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J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Sorrows are the shadows of past joys.

Ignorance gives a sort of eternity to prejudice and perpetuity to error.

Genius is the gold in the mine; talent is the miner who works and brings it out.

A bite of bread to a hungry man is worth more than a thousand words of condolence.

He that shows passion tells his enemy where he may hit him.—*Chinese Proverb.*

Man being an epitome of the universe, he can best learn the nature of the same by self-study.

By saying only that which you know to be true, by experience or otherwise, censure fails to affect you.

An overbearing sense of forgiveness is not charity. True charity is always accompanied by more or less sympathy or sorrow for the one in fault.

Without self-knowledge, judgment cannot be passed upon others; for we cannot understand the short-comings of another, except we know self.

Mankind are the greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to himself; than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.—*J. S. Mill.*

Never judge anything by its past, but by its present record, whether it be a man, a religion or a principle. The present is not responsible for the past.—*Better Way.*

Unhappy be he who desires to die, so long as there remains to him one sacrifice to make, one joy to create, troubles to prevent, tears to dry.—*Madame Swetchine.*

Man has a right to speak, think and write on all subjects; but he has no right to force his opinions upon others, or to persecute those who differ from him in belief.—*Machiavel.*

That man, only, is truly educated, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and performs with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of doing.—*Huxley.*

It requires less effort to fix your standard low; but it is a remark worth recollecting, that "he who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he will never hit the mark, will reach a higher point than he who aims at a bush."—*Geraldine.*

He that, by giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth.—*Franklin.*

I find that all eminent men work hard. Eminent geologists, mineralogists, men of science, work hard, and both early and late. It matters not what position a man may occupy, as a general thing his labor will constitute the measure of his success. Eminence in any profession or calling is obtained only by toil. There is hard, earnest, persistent work somewhere before this end is reached. It is not luck, but toil; not chance, but well-directed labor, that makes life a success.—*Livingstone.*

(Written Especially for the Golden Gate.)

Onesimus Toole;

OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

CHAPTER V.—AN ELECTRIC CIRCLE.

"Whence? what? and whither?" These three words

Burn in my brain like living fire,
From these great words I cannot flee,
Oh can it be my deep desire
That urges me to push my quest,
And learn of homes of cloudless rest.
I feel a burning pulse within
That throbs with something more than life,
That scorches me whenever I sin,
And saves me in the hour of strife.
I feel a spark, I know its light
Kindled from God's eternal brow,
Swift messenger of life and death
Electric fire! 'tis to thy breath
We owe our origin in clay,
And when this form has passed away,
Thou unpolluted germ divine
Shalt thro' eternal ages shine."
—*Sherrington's "Tempest of the Heart."*

The week ended pleasantly as it began; Mr. Toole grew more and more satisfied that spiritual force was far more directly operative in the affairs of earth than he had hitherto imagined, and though his early training and mental proclivities, intensified by a long course of special effort in a determined direction, all led him to resist the encroachment of new conceptions of life here and hereafter, the ice of prejudice and ignorance was rapidly melting around his heart and brain, and where hitherto the skies had been dark above him, they were now becoming rapidly illumined with the breaking dawn of a new and brighter day.

To a sensitive nature, the tenets of orthodoxy are always to an extent appalling; the dream of endless punishment, that hideous nightmare of theology which holds so large a class of Christians in its gloomy and frightful embrace, together with a view of atonement utterly irreconcilable with every ennobling conception of divine or human justice, leads many to despair and many to infidelity; Mr. Toole had never suffered to the extent that many very affectionate natures suffer when contemplating these awful themes, but still there had been constantly with him a sense of sorrow and unrest as he dwelt on the slender chances which orthodoxy conceded to the great multitude of human beings of ever reaching the celestial regions.

The fate of the heathen and of unbaptized infants had often sorely perplexed him, and through the two masterpieces of Emanuel Swedenborg, the "Arcana Coelestia" and the "Apocalypse Unveiled," which he had been perusing nightly for some time previous to his visit to New York, had considerably influenced him, he found that though the wondrous seer of Sweden threw bright lights on many difficulties, there were still many mysteries which yet remained insoluble. In his sermon to his congregation previous to his departure for his summer vacation, two or three of the more progressive minds in his audience had noticed a faint tinge of "advanced thought," and these had decided within themselves that their preacher might ere long, come out a little more broadly on the liberal platform, but with the exception of a very few sentences, there had been nothing to indicate any approaching change of base. How astonished then would those good people, hidden snugly away among the green hills of Vermont have been, could they have seen their much-respected and steady-going pastor only a week later; the very next Sunday at a Unitarian Church in the morning, at a Catholic Cathedral in the afternoon, and oh, whisper it with bated breath, at a seance, yes, positively at a seance in the evening!

Sunday morning had been devoted to attending the ministrations of a celebrated Unitarian minister from England, who was preaching at the great church on Fourth avenue and Twentieth streets, in the absence of the regular pastor. The whole service was impressive and the sermon an excellent one; but as the Rev. Paget Hope is not a man given to cloaking his convictions or apologizing for them either, the Rev. Onesimus heard some sentiments which rather startled him.

The text was from the 8th Chapter of Romans, and was a complete refutation of the Calvinistic interpretation of that remarkable and difficult chapter of St. Paul's most brilliant and scholarly epistle; this Mr. Toole could easily have harmonized with, as the denomination to which he belonged was not given to belief in pre-determinate reprobation, his wing of the Baptist Church being that known as *general or free will*; but when it came to an advocacy of evolution, a denial of special creation, a sharp criticism on the historical accuracy of some portions of the gospels, and to cap the climax, a decided allusion to Jesus as an excellent but not infallible example to mankind, our hero winced inwardly; he was, however, greatly pleased with Mr. Hope's kind and gracious toleration of the views of those who disagreed with him, and could not but contrast this loving and honest spirit of forbearance, with the spiteful acrimony he had often seen displayed in other quarters.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, he had been principally impressed with the grandeur and solidity of the massive edifice and the perfectly harmonious singing of the boys in the sanctuary choir. The service consisted of vespers and benediction, the sermon being omitted in the afternoon at that season of the year. The great organ in the gallery was silent, and the operatic soloists who sing in front of it were scattered at summer watering-places and no one knows where. When the last strains of the closing psalm "*Laudate Dominum*" had died away, and the chancel organ was pouring forth a melodious postlude, Dr. Maxwell proposed to his friend that they should stroll round the church and inspect its treasures; as they were examining some exquisite carving behind one of the altars, they were greatly startled at beholding two individuals as utterly unlike as any two could be, the one standing, the other kneeling in front of a beautiful shrine erected in the Lady chapel.

The standing figure was a singularly handsome, but most extraordinary looking man in the full glory of a splendid young maturity. This person was tall, shapely and faultlessly attired, his head adorned with a magnificent crown of deep, rich golden hair, his eyes were green, green as emeralds, green as the deepest hue of the Irish sea, green as the grass in early spring or as the shamrock of old Ireland—dazzling, fascinating, winning, repelling, terrifying, alluring, commanding eyes, eyes that could flash lightning from their emerald depths, eyes whose glance could cause the strongest opponent to cower before them, eyes that could draw with irresistible magnetic force whoever could be found susceptible to their imperious beauty; eyes that betokened strength perchance beyond some great magician's skill, but whose darting rays had no tale to tell, of soft emotions or of tender love.

The other figure was a boy not more than fourteen years of age of slender, supple form with jet black locks, and dark brown eyes, full of a pleading yearning wistfulness as they were riveted upon the statue of the mother of Christ. With a brief imperial touch of the tip of one finger on the kneeling boy's shoulder, the stately man caused him to rise instantly and accompany him down the aisle and out of the church. Though previously absorbed in devotion and quite oblivious to his surroundings, the child instantly responded to his master's will, as a dumb animal might obey the slightest gesture of a powerful human hand whose slightest touch could never be resisted by the subject creature. This singular couple so impressed Dr. Maxwell and his friend that they soon followed the mysterious pair out of the church and walked for some distance behind them, down Fifth avenue, observing the perfect compliance of the child with his director's every movement. The boy wore on his head a scarlet cap, after a fashion rarely seen except in Greece and the islands of the Mediterranean; his stately companion wore a straw hat of light and fanciful design which rested carelessly on his abundant shimmering hair.

"What can be the relation between those two?" exclaimed the doctor, "they are so utterly unlike; the man must be a Russian and the boy a Greek, they cannot be related. Surely, the child is not a servant, he appears of noble, at all events of gentle birth; and his haughty, masterful attendant cannot surely be his tutor. They excite my interest, they are a psychological phenomenon, I would like to be able to investigate. That handsome man

is certainly a tyrant; those eyes are utterly devoid of mercy or compassion; he reminds me of a god of northern mythology, dressed by a London tailor and holding command over a Russian army. It strikes me he is a Russian nobleman, but how the boy comes to be associated with him is a marvel."

"His eyes are simply horrible," broke in Mr. Toole, "they positively made me shudder, I shall never forget that expression as long as I live, which came into them, and then, suddenly vanished when he saw we were observing him, conscious, power, egotism, vanity, disdain, all at once, he looked at me as though I might be a reptile. His glance in your direction was something more approving. I have a feeling as though we shall meet that man and boy when we least expect it, and that, if we are not very careful we may be brought into some trouble, a man with those eyes would stop at nothing. In Mrs. Catsleigh's insufferable agent, Alphonse as everybody calls him, as I think with unseemly familiarity, we witness a combination of the low-cunning of the monkey with the vanity of the peacock; but in this mysterious Russian, I can discern the tiger and the serpent, which you will grant me is not a very safe combination."

"Why you're waxing eloquent, my friend, in the direction of a study which has always interested me intensely," responded Dr. Maxwell, "When I was only a child, I used to trace resemblances between my schoolmates and all sorts of creatures, and seeking to verify my fancies I studied the traits and habits of various birds, animals and fishes, and found in almost every instance that when I could trace a likeness to some lower creature in a human being, the person in whom I traced it, behaved very much like the animal he favored in appearance. But we are now at our own door and I have a few preparations to make for our gathering and experiments this evening, you will therefore excuse me till 9 o'clock, when I shall join you in the drawing-room. Mrs. Finchley will preside at the dinner table. Before a seance such as the one we are to hold this evening, I eat nothing but fruit and bread, with pure water for a beverage, this I take alone in my study. I advise you all to dine lightly, but you are none of you gourmands, so my advice is not much needed."

By 8:30, Mrs. Finchley, the O'Shanningtons and Mr. Toole were in the drawing-room awaiting the arrival of guests. Only those who were well-known to our host, to be fully in sympathy with its objects were ever invited to take part in the formation of a circle under his roof; for, unlike many vain and foolish proselytizers, he knew how dire are the results following upon the introduction of an element of discord into "psychical research." About 9 o'clock, five persons entered the room together, they were Prof. Kiddersley, a man certainly seventy years old, but in the best of physical as well as mental health; a gentleman of the highest culture and trust refinement, one moreover, who had been led to investigate Spiritualism, in consequence of startling demonstrations in his own family. Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis-Forbes, a singularly well matched couple, who worked together in the direction of hygienic and other reforms with perfect equanimity. Mrs. Emily Gore Angusthorpe, an English lady of exalted social position; and her younger brother, fresh from his studies and pastimes at Cambridge University, the Honorable Freddie Gore Pudge.

After a few minutes pleasant, social conversation, Dr. Maxwell entered, bowing and smiling to all his friends and addressing some pleasant and appropriate word of greeting to each, but shaking hands with nobody. "Now," said he, "let us commence the first portion of our exercises, we need to collect our thoughts and direct our aspirations unitedly to the common fount whence all good proceeds before arranging ourselves into the circle which we have been directed to form, at 10 o'clock precisely. I feel a very agreeable sense of harmony prevailing the air here to-night, and I doubt not that we shall witness something truly remarkable. Then giving his arm to Miss Lydia O'Shannington he led her to the piano and whispering, "Schumann's eighth Nocturne, if you please." Left her at the instrument and took a seat by himself in a distant corner of the room. During the exquisite music, a gentle, electric current was felt passing through the room; this, he it explained was due to a process of atmospheric dis-

tribution of electricity well known to some Scientists and perfectly understood by Prof. de Montmartre who was Dr. Maxwell's instructor in this science.

While the current was gradually equalizing and purifying the atmosphere, Miss O'Shannington, whose voice as well as touch was daily increasing in firmness and purity, sang three of Heinrich's beautiful German melodies in that fine composer's native tongue. Then just as the clock was approaching 10, and the music was about to cease, the front-door bell sounded imperatively and after a minute's interval the Page knocked timidly on the door, which was however opened immediately with a firm hand and the mysterious stranger of the afternoon walked decisively to the center of the room, followed by the Greek lad, who was like his shadow. Not apologizing in the slightest for his intrusion at such an hour upon such a scene, but on the contrary expressing in every movement his sense of unbounded superiority, he merely handed a note to Dr. Maxwell whom he had only seen in the Cathedral that afternoon with the air of an old acquaintance, or to speak more correctly, with that of some distinguished nobleman who consented graciously to patronize a physician. On opening the letter the Doctor's countenance immediately took on an animated and cordial expression, as he instantly recognized the well-known calligraphy of his preceptor. The letter ran as follows:

"DEAR BERNARD:—I introduce to you, Count Katolowsky, who will I know be able to assist you in your studies; he is attended by his protegee, a singularly fine lucide. Yours,

JEROME DE M.

PARIS, July 6, 1887."
"How long have you been in New York?" enquired Mrs. Finchley of the haughty Count, after the usual formalities of introduction had been abruptly curtailed by that gentleman's saying "introductions are needless, I know you all."

"Three days," replied the gentleman addressed curtly, "we arrived on Thursday from Paris, now if you wish this evening to be other than wasted, we will commence at once with the business we have in hand."

"Zenophon, lie down on that rug," (addressing the boy and pointing to a tiger skin on the centre of the floor.) "Now, be still all of you, don't move after you have drawn your chairs around this centre. There, that is right, just a natural circle; and no one nearer than six feet from the centre. No matter how you place yourselves as long as you are comfortable. Play a reverie Mademoiselle, (turning to Miss Shannington who took her place next the piano.) Now, Doctor, tell me where you wish Zenophon to go, anywhere you like and I'll send him!"

To say that the company was startled would be to express their feelings far too mildly, they were awed as animals are apt to be immediately before a tremendous electric storm, when after their agitation they sink into a silent, awful expectancy of they know not what. Dr. Maxwell was deeply interested, but otherwise unmoved; Mrs. Finchley felt rather nervous, but endeavored not to show it; Mr. Pudge felt uncanny, and squirmed in his chair; the other ladies and gentlemen felt they were about to witness something they would rather not have faced, but still their curiosity was aroused and they felt an undercurrent of eager longing to see all that could possibly be shown them. Mr. Toole felt some of his old fear of witchcraft rising within him, and began to feel that perhaps after all he had only been consorting with the devil, disguised as an angel of light during the past week. The reverie which was one of Shilhouette's most quieting compositions, ended in "a sort of low moaning prayer to the angel of music, to baptize the earth with the waters of melody from the fountain of Asphodel in the Elysian fields," to quote from a criticism of the composition in a fashionable musical review.

"Send him to our mutual friend" said Dr. Maxwell to the Count immediately the music ceased. Instantly Count Katolowsky walked around the recumbent boy three times then breathed on his eyes and into his nostrils three times, keeping his own lips tightly compressed while Zenophon turned round at once upon the soft fur on which he lay, and breathing a very deep and heavy sigh, seemed to be riven from his form by some all potent

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"Carpenter and Mental Expectancy."

BY J. WETTERBERG.

A volume of essays by the late Scientist, Prof. W. B. Carpenter, has just been published under the title of "Nature and Man;" like everything that eminent student of nature has written, it is worth reading and highly instructive. I am a great admirer of the "scientific method" of investigating physical phenomena and any phenomena, for it is, properly speaking, investigation, and it has done wonders for human and mental progress. Strike a balance between what the church or pulpit has done and what science has done and what a balance there is on the side of the latter. Once the church said to science, "that the world did not move," and science, represented by Galileo the astronomer, had to take his assertion back, from policy or cowardice, though he knew and the world, religious or irreligious now knows, that the astronomer was right. That seems to have been the old-time attitude of the church; it was superstitious, resting on a divine revelation, while science rested on facts, and facts in the long run always win, and they have necessarily now won the day, and science has thereby proved that the Bible is not infallible and not inspired in any significant sense—may contain inspiration and so may other writings and human utterances outside of the Bible, so that even the pulpit has to admit this claim.

Truth before scripture. All this is due to science and the scientific method. Science, in fact, has killed faith, and the pulpit and the church have nothing to do but fall into line, liberal Christianity taking the lead, and orthodox slowly following; and thus religion and science are getting harmonized. I think science, having an assured position, is sometimes by its exponents inclined to put on airs, as the pulpit once did. We are too much indebted to science for extricating religion from superstition, to criticize it, but it does seem, as if some of the bright lights of science were very unfair to the claims of the latest phase of religion. I refer to Spiritualism. It rests on facts, but they are tossed aside and given no respectable hearing by many scientists treated as superstitious illusions, and use their prestige in squelching them, as being unworthy of notice or investigation. That is not the scientific method to which I have referred, nor is it science. It is a fact worthy of notice, that there has never been a case of scientific investigation of this important subject, from Professor Hare, thirty years ago, to Professor Alfred R. Wallace of to-day, that has not made the investigator admit the facts; some may be agnostic as to the spiritual solution, but they can generally be claimed in its favor, and any who have not endorsed the facts, have been very superficial investigators and have not had a fair view of the subject, been prejudiced at the start, judged without proper evidence, and the multitude of intelligent Spiritualists know that to be the case, and hence those popular scientific scholars, Tyndall and Huxley, have no influence on the esoteric experience of millions.

Professor W. B. Carpenter, in his essays on "Nature and Man," does not deny the facts, as Tyndall and Huxley do, but calls them "unconscious cerebration," and in this new book, he wisely "does not impugn the sincerity of the multitude of believers," but finds a solution satisfactory to himself in what he calls "mental expectancy." Well, it is something to get the facts admitted by skeptical scientists.

The facts or phenomena admitted, the solution pro or con, will follow. There is a good deal of "mental expectancy," in what passes for spirit manifestations or spirit communications; but one thing it will be wise to remember, that "mental expectancy" does not preclude them from being spirit communications. We often, in our intercourse with human beings in the form, get responses that are "mental expectations," but Spiritualists of experience have sometimes unexpected communications. I wonder if Professor Carpenter would have been satisfied if he had happened to have had any that were unmistakable?

"Mental expectancy" is the solution that satisfies Professor Carpenter. I will relate an instance in my experience on which there could not have been any "mental expectancy," and Carpenter could not have been satisfied with the solution had he had such experience. I have had many, and the inside history of Spiritualism is quite abundant with them.

I had a nephew, the son of my brother, who passed into spirit life in his 20th or 21st year. He was a bright boy, and grew up a young man of great promise. His father lived in New York when this young man was 15 years old, and he often wrote to me, and I thought everything of him.

I had done much for his father, had even impoverished myself for his benefit, and when I had to decline his wants from necessity, it caused some coolness between us; since he has become a spirit he has seen that he did me injustice, and in consequence of this brotherly coolness the nephew stopped writing to me, so that I had no particular intercourse with him during the last two years of his life. I only knew that he was the same bright young man, and that his employers had confidence in him, and he had had the charge of a large shipment to the south before he was twenty. I considered him one of the finest young men to be found, and prospects unsurpassed. One evening at one of Mrs. Hardy's public circles, in

a trance she said, or rather her control said, "Here is a new comer for you, Mr. W." As my mother was old and sick, I thought the "new comer" must be she, who was then living with a daughter in Providence, R. I., so "mental expectancy" led me to say, "Is it an old lady?" "No," said the control, "it is a young man and he has just arrived." Knowing no young man who was sick I let the information go, but the next morning I got a letter from my brother in New York telling me his son, Willy, had died that day of brain fever. That was a great surprise for me, for I did not know he had been sick, and the medium's announcement was a good test but; here is a better one in the same connection: In about a week after this I had a private sitting with Mrs. Hardy. Several of my relatives communicated and among them was this "new comer," my nephew. I need not go into the details, only say his identification was perfect.—Something he said about his last sickness that led me to ask some questions about his habits, and he owned up that whisky killed him and that delirium tremens had as much to do with his death as brain fever. Now this was a perfect surprise to me, for I had never dreamed of his drinking to excess, which seems to have been brought on by some trouble that made him keep full. I wrote to my friend Col. Ashley, of New York, who knew my brother well, and asked him, confidentially, about my nephew and his habits, and he said to me he kept full of whisky the last two months of his life and that he died of delirium tremens. There is no mistake in this sad fact, and I had no more knowledge or supposition or "mental expectancy" of that condition of things, but on the contrary, supposed him to have been almost immaculate.

The points are, there could not have been any "mental expectancy" when Mary Hardy's guide announced a "new-comer" for me, not an old lady as I supposed, but a young man who had just come to the Spirit world. The other point, there was no "mental expectancy" when the spirit owned up to inebriation and delirium tremens; mental expectancy would have called for a different state of things.

The Jesse Farrar Case.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There is no accounting for "man's inhumanity to man." We have just now a pretty plain case of insanity of one Jesse Farrar who was committed to the asylum yesterday, who was found a few days ago in a demented condition at the residence of Marshal Wheeler, whose wife is a well known medium. It seems that Mr. Wheeler and his wife were away from home at the time the young man was found there and had been for several days. From the evidence given it seems that Farrar had been fasting for several days prior to the attack, whether from ill health or some other cause it does not appear. In his ravings he calls upon the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost to wash his sins away, even going so far sometimes as to call upon his mother to perform that ablation. There is nothing developed so far to prove that this is not an attack of malarial fever, or some other malady, whereby his brain is affected, and it is hoped that he may recover after a few days of good wholesome treatment. Be this as it may, the *Daily Oregonian* takes occasion to throw the blame on to the Spiritualists and to Spiritualism and comments as follows, to-wit:

It is probable that Jesse Farrar is about as sane as any of his associates, though he may be at times somewhat more noisy. What is called "Spiritualism"—more properly "spiritism"—wherever manifest, is only a phase of insanity, differing merely in degree as one may be more or less the victim of it. Devotion to it is wholly incompatible with rational conduct or a sound mind, and it usually undermines, confuses or weakens the moral as well as mental faculties. These are facts that are verified by the observation of every well balanced mind.

Very charitable you see and well expressed towards a large majority of the citizens of Portland and worthy patrons of the *Oregonian*. Well I suppose we shall have to stand it and we should with good grace, from the fact that the good editor expressed to the writer not long since that the evidence of Christianity rested on the same kind of proof that Spiritualism does, the only difference being in the dates of the phenomenon, and when asked why he did not attack Christianity, replied, "The *Oregonian* is a journal that caters to popular opinion, and Christianity is too popular for them to attack."

Comment is unnecessary, and the inference is plain now as touching this Jesse Farrar case. Supposing that his insanity was brought on by too close attention to the phenomenon of Spiritualism are there not thousands of cases similar brought on by too close attention to religious revivals, and are they not of daily occurrence? Most certainly, and no one blames the Christian religion for it, and religious revivals moves right along. But the main object of my writing this letter was to caution Spiritualists everywhere to be cautious in attempting to force mediumistic development. I believe that mediums like painters and musicians, are born such and that any attempts to use undue influence to develop a medium, who is not naturally one, is liable to result in disappointment and sometimes in disasters. Good common sense should be used in everything we do, the Spiritual phenomenon included.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, March 28, 1889.

Questions and Answers.

(EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE: The following are answers drawn from the new Electro-Magnetic Science to questions asked in your paper June 18th.—L. A. R.)

What is a spirit? A spirit is a force growing or springing away from a substance. The spirit of a liquid is an essential oil that rises into the air, in the form of vapor, and spreads like perfume until absorbed. A freed spirit is one that has passed out of the home base in which it grew but could not be contained.

What are its component parts? The component parts of a spirit are the elements contained in its base sublimated beyond matter, and represented by the word vigor.

What are its size, weight, shape and color? Its size is the size of the substance throwing it out. Its weight is relative, and defined by its crudity, sublimation depriving it of weight and increasing its power to rise from its home base toward another magnetic drawing which re-weights it inversely; one part being defined by the magnetism of earth's drawing, the other by the celestial drawing of light. The shape of a spirit force conforms to the shape of the substance throwing it off, until a certain sublimation is reached, when it leaves the line of individual enrollment, and unites in the sea of sublimation; until, through the action of other forces it again springs back to individualizations, as drops of water spring from clouds to the earth's waters; or, as spray from the ocean rises into the air. A drop of water is a miniature sea; a sea is composed of tiny drops of water amalgamated, and subject at all times to re-individualization. Water contains the vigor of all spirit life and the atoms that compose all substance; therefore, water is the color of all spirit forces.

What is the life principle in the blade of grass? The life principle in a blade of grass is Electro Magnetism, or the induction current springing away from fusion, and does not differ from the life principle of any other organized substance.

What gives it color and shape? Color represents a union of mineral solvents with sunlight. The heat of assimilation, gives only white. Sunlight gives assimilation with a foreign power. The mineral solvents producing the color green, contain arsenic which is itself white until assimilated. Colors are attributes of God, springing from his mineral deposits as their base, and they individualize representations of inert matter. As all motion springs from inertia, so all colors spring from white, when sunlight enters. White standing in sunlight, signifies the alluminate of the soil strongly represented. The color green in vegetation denotes the magnetism of sunlight forced in through assimilation to a substance containing arsenic in its mineral base; and the density of the mineral tones the shade.

A blade of grass is exactly the shape of the force that formed it. The shape of a blade of grass is defined before it leaves the earth. Like a tongue of flame, it is the bristling spire of a blade of force springing from the surface of the earth, into the magnetism of the air. Its uprising is caused by pulsations of the earth, irrespective of earth's mucus which brings it into view by filling its valves. As its valves fill, its speed is retarded by the magnetic drawing of the earth for that which belongs to her. Polarization is going on irrespective of seed. Every little roll of soil contains within itself a battery jar that is continually sending outside and downward forces that interlock with each other like the roots of grass, and from the apex of each cone springs a force that represents some form of vegetation which is defined by the metallic union within the rolled cell. It is lock of sunlight with the magnetism of earth that rolls the soil; and each cell represents the hook or clash of forces that meet and rebuff each other. The earth sends her forces out; the sun darts his forces down into the soil, and meeting magnetism of a different differentiation is turned back. This cuts the soil and leaves the battery of polarization in the center. All vegetation is the expression of force springing from a battery jar. All batteries have their right and left, and downward pressure and their induction currents that rise above, that will afford individualized organized life, either animal or vegetable, according to the amount of heat and moisture present at the time of the springing of the cells, and the quality of moisture retained in the cells, and the length of the time in which the cell or roll holds its moisture; the energy of earth, air and water being the same in all their productions. Animal life springs from vegetable life and reverts back to it after yielding its magneto-electrical principle. Thus swarms of bugs, beetles, or worms infest the earth according to the climate of the season. As the earth is mineral all her productions are mineral; and the solvents of oars give constitution to waters. In all the soils of earth is a soft dust that becomes mucilage through its union with water. This mucilage, having a mineral constitution, springs by affinity drawing into the magnetic valves of the induction currents welling out from the apex of the rolled cells of soil. Assimilation commenced, furnishes steam to carry on the process in a more material form. The salts of the earth are separated; the cruder substance drops into the valves of the central root, while the soft, plastic mould is drawn on up into the rising valves, and the air generated in the process of assimilation, acts as a sealed balloon to bear up the rising stem. Each cell, if developed into vegetation, will

send out an organization replete with its fundamental principles—iron, copper and silver forces locked together, sending up grass in long, flat spires. Metallic unions complete Nature's laws. Grass changes its character according to the mineral solvents rising to, or settling on the earth's surface, and the sub-soil from which the rootlets draw, and the amount of massage received, many footfalls changing a thin, long blade to a thick, wiry one, with seed bursting near the top. This change is brought about through the grafting of a different magnetism into its leaf. This makes the grass in the pathway darker and of a different variety from that which borders it. A condition once set, continues. The spirit of grass, like all spirit forces, precedes its cruder self into the air, and bores with its piercing dart, a vacuum for its material body to enter.

What are its gases, its acids, and its alkalies? Its gases are phosphorus and sulphuric ether. Its acids,—carbonic and carbolic. Its alkalies,—potash and ammonia.

What is the process of tinting the flower? The process of tinting the flower is the drawing together the acids and the alkalies of the soil and depositing them in cells to be acted upon by the acids and alkalies of the air and sunlight; the corpus of the flower forming the soil in which to act.

What is the perfume of the rose or lily? Each progressive step in the life of a plant opens new valves that draw from both earth and air in different communings. Fragrance is the vapor of combustion which arises from the union of two drawings, and is the frictional current that represents the finer qualities of both. The combination of acids and alkalies with the different commitments of soil, gives fragrance; and the organization of the standard defines the drawing. The rose and the lily draw by the same laws.

What are the component parts of electricity—their shape, size and weight? Electricity is a volatile flowing of mercury and ether combined by sulphur and lead. It has no shape, because all shapes are general to it, and no weight, because it divides all matter, and no size, because its flowing is eternal.

Metaphysical Gleanings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Henry Ward Beecher said that before he could have a farm and a cozy country home at Peekskill he built air castles about it and dreamed about it so much he had to go out lecturing to get the money to make it become a reality. So I have built air castles and day dreams of a Metaphysical College here in Alameda and while I couldn't go out and lecture to bring money to found it, Mr. Colville and Miss Young are to bring it about, and in the lovely cottage of Mrs. Nathan's, on the corner of Everett and Buena Vista Avenues, we opened our college on the evening of the first of April in Alameda: The first of the year, the first of the month when all nature is budding and blooming into new life, even the stars are propitious, so they say, and a bright new moon smiled in the firmament its blessing. The good this school can do here can not be foretold, it can only be a hope and a dream of the angels work at the present.

And that puts me in mind that Clara Bell writing from New York for the "Call" says: "That the latest fad, now it is lent, is for ladies to take treatments to wear smiles when the door bell has been rung ninety-nine times in the last half day, for the 'spring peddler' is getting ubiquitous," when Bridget has 'struck' for an 'outing' or higher wages, to be a philosopher with a crying baby, devout and willing to forego society pleasures and attend to Christian charities during the lenten season," and "heaps o' things," as the Southerners say, and why not? I say, if it be true that we can be taught to be peaceful and calm under the ills that flesh is heir to and our spiritual peacefulness so resting our tired minds that our illnesses and pains depart?

Again, I say, why not be treated to be kind and smiling to the poor peddler? We can say "no," just as sweet as we can say "yes," if we only try and know how; and to mind a worrying baby is almost as bad as to be afflicted like Job, and to be mistress in your own house in this nineteenth century and put up with and control the semi-enlightened serving women will tax the genius of an Elizabeth who could rule a nation. Then to be truly devotional when one can't help seeing nature putting on her gay colorings, and the shop windows full of the most delicious shades. "Delicious" just expresses it, they are all so lovely one almost feels like tasting them, and if to take a lesson from a true Spiritual scientist will keep one from desiring that which is distracting and purely upon a sense-plane it must be good for ones soul and an uplifting God-ward of one's whole being.

Coming home on the ferry the other night, a learned man in the law sat outside, kind, genial and friendly, and I invited him to join me in the cabin to talk on "Spiritual Science." His face is always solemn, as solemn as an owl, he is just as wise, I believe, but I don't tell him so, and when we were sailing along in full flight of converse he solemnly said, "If the sun should cease to give his light for one month to this earth, we would all be dead,"—as quick as a flash I took up his thought and replied, "dead in the flesh, but born into the newer life and away beyond the darkened earth to where the sun

did shine, and clad in soft diaphanous drapery, with nothing to do but be so full of joy and peace that is the glorious birth-right of all spiritual beings." I laughed merrily as I saw his look of startled wonderment, at my perfect assurance that I am a living being, that my body only exists as its living robe, and he tried to smile.

Now this makes me think, it's so nice to laugh when one has the truth on their side; they can afford to laugh and never let the face settle back into a solemn tone, but into a placid smile. It is a fact, I have become an adept in telling every person I meet why they are trying to understand Christian or Spiritual Science. The smile of peace lights up the face of a true knower and doer of the Word. While we hear so many talking about studying occultism and the unwritten word and the Eastern religions, I, for one, can bear the unuttered words in the passing breeze, the tiny flower, and all nature is saying come, and learn of me; and the Bible is full of written words, unwritten to some, that mean so much, mean all we think we must go off to the Orient for, and club our brains to divine.

The story I had to tell this legal light, who sits in the shadow of his agnosticism was this, which I will repeat for the readers of the GOLDEN GATE, and which I think is another great proof of the spiritual life of man.

Our eminent and beloved healer, Mrs. Fannie M. Harrison of 202 Hyde street, San Francisco, was called upon by a Mrs. Mattie R. Havens, a total unbeliever in Spiritual Science, and a great skeptic, and who came to accompany a friend of hers who was being treated by Mrs. Harrison. The subject being broached by her friend about her skepticism, Mrs. Havens said she could not believe without strong testimony that demonstrated the healing to her satisfaction, and the test was, that she had one eye that for years she could not see a line in print or anything of any small dimensions, and if it could be restored to its normal condition, she would believe, but added, "that is impossible."

Mrs. Harrison replied by requesting her to accompany her into an adjoining room, saying: "I will give you the proof you require."

Mrs. Havens was requested to take a chair, and with a volume of that excellent monthly entitled *Harmony*, in her hands, Mrs. Harrison, placing one of her hands over the healthy eye, asked her what she saw on the page.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Havens; "the page looks black." In about five minutes she cried out, "I see little black specks flying all over the page!" A moment later: "Oh, what is the matter, the black specks are getting to be separated, and white specks are coming between them?"

Mrs. Harrison requested her to remain quiet, as she would disturb the treatment, and she did so for fully five minutes longer, when she said:

"Whatever any person believes, they believe because they think it true;" then she raised the book toward Mrs. Harrison, who was standing back of her holding one hand over her eye that was sound, saying, "is that what that reads?" Mrs. Harrison replied, "You have read it correctly," then she read the entire page with that eye and without help.

When Mrs. Havens realized she had her sight restored to perfection, she walked the floor in ecstasy of joy, thanking God for her happiness and the great blessing. Over and over again she would say, "Who will believe me when I tell them of my great cure? I wouldn't believe any one else. Oh, what a pity we are all such skeptics!"

My skeptical friend was very much interested in this miracle—I can call it nothing more—and when informed that the poet-singer, James C. Clark, was a friend of Mrs. Havens and was interested to have the cure published as an evidence of truth, he promised to investigate the "Science of Health and Healing," on his first opportunity.

So the good work goes on, and indeed we are living in the days foretold, "That by their signs ye shall know them," and that Jesus truly prophesied when he said, "Ye shall do my works and even greater than I do."

ABBA L. HOLTON.

ALAMEDA, Cal., March 27th.

THE HERB THAT HYPNOTISES.—The deputy of Oaxaca, Mr. Perfect Carrera, has taken to the city of Mexico a plant that grows in Mixteca, which the natives call the "herb of prophecy." It is taken in various doses, and in a few moments a sleep is produced similar in all respects to, and we might say identical with the hypnotic state—for the patient answers, with closed eyes, questions that are put to him, and is completely insensible. The pathologic state induced on whomsoever partakes of the herb, brings with it a kind of prophetic gift and double sight. Furthermore, he loses his will, is completely under the control of another to such a degree that the sleeping person would leap from a balcony, shoot, or stab himself with a dagger, at any moment, if ordered to do so. On returning to himself he remembers nothing of what he has done.—Translated from *La Luz*.

A gentleman not unknown in literary circles was present at one of the Pope's receptions. The Holy Father approached him and said—"You're an American. Are you Catholic or Protestant?" "Holy Father," said the gentleman, "I am neither Catholic nor Protestant; I'm a journalist." His Holiness gave him a pitying look and moved on to some one else.

From The Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Writes for the Golden Gate, by spirit Saidie, through the mediumship of the Berlin of the Order of Light, Mrs. E. B. Fox, Children of the Order in earth-life.]

The seasons come and go, bearing the planet and its people on toward the untried future, of which no one can know, except as a knowledge of the past, and of unrolling, unfolding Law brings before the mind and understanding of man. Saidie has witnessed the unrolling of Law, has seen the unfolding of worlds, and the Light reflected therefrom gilds the future, to which she oft turns her gaze, seeing therein the better unfoldment of this world, and with its brighter unfoldment will come to its spirit spheres a greater glory, and more exalted wisdom. Man like the seasons must come and go, obedient to a Law he has no power to withstand. It matters not how his own mind may choose happiness, he has no power to claim that as his right until through unfoldment he becomes fitted to receive and transmit that which alone contains the elements of true exalted happiness. Angels look o'er the length and breadth of the land and they see only conditions, out of which must eventually grow the highest and holiest good that mind can conceive. Even the so-called evil and sin, will prove to be that by means of which man may unfold his Divine powers, and rise toward the God all seek. While Saidie deprecates the errors and superstitions of the world, yet she knows these will fade and die before the all-pervading, all-enduring power of Life and Truth.

Well she knows the hour of redemption, though seeming afar off, will as surely come, as the birds and flowers of spring succeed the cold death of winter. We have come again and yet again from the land of the unseen with the blessings of redeeming truth in our hearts, and met but cool reception from those whose need cried unto us with irresistible force; yet earth hearts were more than content despite the needs to rest in their cherished myths, not dreaming that by exerting their spiritual powers they might speedily become baptized with an influence of wisdom that would lead them out and on, to ever new joys, until happiness would be their portion here and hereafter. Angels long to bring a millennium time to your shores.

We come as comes the daylight and spring-time. We work upon your hearts, bringing to bear our tide of inspiration, leading from one unfoldment to another, until you are made receptive to the truer Light, that should light each heart. Children of the Infinite should not linger upon the sea-shore for ages, playing with the pebbles, gathering only the empty shell; while the broad ocean of truth rolls majestically on, washing the strands of many worlds, and inviting the children thereof to sail out o'er its broad surface, guided by the unerring hand of Love Divine, where the breath of the Infinite may fan cheek and brow, instilling the life-invigorating principles of higher, holier spheres than earth hearts wot of. Saidie and the Wisdom Guides thus invite each and every one, out o'er the ocean, where you may sail on and on, gathering to yourselves as on you sail, more and more of the Life Divine.

For, our children, there are higher spheres, there is a holier life to which we may attain, there is happiness unknown which may be yours, and only waits your unfoldment, to embrace you within its folds, and give you of its blessing. It is not sufficient to live or to enjoy. Life must unfold within each one that which is to be the man immortal. Angels dwell in Light and Love, but through the school of human experience we have unfolded our own powers, and through that school alone have we come to a knowledge of those powers.

As children of the All-Wise, we need all experiences, both the bitter and the sweet. To know your overcoming power, you must meet to master so-called evil, that which in seeming alone may retard your progress, but when the powers lying within the soul are called into action and exercised, you become strong, masterful.

This, children, is Saidie's Gospel of Love to you, and to all mankind; she would give of the past only that it lend its influence of wisdom, that it light your pathways and cheer your hearts. Many of you have met Saidie in the land that knows no night; we have conversed together of the times that are passed, of days of pleasantness and hours of happiness in other lands which come not now except in faintest shadow of dream or vision, and not until the spirit shall awaken in newness of life will the realities of your lives return. But when again the mists shall part, and you emerge into the daylight which knows no waning, then will that which is real, that which is true, return to your memory and all be plain to your mind. May the light from higher spheres illumine each heart.

Peace be with you.

SAIDIE.

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

Oswego, March 17, 1889.

The World's Arbitration League announces that Gladstone is opposed to taxing the masses of English people, in order to expend five hundred thousand pounds on new war vessels. Gladstone insists that England and France should join the League constituted of all American governments, each and all agreeing to refer all questions of peace and war to the league or its appointed judges for final adjustment.

ment. It's a great pity that all the nations do not at once accept the theories of the League of which Gladstone is a member, and rendering wars impossible, institute at once the millennium.—*The News, Birmingham, Ala.*

A Few Words to "D. M."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Please allow space in your valuable paper to express a few thoughts, suggested by reading some remarks of your correspondent, "D. M.," in the GOLDEN GATE, of March 16th, headed "Wake up Your Rock," or queries on my article of "Whence and Whither."

To "D. M.," Thanking you for your kind consideration for the article above mentioned, you say you have no knowledge of the whence, and have not obtained the whither—and why not? The ego that represents "D. M." must be a part of the first Great Cause, if not, then like the form is only a link in the endless and eternal chain of effects; the latter condition rendering all effort on our part useless. While with the former, the Whither is ever being obtained; an eternity behind us and with an eternity before, while with us it will ever be the eternal now.

As to the condition of sleep referred to. When we call up the best thought that has been given us by minds whose soul energies have been given to reading the history of the past through nature and revelation, called science, and find they differ as to the age of our planet, from the second or solidified condition (not counting the time that it may have taken for the igneous or nebular stadium) from twenty-five million to one-hundred million years, and a greater part of that time to have been occupied in the change from the mineral to the vegetable kingdom, one may be excused the error in using the word sleep, as applied, as rest or sleep belongs to forms or corporate bodies; and then, only when the mission for which the body was organized is filled, giving rest in that direction. As we pass down the history of chemical change we find forms increasing in numbers, individualities more manifest, and through the united action (though perhaps unconscious) of these individualities, new forms appear, giving greater and more intellectual freedom in the manifestation of the spirit of life than when all were combined in the mineral.

Next, the atom or a collection of atoms, set in motion must have some form which would suggest an architect whose every thought is law for the atom and whose law is force; and the potential power in "D. M." being a part of that force or power is constantly (be it conscious or otherwise) touching all the lower kingdoms, waking them to a higher condition. As to the resisting power of bodies untouched in its creative matrix, depends on conditions made when torn from the matrix, as all forms must obey the higher law, some bodies having greater power for resistance or changing conditions.

Again, I cannot conceive of a time when form did not exist either in mind or solidified spirit called matter; and in the struggle for supremacy in corporate form our mettlesome veins were sent out from the invisible mind or architect as a part of that corporate body, our planet, from the beginning; and our term of chemical action is but the effort of the spirit of life for higher conditions. As to the touch of the poetic pen for the benefit of friend, "D. M.," I fear it might only prove satisfactory as an effort of a student before a teacher; I shall therefore beg leave to retire quietly to the labor of unfolding of the ego from within, yet ever asking assistance from without, and ever ready to give as I may be able to receive.

W. C. K.

The Bible, which Christianity calls the word of God, is like every other book, the work of man, written by men who, like others, were subject to errors, and who moreover lived in an age which, in culture and knowledge, stands far behind that in which we live. The Bible, besides much that is good and beautiful, contains many errors, much that is incomprehensible, that is opposed to reason, that has no relation to religion; much that is unholy, and to which the name, The Word of God, is altogether unsuited.—*Gerhard.*

For nearly fifty years we have heard the ringing of salvation for the other life in our ears. What we need most is salvation here and now. Humanity must be saved from the greed and avarice of the prince of mammon. We want money, labor and bread for the millions of idle and destitute in our land. Make people prosperous, happy, and good here, before you talk about the salvation in the dim future.—*Newton Herald.*

The human spirit is immortal. Neither reward nor punishment awaits us after death, but a further development to a higher spiritual life, until our spirit, has reached perfection and has joined the Great Spirit of the world and has become one with it.—*Gerhard.*

Religion and science are not opposed to each other. They are the founders of the welfare of mankind and fellow-workers. Both pursue the same task,—to enlighten men, to make them better and happier.—*Gerhard.*

It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.—*George Eliot.*

Food of the Prophets.

When Elijah was sojourning by the brook Cherith, his diet was bread and flesh, brought by ravens morning and evening, according to the old narrative. "And he drank of the brook," I Kings, xvii, 6. Shortly after this, while lodging in the house of a widow, at Zarephath, he lived upon cakes made of meal and oil. See verses 12-15. When the prophet was in the wilderness, near Beer-sheba, he was sustained by a cake, baked on the coals by unseen hands, with water for drink. An angel twice aroused him from sleep to partake of this food. I Kings, xix, 5-8.

When a hundred prophets were fleeing from Jezebel, they were hidden in a cave by Obadiah, who fed them on bread and water. I Kings, xviii, 4.

About 920 years after, while John the Baptist was preaching in the wilderness of Judea, "his meat was locusts and wild honey." Matt. iii, 4.

The prophet Isaiah, foretelling the coming of Jesus, about 740 years before his birth, prescribed the food of the infant Messiah, as follows: "Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good." Is. vii, 15.

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A. B. W.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

A thoroughly good, intelligent, high-minded, spiritual woman, what is there in the universe below the rank of archangel that can compare with her? How the aura of her presence makes every body who comes within its influence better and happier! Such a woman never grows old. She is always young, and fair, and beautiful, and becomes more so with the years, until at last she steps across the border, an angel of light and love forevermore.

How often we sing at our seances and in our public meetings the dear old words, "Nearer, my God to thee—nearer to thee." Would that all Spiritualists could sing these words in the spirit and with the understanding also. That is, that all could feel as they sing that they are drawing nearer and nearer to the great Central Good of the universe—to the divine life of the soul. It is only thus that we can derive from this earth experience its highest and truest meaning.

Some people seem to take a sort of delight in being miserable. They will hide themselves away in the shadows when the sun shines brightly all around, inviting them to bask in its delicious, health-inspiring beams. Their pains and aches, their griefs and sorrows, they roll as it were "a sweet morsel under the tongue,"—live them over and over again, as though they were memories to be cherished. Now, the true way of life is to put the unpleasant things of this world under foot—to forget them. When once a trouble is over, let it go, and think no more about it forever. Think only of the heights you have climbed, and others to be attained, and not of the thorny way you have passed, and must pass, to reach them.

It is a law of the universe that God helps him who helps himself, and just in proportion as he helps himself. The effort that one makes in the direction of the accomplishment of any worthy purpose calls moral forces to his aid that he little dreams of to fight his battles for him. Man is not left to make his way through life alone. He is, if his purposes are worthy, surrounded by a mighty cohort of invisible friends, who stand ready at his beck to further his interests. But he must not sit down in indifference, trusting to these aids to do his work for him. They come only at the call of his own persistent efforts; they yoke themselves with his own determined thought, and clear the way of all obstacles to his success.

The light is breaking upon the hill tops—the light of a new day. The hideous phantoms of the night of a false theology that has stood throughout all the ages, as a fearful spectre by the bedside of the race,—is melting away into an unpleasant memory, before the advancing effulgence of the coming day. We are just beginning to learn that Good, and not Evil, dominates the universe—that Omnipotent Law is man's best friend. How hard has been the struggle with the shapes of wrong, with the childish imperfections of our undeveloped spiritual and moral natures, to attain this end. But the race is won at last, thank the good angels, and humanity is steadily moving forward to vastly mightier ends and purposes.

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
We must build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round."

Thus wrote that grand spiritual soul, James G. Holland. How true it is, and how suggestive of the necessity of steady, persistent effort to overcome the imperfections of our natures, and enable us to attain to those graces and glories of being that make us fit for the enjoyment of the pure spiritual delights of the higher life. The appetites and practices that drag one down to earth must be overcome, and the wisdom principle, sanctified by love, enthroned in the citadel of the soul. What a work is this, O Mortal, the All-Father has set you to perform? And how important that you perform it well, that you may receive the welcome plaudit of the God within, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the life divine."

Is there anything in the Universe more beautiful than a beautiful soul? To have the companionship and friendship of such a soul—of a man or woman who has purged away the dross of his or her earthly nature by the refining fires of experience, and ascended the upper levels of life—is to walk arm in arm with God. Ah, there are many noble natures we know, who are as true to principle and duty as the magnet is to the pole. We are proud of their friendship, proud to realize that they have confidence in us, as we in them.

"What can I do for a living?" we think we hear some one say, some one who is passively waiting and waiting for something to "turn up." Well, let us see, what are you good for? Workers are needed everywhere and in all departments of life; now what can you do? Have you a trade or profession? No? That's bad; but there is much work to be done that does not require any great amount of skill—nothing more than patient application and good practical sense. With a good stock of the latter, and a reasonable amount of energy to push it to the front, no man or woman need long remain idle. But a great mistake of the unemployed is that they can sit down idly, like young robins in the nest, and expect the fat morsel to drop into their open mouths without any effort of their own. It is better for a poor man to earn his board merely, than to eat the food of charity in idleness. All labor, if worthy, is honorable, and no man or woman should hesitate to accept any respectable employment, the best that can be had, of course, rather than be a burden upon his friends, or the charity of the world.

BREAKING STONES.

Women dare to do all kinds of work in these days, but we believe Reading, Pa., was the first to employ them at stone breaking for the city's streets. Two engaged in that work some time ago, at thirty-five cents a ton, and each broke a ton and a half a day. They were not foreigners, as might be supposed, but native American women, widows, with children to support, and who said they preferred that sort of work to washing or other household drudgery. And so it is the world over; any work is preferable to most women to housework. Thus it is shown that if the sphere of the household was designed for women, not all women are designed for the sphere. But we don't believe there is any design in the matter, only on the part of men who have, until late years, had the making of woman's spheres, and whose convenience and selfishness was best suited to bound it by four walls called the home. No sweeter or dearer name is found in our language than the word "home." But a house is not always a home. Home is not a place where one member is the slave of all the others; where one pair of hands do all the drudgery, prepare all the comforts and luxuries that so delight the heart of the unexpected guest often brought home "to dinner." A week's experience of housework is enough to show any woman what ten, twenty, or thirty years of it would be, and if she pursues it, unrelieved by help, she is on the sure road to physical and mental wreck, and no longer a lovable creature to her husband, whose life and thought is renewed each day in the out-door world around him, full of magnetism and electrical inspiration. The fact is, housework is the hardest work in the world, and never should have been assigned to woman. The misery and the martyrdom of the thing has been glossed over by so many pretty words and phrases about its "sweetening protection," "refuge from the world," "the haven in a storm," etc., all of which it sometimes is, might and would always be true, if men had a practical knowledge of the endless duties that devolve upon her who enters its monotonous confines. Some husbands are careful and helpful always.

We rejoice that the time is come when women will choose their work. Homes will not suffer, for wives never lose an interest therein, and their management will be better than their labor, which may be given to other pursuits more congenial, though it should be the breaking of stones.

A BAD NAME.

Deservedly, or undeservedly, our last legislature has a bad name. In one respect, certainly it was no improvement over its predecessors—that is in consuming much time and money and doing but little good work. California seems unfortunate in its general selection of those persons that go to Sacramento to tinker at its laws and create new ones if possible. The same number of well conducted young men from any one of our institutions of learning would have done the State and themselves credit, had they been in the places of the venerable (in experience) gentlemen honored as representatives of the people. The voting down of the important petition of the Christian Temperance Union women, was a black mark against the character of the men composing the so-called honorable body. And it was made several shades darker when, after the adjournment of that body, two lively prize fights were mainly witnessed by members thereof.

Rev. Mr. Wendt, of the Unitarian church in Oakland, in a letter to the *Christian Register* of Boston, spoke of Sacramento as "the most wicked city in California, debauched by what is probably 'the worst State legislature California was ever afflicted with.' California is a leading state in many things, and total depravity is said by some to be one of them.

—The letter of Mr. E. T. Slight, which we publish elsewhere, ought to set forever all doubt as to the beauty and eligibility of Summerland. All who see the place are captivated with its marvelous beauty and desirability of location.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

On Sunday last, March 31st, the Forty-first Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism was wisely and well commemorated by the congregation assembling in Metropolitan Temple. At 10:30 A. M., the exercises opened with a stirring voluntary on the magnificent organ, by Professor E. O. Eckman, followed by a beautiful hymn, "The World Hath Felt a Quickenin' Breath;" words by Lizzie Doten. W. J. Colville then offered a most impressive inspirational prayer, after which the vast audience joined in singing "We Do Not Die; We Cannot Die," to the familiar air, "Duke Street." Mr. J. J. Owen then addressed the audience for twenty minutes. [His remarks will be found elsewhere.] Mme. Marie Bishop was next heard in that charming solo from *Creation*, "With Verdure Clad;" her rich, full tones vibrated in charming melody to the furthest corners of the spacious temple. Mr. Colville gave an eloquent and forcible address upon "Spiritualism and its Evils—Addresses Co-eval with Human History."

In some respects, this timely lecture might be styled very radical, while from another standpoint it would appear conservative. The records of the ancient orient, as well as the archives of modern history, were ransacked to furnish testimony of the stupendous fact of communion between the two states of existence, familiarly called the two worlds. The Rochester knockings of 1848, were but an episode in a continuous stream of evidence reaching down into the shadowy vistas of pre-historic ages, and accumulating to-day in all parts of the earth, in a manner which ignorance and prejudice can never successfully gainsay. The Fox sisters, concerning whom so many conflicting statements have been made, were from the first, very susceptible persons, easily influenced by their surroundings. Mrs. Underhill, by far the most reliable and exemplary of these three women, is now, as she always has been, a decided Spiritualist. Mrs. Kane and Mrs. Jencken have been biologized by bigots, traded upon by unscrupulous showmen, and in times of destitution brought about by their own reckless improvidence, induced to sell themselves to falsehood, by publicly retracting at one time what they had most positively affirmed at another. If Spiritualism rested upon the word of two weak sensitives, and if its only evidence was some mysterious knocking produced by toe-joints, how could it, in the teeth of the most determined and influential opposition, have steadily made its way forward for 41 consecutive years, in every part of the civilized world, drawing to its standard an ever-increasing number of the best intellects in every walk of life.

The most recent converts to Spiritualism have been men like the Hon. Sidney Dean, who at the present time in Boston and other Eastern cities, is promulgating a knowledge of its facts derived from personal experience in his own family and many of his immediate friends. It is not necessary to celebrate March 31st, for that date no more marks the beginning of the career of Spiritualism than any other; still, it is but right that all over the land Spiritualists of every shade of opinion on other matters, should let the public see that fiasco like the recent Fox expose, can no more shake the demonstrated knowledge of mankind, than a child's or an idiot's breath can demolish a house whose foundation is solid rock. Now is the time for presenting the simple truth in all its fullness, without disguise or reservation.

The choir sang "When the Mists Have Rolled Away," and after a fine poem and the Doxology, the audience filed out to the accompaniment of Meyerbeer's March "Anastasia," beautifully executed by Professor Eckman. The superb decorations defy description. The platform was a forest of tropical plants, and a garden of choice flowers.

At half past seven P. M., W. J. Colville lectured to a crowded audience at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, on "Spiritualism, Past, Present and Future." The speaker took forcible exceptions to the views of those who endeavored to separate enquirers into psychic science, into hostile camps, and ridiculed division, as no one party can possibly embody the all of truth, while no single theory can possibly explain all the vast array of innumerable mysteries which have confronted the world from the earliest ages, and still challenge the investigation of the entire intelligent human family.

"Spiritualism," said the speaker, "is simply the antithesis of materialism, therefore, in a broad sense, everybody who believes in a spiritual universe and immortality of the soul, is a Spiritualist; it is therefore absurd to contend that the conduct of any person or number of persons can destroy the hold which this philosophy has ever had, now has, and ever must have upon the human intellect and affections. But, modern Spiritualism has a distinct mission to this particular age, which it can only fulfil as it succeeds in establishing five great cardinal propositions, which are these:

1. The universal parenthood of Deity. 2. The equal brotherhood of the entire human family here and hereafter, now and forever. 3. The individual immortality of every human soul. 4. A progressive existence in the hereafter for every individual, in which happiness is exactly proportionate to nobility of character, and misery to its opposite. 5. The demonstrated reality of communion under favorable conditions, between those on earth and those who have shrouled off this mortal coil."

A very pleasing poem on "Heaven" concluded the exercises. The music was a charming feature. Madame Bishop's exquisite voice was heard to great advantage in both solos and concerted pieces.

On Tuesday, April 2d, W. J. Colville's new classes opened at 10 A. M. and 7:45 P. M., with large attendance. Lessons are given every Tuesday and Friday at same hours. For list of subjects, see another column.

—The Santa Barbara Independent, of April 1st, has the following: "Summerland is looking up.

"Three dwellings have been completed. Lumber for three more is now on the ground. Five more are soon to be built. Last week Summerland's census would have figured up eleven inhabitants."

STRONG ENDORSEMENT.

The following letter, though somewhat of a private character, we will take the liberty of publishing entire, as it will be interesting to all owners of lots in Summerland, and surely the writer cannot object. We will add that Mr. Slight was one of the first and largest purchasers of lots in the new town:

J. J. OWEN—Dear Sir: Please tell me, if the three lots pencil-marked, in block forty-two are sold? Mr. Williams told me last week he would have to write and ask you; if not sold mark them to me. I have just returned from a trip to Summerland; am more than pleased with my purchases there. Gave an order for a cottage 24x36 feet with basement, on northwest corner of block 35.

I found wild oats four feet, mustard six feet, burr clover knee high, on the site of Summerland, where I had been told it was a salt marsh; railroad bed on solid ground instead of trestles or bridge; in fact, everything the very opposite of what a certain person told me on the evening of March 22d. I can assure said individual, as I live, I can give no credence to any more such mouthings, and I will not be content to merely build but one cottage in my Summerland.

If anything can excel "success," it is Summerland!

As Slater said: "Don't I know?" I made the acquaintance of Mr. H. L. Williams and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wright and family, Mr. Allen, the "boy medium," Mrs. Wooster of Michigan, and several whose names I forget, (for which I feel so sorry); for congeniality each were as distinct as blocks and streets in Summerland, rivaling each other.

E. T. SLIGHT.

WATSONVILLE, CAL., March 30, 1889.

WASHINGTON HALL.—The exercises of the 41st anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at Washington Hall last Sunday evening were of a high and interesting character. It was a musical, spiritual, and intellectual feast, and is worthy the compliment of being called "first-class." The solos by Miss Kelly, Miss Muhler, Mr. and Miss Hershberg and the trio by the Misses Holmes, entitled "Sweet Birds," were all rendered in a manner showing fine musical culture. The trio by the Holmes without accompaniment was really sweet, and delighted the audience. Mr. Swift, on opening the meeting, remarked by way of congratulation that Spiritualism was the liveliest "ism" for one that had received so many death blows during the past year, of all "isms" known. Mr. Muhler acted as chairman. Mr. Swift in a very impressive and pleasing manner read the anniversary poem by Dr. Dean Clark. The addresses by Mr. T. Curtis, Mr. Holmes, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, though brief, owing to the lengthy program, were highly intellectual, and manifestly appreciated by the audience. Next Sunday evening Judge Swift will occupy a part of the time in considering the "license question." Is there legal authority for its enforcement? To close with the usual platform tests by Mrs. Clara Mayo-Steers.

OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA.—W. J. Colville's new class in Theosophy, opened in the Oakland Synagogue, Monday, April 1st, at 2:45 P. M., seventy-four persons were in attendance. Lessons will be continued every Monday and Thursday, at the same hour. Public service every Sunday at 3 P. M. The Metaphysical College, of Alameda, at present located at 1725 Everett street, corner Buena Vista avenue, opened its regular session on Monday evening, at 7:30 P. M. The spacious parlors were beautifully decorated with lovely flowers. Miss Kate Lang, Miss Gough, Mrs. Shipley and Mrs. Chandler furnished choice instrumental and vocal selections during the exercise. W. J. Colville gave a forcible address of general character, in which the objects of the College, and the purpose of Theosophy were eloquently presented. The public exercises are held regularly on Monday and Thursday, at 7:30 P. M., and some competent person is always in attendance to furnish information to visitors. Several excellent healers can be consulted on the premises.

LECTURE BY MR. CHARLES DAWBARN.—The Ladies' Elsmere Club have secured the services of Mr. Charles Dawbarn for a lecture to-morrow (Sunday), evening, April 7th, at Scottish Hall, 105 Larkin street. The services will begin at 7:45 P. M. Good music has been provided for the occasion. Admission ten cents. The lecture will be for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, and its subject will be, "The Science of Spirit Return." This lecture was delivered at the Lake Pleasant and Cassadaga camp-meetings, and it was pronounced at both places one of the finest lectures ever heard. In response to the general demand, it was repeated at each place. Mr. Dawbarn has a wide reputation East, as an able, eloquent and prompt orator, an original thinker and an earnest, zealous advocate of rational Spiritualism. As this will probably be the only opportunity for some time that the San Franciscans will have of hearing Mr. Dawbarn, the hall should, and doubtless will be crowded to-morrow evening.

AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—The Anniversary meeting Sunday evening, at Odd Fellow's Hall, was largely attended, and there was a grand outflowing of spiritual things. Mrs. J. J. Whitney, who is always *par excellence* on the platform, fairly surpassed herself in the clear, full and complete manner of her tests; she occupied the platform for nearly one hour, holding her audience in perfect sympathy with her to the end; she charms her hearers as much by the gentle, lady-like manner of presenting her messages, as by the messages themselves, even however dear they may be. Mrs. Dr. Nickless, a comparative stranger, spoke to the enlightenment of those present. She is a pleasing speaker, and answers questions with much ability. The music was especially fine, and that inimitable wag, Fred Emerson Brooks, was the funny feature of the evening, and completely convulsed the audience with his wit. It was a most successful evening's entertainment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The necessary machinery for hoisting water to the Summerland reservoir was shipped by the last steamer.

—We are requested to say that mediums desirous of giving seances, will find at their disposal, for a moderate fee, a fine large room, well fitted up, and with a pure spiritual atmosphere, by calling at room 39, second floor, Murphy building.

—Mrs. Ada Swain, President of the Union Spiritual Society, resigned her position on Wednesday of last week, and on the Sunday following sailed for Washington Territory. The Society to which she has so faithfully ministered, gave her a vote of thanks.

—James G. Clark, the poet-singer and author, will hold one of his delightful entertainments of Poetry and Song under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., in their hall, 232 Sutter St., on Friday evening, April 12th. He will be assisted by the splendid basso, Dr. Corbett, and others.

—All ladies interested in reform movements pertaining to womankind, should not fail to hear Mrs. Jenness-Miller at Metropolitan Hall, Fifth street, next Monday, April 8th, at two o'clock. She is a most remarkable woman, and no one can afford to lose this one opportunity to hear and see her.

—W. J. Colville will lecture in Metropolitan Temple, Sunday April 7th, at 10:45 A. M.; subject, "John Ward, Preacher; or, The Struggles of the Soul in its Battle with Hereditary Mischiefs;" also in College Hall at 7:30 P. M. Subject, "Joshua, the Prophet of Nazareth—Is it a Faithful Portrait of the Life of Christ?" All seats free. Voluntary collections.

—At St. Andrews Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, the annual meeting was held last Wednesday evening. There was a large audience for a wet night. The meeting opened by Mrs. Muller, singing, "Nearer my God to Thee;" followed by a solo, by Miss Kelly; after which Mrs. E. B. Crossette, answered questions in her usual good way; followed by Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan, who gave a large number of tests; Mrs. Perkins also gave tests.

—A prominent Judge in one of the departments of the Superior Court of this city,—a department devoted wholly to criminal business,—assures us that from four years experience upon the Bench, preceded by six years experience as Prosecuting Attorney, that he is satisfied that fully 80 per cent. of the crime with which he has had to deal may be traced directly to indulgence in intoxicating drinks. What a fearful indictment against the liquor traffic is this!

—Jennie Beasey, of this city, aged 11 years,—the eldest of the four little musical wonders known as the "Beasey Babies,"—recently composed a piece of music which she calls "A Dream of the White House," a copy of which she sent to Mrs. Harrison. Last week she received from the President's good wife, a gracious acknowledgement of the same. Jennie Beasey is destined to make her mark in the musical world. As a violinist and pianist, there are but few older artists that can compare with her.

—Our old friend S. W. Jewett, writing from Brooklyn, New York, says: "Inasmuch as the 'GOLDEN GATE' is widely circulated, and as some 'coming Eastward may desire to find a true 'Spiritual Home, near the Empire city, I 'knew of none in my extensive acquaintance 'these twenty-eight years, that is better fitted 'to make one feel at home, than at the 'house of Emily B. Ruggles, 347 Dean street, 'Brooklyn. All along these years, in New 'York and the 'City of Churches,' Mrs. Ruggles has continued to entertain strangers (and 'perchance angels), at her house."

—The concert given on Saturday evening, March 30, was well patronized and proved very enjoyable; the excellent programme was finely carried out. All the artists more than met the expectations of their friends. Mme. Bishop, Miss Canning, Miss Carman, Miss Vander Zeip and W. J. Colville rendered the vocal numbers very finely. Mr. Tully was very happy in his clarinet selections, Miss Lucie Curry literally took the house by storm with her comic recitations. Mrs. Adams, Miss Lilly Stammer and Miss Ferrier recited admirably in a soberer vein, while Mrs. Shipley and Miss Carmen did charming and most effective work on the piano. After meeting all expenses a considerable sum was netted which has been appropriated to the general fund for sustaining the College work. The next entertainment will be given on Easter Saturday, April 27, for which a very delightful programme will be arranged.

—Mr. Slater's Anniversary Meeting at Metropolitan Temple, last Sunday evening, was a most enjoyable entertainment. The first part of the program consisted of vocal and instrumental music, readings, recitations, all highly enjoyable. Part second consisted of tests given in Mr. Slater's usual peculiar style, which are thrust home with a vigor not always to the liking of the skeptic. Nevertheless, this does not in the least lessen Mr. Slater's popularity, judging from the immense audiences he always attracts. The platform was a perfect bower. One beautiful design especially significant, was the floral ladder, consisting of seven steps, representing the seven spiritual ages of man. Up above the last step, shone forth the star of triumph, and over this was inwrought the word "John." Many other elegant pieces adorned the platform, amid a perfect sea of bouquets. The spirits invisible must love to linger near such a floral paradise on earth.

FORM OF REQUEST.

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

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

The Young People's Celebration.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The usual anniversary was commemorated by the young people at St. George's Hall, 909 1/2 Market street, by an entertainment and social upon Saturday evening, followed by an unusually interesting meeting Sunday.

The program Saturday night, drew a larger audience than has ever before been at that hall, according to the janitor, some fifty extra chairs being necessary to seat the later comers.

The universal opinion seemed to be, that the entire program was a decided success. Many compliments were given to the several performers and to their instructors. Mr. Brooks as a matter of course, took the house by storm.

On Sunday evening, the usual Young People's Meeting was largely attended, many extra chairs being necessary to seat the people. The platform and tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, (gifts from kind friends) which diffused a perceptible spiritual influence through the atmosphere. Miss Gertrude Michner, Eva Peck, Oscar Stormfield, Clement Ward and Willie Cranston, successfully rendered recitations appropriate to the occasion. Mr. P. C. Tomson, after reading a grand poem, from Lizzie Doten, gave a stirring address, full of spirituality and enthusiasm, complimenting the efforts of the managers to furnish an opportunity for the young people to become interested in our glorious cause and urged the hearers to support this movement.

Mr. Tomson gave many interesting experiences; he never fails to say something, and a good deal of it in a short time. Mrs. Tomson yielded to the control of a most powerful spirit influence; the communication was most interesting, and furnished much food for thought. A Scotch cantol followed with a very beautiful poem. Dr. Garter also related some interesting facts and experiences. Mrs. Aitkin favored the listeners with remarks and tests of spirit existence. Mrs. Perkins followed with convincing tests. Prof. Perkins sang several songs. The managers feel that success will continue to crown their efforts.

"ONE OF 'EM."

St. George's Hall Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Anniversary at St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, was opened by an original poem suitable for the occasion, by the President of the meeting. Good music by Mrs. Pruden, the Misses Hare, Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Mullen, accompanied by the piano, banjo and violin. Speaking in the morning by Mr. P. C. Thompson, Walter Hyde, Mrs. Higgins, and Mrs. McCan under influence gave her maiden speech. A grand march was played by Mrs. Cook pianist, when Mrs. Pruden with a band of boys and girls came marching in, bearing each a lily under a beautiful white silk banner with the motto: "Truth is our motto, Willie to Mamma," borne by Mrs. Pruden their leader, inspired by her son, whose transition to spirit life awakened the knowledge of spirit communion in her soul, about three years ago. The marching and counter-marching must have been inspired by an unseen power, which drew the tears to many eyes in the audience. At the close of the march they sang very sweetly, and Mrs. Pruden made a soul touching speech and then all marched out as they had come in. Mrs. Miller gave an earnest speech. Dr. Haubert addressed the evening meeting in a creditable manner. Mr. Hyde was giving some excellent thoughts when he was repeatedly cheered by two mediums under control, unconsciously saying, "that's so sir, yes; yes; yes." After singing, one of the young mediums alluded to in foregoing reports, took the stand and in an unconscious state said: "On this forty-first anniversary we will commence a grand work from this text, 'He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted,' and as for logical reasoning, argument and appeal and, perfect acting a Beecher could have done no better in his own form."

Fine recitations were given by Mrs. Humphreys and the children, and the grand march altogether left time for only one tableau, the "Babes in the Woods" which was very fine, as was also Mrs. Pruden's closing speech. Thus ended one meeting, to meet again in the same hall next Sunday at 11, and 7:30.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

P. S. Mediums and all invited to participate in these meetings.

Anniversary at Los Angeles.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Forty-first anniversary was duly celebrated in this city at our beautiful hall which has been refitted and put in good condition. A fine audience filled the hall notwithstanding there were many attractions elsewhere—as for example Mrs. Livermore, Miss Susie Johnson and other lights were holding forth at other places. The people appreciate the work done by Dr. Taylor through the months that are past, and a good, strong and earnest congregation fills the hall regularly. By half past seven the hall was full and the following programme was carried out: First a song by the audience led by Miss Hooker at the piano and Mrs. Dr. Taylor, vocalist. Second, invocation by Dr. Taylor, original, brief, unique and deeply impressive, as a brother man was that moment struggling with death. Third, a musical selection by Miss Hooker, quiet, subdued, appropriate. Fourth, a recitation, an original poem, by Mrs. Harwood, entitled "An Angel Visitant," a beautiful conception and well received. Fifth, a song by Mrs. Dr. Lovejoy, entitled "The Star of David." It was well rendered and well received. Sixth, the anniversary poem by Mrs. Dr. Taylor, "Forty-one Years Ago," a poem of great beauty and historical value. Seventh, *apropos* to the poem came sweetly a solo chorus, "In Heaven We'll know Our Own." Eighth, the anniversary address by Dr. Taylor, whose friends thought that he had an unusually fine inspiration, and was followed by Mr. Baker, a young and rising lawyer, recently converted to Spiritualism, though he had been a student for two years of Theosophy. Dr. Taylor reviewed the spiritual movement, Mr. Baker prophesied of its future grand achievements. His address was well received. Ninth, a solo and chorus, "The Song of a Thousand Years," so changed as to suit our cause. The meeting closed with a public seance for independent slate-writing. After announcing future appointments, Dr. Taylor spoke at some length on the Summerland picnic, May 15th, and urged a large attendance from Los Angeles and herabouts.

THE SECRETARY.

LOS ANGELES, April 1st, 1889.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Progressive Spiritualists held anniversary exercises in their hall, 35 Eddy street, Sunday at 2 P. M., and although there were several other meetings held in the city, in commemoration of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, a goodly number of the old time Spiritualists, as well as those of later times, came together to again re-

hearse the story we are never tired of hearing, of how the angels came and made themselves manifest to mortals in these modern times. The exercises were opened with an invocation and short address from the controls of Mrs. Crossette, who although young in the field is destined to do a good work for the cause.

Our dear old sister and medium, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, with tear dimmed eyes, spoke of the workers, who in the past year had passed to the other side, paying a just tribute to their labors and worth. Mrs. M. Miller was the next speaker to say a word (as she expressed it) for the blessed truth of Spiritualism; a duet was given by Mrs. Rutter and Cook; P. Tomson, of Philadelphia, gave some good thoughts. Mrs. J. M. Mathews, conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, for so many years in this city, and who never fails to add her mite, gave an original poem written under inspiration, the angels telling their own story, (we do hope we shall see it in print.) Mrs. Gertrude Muhler sang a beautiful song, entitled, "Ruby." This interesting meeting was appropriately closed by giving tests and messages to loved ones, through the mediumship of Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan and Clara Mayo-Steers. All were pleased, and returned to their homes feeling that they had been benefited.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

TO QUESTIONER OF OAKLAND:—I am of the opinion that the Christian Scientists are largely to blame for much that is going with regard to what they are pleased to term "malicious mesmerism." I know several people that live in mortal fear of some one practicing this black art upon them. To such and to you, I repeat what I have said several times before; to fear a thing is to give it power over you; this is equally true, if that which you fear be seen or unseen.

That the author of "Science and Health," is herself "a victim to this fear" does away with the truth. A Mental Healer is no more justified in bringing the picture of "malicious mesmerism" before students in such a way as to create fear, than he is in dwelling upon sin, sickness, or death. So long as humanity is in its present undeveloped state, there will be those who unconsciously exert a mental dominance over others. If they learn to consciously direct this mental power, using it for selfish purposes, it is only a question of time when it will react upon themselves with dreadful force. The mistaken idea in all this is, for one to suppose that it originated with Mental Healers. Every would-be reformer, every one who puts his opinions before the world in any form, reaches and influences other minds; he expects to do this, else why does he take the trouble to make his opinions public?

The thinkers and leaders in any true reform do take chances; but remember motives give quality to both word and deed. Man is gradually bringing into every day use the more subtle forces of nature, and is learning to protect himself from the danger they involve, he is also coming into the knowledge of still more interior powers largely mental, and must seek self protection in this direction. Human progress will not be stayed by the fears of the few, or the selfishness of the many, while all violation of law must bring its sure retribution. You know what your motives are; you may safely apply the Golden Rule in your work. Thinking honestly, earnestly, and unselfishly for others that which you would like others to think for you, knowing that to think and to feel is to act in the thought realm. A mental healer should voice his feeling in silent thought; he does not will the response, his thought and feeling radiate from him, setting up vibrations more or less distinct in ratio to his concentration in the effort, even if through the law of sympathetic vibration there is called up the like thought and feeling in the mind of the patient, the cure is not assured unless the patient's own will declares it.

You ask, "Why so many good Healers have given up their work." Simply because they have fallen victims to the very thing they feared for others; the mesmeric influence of those who oppose the work has taken hold of them. They have dug a pit and fallen into it themselves. The opposition is largely the result of healing by mental methods. If you work for humanity unselfishly in any direction you become a factor in its development; only those will respond that have grown to the need and will it so. A few months ago one of our daily papers published an article on Theosophy, beginning with the ridiculous statement that "Theosophy was a religion invented by Madame Blavatsky in 1875." Now no one who has any knowledge of the subject would be at all moved by such nonsense, but there are those who don't know to the contrary, they might think it true. Just so mental science is, and has been misrepresented, and pronounced upon by those who doubtless think they are doing humanity a service in denouncing it.

In the last week's Question Department in speaking of *Strand and Cable* "oneness" should be read in place of "owners." Also fear and grief is spoken of as a normal, instead of an abnormal state of mind.

SARAH A. HARRIS.

BERKLEY, CAL.

Passed On.

Edwin F. Harris, born near Auburn, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1819, passed on to a higher life, Saturday, March 30, 1889.

He has known the glad fact, "there is no death," through the mediumship of his estimable wife, for over thirty years. She will be known in San Francisco, where they resided for many years, as Mrs. Eliza A. Harris, one of the oldest clairvoyant and clairaudient mediums on the Coast. The immediate cause of dissolution was paralysis. He was one of the kindest and best of men. Although not directly interested in our work, through absorbing business interests, he was in full sympathy. M. S. LIDON, Secretary P. P. S. S., Portland, Or.

Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

[The following remarks, introductory to the Anniversary exercises at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last, were offered by the editor of this journal.]

It is a serious question with many Spiritualists, whether we should continue to celebrate the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, as dating from the period when the first intelligible manifestations were given through the celebrated—and we might say, in view of the recent fiasco of two of them,—the notorious "Fox girls."

These "girls" then, now women, declare that the manifestations witnessed in their presence were produced by the deceptive snapping of their toe joints! a confession so utterly at variance with the facts, especially where coupled with the further confession that for forty years they have falsely misled the public into the belief that they were communicating with their spirit friends—that one who knows better is compelled to stand abashed in presence of the stupendous falsehood.

As we have stated from this platform, on a former occasion, it was our privilege to test this toe-joint claim of the Fox girls, at the time of their first appearance before the public, in the city of Rochester, over forty years ago. That was the point upon which they were most thoroughly examined by the committees appointed at the Corinthian Hall meetings, and by all investigators in the matter; for that was the general claim of skepticism in those days, which the "girls" then most earnestly denied, and which they were always glad to demonstrate, by the most irrefragable proof, was a stupid and erroneous claim. And such indeed it was, as any one who has ever heard the spirit rap through those, or any other of our better mediums for that phase, can well understand.

That these Fox women, with the noble exception of Mrs. Underhill, have turned traitors to Spiritualism, is not to be wondered at, when we consider the general ignorance in the matter of psychic forces, not only by the public, but among Spiritualists themselves. Exhausted by an over-drain upon their powers, these women took to alcoholic stimulation, which was followed until they became mere wrecks of their former selves. Their moral natures gave way at last, and they were ready for any iniquity which the unscrupulous enemies of Spiritualism might suggest. And just here we are led to say that there are some of our defamers, among religious people especially, who profess to believe in a future life, who are notoriously unfair, if not downright dishonest, in their treatment of the subject of Spiritualism. To drive it out of the hearts and homes of the people, there is but little they would not do. But their labors will prove utterly futile, for Spiritualism has come to stay, and they may as well make up their minds to this fact, as they will have to sooner or later.

Had we known better how to treat our mediums, and understood the nature of mediumship better, as we shall in the coming years, the shameful spectacle of the Fox recantation would never have occurred. Nevertheless, we can but regard those misguided women with pity. To condemn them without stint, as some are disposed to do, is not what the shining ones on the spirit side of life would advise.

But the question is often asked among Spiritualists, Shall we continue to celebrate the day they have dishonored as the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism?

Elder F. W. Evans, who is regarded as the leading light of the Shaker movement in America, informs us that spiritual manifestations occurred among the Shaker communities eleven years before they appeared with the Fox girls at Hydesville, New York; that mediumship among them was confined mainly to the young people of their societies. He assures us that for a period of eight years his people held intelligent communion with the spirit world, and that the power was then withdrawn from them, the spirits declaring that the time had come for them to go out into the world. Elder Evans says he waited patiently and expectantly for three years for the intelligent raps that next appeared in the Fox family, the promise having been given to him that the power was destined to spread throughout the world, until in every home should be had the evidence of spirit existence and communion.

Of course we might, if thought best so to do, reconsider the matter of our Anniversary, and fix upon the true day, as the Shakers could probably give us. But would it be advisable? We think not. It is the fact we would naturally commemorate, rather than the day; hence, now that we have commenced with a certain day, it seems to us it would be unwise to change it. Besides, it is better that the recognized birth of Modern Spiritualism should be outside of all sectarian or creedal institutions. It is not at all improbable that, a few years hence, the Fox women will recall their folly (as has been the case in other similar instances of recantation), and give to the world the unwritten history of the affair. We shall then find, doubtless, that they were made the victims of some psychic conspiracy, and were really "more sinned against than sinning."

The spirit world is ever moving forward to a purpose. It takes no note of the things which do most disturb the serenity of mortal minds, in the presentation of spiritual truths; but presses into its service all who are able to bear arms,—that is, all who can be used to bring its grand truths before the world of humanity. Its

ministers and evangelists may fall by the wayside, or follow the tempter of lust or gold into unbidden ways, and straightway it finds new recruits among young and old, in quiet Christian homes, in the abodes of skeptics and unbelievers, and the good work goes onward, ever onward, to the glorious end of man's spiritual unfoldment, and the conscious interblending of the two worlds. Spiritualism has a stronger hold upon the world to-day than ever before.

After all, what effect has opposition upon Spiritualism—what the ignorant abuse by pulpit and press—but to advertise it to the world, and make for it new friends? Hasn't such been the case with all new systems of religion and philosophy, in all times, the world over? The church once sought to punish heresy with the faggot and rack; but did the crop of heretics become any the less? Did the pagan persecution of the early Christians have any other effect than to fire the hearts of the votaries of that religion with additional zeal? So it is with Spiritualism. "Let the heathen rage" against us; it brings us strength. Woe unto our cause when it is no longer considered worthy of abuse.

Slain again and again in the house of its friends, defiled by its ministers, waylaid, and beaten down, and robbed in high places, nevertheless our beautiful Spiritualism still lives. It comes forth bleeding but never crushed from every disaster, to grapple again and again with error, and win men to a belief in the glorious truths of immortality and the higher life. It pervades many homes where love dwells, and where it has erected its holy altars, before which the inmates gather in sweet and reverent devotion. The storm of fierce opposition but gives it new strength, treason in its councils, and betrayal of its sacred trusts, but add to the potency of its energizing forces to subdue the hearts and understandings of men, and bring the two worlds together in one mighty purpose to uplift and ennoble humanity.

Spiritualism is the one bright star that shines down into the stricken heart, radiating the entire being with the light of peace and hope. It spans the river of death with a rainbow arch of glory, along which tread the shining feet of angels. It broadens our outlook upon the physical plane of life and enables us to realize that it "is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." Before this new light, now streaming into the hearts and homes of humanity, the hideous phantoms of a false theology, founded in the barbarism of the race, must flee away. "The bottomless pit," like the great maelstrom of the Northern Coast, has been found to be a myth—the "impassable gulf" a hideous fantasy of a distorted brain. Spiritualism gives us a Being of infinite love at the head of the universe, and not a monster of implacable hate, who will "laugh at our calamity and mock when our fear cometh."

The nightmare of the soul, has it not been, through all the ages,—the theology of Christianity? It has taught the separation of kindred souls for all eternity, and furrowed out of space an infinite vortex of everlasting woe for the ignorant and undeveloped. It demands what is an impossibility to many intelligent minds, under pain of eternal banishment from happiness, and then asks us to render to such a Being the love and worship of our souls! Not such the God whom Spiritualists would adore.

And so, we conclude, we need not borrow trouble concerning "the day we celebrate." We cannot well, or wisely, change it now, if we would. It would indicate an unsettled purpose that our enemies would use to our disadvantage. Then let us all hail as the glad day when the light of spirit communion first dawned upon the world—the 31st of March, 1848.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland, met last Sunday at Fraternity Hall, Mr. Shepard presiding. Last Sunday being the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, an entertainment was given in the morning by the members, consisting of songs, recitations, piano solos, etc.

Mrs. Cowell opened the meeting with an invocation; Mrs. Thomas offered a few remarks on the phenomena of Spiritualism, also, Dr. McSorley gave a short address to the audience, which was well received. Several duets were rendered on the piano by Miss M. Hill and Miss M. Harris; Mrs. Bigelow gave a recitation in her impressive way, entitled "The Dead Author;" also a number of others of our members rendered their assistance very satisfactorily. Mrs. Finnegan closed the meeting with platform tests, a number of which were recognized.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. Cowell will occupy the platform, tests given. Also a subject given for debate, to be answered by the audience. We invite all to come. Meetings commence at 7 o'clock.

Yours fraternally,

MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

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Advice to Mothers.

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Hydrophobia—As Drawn from the New Electro-Magnetic Science.

BY L. A. BARTER.

Hydrophobia is a species of insanity communicable through actual contact of the saliva of the affected with the fluids of the systems of those not inhabited, through the law of forcible assimilation of two fluids alike in their own base, but differing in development; and is caused, primarily, by the want of water. When the cold is intense, all outside water is locked in ice; and in long, dry, hot summers, there is but little water that friendless animals can obtain, and their suffering is intense. In cold weather as well as hot, the air itself deposits a volatile actine that burns by assimilation in the mucus membrane of the mouth and bronchial tubes.

All assimilation causes friction; friction frees heat; every heart-beat causes friction; all physical exertion causes friction and increases heat; all heat draws moisture from the conserves of the body. Assimilation of the forces of the air th. t. are bro. t. d into the lungs, with the forces contained in the cells of the lung tissues, increases friction; all motion gives birth to heat; all friction throws a volatile power that springs over electrodes to the brain, and increases the speed of the electro-magnetic circulation that loops around the trunk of the Arbor-vitæ of Life, and forms the magnetic wheel that returns the magn. tic current through the cover of the spinal cord to heart and lung action. (The whirr of the electro-magnetic wheel may be discovered by closing the aperture of the cars with the ends of the index fingers and fixing the attention in the base brain).

All the needs of the body, by their calling, cause friction in the mental department of the system, and form the springs of desire. Desire passes to insanity when the friction caused by it has accelerated the speed of the electro-magnetic current past the power of the axle of motion to coil it. Within the trunk of the arbor-vitæ of life, is the axle of motion, which is a force that rolls spirally from left to right, and vitalizes the corolations of the brain in the right side of the cranium, and makes it more active in polarization than the left. These forces are drawn in through the valves that open inward through the coruscations or petals of the arbor-vitæ, and form an under drainage for the fluid circulation of the brain system that passes rapidly under the cerebellum, through the trunk of the silhouette tree; and by the magnetism of its flowing, keeps the electro-magnetic current beyond its cover, flowing closely, as a counter-current, in the opposite direction. This completes the negative and positive flowings, and the polarization of the left and right brain, and makes one current depend upon the other for vitality. All circling magnets throw off induction currents that are picked up by contiguous electrodes. If the speed of the magnet is sufficient to curl the induction current passing off, a wheel is formed without or outer to a wheel; but the outer wheel or band of motion circles in the opposition direction.

When the desire of need has grown by its intensity into rage at deprivation, the outer wheel has become so rapid in its motion as to draw from the central division, whose stamina lacks the support of the desired need. This drawing gives inverted action which is felt throughout the system. The gall sends its vapors direct to the lungs and brain, instead of into the stomach, and over electrodes to the lungs and brain after union with the rheumatic acid of the stomach. This gives to the brain a green vapor that is carried by the inversion of the magnetic circuit into the central cavity under the corpus colosum or central brain, from which the iliac nerves carry the visual fluid to the eye, and gives to it, its green color that defines the magnitude of the cerebral need.

As soon as the inversion takes place, that which was desired becomes repugnant, and a new principle is evolved that takes on the individuality of the primal factor that communicated the disease as its essence; and this principle is thrown as a mineral vaporized intelligence, to the center, and ensconces itself in the standard of sentient motion. This foreign magnetic power now becomes a part of the standard of life, and expresses itself through all the active convolutions of the brain as a corolation with the sentient energy of the system, and springs down to the standard of polarized emotions, whose home is in the heart; and for the time, corolates the human with the brute; thus a child barks like a dog or wriggles like a snake.

Hydrophobia comes under the Law of Prevention as given in the GOLDEN GATE, of January 5th, enters the virus, which will be found in the saliva and the blood of the infuriated animal, fearlessly into the dry magnetic; the arterial, and the venous divisions of the grand circulation that it may become a factor in each, so no inharmony of magnetic density may exist to cause disturbance and repulsion in passing from one division to the next. It comes also under the Law of Correspondence or Co-equals which cures by entering again that which was caused. Want of water produces rabies, and fear of it increases the intensity of the disease. Fear is an electrical surcharge. Now meet it with the electrical force of the cause. The electrical action of a pail of cold water dashed suddenly onto the spine and base brain will revert the inversion and again establish the normal action

of the magnetic circuit. To duck the sufferer's head first into an ice cold bath, would for the same reason, break the control of fear and restore health; or, the voluntary lying down in a stream of living water, deep enough to immerse the back of the head, would soon accomplish the same result.

This terrible malady is also, and most easily eliminated by the Law of Prime Factors which meets the inversion and wheels it back, by an overpowering acid native to the system while in health. Such an acid is found in allum, eaten dry, in small charges of a grain or so at hourly intervals until all excitement subsides.

A Musical Family.

There is a family residing in this city, at 480 Oak street, exceptional enough in the way of musical acquirement to attract general attention. It is a wonder they are not better known and more often before the public. The father, mother and four most interesting and beautiful little girls respectively aged 11, 8, 6 and four years, and named in the order of the names stated, Jennie, Butterfly, Mayflower, and Violetta, compose this household—the Beasey household, or, as the parents call their darlings, the "Beasey Babies." These children are, so to speak, natural musicians. When other children are busy with their toys and playthings, these little ones are deep in the mysteries of the violin and piano and bent on interpreting (which, considering age, they do in a manner that may be called phenomenal) the studies of Kafka, Kuhlman, Dancla, De Beriot and other composers whose complex harmonies try the souls of gray-bearded wielders of the bow and manipulators of the piano's key-board. Jennie, the eldest, is tall for her age, and she has so absorbed the divine art that she is able to be of great assistance to her younger sisters. She reads at sight, can execute the most difficult compositions and writes music herself with great facility, correctness and originality of melodic idea. Her latest composition, "A dream of the White House," which she plays very neatly and with good expression, would do no discredit to the best song-composer of the day. Her ear is so acute and true that from an adjoining room she will call without hesitation the place on the scale of any note struck on the piano. In execution she is equally competent with the violin as with the piano. Butterfly and Mayflower have also great command of both instruments—one has a peculiar touch that would arrest the attention of a pianoforte expert at once on account of what may be called the life the child infuses into it. The youngest infant, Violetta, who has only seen four years, is a marvel. She will not play till her violin is at the proper pitch, and detects a false note at once. She has a number of solos at her finger's end and, like the rest of her sisters, can read music. In fact all these children knew the gamut from the key-note to its octave before they knew their alphabet. One reason for this early and extraordinary musical development may be found in the fact that the mother of the little ones is well instructed in the art, and they may be said to have been born in a musical atmosphere; but as the cares of the household leave Mrs. Beasey but little time to devote to their tuition, the marvelous ability they show must, in a great measure, be attributed to an almost preternatural quickness of perception, which may be given the name of genius.—Call.

Man's Spiritual Double.

In an article by G. C. Wittig, on "General Ernst von Pfuell as a Spiritist," in a recent number of *Psychische Studien*, is to be found a highly interesting account of a Finnish sorcerer who possessed the extraordinary faculty of entrancing himself and sending his double out into the world long distances, and conducts himself in that state like a real man; who in one instance actually purloined the wedding ring of the wife of a certain Swedish bishop, presenting the husband—who had been a sceptic on the possible feats of magic—with the ring, as a proof positive that he had been to Stockholm, and seen his wife in the kitchen scaling fish, for which purpose she had taken off her ring, and only got it back again on the return of the bishop, who had gone all the way to Finland to ascertain the truth of the many wonderful accounts in circulation about the magicians of Finland. The strangest part of the narrative is what the bishop's wife has to say when trying to account to him for her lost wedding ring. "I missed the ring," said she, "since such-and-such a day," naming the exact date on which the bishop witnessed the magic performance of the Finn, "and I have a suspicion that an old Finn, who had come into my kitchen on that day whilst I was cleaning some fish, has stolen the ring, although I do not know how he could have done so. The strange conduct of the man made me suspect him; the sudden appearance of the man without any previous announcement, his peculiar look and countenance—as if I were looking a dead man in the face. Thinking the man was destitute, and perhaps sick, I went to the chest of drawers for some alms, but when I turned round to give it to him, the man had disappeared, and my ring too."

A Chicago clergyman married three couples on the cars, the other day. He has refused to allow himself to be patented as car coupler, however.

Nature.

The beauty of nature every thoughtful mind observes, and the thought will come unbidden. How came all this creation into existence? What power is it that governs this grand universe? Scientists search and study laws of nature, try to fathom the principles of creation. They classify and observe the rudiments of existing changes of life; they know that all is life. Life to expand, to grow—for life is a state of ever-varying, ever-growing force of a power in nature.

What is nature? Nature is the grand creation of a mind, of a powerful intelligence, of a mind so immense in the power of will and thoughts to produce this world—this nature that knows no beginning and no end. This vast creation in space we observe with our spiritual eyes, and the grand beauty is far beyond mortal imagination. The power to create, the power of God, or the All-Good, has put all in a wise plan, all is ruled by that plan; those laws were made in the beginning. The natural way of nature is to obey these ruling energies.

With our ideas, our thoughts centered on the all-wise rulings in nature, we are able to observe the laws, and as we live up to nature's laws, we find the true harmony of forces to guide the very atom to its destiny. Nature is forever true, though it looks as if the elements were unruly at times, when storms destroy the work of man, or earthquakes shake the great, solid mountain, and the mighty tidal-wave in its course, oversteps the laws of the ocean in its powerful energy. All these actions are natural forces to overcome disturbances of unequal electrical currents.

The harmony in all creation is a true foundation of nature's onward move, for, forever onward is the law of life, for this we can prove by the history of this globe. The periods of time in all the changes show the advancement by fulfilling the prophecy in this grand work of nature's progress, for the work in true harmony to perfect the conditions, are all the result of law-abiding natural forces.

In the plan of creation, our all-wise God gave these powers and the law of order; thus the workings of the elements are the outcome of law in nature. The true, observing mind, if in harmony with this inward force of silent power, can feel the true good of a living God, for in every soul is a spark of this great Spirit, who has given the mind to use and fathom nature's onward, perfecting course of creation.

Beautiful this study of nature's God,
Lifts up our soul to grander thoughts,
Shows us the way to higher truths,
And thus we learn the road to living.

"The Church of Humanity."

[Mrs. R. H. Savitz has this to say in "Freethought," of Mr. N. F. Ravlin and his "Church of Humanity," of San Jose:]

As the "Church of Humanity" deserves more than a passing notice, I will give a detailed account of its workings; but first let me correct one statement in your notice in *Freethought*, March 9th. You mention Mr. Ravlin as "a clergyman who recently drifted away from his orthodox moorings in San Diego." N. F. Ravlin was for five years pastor in high standing in the First Baptist Church of San Jose. Under his ministrations the church was very prosperous and became the most popular church in San Jose, but during all this time the clear-sighted ones could see that he was "drifting away from the orthodox moorings," and when the time came that he cut loose, and was fairly launched on the vast ocean of progressive thought, no pastor in this city held a higher place in the esteem and hearts of his people. I shall never forget the last morning that he stood before his congregation. He did not do as most ministers do, play upon the feelings of his people before uttering his last farewell, but when the choir arose to sing the closing hymn and broke down in tears at the third word, the pent-up feelings of pastor and people burst forth, and there were but few dry eyes in that house. Finding that the church would not allow freedom of thought or speech, too honest to assume what he did not feel, he turned his back on all that stood in the way of progress. During the past three years his experiences have been varied, at many times exceedingly trying, but never for a moment has he swerved from his purpose or regretted that he has been true to his convictions. Now he has returned to the very spot where he broke loose from his tethers. He says: "My old conceptions and I have parted company forever. I could never return to them any more than I could to the cradle in which my mother rocked me. I have never been so happy before, and I do not admit for one minute that I am less useful. If there are any that think I have backslidden, they will find, if there has been any sliding, it has been forward, not backward. In proportion as people are intelligent they drift away from sectarianism. You cannot cramp the expanded soul. We are blamed because we do not remain children; that we grow to manly statue. We grow as naturally as the seed germinates and springs up. We have left old conditions forever; it is impossible to return to old ways of thinking, to the servitude of the past, to fetters and bonds."

There is no man but for his own interest hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to

be otherwise; but, all things considered, he shall find it to his greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, the noblest fame, to be honest.

Our people want better homes, better teaching, better opportunities, less labor, more leisure, and more amusement. These are worthy objects, and so long as they keep these objects in view, they will fight with discipline and spirit, and will win steadily. But if they fall into the excesses of the enemy, if they make the mistake of supposing wealth and happiness to be synonymous terms, if they oust the rich only to scramble for the conquered palaces, if, after warring against luxury as against the forces of darkness, they begin to covet luxury and practice idleness themselves, they will assuredly come to grief and they will assuredly deserve their fate. Worship baseness, and you will be base. Strive for mean ends, and your soul will become mean. Try to wrest the golden calf from the idolaters that you may yourselves fall down and worship it, and you shall come to ruin, and your children to misery—as the sparks fly upward. The penalty of covetousness is—covetousness: a withered soul, a blasted mind, a petrified heart, and an utter inability to enjoy the spoils for which he has spent his life and sacrificed all that makes life sweet, that is the reward and triumph of him who basely covets base things.—*Economy of Human Life*.

PERILS OF STYLE.—They do things decorously when they can up in Winnipeg.

A Lord Bishop from the Canadian Dominion visited one of the established church magnates there recently, and was treated with high ceremony. His Grace was late at breakfast one morning, and the rector's wife, becoming uneasy, instructed her maid of all work as follows:—

"Go up to his Grace's door, Bridget, and knock gently, and when the Bishop answers, say slowly and quietly, just as I do, 'My Lord, breakfast waits.'" The hostess listened, and heard Bridget's clump, clump, clump upon the stairs. Then a brawny bang upon the Bishop's door and the following:—

Bishop (gently from inside)—"What is it?"

Bridget (loudly from outside)—"My God! Come to breakfast! It's a waitin'!" Judge.

TRUTH AND ERROR.—If there ever was a time when truth was endangered by free investigation and wide research, that time has passed forever. The doors and windows are all open, the barriers removed. The past comes down to us, the present is close around us, and the whole world is standing in our sight. Truth and error must grapple openly and fairly; we cannot shut out a knowledge of the conflict if we would.—*Sunday Afternoon*.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

W. J. Colville's new series of thoroughly practical instruction in Spiritual and Mental Science, as applied to the preservation of health and the abolition of discord and sickness, will be given at the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, San Francisco, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 10 A. M. Commencing Tuesday, April 2d, concluding Friday, May 10, 1889.

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- April 5th.—DENIAL. "Why and How we Deny Error."
- April 9th.—AFFIRMATION. "Why and How we Affirm Truth."
- April 12th.—THOUGHT. "How to Think Truly so as to Relate our Minds to Health and Harmony."
- April 16th.—INTUITION. "How to Develop True Individuality."
- April 19th.—"The Conscious and Unconscious Action of Mind; A Lesson on Chemicalization."
- April 23d.—FAITH. "What It Is and How it Relates us to Universal Spirit."
- April 26th.—HEREDITY. "What We Inherit and How we Inherit it."
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- April 9th.—"The Soul and its Human Embodiments."
- April 12th.—"The Sevenfold Constitution of Man."
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- April 19th.—"The Life and Death of Jesus; Considered as Typical of the Soul's Perfect Conquest in Expression."
- April 23d.—"The Mystical Resurrection; or, The Regenerate and Triumphant Soul."
- April 26th.—"Involution and Evolution; or, How Theosophy Accounts for Creation."
- April 30th.—"An Esoteric Interpretation of Spiritual Titles, Christ, Buddha, Messiah."
- May 3d.—"The True Spiritual Marriage; or, The Re-united Soul."
- May 7th.—"The Planetary Chain; or, The Birth and Death of Worlds."
- May 10th.—"A Practical Application of Theosophical Teachings to the Immediate Requirements of this Present Life."

Questions invited at the close of each lecture on the subject treated.

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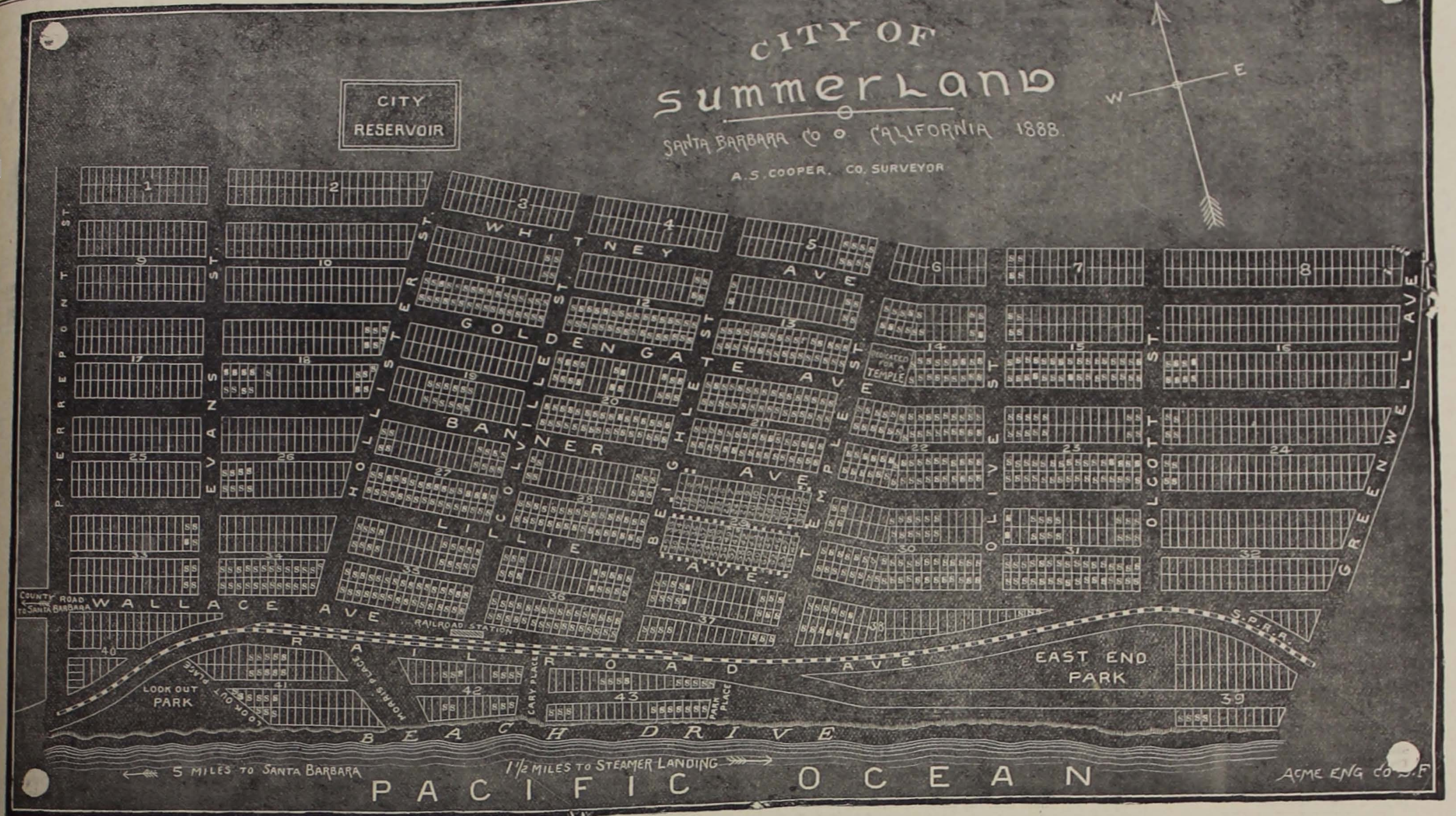
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BY MISS J. DRAKE.

Fair city founded by the sea,
Max finds a loyal friend in thee;
Weary and worn with suffering,
Hither and thence their sorrow brings;
Hope's sun shines bright upon thy strand,
Beacons us with a fairy hand
And points to countries who have won
Health from thy genial air and sun.

There's healing in thy mild, pure air,
Like incense of an angel's prayer;
Bright, sweet flowers throughout the year
Perfume thy balmy atmosphere.
So bright thy sun, thy skies so pure,
Fruits of the tropics here mature;
Thy hills and vales, and mountains gray,
Are scenes no artist can portray.

Seldom so grand a view is given
This side the golden gates of heaven;
When morning's radiant, rosy light
Pours o'er thy hills and rugged height,
Gilding the sea with glittering gleams,
Reflecting back the varied gleams;
Light, fleecy clouds of gold and pearl
Rise, float and o'er thy crags unfurl.

Or when the sunset's crimson glow
Bathes land and sea and islands low,
The ocean in its peaceful rest,
The sea-fowl floating on its breast;
The white-winged boats glide o'er the bay
As sinks to rest the orb of day;
Acacia, palm and pepper trees,
Float lightly on the evening breeze.

Their penile branches 'twixt with grace,
Add zest and beauty to the place.
High o'er the sea and sheltered town
The old monastery walls look down;
Its vesper bells so quaint and clear
Sound sad and ancient to the ear;
More ancient still its moss-draped trees,
The oaks of druid mysteries.

The stars shine bright, the air is clear,
The distant scene 'tis seems more near,
For o'er the waters gleaming bright
Revolves "Ymema's" friendly light,
Warning of hidden rock and reef,
Lest precious lives should be in brief,
Guiding the ships from round the world
Till safely moored their wings are furled.

Lighting on the tapering spar,
Or wheeling o'er the sandy bar,
The lonely petrel's snow-white breast
Skims o'er the water's shimmering crest;
The moaning waves of opal fire,
Like searays on Eolian lyre,
Roll on their deep-toned symphonies
To join in nature's harmonies.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Parody on Tennyson's "Early Spring."

BY THOS. F. NORTON.

Once more the Spring bird calls
To pleasures new,
And o'er the listening hills
I see the blue;
The mocking-birds have willed,
The skylarks, too.

Yet wait! I see the worms
Within the buds,
And down the mountain side
Rush the Spring floods,
Fresh from their sleep they ride
O'er banks and woods.

The early fruit is tart,—
'Tis just as well,—
'Tis said 'twas early Spring
When Adam fell,
And golden apples bring
A tempting smell.

Ne'er follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure,
Heart, look not down; but up,
Above, secure,
Wait for the butterfly
And lily pure.

And when by angel's wings
The leaves are stirred,
Heed not the magpie lute,
Nor foolish words,
A "Jacob's ladder" suits
A crippled bird.

But prune your pinions well
Before you rise,
Earth's frosty fingers chill
The matin skies,
And early rising kills
The butterflies.

And while the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,—
The opening flowers, and fills
Their mouths with dew,
The early birds will wet their bills,—
The poets, too.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

Indian Song.

BY MRS L. CARTER.

We roam the happy hunting grounds,
That line the golden shore,
And wander free beside the streams
That bind the landscape o'er.
And tho' no more our swift canoes
Shall touch the earthly strand,
They're moored at last in harbor safe
Within the Spirit land.

CHORUS—The father great who rules above,
Has said, "Poor Indian rest;
The Sachem of the summerland
Has placed us mid the blest.

Our wigwams when on earth we dwelt
Were burned in many a place,
The white man stole our lands away
Nor let us have a space
To grow the corn or hunt the doe,
The nation's heart to cheer,
'Twas ever said that we must go
Where lands were cold and drear.

CHORUS—The father great who rules above, etc.

Poor wandering braves, at last ye rest,
Where sacred is the sod,
Where all around in happiness
Are seen the works of God—
Our loving Father in the sky
Within whose heart of grace
The red man and the white man stand
As equals, face to face.

CHORUS—The Father great who rules above, etc.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Truth.

BY ELLA L. MIRRIAM.

Bright Morning Star! Celestial Spark Divine!
Whose glory-tinted beams illuminate our devious paths
Through earth's deep waste—
Shine out, shine in, and fill our souls with light,
Lest shadows cold and dark, and gloomy doubt,
Lose us the shorter, fairer way
To heaven's eternal joys!

Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadows to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

spell; his lustrous eyes dilated and his lips began to move, uttering faint, inarticulate sounds.

"What is it, quick," said the Count, as he watched the pleased expression on the sleeping lady illumined features. "I see, oh such a beautiful lady, with rippling golden hair, eyes as blue as sapphires, and skin like the lilies fair, she is beside a painting of the Madonna like the one in this room, she has arisen early from her couch and is at prayer, but her soul is far away from her flesh; in the room across the spacious corridor into which all the doors open is a man of venerable but almost juvenile appearance; he must be fifty-five at least but he looks quite young, the lovely girl is his only daughter and between them exists a subtle fluid chain of electric ether. Listen! I hear a voice, it says await the coming of the Master from across the sea, he comes to-night from far Afghanistan and from his lonely temple there sequestered 'mid the woods and vales, he tells you to be free. Freedom is what I ask, I am a slave.

At these last words the classic features of the Count became convulsed with wrath, darting his eyes upon the innocent victim of his displeasure he literally scorched him with their burning rays. Not deigning to explain anything to the wonderstruck observers, he struck the boy a sharp blow across the chest and then addressing Dr. Maxwell said, "Now ask your Parisian friends any questions you like, the wire of communication is laid and you will receive responses just as though they were actually in your bodily presence, this you understand, I simply mention the fact for the benefit of the vulgar." At bearing herself denominated vulgar, though the word was used only in the classic sense, Mrs. Angusthorpe grew livid, but a spell being on her, as well as on all the others, she kept her feelings to herself. The Doctor first asked "Can Heloise inform me when I shall perfect my new process for so electrifying my office that my patients will not need external treatment at my hands." "To-morrow," answered the boy, and the Prince is here to-night to celebrate your victory over the cruder elements of the atmosphere against which you have so long been battling, to-morrow at ten in the morning a man suffering from paralysis will be cured in your sanctum and that without any physical action or mental force of yours; Heloise is here now in spirit, she caresses me but frowns on my master."

Again Count Katolowynski flushed with rage, for was not this another allusion to the subject upon which he and the Montmarte pere et fille had so decidedly disagreed in Paris only three weeks before. They had insisted that Zenophon was to be liberated from his subjugator's will and that higher powers were about to take him fully under their protection. The Count had resented this prediction with positive vindictiveness and on the occasion of their last meeting a fierce altercation had ensued. Heloise de Montmarte had defied her stately antagonist and had commanded him to yield up his prey and give the captive boy his freedom. She had indeed assured him that she could and would rescue the child whom he had in her presence lashed with a horsewhip till he was insensible and then restored by magnetic process only just before it was too late; disgusted with such despotism and being herself a living embodiment of electric force she actually fastened the Count's feet to the floor in the presence of a domestic by her will and then calling the trembling boy to her said, with the majesty of a queen conferring liberty on a captive subject, "I release you." The boy looked at her with eyes full of liberty and love, but turning away his face, sadly replied, "I love my master and to him I shall ever belong."

Mightily indignant at this response and feeling certain the mesmeric influence of the Count was the sole cause of such an answer; she lifted her eyes and straightened her form till she appeared an incarnation of the principle of divine justice resisting human tyranny and called aloud. "Azoriel we await your judgment."

Even the Count, majestically though he was trembled when he heard a voice vibrating clearly through the room, "Zenophon, henceforth I am thy guardian." The boy covered his face with his hands and then addressing Heloise said, "I have seen your guardian angel; he is mine also."

Knowing too well how futile it would have been to interfere any longer with the Count and the child, as a higher power had interposed, she bade the man a cold, and the lad a most gracious farewell, and left the matter in the hands of the unseen but glorious and mighty intelligence whom she knew as the prompter of her father's greatest discoveries in science and her own protector in every time of need. Count Katolowynski never forgave her for this scene and vowed he never would, but knowing the affair to be no farce, he was disturbed lest the boy, who brought him a fortune through his clairvoyant gift and whom he really loved in a brutal way despite his cruelty, should be removed beyond his reach by some supernatural agency against which bolts and bars afforded no protection. In the voyage across the Atlantic, Zenophon had been submissive and affectionate in the extreme rendering him all the prostrate homage he exacted; lying at his feet and gazing up

into his face the little fellow would assure him heaven would be hell were not his sovereign there to rule him, but now that for the first time since their arrival in America he had undertaken to experiment with the boy, as of old the mesmeric spell took full effect, but in his trance the child divulged unpleasant facts concerning their mutual relations, expressed his discontent with slavery and declared himself soon about to be released from this now irksome bondage; these circumstances were sufficient to goad him to desperation and as we are usually unwise and jeopardize our own interests most sorely when we allow passion to run away with reason, Count Katolowynski by his very determination to win and hold all, staked all and lost.

The boy awoke feverish and fatigued, something quite unusual, for sometimes he had lain in a dead stupor for days at a time, eating and drinking nothing and revealing startling facts to a long succession of visitors almost without intermission and then awoke on the third or fourth day bright and strong, beaming with affection on his master, but now he was evidently under another influence and the power of the Count was no longer in the ascendant. Thinking it advisable to adopt some decisive measures then and there, he threw himself full weight upon the child and by sheer force of will compelled him to return into the magnetic state, which he did instantly, but no sooner was the boy asleep than everybody in the room felt an electric shock, to some it was delightful and invigorating in the extreme, to others somewhat disagreeable, according to the state of each recipient; electric sparks were seen in all parts of the apartment and the air seemed alive with an unseen presence. Zenophon started in his slumbers, exclaiming "the prince, the prince," when instantly a clear, resonant voice rang through the air accompanied by a sweet and powerful treble which those who had heard it before recognized as the voice of Heloise.

The boy rose erect and clasping his hands upon his breast, his eyes upturned, his whole frame and every feature quivering with delight; he murmured "at last I am free," and with these words sank back on the tiger fur and was soon breathing heavily as children do when sleeping sweetly after unusual tension of their nerves.

The Count sat down and watched the proceedings with glowering displeasure, but he knew too well how absurd it would have been for him to have attempted to otherwise direct the current of events. The boy was now clearly out of his psychological embrace, but he trusted that though all fear and enforced submission was over, love would yet continue and dictate that absolutely willing surrender to another's will, which enables the psychologist to succeed far better than when the subject's mind is coerced in his interest. Contenting himself as best he could with this anticipation, he affected haughty, almost insolent indifference to all that transpired, and at length, as the voices completely absorbed the attention of all present except himself, he noiselessly left the room and wandered into the library. Other than the lights and voices, there were no phenomena, and these voices he understood, were those of people still living and actively engaged on earth, though their astral selves were for the time liberated from their ordinary physical environment.

Mr. Toole, who had never seen or heard anything of the wonders of the psychic realm prior to his sojourn in New York, except the very lowest and most ridiculous take-off on Spiritualism, in the shape of bogus materializations palmed off by itinerant show-people on the credulous and bigoted villagers of Vermont, was now at last convinced that whatever explanation might be given of the wonders there displayed, fraud did not account for them; ventriloquism was out of the question, as the information given in answer to his own questions precluded the possibility of the ventriloquist's art supplying the responses, while electricity, with all its potency, cannot reasonably be regarded as the source of definite human intelligence; and then, queried the minister, what right have we, whatever the churches may say to the contrary, to give the Devil credit for truthful, accurate information and advice which if followed by us all would soon transform this earth into a paradise. But how is it possible for a girl in Paris, and a *savon* in Afghanistan to make their voices heard in a New York drawing-room several thousand miles distant from the spot where their bodies are? Let the following quotation from a rare old treatise on "The Faculties of the Superior Man," suggest an explanation if it does not fully solve the riddle.

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world of sin that thou canst defy the unnatural limits sin imposed."

To be continued.

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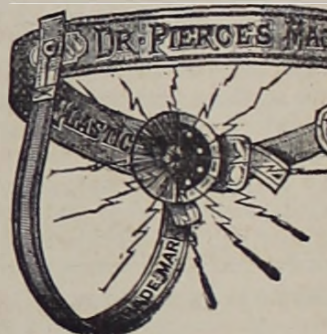
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