancement of the cause, which is converting this same vale of tears into a probation of happy expectancy, is to me a mystery, inscrutable and past finding out.

Horace Greeley once published in the Tribune, "The doctrine that teaches an everlasting separation of parents, children, and friends, consigning a portion of the same to endless torture, has caused more affliction to the people throughout Christendom than all other evils combined."

And yet men who have their thousands are, but too generally, unwilling to relax their grip on their hundreds, for the removal of the afflicting superstitions which the philosopher Greeley deplored, and which it is in the power of the present generation to prevent from much longer enslaving the human, God-given mind.

How long Money-bags will be required to call, Dives like, to Lazarus for water to cool his parched tongue, after he has shuffled off this mortal coil, we are not informed; but we have a right to believe that, in the course of natural justice, his suffering and its duration will be proportionate to his opportunities for doing good to his less fortunate fellow creatures in this life, and the way he has improved or neglected them.

Christian Science and Small Pox.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE: I notice that there is quite a stir in the Christian churches throughout the United States upon the subject of the science of Christianity as applied to the cure of diseases of the mortal body. Metaphysics is the term used, I believe, to convey the idea to the public. In the issue of the GOLDEN GATE of January 21st, I notice an article from J. A. Wilson, starting out upon the subject of small-pox. I expected when I started in to read the article that I would be told how the lady cured small-pox with Christian science. I read the article over twice, but failed to see the problem solved. I think I can see how the mind or controlling power of one mortal body can effect the mind or controlling power of another mortal or immortal body, and I think I can, in a small degree, see how the light from the great Source of all spiritual light is reflected upon our souls, as a guide to lead us onward and upward, toward the fountain-head of all that is good, of which at present we know so little.

To illustrate what I want to better understand is the action of mind over matter. I once knew a very bright and talented man, an editor of a paper. He seemed to spare no pains to cultivate the intellectual or spiritual part of his nature, but almost entirely ignored his mortal body. He allowed his physical body to go about the city in dirty clothing, did not provide suitable food, or a good bed for the body to rest in. The floors of his rooms were covered with dirt, books, dishes, and fragments of his last meal. A straw bag in the corner was sufficient for the body to rest on. Consequently his body was often in a dirty, emaciated condition, although the emanations from his brain or spiritual life were of a high order. The articles he wrote for publication were full of wisdom.

As I said, I can see how a person can advance spiritually, but I fail to see how the mortal body can be cared for, unless we observe nature's laws in caring for it. First, we know that our mortal body requires a certain amount of protection from the elements. We know that if we live in a low, unhealthy place, where the air is poisoned with decayed vegetation and animal matter, that our systems become poisoned, that the liver and other organs of the mortal body refuse to do their work. Our business is such that we are compelled to remain there and continually breathe in these poisons.

Now I claim that the only relief we can get for our mortal bodies is to resort to the remedies that nature has provided. When we go to our spirit guides, and ask them what we shall do to make our mortal bodies strong again, they tell us to go to the places where the ground is in the same condition as nature provided, and we will find certain roots, herbs, barks, and gums, that will cure every disease that mortal body is subject to. Recognizing the fact that men (and perhaps some ladies) are superior grades of animals, we may judge of the remedies the great Creator provided for our use by watching our domesticated animals. While among the Dakotas, I noticed that in winter the horses became very poor and often covered with sores. The Indians called it the scabby disease. As soon as Spring came and the ground was thawed out, the ponies would go up in the canyons and paw out certain roots, and gnaw the bark from certain trees,—which they ate. Very soon they would improve in condition, and in a short time were as well and strong as ever. I am told that sailors off at sea, where they like the horses in winter, can not

procure nature's remedies, often become diseased, but recover as soon as the right kind of food is provided.

I do not believe that Christian science comes within nature's laws for curing the diseases that mortals and the lower grade of animals are subject to. I suppose it is my ignorance of the laws of nature. I wish someone who has made this subject a study would tell me how to cure small-pox, typhoid fever, or any well defined disease by Christian science or metaphysics, as it is called.

CICERO NEWELL, PORTLAND, January 29, 1888.

LOOK up, and not down; look forward, and not back; look out, and not in; and then lend a hand.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

W. J. COLVILLE LECTURES IN METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 7, Odd Fellows' Building, Market street, every Sunday in February, at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. All seats free. Voluntary collection. Class in Spiritual Science at 11:15 P. M. Admission, 25 cents. Organist, Prof. Eckman. Soprano, Mme. Marie Bishop.

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

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 7 and 7:30 P. M.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet Sunday at 11 A. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy st. Free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 11 to 5 P. M. Admission, 25 cents.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Material and Spiritual Science.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

"It—the study of science—admits that there are two worlds to be considered—the one physical, and the other psychical, —and there is a most intimate relation and inter-connection between the two; the bridge from one to the other has yet to be found,—that these phenomena run not in one series, but along two parallel lines."

This is said by Huxley, who occupies a conspicuous place among the pleiades of bright men who have, with great success, devoted themselves to the advancement of the physical sciences during the last half century. He possesses the rare faculty of writing brilliantly and holding the interest of the unscientific while elucidating the most intricate problems of physical science.

He once said that "if the spiritual phenomena are true, they do not interest me," for which unworthy expression he should now be forgiven, when he admits there are two worlds inter-blended and running in parallel lines. But when he says that the bridge connecting the two has not been found, he shows that he is much better acquainted with physical science than with psychical science; but it is much that he admits that there are two worlds so different in their character, but inter-connected one with the other.

When the suspension bridge was built across the Niagara river the engineer attached a small cord to a kite which was flown across the seething chasm; to this was attached a larger rope which was increased until the ponderous wire cable was in place, securely suspending the railroad bridge over which hundreds of people pass and repass daily in comfort and safety.

The bridge connecting the psychical with the material world may be in the condition of the Niagara bridge when the rope connected the precipices on either side of the river. If this is so, the most difficult part of the problem is solved, and the completion of the structure is only a question of time and every-day work until the structure is completed and the people can pass and repass without difficulty or skeptical question. The completion of this structure will be the work of the next century, but the work of the pioneers, who have flown the kite and passed the first cord, will be appreciated at its true value, and they will be held in grateful remembrance.

This illustration should not be taken too literally, but liberally construed, it expresses a great truth with regard to our spiritual environment. The saying of Paul that we know in part, and prophesy in part, holds true until the present time. In fact, our faculties which cognize spiritual matters must be developed by a progressive culture before we can arrive at clearness of conception with regard to the spirit world and its inhabitants.

Let us inquire in honest candor, What has Spiritualism, in its phenomenal aspect, done for us in the last forty years?

It has given assurance to unnumbered thousands of bereaved mourners that their departed still live and enjoy happiness quite beyond what they could have done in the body.

It has afforded the needed convincing evidence to a countless host of material skeptics—that life is continuous, and subject to the law of progressive unfoldment.

It has leavened and liberalized the churches, which are honeycombed by its doctrines brought home to them by mediums developed in their midst.

But the phenomena are only entering wedges, and when an entrance to the spirit world is once effected, and the seeker assured of continued existence, more can be done by studying spiritual laws, and developing those faculties of intuition which cognize the spiritual world by direct contact.

And here the question arises, Can the intuitional powers of the soul be put in direct contact with spiritual truth? Material scientists deny it, but theosophists affirm that it is the principal method by which their masters have built up a grand system of spiritual knowledge. Let us not too hastily deride this important matter, for it is plain that those who continue too long and exclusively to seek mere phenomena bring leanness upon their souls.

But we must be charitable and allow a wide margin for individual liberty, ever bearing in mind that all are not on the same plain of unfoldment, and can not be crystallized into the same mold of belief; but duly consider what Paul says to the Romans: "God will render to every man according to his deeds,—to them, who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality,—eternal life."

BERNHARDT'S HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE.—It is said that when Bernhardt was studying for a play in which she had to die of consumption, she used to visit the Paris hospitals and study realism in the consumption wards. At last, one afternoon, while she was passing through one of the wards, a young girl, dying and delirious, rose to a sitting posture in the bed, and, shaking her finger toward the actress, cried: "Look there! There comes again that dreadful woman! She is death itself! Wherever she goes we die! Whenever she looks at one of us, that is the end! Take her away! Take

her away!" and with a shriek the woman fell dead. The Bernhardt visited the hospitals no more.—N. Y. Sun.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Swedenborgians Pained.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It is somewhat surprising that Swedenborgians should denounce Spiritualism, and yet they are among the most bitter of its opponents, probably because it approaches so nearly their belief without being identical. Dr. W. H. Holcombe, one of the lights of the New Church, says in *Helps to Spiritual Growth*:

I am always pained to see people who have been recently deprived of their friends, rushing excitedly and hurriedly into spiritual matters, reaching out blindly in the dark, consulting mediums or clairvoyants, and yearning after communion with the dead. It is an unhappy and unhealthy frame of mind, productive only of evil. Such persons are not disinterestedly seeking the truth, the only way in which it can be found. Their intellect is not calmly engaged in the pursuit of a rational philosophy or religion; but their affections are intensely aroused, and eager for find consolation in some kind of reunion with the beloved ones who are apparently lost.

Then he goes on to make our duty plain—that we are not to seek to learn anything about the individual spirit that is our loss, but to live as to be prepared to be reunited in heaven.

If the Rev. Dr. Holcombe ever loses a near and dear friend (we infer from his words that he has not), he will find how utterly heartless and unsatisfactory his talk about a "rational philosophy" and "religion" is, and he will be most "eager" to find consolation "in direct and tangible communion" with the dead.

A calm, philosophical frame of mind is desirable, and to be folded under the protecting wings of religion a comfort to the weary, world-lost soul; "disinterested seeking after truth" for its own sweet sake one of the most delightful occupations in which a human being can engage; but the mind has still other qualities which bestow many fold more joys. We are creatures of affection. We love; and love is, according to Swedenborg himself, one of the prime factors of heaven and earth. We love, and death does not extinguish our regards. The white-robed angel of highest heaven has not escaped the chains of love for those left on earth. Like the cord which the legend says ties the stork to its old nest, and draws it back from remote climes, love holds the spirit, and renews it from the most enchanting scenes to the family hearth.

"Pained!" Why? Because the Rev. Holcombe thinks all knowledge of the next life ought to come through Swedenborg; and bear the seal of Jesus Christ!

It is joy that they who part at the grave, when they return to their homes, instead of sitting down by the grey ashes to extinguish the last expiring flame with bitter tears, may feel no vacant place, no less warmth or light, but a presence of an angel, unseen, but felt as a sacred influence, leading all thoughts and desires to a higher life.

If there is ever a time we want a strong staff to support us—if we ever need consolation, a balm to heal our lacerated hearts, it is at the grave of one dear to us. It is not surprising that people seek Spiritualism at that dread hour. Infidel and church-member then seek its aid. They find their disbelief or belief alike worthless to sustain them, and Spiritualism the only source of consolation. They seek it and it answers every demand; dries their burning tears; allays their unutterable regrets; appeases the sense of injustice at their loss, and makes their life worth the living; fills it with brightness and joy, as the vestibule to the immeasurable reality of the beyond.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O.

It is a very attractive millennium which Dr. Talmage predicts, when society "shall be attuned by the gospel harp." "There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth, or wealth, or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevolence; and people will be assigned to their places of good, or very good, or most excellent. So, also, commercial life will be attuned; and there will be twelve in every dozen, and sixteen ounces in every pound, and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on the top, and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchased them, and coffee will not be chickered, and sugar will not be sanded, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a State-prison offense. Ay, all things shall be attuned. Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way." To all of which we add "Amen."

THEY have some original characters in these mountains. Once, I heard a really eloquent sermon at a church ten miles north of the park. But you can imagine my surprise when, in the midst of a burst of rhetoric, the reverend orator clasped his hands in ecstasy above his head, and, lifting his eyes heavenward like a saint, exclaimed, "My friends, all the world shouted for joy when the good news of Christ's birth flashed over the wires!"—Senator Davis of Maryland.

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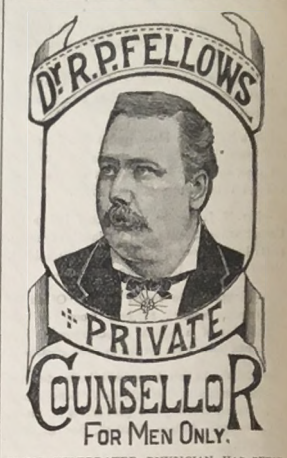
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(Writes for the Golden Gate.)

Facts and Fragments.

BY JOHN WETTERBEE.

Some spirits can read the mind and some can not. Some spirits can hear and see audible and visible expressions and some can not. Those who can hear and see objectively are not apt in mind-reading. Those who read the mind can respond to mental questions as readily as if uttered. They can read experiences that lay, as it were, "on the table," that may have been forgotten at the moment, but lay there all the same among the archives of the memory. Some spirits can read some minds and can not read others. I do not know as I can throw much of any light on this subject, but I feel like saying a word or two, so I will try to fill out a fragment.

Some spirits are very near this life; that is, are but little removed from mortality. I am not meaning in this connection high or low spirits, but some are closely allied to this world. Their alliance may be from attachment to persons in the form, and of others their attachment may be to material things that they still hunger for; so there may be high and low attachments, and it may not follow that an earth-bound spirit is necessarily a low or undeveloped spirit. It is necessary for me to say this for the sake of clearness. I think those spirits who are but little removed from this life hear audible expressions and see what I have written objectively, as I now do; but they will not know what I will say next until I say it, while a spirit who reads my mind will know it as I know it. Thought is prior to expression in the order of genesis, but practically equal in the order of time. I am not making this division very definite, only feeling my way for an idea.

There are constitutional mind-readers in the form; what makes them so no one can tell; so on the other side of life we carry over our mental characteristics and are mind-readers there. Thus in spirit life are constitutional qualities, as well as improved facilities, and certain it is there are, as I have said, spirits who read what is in the mind, and there are those who can see and hear objectively. The mind-reading spirit has the advantage of the spirits who hear and see objectively, for many thoughts find no external expression. If a medium be present, or a mediumistic person, it helps external hearing and seeing. It takes material organs to hear and see material sounds and written expressions; they can easily be found, so that if any spirit wishes to see and hear material things there is opportunity; but the presence of a medium does not open the mental vista; it makes conditions. That is more or less a gift or a growth.

I do not think it perhaps wise to say, though I have good authority for it, that higher spirits read the mind, and lower ones see and hear externally; and certainly, if I did say so, I should wish to be understood that "high and low," in spirit life, were not what we understand by the terms in this life. I should say spiritually high or low, rather than intellectually. I consider Robert Dale Owen a good authority, and he says higher spirits read our minds; those lower than we are hear or see the expression when uttered or written. Eugene Crowell, a great observer and able writer, says the same, and illustrates it with proof. Both of these writers would say that if Theodore Parker was on one side of me and Jim Fiske on the other, as invisible spirits, the latter would hear my uttered thoughts, and read objectively my written words, but not read my mind; and the former would read the thought in my mind, but could not hear me utter it. I only use these two names to illustrate the principle. I will add that my mind is rarely read by a spirit, but I know myself, and am not so high by constitution or cultivation that I overtop my surroundings, and that when I sit with a medium the controls are below me, as a general thing, for I know that can not be, but the fact is patent; they can not read my mind, but they can hear what I say, and if I should gush them, they would not know it, but I would. Oh, how many times I have been fully charged with a thought—boiling over with it, but never reached by the spirit.

I think those who get readily what they consider good tests are those whose minds the spirits can read. Such things are not tests to me. Tests of spirit presence are easily obtained, but tests of identity are harder. So, when an investigator said to me at Charles H. Bridge's circle, the other night, that he had been following this up for nearly thirty years, and was no nearer than when he began,—he was not very difficult to convince; he said he wants his father to call him by his pet name; he can do it well enough, if it was his father, and that would settle the matter with him, he should believe it was his father. Says I, knowing how easy it would be for some spirits to read his mind, and get his pet name, "I should prefer the spirit father to tell me something that he knew and I did not know, and that I could identify him by." That is what I call a test, and I have had such, though, like "angels' visits," they are few and far between.

Often a memory of the medium, Colchester, comes to mind, and I live pleasantly for a while in the past with my old friend and neighbor, Epes Sargent, for we very often went together to witness his manifestations. Many of the older Spirit-

ualists will remember him. His manifestations were very singular, very intelligent, and certainly very unaccountable, some of them even as spirit manifestations, and yet were unmistakable. In some respects, his were something like Charles H. Foster's, writing on the arm initials and names, tests to identify names written on pieces of paper and folded up into pellets; but his most unique ones were different from any one's else, and those were what interested the author of the "Scientific Basis" and myself, and we followed them up night after night and day after day.

A description of one will give the idea: We went to a well known gentleman's house. As usual, he used a chamber for a seance room. I sat, as usual, on the side of a nearly square table; the medium, Mr. Sargent, and some one else occupied the other three sides. My back was against a bureau, the drawer of which could not be opened unless I got up and moved my chair. This location, however, was accidental. On the table before us were paper, cards, and a box of crayon pencils of various colors.

While having various manifestations, Colchester said to me, "Take a few of those cards and see that they are white and clean, and mark them so as to know them." I took a half a dozen, and cut crooked corners off of each, and put the bits in my pocket; and he said, "Put the cards out of sight;" and I got up and opened one of the drawers behind me, which seemed to be packed full of white clothing; but I put in the cards and also a handful of the crayons, some eight or ten, of various colors, and shut the drawer. I took my seat, and then we went on with the manifestations as before. Coming to a pause in fifteen or twenty minutes, the medium said, "You better see, Mr. Wetherbee, how your cards look." I got up, moved my chair, and opened the drawer, and on each of those cards were drawn artistic pictures of fruit, flowers, scenery, birds, houses, etc., and the colors of each of the crayons were found in the several pictures. My bits fitted into the mutilated corners. We were absolutely certain they were the same cards that were new and clean; it was in the daytime, and no possible communication with the drawer, and the cards had to stand on end owing to the fullness, and the crayons had, for the same reason, to lie horizontally, or roll into the crevices. It has always appeared to me that it was a will rather than a mechanical operation; but the fact is exactly as I have stated it. I suppose Mr. Sargent and myself have been present twenty or thirty times to witness these operations.

I remember one time Sargent said to me, "I will meet you there, and why won't you, on your way, buy a sheet of cardboard, and see if anything would come on that?" "I will." And he said, "I have no doubt of the cards on our friend's table, still it would be a strong thing to be able to say we brought our own cardboard." On my way I stopped and bought a new sheet, and when I got to the house it was early. Colchester had not arrived, and I cut the board into six or eight squares, of about five by six inches in diameter, and laid them in a pile on one side. I don't think any one knew it. Nothing was said about it, and the manifestations went on as usual for nearly an hour, when Mr. Colchester said, "Mr. Wetherbee, take now one of your cards, and mark it so as to know it." I did so by cutting a bit out of a corner and retaining it, passing the card over to Colchester, who took it with his thumb and finger and shied it into the opposite corner of the room, and grabbing a lot of the crayons on the table, threw them over in the same corner, saying, "Go and pick it up," and I did so. The pencils lay scattered helter skelter, and the card, which passed from me white and clean ten seconds before, had a very pretty and artistic vase of flowers drawn upon it, using the colors of the crayons of those he threw after the card. I could name many more incidents of this kind, but these two, out of a great number, will give the idea, and they show a short cut in doing things that seem to be indeed "footfalls on the boundary of the spirit world."

Colchester the medium used to do one thing that I never saw done before, or since, nor often did he do it. He was not often inclined to do it and had to be in remarkably good trim, and did it voluntarily when he did do it. It rather perplexed me, and it was hard to realize that I had witnessed such a phenomenon when I had got home, when I thought of it. And I would go again hoping conditions would be right to witness it again. Here is what he said to me once, when there were six or eight persons sitting around the table, having had many various manifestations: "Mr. Wetherbee, take a few of those slips of paper and write some names on them," he did not say of departed persons, though I wrote such as we usually did, four or five, folded them up into pellets, which I did expecting he would give some tests as usual without seeing them, but he said instead, "Will you know the names if you see them again?" "Certainly." "Well," says he, "go to the window and throw them into the street." I did so, but the window and took my seat. He said then, "Where would you like to have them placed?" I hesitating, not fully understanding him, he said, "Any where, say where you would like to find them," and, as I happened to notice two small china vases on the mantle, I said, "In the further one." "Well," said he, "go and look," and I did so, and there

were the pellets and the names, the same ones that I had thrown out the window and should have been blowing up or down the street.

The same thing was done for others as well as for me, not often, but I can safely say five or six times, that phenomenon was done as I have stated. This was before I had seen materialization or dematerialization, and it embarrassed me, and it would now, and does when I think of it. It is as incomprehensible as Zollner's fourth dimension. I simply know positively that it was no illusion, or deception, or sleight of hand, and the same identical papers with the same names that were out of doors, were at once found in the vase on the mantle, the medium nor any one else having left their seats at the table, and the parlor where we were sitting was brightly lighted with a gas chandelier. I don't see how it was done, or the object of it as a spirit manifestation, unless it was to show their power to do the unaccountable, and they succeeded.

BOSTON, January 25, 1888.

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