



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

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He who chases two hares will catch neither.

Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it.—*Epicurus*.

Feeble souls always set to work at the wrong time.—*Cardinal de Retz*.

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.—*Dante*.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.—*Michael Angelo*.

Discontent quarrels with its tools instead of with its skill.—*Martineau*.

Unfriended indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to tell of his faults.

Travel improves superior wine and spoils the poor. It is the same with the brain.

Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes that good breeding has on our conversation.

Our incomes, like our shoes, if too small will gall and pinch us, but if too large will cause us to stumble and trip.

Envy is fixed only on merit, and like a sore eye, is offended with everything that is bright.

Never employ yourself to discern the faults of others, but be careful to mend and prevent your own.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

The blessed work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.—*George Eliot*.

There is no man so contemptible but who in distress requires pity. It is inhuman to be altogether insensible of another's misery.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—*George Eliot*.

Plutarch says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself on others.—*Addison*.

Cato the Censor said:—"It was surprising that the priests, during the performance of their divine service, could refrain from bursting out into a loud laugh in the faces of their congregations."

To help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem defeat by new thought, by firm action—that is not easy, that is the work of divine men.—*R. W. Emerson*.

To pardon those follies in ourselves which we cannot endure in others is neither more nor less than being more willing to be fools ourselves than for others to be so.

Reminiscences of An Old Spiritualist.

[CONTINUED.]

Dr. Henry Slade was a frequent visitor at our home. He is one of the most versatile mediums I know of. When in his younger days I visited him in Jackson, Michigan, when he was living with his first wife, I was shown an oil painting by him of his wife under spiritual guidance, a perfect likeness as good as could be produced by any artist in the form, yet he does not know the first principle of portrait painting in his normal state. I do not know that he has ever given any attention to the cultivation of the art from that time to this. I recall with pleasure that visit; it was so replete with manifestations of spirit power in accordance with his development at that time. Since then many different phases of mediumship has been added, of which I will state farther on.

He, his wife and myself would sit for manifestations at some time during the day, principally in the evening, when his Indian control Owassa—would always take possession of his physical organism, and we would have a pleasant social chat; his Indian phraseology and witticisms were always amusing, which we enjoyed extremely. We would of course have messages written on the slate from our friends on the other side. His mode of communication then was holding the slate by one corner, first placing a small piece of slate upon it, under the table, always in the light, the process of writing could be distinctly heard. At the present time, the writing is done between two slates placed on the top of the table in full view, he merely placing his finger upon it.

A remarkable exhibition of spirit power occurred while there. Some simple piece of music as "Home Sweet Home" would be played on an accordion, he holding it by the bottom with the keys under the table, which was played at each sitting. Owassa, who was always doing something or other out of the common course, told me to put the accordion under the table; I did as he requested; in a short time after, I wanted him to give some music, so I reached down to take it from under the table, and lo and behold, it lay flat upon the floor, with the four sides spread out. The doctor was highly incensed, for it was a new one just purchased, and scolded Owassa very energetically for ruining his new accordion; after awhile he was influenced again, when after having his own fun, at the expense of the medium, he directed me to replace it under the table. I did so; in a little while he relinquished control, when I looked under the table there was the accordion restored to a perfect condition, which I took hold of and handed it to him. It would almost seem that nothing is impossible for incarnated spirits to do in this material world, provided proper conditions be supplied.

On my return home he accompanied me; we stopped on the way at Kalamazoo where we had some patients; as in addition to his slate writing, he practiced medicine under spiritual guidance at that time. He saw his patients at a physician's office, in a room set apart for him. On one occasion, a patient—not one of his—was paying some money to the resident doctor, a dollar bill mysteriously disappeared; both searched their pockets and no dollar could be found. A couple of hours after, Owassa controlled the medium and the first word he said to the doctor, who was present, "Did you lose a bill dollar?"—this was always his mode of expression—and joked him for quite awhile for not having sense enough to take care of his money. After teasing him for some time, he said, "Well, I'll tell you where your bill dollar is," and pointed to a piece of the bordering of the paper which was loose and hanging down, he said, "I think chief, you will find your bill dollar there," so we got a table, and on it we placed a chair, and sure enough there was the dollar bill rolled up as tight as it could be.

After leaving Kalamazoo we journeyed to Lafayette, on his way to Louisville, Ky., where he had a temporary office to receive his patients. He never stopped in Lafayette for that purpose, but frequently remained to give tests on slate writing.

On these occasions, although stopping with us, he always took a room in a hotel which he occupied during the day-time, where he gave seances at which he never admitted more than three at a time; there was seldom any scarcity of applicants. In the evening he frequently gave private sittings to some of my particular friends in my own house.

There was always a great deal of discussion among the people, as to the genuineness of his manifestations, pro and con, while he remained, but no person who ever visited him ever accused him of fraud, and had had a sitting. In fact, it is utterly impossible that the manifestations through him, could be simulated by any one in the flesh, for all is done in the light.

I have described the mode and manner in which the writing is produced; nothing occurred out of the ordinary procedure during his stay on this, his first visit, except on one occasion. A prominent lawyer and two other gentlemen had a sitting with him. They were all sceptics of the first order, but they came away considerably mystified. The lawyer came to me, and wanted to know if he could get the writing, by placing two screwed slates on the table, first being placed between them the small piece of pencil; I told him I did not know, but he could try it, so the next day he got the slates and the pencil and screwed them together and asked the doctor if he could get a communication in that way; he said he did not know for he never had tried it. They were placed on the table, he putting his fingers upon them; very unexpectedly the writing was heard, when it ceased the slate was unscrewed, and on it was a message professing to come from his brother, saying that he was taken sick in Ecuador, South America, where he was acting as minister of the United States to that country, and that he left there for home on such a day and on such a ship, naming the captain, and that he died on board in such a latitude, stating the day of his death, and was buried at sea. This was startling news, but there was no way of verifying it until the ship arrived. Two or three weeks afterwards, a letter was received from the captain, containing the same news, proving its absolute truth, both writing on the slate, and I have seen and read the letter, and am cognizant of all the particulars. The lawyer has the slates now, and of course would not part with them on any account.

During his seances rapping goes on almost continually more or less, much louder than those given through the Fox girls, answering questions which can be answered yes or no, or don't know; three for yes, one for no, and two for don't know. Speaking of rapping; one morning we were at breakfast, when a blow, which sounded as if given with a sledge hammer, came on or under the table which shook every dish on it, and gave us all a severe shock, Dr. Slade worse than any one at the table; he came near falling backward on the floor. This was one of Owassa's practical jokes, but we requested him never to repeat it.

An invited company was present one evening; after all the usual manifestations were gone through, Owassa told a gentleman present to put his chair on the table and sit in it—he weighed probably one hundred and seventy five pounds—and to put our hands on it, the mediums of course included. The table, man and all, was raised at least one foot from the floor. Generally at his seances a chair five or six feet from the medium would suddenly leave its place, no one being nearer to it than the distance named, and place itself close to the table.

On another occasion quite a number of persons were present. Owassa kept us all in good humor, with his sallies of wit and humor, and manifestations different from those usual in his seance occurrence. For instance, Owassa would grasp a man's knee with considerable force, and the women he would give a smart slap on the same limb. One lady made a remark that somebody was under the table playing tricks. Another lady present, who had become thoroughly convinced, told Owassa to tare her dress off, no sooner said, than the former lady uttered a loud scream, saying somebody had hold of her dress and was trying to pull it off her. Whenever Owassa played any of his practical jokes, the medium was never under control.

During the time that the Doctor passed

backward and forward, from Jackson to Louisville, he occasionally would stop three or four days with us, and give sittings, but seldom anything occurred different from what I have stated as characterizing his usual phase of mediumship.

He doctored with herbs altogether, of which he always had a large quantity in those three places, Jackson, Kalamazoo, and Louisville. When diagnosing a case, no physician could describe a disease, the organ affected, and the causes, more clearly and scientifically than he did, and besides he would describe the physical appearance of the diseased organs. I neglected to say that when controlled he was always entirely unconscious.

When putting up the medicines, he would go to one package, take a handful out of it, a very small quantity out of another, and so on, in different proportions. He would have five or more kinds in one prescription, but he used no scales. It was said that he was very successful in his treatment.

After about two or three years, as before stated, I think he gave up the practice of medicines, so I saw him very seldom for some years afterwards. Other phases of mediumship, I understand, have been added to those I have been witness to. A very peculiar kind of materialization—a curtain would be strung across the room, and faces would be seen over it,—inspirational speaking, and I believe some others. He has been in England, Germany, and Russia, exhibiting his gifts before the rulers, nobles, and scientists of other countries,—has been a guest of the Czar of Russia for six months while in that Empire. Through his instrumentality thousands of gross materialists have been convinced of the truth of immortality, that after we throw off this mortal coil, we still have a conscious existence in another life; and many more thousands have been redeemed from the slavery of religious dogmas and creed,—made them happy in the knowledge—not belief—that their friends on the other side, know and love them as they did when in the form, and the happy thought of joining them, when their labor here is ended, and the rider of the pale horse says, "Come up higher;" yet, with all these convincing manifestations, he has been accused of fraud and vilified; but what test medium has not been,—has been, so-called, exposed? Arrested in England and Canada, and compelled to undergo a trial in each country; and here let me ask would any but a genuine medium have the confidence and the audacity to submit himself to the scrutiny of some of the greatest minds of the present day, as he did in Germany and Russia, as above stated.

During the years the reminiscences here related were from time to time taking place, many other pin-feathered mediums occasionally made Lafayette a stopping place,—sometimes flooding the city with hand bills; but as they came unrecommended, without any previous reputation, I always gave them a wide berth until I investigated their professed gift of mediumship. I generally found that although not positive frauds, their exaggerated representations almost amounted to fraud, and on more than one occasion I had to use the public print to warn the people against their imposition. In this way bogus mediums, and those not sufficiently developed to give satisfactory proof to investigators, were prevented from injuring the cause.

(To be continued.)

Herbert Spencer was recently quoted in the London *Times* as favoring the nationalization of land, which drew out a letter from him repudiating the doctrine as ascribed to him. This led to a lively discussion, in which Prof. Huxley, Sir Louis Mallet, and others took part, and a variety of views on the general question were expressed. The correspondence will be printed in the January *Popular Science Monthly*, under the title "Letters on the Land Question."

Avarice and ambition are the two elements that enter into the composition of all crimes. Ambition is boundless and avarice is insatiable.

Actions speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon the tree, they show the nature of the man, while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

Materialization at the Spiritual Temple.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

There are not many materialization seances given in this city at the present time. Once we had them in abundance, rather too much of a good thing under all the circumstances. Mr. Albro, the well known manager of the Berry Sisters, gives a few every week. His medium is a Mrs. Safford, and she gives good satisfaction. Mr. Albro is a good manager, and is too much for the raiders, who give him a wide berth. Mrs. C. M. Bliss is also now giving a few seances weekly in Dwight street, and will continue to do so during the winter. She is very popular in this city, and has the endorsement of M. S. Ayers of Spiritual Temple fame, which is a great card for her. She gave a seance last evening in the lower hall of the new Temple to a large gathering, and to speak of that is the object of this article.

Before doing so, I will say a few words about this scarcity of materialization seances to which I have referred, compared to their abundance two years and more ago. John Curtis, the boss raider, says two things: First, "he doubts my ability to observe phenomena." That I do not care for when such a man as M. S. Ayers, whose experience has borne fruit and stands higher in the community than the Curtis's as an observer of phenomena, does not doubt it; and besides, I like my own eyes of observation better than I do his. Second, he says he has made all the mediums "shut up shop," and has the "paraphernalia" taken from their several cabinets now on exhibition, and has had it for two years past. Well, I can say to that, a great many people and good observers think all this "hogger" was carried there by some of the raiders, and that is my opinion; and in the case of Mrs. Bliss when she was raided, I am sure it was.

I have no doubt the raiding and abuse of mediums did its part in "shutting up" the seances, but the competition in the business did more. Patrons grew scarce, not enough to go round; and scarcer still, when disturbances were liable. I think myself, after one is satisfied of the fact of spirit materialization, there is not enough that comes intelligently to make them worth a dollar admission; only occasionally do people get their money's worth. Of course the honest medium should be remunerated. That is perfectly right; but is it not a better way to hold the seances in halls, as some occasionally do, with an audience of one or two hundred at a small admission fee, than the customary way of small gatherings at a dollar admission? To be sure, in the larger gathering only a few are privileged to interview their spirit friends, nor do they, to their satisfaction, at the smaller ones. This is merely an opinion of mine; but what I have seen of it, I like it. Such for instance, as the one just given at the Temple by Mr. Ayers, of which I propose to speak. To be sure this was a rare occasion and in a rare place and under rare circumstances and associations; and also, there was no fee. The gathering was by public invitation, it being the custom with Mr. Ayers, the president of the Temple society, to give the public these opportunities of witnessing the spirit manifestations, and such opportunities are appreciated; but the large number present and the success of the seance, show the plan that could be generally adopted, when a small admission fee would pay the medium and could be arranged so that the medium would not be disturbed by raiders, whom as the editor of London *Light* says, "Forget that the door of the Temple of Spiritual truth cannot be forced open by the hand of Violence."

At the seance of which I have spoken, there were about three hundred persons present. The platform was visible and intact, no entrance to it except in front and in sight of the audience. There was a door on one side leading into the hall, which was locked, Mr. Ayers offering the key to any one who wished it; and besides, the hall being lighted, the door could not be opened without it being manifest in the darkened hall where the audience were. But why necessary to say all this, when the whole thing was absolutely perfect, as any one and every one could see, provided Mr. Ayers was not in collusion with the medium and imposing on the public? but Mr. Ayer being a suc-

Continued on Eighth Page.

All truth gets crucifixion before coronation.—*Atlanta, Ga., Star.*

"On the present occasion the firmness of this brave but pious cavalier was put to a severe proof. When the first mass was finished, the count rose and sallied from the church in clanking armour, and soon after the trumpet and quick tramp of steel told that all were off to the encounter. Pascual Vivas, however, remained kneeling before the altar, waiting, according to custom, until all the masses should be finished. The masses that morning were

case, even if he does not expose himself by incaution; for this produces a loss of vitality or magnetism and subjects him to contagion from other diseased persons, and often from spirits who have a tainted or impure aura, or a spirit body still containing the germ of old diseases. Of course this is a boon to spirits, for only through a human body can this germ be discharged, and spirits are ever ready to take advantage of conditions that offer them release or a channel through which to let off their impure substances. Until this is possible they suffer—discontent in lieu of pain, depression where the germ of organic troubles lies hidden, and melancholy where selfishness or hatred is enkindling the soul. The latter is freed by aiding mortals or sacrificing themselves for other spirits—selfishness or hatred being the innate love principle reversed or acting for a negative instead of a positive effect. By so-called love action the negative is allayed and man finally comes en rapport with the positive of nature or spirit so-called. This constitutes happiness in soul or health in spirit, which is synonymous with health in body or in the flesh. Physical ailments thus betray selfishness or hatred in the mortal. I need not be active nor noticeable. Nor need we be ashamed of it; for we can easily charge our forefathers with having been

East German Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.

SANTA BARBARA CO.,

QUESTIONS.

A correspondent writes: "Will you please answer the following questions—(1). What is 'Soul—is it material—of what kind of Matter is it?' (2). What is the spirit of Man—is it material and of what kind? (3). What is 'Thought—are thoughts material—how tangible—are they?'"

1st. We understand Soul to be the material covering or body of the spirit, just as the physical body is the covering of both soul and spirit. When the spirit, which is the conscious *ego*, leaves the body, it takes its house to live in with it. This is what is termed the spirit body, and it is composed of the finer emanations of the physical body—has weight, substance and tangibility,—that is, to spiritual sense. We must remember that there are many forms of matter of which our physical senses are indifferently cognizant. Why may there not be infinite varieties and gradations of matter entirely beyond the ken of our physical senses, as indeed, we know there is in some directions, as science has demonstrated?

2d. The spirit of Man we regard as that divine essence, which, acting upon matter, manifests intelligence. This may be a still finer form of matter, for aught man may know.

3d. Thought is the expression of spirit through matter, bearing with it something of the substance through which it passes. Thus, thoughts are things, or rather, they become things when they seek expression. Their degree of tangibility may be measured by the force and power with which they impinge themselves upon the consciousness of others.

Now, we are not certain that we have answered these questions correctly. We are inclined to think that we have not; and further, we do not think any of us know much about matter or spirit, or whether they are not all one in essence, but differing in degree. When we know more we shall be glad to say more.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

Union Spiritual Society met at Scottish Hall 111 Larkin Street, January 1st, Wednesday Evening. Messrs. R. S. Briggs in the chair. The Hall was well filled; W. C. R. Smith opened the meeting with an invocation poem that certainly was fine. Jennie C. Reid from Portland, Ore., gave a fine recitation, a vision—G. F. Perkins made a few pertinent remarks on the growth of Spiritualism. A Mrs. Hawley gave an inspirational talk on "The Temple Not Built With Hands." Prof. Seymour next delighted the large audience with a speech, on the birth, growth and decay of our physical life. This was a lofty inspirational effort and we regret not being able to report it in full. He said we had met to celebrate the incoming year. Our earth had just completed another yearly trip around the sun, in its mighty orbit flying with a speed that was perfectly incomprehensible and far faster than a cannon ball ever was hurled, not only for three hundred and sixty-five days, but for unknown centuries. He rolled on in his fiery path. He said the inhabitable period of the world's history, was only a page in his real history; for millions of years it was in its swaddling clothes, a baby world—the dawn of life, in a very low form appeared—finally came the crowning jewel of nature's lavish hand came, and then in time, he would disappear and our old globe would still roll on in its track around the parent Sun—simply a graveyard, with relics of the past, buried in its bosom. The Professor then gave clairvoyantly many incidents in the past life of an entire stranger, much of which was admitted to be true, also what he might expect in the future. Dr. Temple and a Mr. and Mrs. and others gave satisfactory tests in different parts of the house. "America" was sung by the audience, which then adjourned to meet next Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. at St. George's Hall 909 1/2 Market St.

New Year's Greeting.

FRIEND OWEN—Permit me to co-operate with your many well-wishers in wishing you and the GOLDEN GATE a happy and a prosperous new year.

May you both be instrumental in being a gospel to the poor, healing the broken-hearted, delivering captives in bondage to error and evil propensities, giving sight to the spiritually blind, liberality to the dogmatic, and prove 1890 to be the most noble year of progress and the reward of all faithful spiritual workers.

There have been times that I have wished that the GOLDEN GATE furnished stronger mental food, but when I have lacked spiritual light and felt weak and bewildered, a ray of warm sunshine has come from a brother or a sister, sometimes from this plane of life and sometimes from beyond the veil, in its pages, and I have been comforted and strengthened. Then I knew the mission of your paper and that it was no mistake. The mental gymnasium and polemical arena can be found in other fields, but there is only one GOLDEN GATE.

Again let me wish your paper, yourself and family and your mission a very Happy New Year.

J. W. MACKIE.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Their meetings at Metropolitan Temple for the month of December, has proven a grand success. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the audiences have been good and increasing, both at the 2 P. M. meeting and evenings, and a great good is being accomplished in bringing the philosophy and phenomena together so prominently as is done through Mr. Chas. Dawbarn's lectures and Mrs. J. J. Whitney's tests. The latter, while always good, has been eclipsing not only herself but all other attempts upon the rostrum heretofore in this city. Her tests have been marvellous in their nature, and in the number have ranged from 50 to 120 spirit identifications. Besides the many communications emanating from a majority of them, and in many instances, to total strangers to the knowledge of spirit return. May the society keep its eyes always open to prevent the bad thoughts and phenomena, as they have ever done in the past.

Alcohol has no place in the healthy system, but it is an irritant poison, producing a diseased condition of body and mind. It has been demonstrated that the use of alcohol, when employed moderately, makes the average of life thirty-five and a half, while that of non-users reached an average of sixty-four and one-sixth years.—Dr. Willard Parker.

NOTE FROM MRS. LOGAN.

DEAR GOLDEN GATE: We are happy to chronicle that a two weeks, sojourn at Paso Robles Springs was a blessing to others as well as to ourselves. We would also acknowledge our gratitude to Professor J. P. Evans who conducted our circle of Harmony in St. George's Hall in our absence, and also saved most of our effects in the great conflagration in which three ladies lost their lives. We were not here to witness the terrible ordeal, but shall his away to Oakland for the present, to return however, every Sunday, to meet with all who have so ably sustained our meetings. Our address henceforth will be 1107 Twenty-third Avenue, East Oakland.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS—HAY FEVER.—A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to postmaster, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above and be cured.

A NEW METHOD OF TREATING DISEASE.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on till these incomparable cures now include disease of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines, which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, has ruined many stomachs *tho' taken*. A circular describing these new remedies is sent free on receipt of stamp to postmaster by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors.

"The Religio Ph. Journal" has our thanks for kindly mention of our forth-coming volume of "Spiritual Fragments," copies of which will be forwarded to all prominent spiritual papers as soon as the work is out. The object of this book is to present, in an attractive form, condensed into golden nuggets, the best thoughts of the author, illumined by light from the angel-world, on every phase of human life and duty. We cordially invite the friends of the Cause to help us to extend the circulation of this book.

A Living Microscope.

John Thomas Heslop, of Birmingham, (England,) is a lad whose powers of vision are to be accounted among the marvelous. He is known as "the living microscope," on account of being able to see the most minute objects clearly defined. In 1878 or 1879 he was attacked with some baffling eye trouble and came very near losing his sight forever. After the disease had reached its worst there was an instant and startling change for the better, which resulted in a complete cure of all inflammation in an incredible short time. It was not a cure, however, that brought back the old eyesight like that possessed by the average *genus homo*. When it returned it was with extraordinary increased powers of vision. To John Thomas the most minute plant life was as large as a rabbit, and the mosquito bill as large as an axe-handle.

He could see and describe distant minute objects with startling clearness and precision. He was amazingly shocked upon repairing to the well to get a cooling draught to see the immense number of hideous creatures that were floating, and wiggling about in the water.

From that day to this water has never passed the lips of John Thomas Heslop; his drinks consist wholly of coffee, tea, and milk, thoroughly boiled. The doctors say that the entire organization of the eye has undergone a structural change, that the cornea has become abnormally enlarged, and that the crystalline lens have divided into three different discs or circles, each circle surrounded by another of light blue. In the centre of each of these circles appears an iris, greatly diminished in size, but an iris nevertheless. The young man has been visited by all the greater and lesser lights of the British medical colleges, each of whom pronounces his case the most wonderful in the annals of optics.

It is a sad weakness in us, after all, than the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too,—fall in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to one who is spared that hard journey.—George Eliot.

I have observed this remarkable coincidence, that the select nations who put after the ideal, and find nothing in pantaloons and petticoats great enough to command their reverence and love, are curiously in unison with the narrowest and pettiest.—George Eliot.

A Question of Selfishness.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In the 14th of December number of your valuable paper, I noticed an article entitled, "Selfishness, Man's Saviour," by H. H. Brigham, M. D., which it seems to me requires more than a passing notice. He commences by saying: "Nature, or 'God, has stamped the principle of selfishness upon the human soul for a wise 'and good purpose,' and reasons from this fact (for I am willing to admit its truth), that we should cultivate it, because it is the great incentive of all mankind, to try to improve their condition."

Now, is this good logic? If this is correct reasoning shall we not say farther that all the baser attributes of man in his undeveloped condition, are given for a wise and good purpose, consequently should be cultivated, or would we not be nearer right in our reasonings, if we conclude that all the lower attributes of the human family (selfishness with the rest), have been, and are doing, their special work in the evolving from the lower to the higher, but each one to be cast off just as fast as we can rise above the old, to new and higher conditions. Can Brother Brigham cite an instance where the most selfish man in a community is looked upon as the most progressive man, or the one who is doing the most to elevate those around him? And can he not on the other hand call to mind a few persons among his acquaintances who seem to live for others more than themselves, and are they not respected and loved by the whole community in which they live, both by those who have been directly benefited by them, and those who have not? Selfishness is no doubt doing its necessary part in the work of unfoldment, but when man rises to a more spiritual plane and comes more in harmony with divine law, in its purity, he will find less room for selfishness in his nature.

I want to give Brother Brigham an illustration of selfishness that has just come under my own observation: An old man, eighty years of age, has just passed to the higher life. His life on earth for fifty years has been given to the ministry in the Methodist church. I have known him intimately from my childhood, and can only speak of him in the highest terms of praise.

At the funeral there was no text taken, but the service consisted of a lengthy eulogy upon the purity of the man's whole life, and they placed him among the archangels, receiving the blessings of the hundreds he had led to Christ.

But let us look at another side of the picture: It is but a few years ago that this same church consigned his eldest son to endless tortures, where, according to the teaching, he still remains, and must, to all eternity; and yet this kind-hearted, sympathetic old man, is perfectly happy in heaven, knowing, but not caring, for his son who is lost—eternally lost! This must be selfishness perfected.

Herein lies a mountain of difference between the teaching of the church and the teaching brought to earth by the angel world. The church says, "You can be happy in heaven with Jesus, knowing that father, mother, sisters, brothers, husband, wife, and all you hold dear, are writhing in endless torment. But the angels tell us we can only be perfectly happy as all mankind, and even the brute creation, are made happy."

Can this be selfishness? I admit we are gainers by making those around us happy, but I insist that if we have no higher motive in doing for others than benefiting self, we have not risen to the highest conceptions of the purposes of life.

Selfishness we see in all men, but it is certainly among the lowest that we find it the most prominent, while the most unselfish are the grandest and noblest of the human family. It seems to be a law of our being that we cannot gain the greatest happiness when we are working for selfish ends, but greater is our happiness, when we have been able to lift some suffering mortal from distress, to higher and happier condition. This is verified when any great distress befalls an individual or a community. Note the great Chicago fire, where millions of dollars were sent to the suffering; also the Johnston flood, where again the same assistance was given. It was said by those having charge of the finances, to be more money received than the whole property destroyed by the flood.

Is there not some higher and holier motive than selfishness that moves humanity to such acts? Again, can we charge our spirit friends with selfish motives when they leave their beautiful homes and come to earth and labor for ungrateful humanity, or is not selfishness absorbed in that higher, broader, outreaching principle of love for the whole human family. We hear these beautiful teachings from the angels who are ever with us, and we recognize their beauty, but are we not too apt to forget that they are useful to us only so far as we carry them into practice in our every day lives.

Certainly those who have read carefully the beautiful communications, and noted the thoughts given by Saidie and her band of the S. A. O. of Light, must have detected a something above mere selfishness, that brings those pure ones back to earth in its present discordant condition.

The communication from Ramoth in the last G. G. is especially fine, and I wish might be read by every one who can rise above old superstitions and creeds enough to be benefited by better teachings. May we who have this light flooding us from the angel world, try to so live

that we may be worthy the companionship of such, subduing as fast as we can, all the lower attributes incident to our present condition, ever reaching out and striving for a higher one. G. D. FARSONS.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Seaside Musings.

BY MINNIE P. DRAKE.

How solemn is the rhythmic beat
Of Ocean's waves upon the shore
With constant flow, advance and retreat,
They chant their woe and evermore.
As low, sweet music of recall
The sacred past at twilight hour,
Their low refrain my soul exhorts
With woe and mystic power.

Those who but lightly sip the foam
That glitters on life's chalice brim,
Seem not to heed their plaintive moan,
Or listen to their woe and evermore.
But those who've drank beneath the foam,
Mid futile plans and broken dreams
Will note the lapping waters moan,
O'er wrecks once bright with golden gleams.

Those, too, who've seen the wondrous light
That never fell on sea or land,
Fall on their loved ones, pure and bright,
The fairest of their household band,
Will walk in pensive thought alone,
And in the quiet ebb and flow
Will seem to hear the cherished tone
Death silenced in the long ago.

Grand sunset seen of emerald sheen,
Yon lofty mountain, hill and plain,
With fruitful groves of vivid green,
The song of birds, and waving grain.
With all the charms of earth and sky
Are glories of infinite thought;
Blest proof of immortality,
A father's changeless love hath wrought.

A peaceful love, it cheers life's ways,
Grandly it shines, o'er land and sea,
As shone the star of ancient days
O'er the lone hills of Galilee:
Love's a pure flower of heavenly growth;
How rich its fragrance, sweet its bloom,
Nurtured to blossom here on earth,
It beautifies both heart and home.

Thanks, Father, for this gift divine,
That links our human hearts to thee;
Thanks for true hearts, best gift of thine,
Who've ever loved to be;
Thy love and thine, life's path makes bright,
Till earth's mist shall pass away;
Love's broken band will then unite
Where perfect love makes perfect day.

OCEAN VIEW, Dec. 30, 1889.

Inferior.

I know it is waste and folly to mourn for the changeless past;
I know it is wise and healthy to look to the future vast;
To bravely work in the present, to do the grandest can be
For the ever new living. But failure is there.

Can not hold, nor turn me from the foolish unto the wise,
I creep back into the shadows in the land of agonies;
I die with the ones who perish, am racked by all torture dire
Which a human frame can suffer, even to death by fire.

I would I could turn me seaward, away from the blood-
stained night,
Forget what the records tell me, and strengthen the grow-
ing right!
Be blind to my own sore blunders, and the pain which came
came thereby.
Leave the "Might-have-been" unpainted, sketch the
"May-be" bright and high.

But, ah! I am ill and moribund, and the old pain hurts me so
I feel the rose blossoming in the ways I did not go,
Of the thorns, I should have blighted, grown strong to
pierce and rend;
I hear to-night all the past moans of husband and child and
friend.

I choose from my books the choicest, I place it before my
eyes;
Alas for the poet's music and his pictured revels!
Between my eyes and the pages comes a shimmer of soft,
light hair,
And other beautiful waxes darling lies dead in her promise
there.

So what can I do but think how we laid her away to rest
With the wild hepatica blossoms fading upon her breast.
To-night I weep, and wonder what it was I failed to know
That might have saved her to us, who longed to keep her so.
So blind, so fond, so erring! So hurt by a bruise or wound;
We love the air, the sunshine, the whirl of the earth around!
Yet sensitive states of being seem gates to the hell of pain
If life be a haze or blinding is a problem not yet plain.
—EMMA RHOOD TUTTLE, in "The Index."

For All is Well.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought and all the journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in the heart,
Which harkens ever, "Lord, within thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And, when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep, for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flashed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile, could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Heard out a scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end my mystic clue,
What should I do?

What could I do, O Blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this—
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor far to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step by step, feeling Thou art close beside me,
Although unseen;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether tempter hide thee
Or heaven serene;
Assured Thy faithful hand can not betray,
Nor love decay.

I may not know, my God; no hand reveal thee
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path no deepening shadow stealths;
No voice replies
To all my questioning thoughts, the time to tell;
And it is well.

Let me keep on adding and unfeeling
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripe fruition
Or a short day?
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait,
If Thou come late.

Continued from First Page.

successful merchant of high standing and who
has assessed himself over \$200,000 for
the benefit of the cause, makes the condi-
tions perfect and absolutely free from the
suspicion of fraud. That makes such a
seance of great importance, for it proves,
beyond a question, the fact that the forms
that appear are actual spirit manifesta-
tions.

It is hardly necessary to write in detail
what occurred, but I will notice one or
two interesting incidents. As the medium,
a short, stout lady, went into the empty
cabinet, instantly appeared a tall, white
spirit form as quick as a flash. This in-
stantaneous appearance of a form entirely
different from the medium is quite usual
at Mrs. Bliss' seances. During the even-
ing there were some twenty-five or thirty
forms appeared; among them were Allan
Pulman, Charles Foster, the medium,
Mrs. Dyer, who was so much interested in
this Temple movement, Mr. Dudley also,
who was twenty-five years head clerk in the
Banner of Light establishment. When
Mr. Dudley's form appeared, Mr. Ayers
who was on the platform, went to it and
said to the audience it was Mr. Dudley of
the Banner, who passed away about a
year ago. He said, "Hello, Wetherbee,"
looking down at me; and I responded,
taking his word for it, for I was hardly
near enough to recognize him in the rather
dark room. Mr. Ayers said, "He wants
to speak to Mr. Wetherbee." I was very
glad to know him intimately and well.
So I went up on the platform and he
quickly came out of the cabinet with both
arms upflung in his usual demonstrative
way, shook me by the hand vigorously,
and I really felt that I was actually and
objectively in the presence of my old
friend Dudley. If it were not, it was a
grand make-up; but why doubt it? I cer-
tainly do not. There was no mistaking
his dark hair and pale face, then also his
inimitable whiskers and mustaches; they
were peculiar, you know, and unique, and
I used to think, a little dubious. I never
saw any like them; but this spirit had
them, and no mistake. Dudley, in his
apparition did not say much, nor was there
time; but as he shook my hand he
said at the same time, "How are you,
Wetherbee? am glad to see you." The
spirit came out once again and said, "How
are you?" to Dr. Short, who was in the
audience.

During the seance, Billy, a cabinet
spirit, addressed the audience without
coming out of the cabinet, said spirits had
their opinions as well as mortals and was
going to express his, and said if a hun-
dred people would do what Mr. Ayers had
done and was doing, Spiritualism would
go ahead wonderfully. His remarks were
applauded, and soon after came out a
beautiful female spirit which Mr. Ayers led
to the front and saw it was his sister. [I
will here remark that it was the influence
of this sister who had come to him many
times and in his own house, also had in-
spired him to build this temple to Spiritu-
alism.] When this spirit had retired,
and probably remembering what Billy had
rather bluntly said, Mr. Ayers said of the
last manifestation, "That pays me for
all that I have done for Spiritualism." It
was very sincerely said and was applauded.

I do not see how any one can doubt
the fact of materialization, who knows the
doings of Mr. Ayers, or even the record of
this seance, at least if they believe "in my
ability to observe phenomena," and to tell
the truth; remember, telling the truth has
cost me many friends, and my motto is
and always will be, "truth before friend-
ship."

The points in this article are briefly
these; the area of the platform was about
twelve feet deep by twenty feet wide, and
raised about three feet above the hall
floor. Half of the platform extended into
to an intact arched recess and the other
half out into the auditorium. All had the
privilege of examining it. I have done so
many times and I am as sure there are
no contrivances or trap doors, as I am of
my own house, and I say positively that
some thirty forms, male and female, of
different sizes and figures, came out of
that empty cabinet; empty all but the
medium, and everybody had the evidence
of his senses that the forms were not and
could not be the medium. That they
were spirit forms or confederates, every
one present must admit. To have been
confederates, Mr. Ayers must have been
in collusion; that is just about as impos-
sible a supposition as to suppose Jesus
Christ, Theodore Parker, or Wendell
Phillips were hypocrites.

As a skeptically inclined person sitting
near me said, "I do not know who the
forms are, for I do not and cannot recog-
nize any of them, but they are unques-
tionably spirits, but very strange ones." I
do not object to a remark like that, for it
is hard telling who they are. I think the
form of Dudley was pretty convincing of
his identity, but to know that they are
spirit manifestations is enough for me or
for any one, and that I know for a fact;
as Mr. Ayers said in his remarks on this
occasion, "If a spirit comes at all, it proves
that all are immortal as well as the spirit
that comes."

BOSTON, Dec. 19, 1889.

Blessings on him who invented sleep—
the mantle that covers all human thoughts,
the food that appeases hunger, the drink
that quenches thirst, the fire that warms
cold, the cold that moderates heat; and
lastly, the generous coin that purchases all
things the balance and weight that equals
the shepherd with the king, and the simple
with the wise.—Don Quixote.



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A Photographic Mystery.

A well-known photographer will vouch
for the following facts: He was called in
one day to take a photograph of a young
girl of about 20, who had died a few days
before. The corpse was laid out upon a
bed with the hands clasped over the
breast. Death had come very gently to
her, and, except for the stillness, she lay
there as if in sleep. Some flowers had
been strewn over the body, and on the
floor by the side of the bed, and standing
out in black relief against it, was the
coffin. The photographer silently adjusted
his lens and took the photograph. During
the ten minutes needed for the exposure,
the photographer paced up and down in
the long corridor outside the room where
the dead girl lay. When he returned he
saw that on the lid of the coffin was a
flower, which was not so before. How
did that flower come there? No one had
entered the room, the windows were closed,
and there was not a breath of air stirring.
Why was the flower now lying on the
coffin, when a few minutes before it was
on the bed between the hands of the
corpse? The photographer listened, but
he could hear no sound except the beating
of his own heart. In a few moments,
however, he determined to dismiss the
question from his mind, and busied him-
self with packing up his instrument. Then
he paused—possibly the falling flower
had left a trace on the negative, or, as
the day was gloomy, the photograph
might not be quite successful. He would
try again. A second photograph was
taken and the artist returned home. That
night, sitting up late in his studio, he de-
veloped the two negatives. The position
of the corpse was not the same in the two
negatives. The photographer strained his
eyes, half disbelieving the evidence of his
own senses, but there were the two nega-
tives before him, telling him in their silent,
unmistakable truthfulness, that between
the taking of the two photographs the arm
of the dead girl had distinctly moved.
The mystery of the flower on the coffin
was solved, but it was succeeded by a
mystery more terrible still.—London
Tribune.

Decline of Materialism in Paris.

A curious sign of the times is the de-
cline of materialism and scepticism among
the Paris University students, to which
one of the most eminent of the professors
has just drawn attention, and the marked
tendency to mysticism which is spreading
among them. They feel a desire to be-
lieve in something; but the old religions
do not satisfy this craving, and they are
looking out in quite other directions for
spiritual sustenance. The phenomena of
hypnotism have, it appears, given a con-
siderable stimulus to this movement—the
"flirtage avec le Divin," as M. Barres calls
it—and one group of inquirers is content
with such glimpses of "the Divine" as
Spiritism and table-turning can yield
them. Others, again, have taken to
attending the Sunday services of the
Swedenborgian chapel in the Quartier
Latin. Buddhism has found favor with
another section of them; the Buddhist
temple and priests at the Exhibition having
given the gospel of Sakya-Muni a decided
boom. A few Frenchmen of maturer
years are believed to lean toward that cult,
M. Ribot among them; and any one who
has had even a "flirtage" with it is sure of
a warm welcome at the religious "raouts"
of the Duchesse de Pomar.—St. James's
Gazette.

The art of putting the right men in the
right place is first in the science of govern-
ment; but that of finding places for dis-
contented is the most difficult.

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successfully.

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floor by the side of the bed, and standing
out in black relief against it, was the
coffin. The photographer silently adjusted
his lens and took the photograph. During
the ten minutes needed for the exposure,
the photographer paced up and down in
the long corridor outside the room where
the dead girl lay. When he returned he
saw that on the lid of the coffin was a
flower, which was not so before. How
did that flower come there? No one had
entered the room, the windows were closed,
and there was not a breath of air stirring.
Why was the flower now lying on the
coffin, when a few minutes before it was
on the bed between the hands of the
corpse? The photographer listened, but
he could hear no sound except the beating
of his own heart. In a few moments,
however, he determined to dismiss the
question from his mind, and busied him-
self with packing up his instrument. Then
he paused—possibly the falling flower
had left a trace on the negative, or, as
the day was gloomy, the photograph
might not be quite successful. He would
try again. A second photograph was
taken and the artist returned home. That
night, sitting up late in his studio, he de-
veloped the two negatives. The position
of the corpse was not the same in the two
negatives. The photographer strained his
eyes, half disbelieving the evidence of his
own senses, but there were the two nega-
tives before him, telling him in their silent,
unmistakable truthfulness, that between
the taking of the two photographs the arm
of the dead girl had distinctly moved.
The mystery of the flower on the coffin
was solved, but it was succeeded by a
mystery more terrible still.—London
Tribune.

Decline of Materialism in Paris.

A curious sign of the times is the de-
cline of materialism and scepticism among
the Paris University students, to which
one of the most eminent of the professors
has just drawn attention, and the marked
tendency to mysticism which is spreading
among them. They feel a desire to be-
lieve in something; but the old religions
do not satisfy this craving, and they are
looking out in quite other directions for
spiritual sustenance. The phenomena of
hypnotism have, it appears, given a con-
siderable stimulus to this movement—the
"flirtage avec le Divin," as M. Barres calls
it—and one group of inquirers is content
with such glimpses of "the Divine" as
Spiritism and table-turning can yield
them. Others, again, have taken to
attending the Sunday services of the
Swedenborgian chapel in the Quartier
Latin. Buddhism has found favor with
another section of them; the Buddhist
temple and priests at the Exhibition having
given the gospel of Sakya-Muni a decided
boom. A few Frenchmen of maturer
years are believed to lean toward that cult,
M. Ribot among them; and any one who
has had even a "flirtage" with it is sure of
a warm welcome at the religious "raouts"
of the Duchesse de Pomar.—St. James's
Gazette.

The art of putting the right men in the
right place is first in the science of govern-
ment; but that of finding places for dis-
contented is the most difficult.

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