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## CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Onesimus Toole, or From Shadow to Sunshine, by W. J. Colville.

SECOND PAGE.—Expansion of Ideas in Relation to the Action of Law, by Dwight Kempton; What is Said of Psychical Phenomena; Advertisements, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—From the Sun Angel Order of Light; Spliffs, by Ella L. Merriam; Washington Irving on Departed Spirits; A Free Passenger; Notices of Meetings; Professional Cards, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial: Fragments from a Sunday Outing; Departure; "The Devil It Is"; A Sickening Scramble; Retribution; He Will Leave; Only Apparent; Mrs. Whitney on Onset; Harry Locke; Editorial Notes; A Remarkable Case, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—Recovered: Prof. Ormerod's Meetings; Progressive Spiritualists: The Young People's Meeting; Fraternity Hall, Oakland; St. Andrew's Hall; Mothers' Column; Mediums' Meeting; Advertisements; Professional Cards; Publications, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Happy Motherhood, by Jane Merrell Mitchell; Relation of Spirit to Matter, by H. Blue; Advice to Inquirers—the Conduct of Circles; Publications, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Our Question Department; Psychology: "To Bear Witness," by W. J. Colville; Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) In Solitude; A Song: The Better Part. Introduction. Onesimus Toole—continued; Advertisements, etc.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

Every lover of Nature loves the power that governs it.

The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

Every act and deed of charity brings us nearer to perfection.

The wise man is the man who knows what to do when the time comes.

Never give your confidence to, or trust a man who believes no one is honest.

God has always angels of help for those who are willing to do their duty.—Cuyler.

It is more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments.

Consider well the rights of every human being, however humble or degraded he may be.

No life is wasted that bears its part; and what that part shall be Providence sometimes decides, not we.

When women reason, and babes sit in the lap of philosophy, the victory of reason over the shadowy host of darkness will be complete.—Ingersoll.

A rich man cannot enjoy a sound mind nor a sound body without exercise and abstinence; and yet these are truly the worst ingredients of poverty.—Henry Hume.

It would require volumes to record the ameliorations that took place in domestic and social life after science began to exert its beneficent influence.—Prof. Draper.

That which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one.—Colton.

Blessed are their eyes who behold the vision of divine enchantment, to whom the mountains are temples and the forests are shrines and the sods are altars. Blessed are they to whom the consciousness of God within them and around them, in the stars his radiance, in the flowers his beauty, in life his thrill.

Learn, good friends, the way where the light dwelleth; and through all the harder experiences of look thitherward. Doubt it not, doubt it not, that for every shadow there must be a sunshine and on the cloudiest and rainiest days look thitherward and you shall see that your cloud is arched by the bright bow of eternal promise.

Often we may fortify our minds with the thought that the real triumph of our lives may be, not in our doing, but our enduring. You could be a hero in battle: can you take life's losses and trials, and be the hero with them? We talk of success, and measure it by what our hands or brains accomplish. Yet, after all life's higher success, as God regards it, is not measured by what we do, but, by what we bear.

[Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.]

## Onesimus Toole; OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### IN LONDON.

"Oh, wherefore must we say good-bye  
To scenes surpassing bright and fair?  
Why should not nature for us all  
Forever radiant graces wear?

Does not our life forever tend  
To realms of light and joy divine,  
Where through unnumbered happy years  
We shall in God's own image shine?

Be this the truth; yet still our way  
Toward such glad and shining light  
Must ever be through duties done,  
Till duty turns to sweet delight.

Thus every daily task appears  
Lit with the beam of heavenly spheres."  
—Leonard Campbell Macduff.

The day for their departure from "The Palms" came all too quickly for the happy party who had spent such an unspeakably happy month beneath the hospitable shelter of that truly magnificent but unspeakably homelike mansion. Onesimus Toole and Lydia O'Shannon being now man and wife, Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley being needed at their home, and Zenophon on the high road to success and usefulness as an assistant to the good doctor, there was no valid reason for their longer sojourn in Paris. So the Montmarts, who ever put duty before pleasure, until the second became at length first, with many affectionate and heartfelt adieux, speeded the parting as they had welcomed the arriving guests. It was a lovely summer morning, though autumn was fast approaching, when, having taken refreshment at an unusually early hour, they rode to the Gare du Nord, to take the boat train which connects at Calais for the steamer to Dover. Wishing to see something of England, and having a few days to spare, they resolved on visiting London and then returning to America on board one of the magnificent Lloyd steamers which receives passengers at Southampton. Arriving at Dover on a Saturday afternoon, they at once took an express train for London, and reached there about 6 P. M., in ample time to refresh themselves with a good dinner at the Hotel Metropole, and then attend the promenade concert at Covent Garden Opera House. These concerts, which are given nightly on a superb scale during the off season, when, according to "upper tendom," there is "not a soul in town," present to the great public, consisting of between four and five millions of bodies who cannot get out of town, a most exquisite and varied programme of the choicest vocal and instrumental music for one shilling (twenty-five cents). There are, of course, higher-priced seats for such as desire to occupy them, but the grand general admission is one shilling to floor and upper circle, and frequently from three to five thousand persons—sometimes even a larger number—will be present on a single evening. The beautiful Floral Hall, which joins the Opera House proper, is opened and beautifully illuminated with fairy lamps and incandescent electric lights, making the whole scene a fairy paradise.

The concerts begin soon after 8, and often conclude not much earlier than midnight. The programme is so arranged that people go in and out all through the performance and promenade constantly without causing the slightest interruption, except when some fine soloist is performing. Then a complete hush falls over the vast throng; promenaders gather round the band stand, and, as the solo ends, a burst of applause rises almost sufficient to shake the building, massive though it be. Our party, arriving about 8:45, found themselves immediately on entering in the midst of a scene fully as gay and inspiring as any they had witnessed in Paris. The red coats of the Life Guardsmen contrasting brilliantly with the dark attire of civilians, coupled with the numberless hues of the ladies' dresses, cloaks and bonnets, made a grand scene of beauty and variety hard to match in any miscellaneous crowd. The large orchestra in scarlet uniforms, sitting in an embowered enclosure around

which tropical plants blossomed in all their native luxuriance, made the raised stand a pleasing cynosure of all eyes; while standing in front of the musicians (most of them singularly fine and handsome men) stood a petite girlish figure dressed in snowy muslin, the very *beau ideal* of an artist's dream of innocent grace and loveliness. This charming young songstress was none other than the seraphic Signorina Lavinia Maria Ferranita, who for one season only delighted the British public with a voice and style of unexampled purity and sweetness, and then passed out of the musical sky like a comet whose destination is beyond the orbit of human vision.

This delightful young cantatrice was warbling in the purest Italian that gem from "Faust," *Le Parlate d'Amor*, so deservedly a favorite selection all over the world. On her lips every syllable was a pearl. Her delicate throat and bosom heaved with deep natural emotion as she sang the touching words in the beautiful tongue of her lovely native land. When she finished singing, the house, breathless while she sang, literally rose to its feet and pelted her with flowers. Compelled to respond to a deafening encore, she rendered in pure English, rendered all the more attractive by reason of her *piquante* Italian accent, Karl Ambruster's majestic yet pathetic ballad, "The Silver Shield." As she came to the words—

"If we but knew  
What hearts are false, what hearts are true,"

The vibratory quality of her rich penetrating tones pierced to the very roof of the building, and rang out into the corridors, as though some angelic soul, while embodied on earth, were petitioning heaven to endow a blind, often misguided, race with such penetration as would enable right, here and now, to triumph once for all over dethroned and vanquished error, falsehood and wrong. Every one was moved, many to tears, and the recall which followed came unmistakably from the hearts' depths of the vast concourse of men and women, most if not all of whom doubtless felt somewhere in their inner natures an intense longing, which no words could voice, to *know absolutely* how far they could dare to trust some one to whom their affections went out, but of whose sincerity they were at times, at least, painfully in doubt.

The sweet, modest figure returned and bowed gracefully, as Italia's daughters only can bow; but, after this recognition of the plaudits of the multitude, no amount of noise and clamor could bring the lovely Signorina again before the audience. When asked in private why she never responded to more than one encore, she answered, "Singing does not fatigue me more than it does the birds who sing nearly all day. But the programme is long. There are a number of my fellow-artists to appear, and I have no right to take their time, so that when they come on the audience will be tired and about to leave." This true, womanly sentiment of regard for others marked all her conduct. No one could accuse her of the slightest tinge of jealousy. She gloried in the triumphs of others, and was pained at their defeat.

One evening, when a timid little English girl had been treated coldly by a supercilious mob, and had retired sobbing to her dressing-room, almost heart-broken at the rude repulse and overwhelmed with grief at the manager's refusal to re-engage her, though she was a true and conscientious artiste, and had an aged mother and crippled sister to support, and no other means of livelihood, Signorina Ferranita, who had made a success that night enough to turn the heads of all the maidens in the United Kingdom, threw herself at the manager's feet with a passionate outburst of woe, crying, "Oh, you cruel man! If you send away Miss Carroll you will break my heart." Then, addressing the wounded song-bird in her most caressing accents, said, "Darling, you and I shall triumph together before the end of this evening's concert. I am down to sing again, and when they call me back you and I will respond together and sing that lovely duet, "Maying," by Gounod, you know, which we practiced for Lady Ambleside's soiree at her house last week. "Oh I could never face those people again! They are too dreadful," wailed poor little Miss Carroll. "With me, whom they love, you will feel quite safe. Now, remember, they call me 'La reina absoluta,' and absolute monarchs insist on their com-

mands being obeyed. Now, *la reina* commands you to sing with her to-night, and she will not be disobeyed."

When the fair young Italian next appeared on the stage, the house which had frozen Miss Carroll greeted its bright particular star with such thunders of enthusiasm that the accompanist had to stop and the fair debutante to bow repeatedly before she was allowed to proceed. Her selection was a long and very difficult selection from *Traviata*, in which she struck high C thrice. This feat capped the climax of all former efforts. The audience became frantic with delight, and when, after an absence of at least three minutes, she returned, leading Miss Carroll by the hand, and the pianist sounded the prelude to the forthcoming duet, a perfect shout went up from the vast assembly. In the very height of her triumph, tears raining down her cheeks, she publicly embraced her young friend (older by two years than herself), and as their voices rose and fell together the rich soprano of the one and deep contralto of the other blended so harmoniously as to move to penitence and contrition the very cruellest of the brutes who had hissed when an hour earlier a few good-natured people had tried to get up an encore to encourage the shrinking little English woman.

In Miss Carroll's interest Signorina Ferranita gladly waived her ordinarily inflexible rule never to return and sing twice after any one selection, and tripped back joyfully on this occasion, her arm around Miss Carroll's waist, and, as nothing else in the way of a duet had been rehearsed between them, they gave Glover's grand old composition, "What are the Wild Waves Saying," in a manner to win for that good old favorite a higher reputation than it had ever known before. Miss Carroll's reputation was by this time thoroughly made. The manager, who had just before threatened her with discourteous dismissal, now craved her pardon almost on his knees, and, to show the sincerity of his conversion, there and then doubled her salary and signed a contract with her for the remainder of the season, which Signorina Ferranita witnessed in due form.

Hearing this beautiful and touching story of the charming songstress from an elderly gentleman in the Floral Hall during an intermission, Dr. Maxwell expressed an earnest desire to be introduced to this truly noble and selfless girl, who cared more for a stranger's welfare than for any honors lavished on herself. He at once received the answer that she allowed no gentlemen to be presented to her, except through Lady Ambleside, whose guest she was and at whose place in Croydon she was then staying. Dr. Maxwell, being a thorough gentleman, respected her yet the more highly for taking so wise a precaution against the formation of undesirable acquaintances, and frankly said to the elderly nobleman, with whom he was speaking (his companion was none other than Lord Ambleside):

"I should not think of pressing myself on any lady whose true womanliness prompts her to thus protect herself against the intrusions which I have reason to fear are not altogether unwelcome to many stage favorites; however, as my aunt and a young married lady who is with her are both fully as anxious as myself to form Signorina Ferranita's acquaintance, she may, perhaps, be willing to allow the two ladies to enjoy a moment's interview. Do you know any one who might be willing to introduce them?"

"I will do so myself most gladly, and you, too, my dear sir. I know before I have exchanged six sentences with a man on the subject of a young lady what sort of a fellow he is. You, sir, are a gentleman, every inch of you. I would trust my daughter over the world in your care, sir, and that's not too much to say, though I have known you only ten minutes."

"I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for your high opinion, but can, in all modesty, assure you your confidence will never be misplaced, if ever you honor me with any delicate commission; but I fear we shall not see much of each other, as I and my friends are returning to New York on Tuesday, and when we shall be next in England I have no idea. I am a physician, and cannot easily leave my home practice frequently; just now I am returning from Paris, where duty more than pleasure called me to make a brief, but most delightful and profitable, visit. Many people think Paris holds few save the ultra-rivolous; it has been my good

fortune to find in that gay city the best friends and most distinguished scientists I have ever encountered."

"I am somewhat acquainted in Paris myself," continued Lord Ambleside; "do you know a Professor de Montmartre, a wonderful man, with, if possible, a yet more wonderful daughter. They live in a gorgeous place, with an English name; he is the greatest electrician in Europe, if report speaks truly. They live very quietly, in spite of all their wealth, and are very little known outside a small circle of immediate friends. Madame de Montmartre has been the sole instructor of Signorina Ferranita. I have tried to coax the young lady, who bears the romantic name of Heloise, to visit England, but she won't leave France except for Italy, and her father is probably as obstinate, though in his younger days he was a great traveler, and has, I believe, spent much, or, at least, some, time in Syria."

"Why, we have all come from 'The Palms' this very morning. We have been the honored guests of the Montmarts for the past few weeks. It is indeed a pleasure to meet one who knows our dearest friends and benefactors. My name is Maxwell; you may have heard the Professor speak of me; I know he talks about me when my back is turned, and I cannot help it," laughed the doctor, merrily, knowing how flattering were Professor de Montmartre's expressions concerning him.

"Are you Dr. Maxwell, Mrs. Finchley's nephew? Well, I am delighted to meet you! Indeed, I have heard about you. Well, the cat's out of the bag now; I'm Lord Ambleside, my wife is Signorina Ferranita's chaperone. Come, now, call your ladies, and, as the concert is nearly over and our carriage is waiting, be presented to *la reina*, as we all call her, and then come out to-morrow afternoon to Croydon and dine with us quietly *en famille*. We must get acquainted. How sorry I am you must leave London so soon! Can't you defer your voyage a week? Croydon is very pleasant at this season; we have a big house and hardly anybody in it till November—we can accommodate a regiment, if necessary."

Thanking the whole-souled peer of the realm for his cordial offer of hospitality, which he was compelled, though regretfully, to decline, he led his new friend to his aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Toole and Zenophon, who were in a group near the music, listening to a fine Wagnerian selection by the band. After the necessary formalities of introduction, which in this case were very brief and quite informal, Lord Ambleside, with a kindly "delighted to meet you all," conducted the party of five to his young "lioness," who was just then adjusting her cloak and hat in readiness for departure. Off the stage she appeared small and quite fragile. People were often heard to remark, "How is it possible such a little body can give out such a volume of tone!" But, immediately she smiled and displayed animation at meeting people who knew and loved the preceptress whom she almost idolized. Dr. Maxwell at once detected the infallible signs of well high perfect health, which are ever present in a thoroughly electrified organism, no matter how frail its build may appear.

In private, this latest idol of the British concert-going public was a simple, but charming and highly intelligent, Italian maiden, speaking English with a foreign accent, which greatly heightened the charm of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. No one thus meeting her could have connected her in thought with the distinguished heroine of a great opera house, whose praises were sounded by all the newspapers without an exception—lionized by the public, caressed by the nobility, this child of nineteen summers had lost nothing of the gentle, unassuming sweetness which characterized her every movement when her voice led the maiden choir in the chapel of Santa Cecilia, attached to the great cathedral at Milan, where first her lovely voice, then very inferior to its present excellence, had attracted the ear of Heloise, who was assisting at evening devotions one beautiful night during the November of the previous year.

Adding her petition to that of Lord Ambleside that they should all dine together at 5 P. M. the following day, the charming cantatrice waved her hand in graceful adieu, as she entered the carriage bound for Croydon, while Dr. Maxwell and his party returned on foot to the Me-

Continued on Eighth Page.



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Expansion of Ideas in Relation to the Action of Law.

BY DWIGHT KEMPSON.

The struggle to establish the fact that health and disease are within the domain of law occupied in Europe a period of at least one thousand years. Barbarian ignorance had learned to look upon the epidemics and pestilential diseases, which their lack of sanitary measures made very common, as the embodiment of Divine wrath. Their ordinary diseases were ascribed to various causes, but principally to the magic of witches and sorcerers, or, perhaps, the baleful influence of the fiery comets. Their cures were naturally those of a credulous age, and consisted in shrines, the invocation of saints, and those of its multitudinous, miracle-performing relics. In ignorance of some of the most obvious facts of life, their fears had built an imaginary structure which it was all but impossible to break down; yet truth, with that persistency which is able to rise repeatedly from apparent annihilation, has slowly and painfully dispelled the clouds of superstition which were gathered around this subject, until it is now largely admitted by the civilized world that law is supreme in matters relating to our bodily welfare, and in the physical universe generally.

Although the shrine-cure has disappeared, along with many of the other religious institutions of the past, the history of that struggle is pointing to a new controversy, the first intimations of which are of comparatively recent date. While the generality of mankind are sufficiently enlightened to acknowledge that the Creator in his wisdom established certain laws, based upon the principles of cause and effect, for the regulation of the physical organism, yet, when the same idea is carried one step farther, and it is declared that the same Creator has established similar laws for the government of man's moral and spiritual nature, with a view to his progression and unfoldment, it is at once decried as being contrary to God's plan for the government of the moral universe. The traditional idea of being saved from the consequences of an infringement of the moral law in some easy way, as, for instance, the intervention of a person of influence between the offended Deity and the offending culprit, has such a hold upon the popular religious mind that it spurns, with considerable irritation, every fact or argument which goes to prove the contrary. That such a controversy is springing up is a natural outgrowth of the expansion of mind, which has resulted from the inquiry into all kinds of phenomena, and the tracing of them, so far as they have been traced, to a regulating system of cause and effect, or law.

In harmony with the lack of trust in the universally established laws, there is an inclination to anticipate dreiful and lasting calamities from temporary causes. The only calamities that men need fear are those which are due to ignorance and selfishness. The power of the former has largely diminished within the last two centuries, while the latter, though more elusive and less susceptible to positive proof, appears to have greatly lessened in the last five hundred years. If that be true, we can safely trust that the onward movement will continue; for the same laws which brought us to our present degree of civilization have not now ceased to act.

The opposers of the philosophy of the government by law delight to point to the French revolution, or perhaps Nihilism, as examples of the direct results of all disbelief in the intervention of God for the salvation of man. In doing so, they blind themselves to the true causes which gave rise to those terrible movements. Misfortune and oppression always breed misanthropy and despair, no matter what opinions may be held upon religion. In those instances the oppression had been long and severe. In the case of the French, they had become morbidly sensitive on all points touching their oppressors. In happier conditions revolutionary ideas would never have gained a foothold, no matter how atheistical were the sentiments of the people. When the shock came it was a sort of electrical discharge in the political atmosphere—terrible while it lasted, yet not without a beneficial result. To adjust a better social condition, far-reaching causes had been at work, and to those causes neither the horrors of a French revolution or of a Southern rebellion were sufficient to deter when a point was to be gained in the advancement of the human race.

The intellectual development of nations can be traced, in all cases where a record has been kept, to the operation of extraneous causes. The greatest civilizing influences are known to be those which bring nations into contact with foreign powers and open the way to commercial enterprise. A people who are exclusive in their social and commercial intercourse will soon fall behind the advancement of their more enterprising fellows, no matter how grand may be their system of religion. An example of the civilizing influences of foreign contact have been witnessed in our own day in the progressiveness of the Japanese people. There is no doubt that the time is fast approaching when enterprise will open up the dark corners of the earth, and produce an intellectual fervor in regions which are now considered as uncivilized. When that time arrives, it is probable that the book-worshippers who

yet remain will be just as strenuous in ascribing those civilizing tendencies to the influence of their book, as much as they now do those of the past, and will maintain it upon a basis but little better calculated to inspire confidence than that upon which the shrine-cure was so long upheld.

They who imagine that men should progress faster than they do are those who place a greater confidence in ethical teaching than it deserves. It seems to be impossible to forcibly impress the mind of a human being with thoughts of an ethical nature that are beyond his condition of development. In fact, one of the brightest speakers before the American public complains of the manner in which the more unintelligent of his audiences are attracted from his discourse by the least incident, showing, apparently, that while their minds are able to comprehend the commonplace and trivial, they are not much attracted to anything outside of that.

It is thought by some, however, that, if we admit the government of law in the moral universe, we may as well throw away all ethical culture and let law do the work. A proper understanding of the subject does not imply that supposition, only within certain limits. While it is true that no knowledge which is beyond an individual's unfoldment is ever available to him, only as he may gain from experience, yet all that which falls within the circumference of his appreciation is a valuable spur in his onward progress. All knowledge is more or less beneficial to the minds that appreciate it; but the fact remains that no knowledge is appreciated by any mind that has not arisen to the degree of perception demanded by the facts which it conveys. Hence, the uselessness of attempting to convince people of things that are beyond the range of their mental perceptions. To maintain that the great differences in individual minds spring mainly from differences in culture, which would be the case if all were equally receptive, is to dogmatize in the face of very obvious facts.

Men have an intuitional knowledge of error according to their unfoldment; beyond that, they apparently know nothing, and for that reason they cannot see in their true light the grossness of the errors to which they may be attracted. It is only after they have passed through the experience and see its results that the error prominently stands before them. It is commonly taught that men recklessly commit error from a purely contrary disposition. In fact, that teaching is essential to the doctrine of salvation by grace, but it makes no allowance for difference in situation and temperament. Some men are liable to wander farther into error than others, as a different degree of the same experiences may be necessary for different minds to grasp the situation in its reality; but, as soon as the consequences of the error is fully discerned, we may know that the lowest point has been reached—that the common sense of the individual has awakened and begun to overthrow the incubus which has wearied the peacefulness of life's aspirations. It may take many bitter experiences to do it, but the better nature of man will sooner or later assert itself. There is no such thing, under the working of beneficent law, as going from bad to worse eternally. Nor is it even possible for a person to remain long in a grievous error, without feeling the iron point of corrective law. It is true, the more ignorant and unrefined the individual is, the less susceptible he is to ordinary corrective influences; but the power of law is far-reaching, and, where an eternity of existence is allotted to human life, none can be so low that they will not be brought to that height of unfoldment to which all law is leading.

Pangs and tribulations, according to the processes of universal law, are a necessary condition of moral growth. To avoid all the unpleasant things of life is the deep-seated desire of every heart; but, so long as the individual's character is not rounded out to a perfect fullness, the tendency of his ignorance is to lead him into blunders which produce that unpleasantness, and educate him through experience to do the right thing under similar circumstances. From that fact alone we may safely say that the tendency of law is to educate the human mind in those things of which it has no intuitional knowledge, and, therefore, that there is a law of moral development which is independent of all ethical and religious culture.

WONDERS OF THE CAMERA.—The peculiar rhythmic effects which accompany discharges of powder and of nitro-glycerine compounds have been elaborately investigated by the aid of photography. It has always been suggested that careful photographs, taken of steel and timber just at the point of rupture under a breaking load, would conduce to our knowledge of the complicated subject of elasticity. The lightning flash can be investigated. Dr. Koenig, in a recent communication to the Physical Society of Berlin, states that he has photographed a cannon-ball which was moving at the rate of twelve hundred feet per second. The ball was projected in front of a white screen, and occupied one-fortieth of a second in its passage. Marey has photographed the motions of limping people, and has thus given surgeons the materials for a study of lameness. It is said, moreover, that photography often reveals incipient eruptive diseases which are not visible to the eye. Photographs taken by flash-powders of the human eye, showing it dilated in the dark, give the oculist a new method of studying the enlarged pupil.—*Prof. John Tyndall, in Scribner's.*

## WHAT IS SAID OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

J. H. Fichte, the German Philosopher and Author.—“Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent.”

Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London.—“I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me.”

Dr. Robert Chambers.—“I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters.”—[Extract from a letter to A. Russel Wallace.]

Professor Hare, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.—“Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months” (this was written in 1858), “had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question.”

Professor Challis, the Late Plumerian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge.—“I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consistent, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts of human testimony must be given up.”—[Clerical Journal, June, 1862.]

Professors Tornebohm and Edland, the Swedish Physicists.—“Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound study alone can explain them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the way; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages.”—[Aftonblad (Stockholm), October 30, 1879.]

Professor Gregory, F. R. S. E.—“The essential question is this: What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I can not say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honorable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging the truth of the spiritual theory.”

Lord Brougham.—“There is but one question I would ask the author, Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most clouded skies of skepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is Modern Spiritualism.”—[Preface by Lord Brougham, in “The Book of Nature.” By C. O. Groom Napier, F. C. S.]

The London Dialectical Committee reported.—“(1) That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. (2) That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force on those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. (3) That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications.”

Cromwell F. Varley, F. R. S.—“Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception. . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: “Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (a) of forces unknown to science; (b) the power of instantly reading my thoughts; (c) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers. . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence.”

Camille Flammarion, the French Astronomer and Member of the Academie Francaise.—“I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man, who declares the phenomena denominated ‘magnetic,’ ‘somnambulist,’ ‘mediumic,’ and others not yet explained by science to be ‘impossible,’ is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by preconceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are already known to us, and that everything which appears to overstep the limit of our present formulas is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to.”

Alfred Russel Wallace, F. G. S.—“My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disapprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer.”—[Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.]

Dr. Lockhart Robertson.—“The writer (i. e., Dr. L. Robertson), can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legendary, or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing anyone, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he can not doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil.”—[From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the “Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism,” p. 24.]

Baron Carl du Prel (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—“One thing is clear—that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions.”

Alas! it is not till time with reckless hand has torn out half of the leaves from the book of human life that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first and then more clearly, that upon the early pages of that book was written a story which he would fain read over again.—*Longfellow.*

The world of workers need more recreation, more amusement, and more pleasure. He who provides a day's pleasure for the public is a public benefactor. Innocent, joyful pleasures build up health and happiness, and make earth a real paradise.—*Aunt Elmira.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE NEW

## SPIRITUALIST: COLONY

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Building Progressing Rapidly.

It has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on this Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our “glorious climate,” but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city, a spot overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Orto Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best. Pure spring water is distributed over the entire tract from an unfailing source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots, \$30.00, \$2.50 of which is donated to the Colony. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc., securing a front and rear entrance.

The object of this Colony is to

## ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM,

And not to make money selling lots, as the price received does not equal the price adjoining land was sold for by the acre, said lands not being as good.

The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants the same as other towns and cities. A prohibitory liquor clause is in every deed. Title to property unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned where parties can not be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others without cost (other than recording fee) if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

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ALBERT MORTON, Agent,

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SANTA BARBARA, CAL.]



## From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate by Eona from the higher spheres of angel life, through Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Sun Angels' Order of Light.]

Although it is not the purpose of the guides of our order to enter into controversy with the children of men, still, in giving to those who expect from us, the guides and workers unseen, the very bread of the kingdom, we may seem to be answering various objections to that which is, from the nature of things, proven truth. Eona cares not to enter into controversy, but she would bring the light of a deeper wisdom to shine fully upon the pages of revelation, that all may know and understand; and when the light of knowledge shall reveal the laws of life, all mysticism and unrealness shall have passed away. Saidie has repeatedly said she cares not to satisfy wonder-seekers. She comes not to lead the children she loves by means of a blind faith, but she would become a teacher in every true sense of the word. She would that through discipline the heart and mind become receptive to that which is spiritually understood. Therefore she asks not blind faith nor servile worship, but would open wide the book of wisdom and bid all read and understand. She has told you, not alone that incarnation is a law of necessity, but also has said that many times her spirit has worn garments of mortality. She has been sent forth upon long pilgrimages of unfoldment, but she never dwelt in the form her dual must wear. She has always been the Saidie you see, while he who was at times her guardian angel, her other self, remained in the spheres to be her inspirer and help, her angel.

Is it worse than folly for spirits to assert that which has no foundation in truth. Eona and Eona have dwelt together as dual souls on the earth plane and in the spheres, but always as Eona and Eona, two yet one in the real and true. And those who were our own have come to us with their love as little ones, making home bright. We have accepted and cherished them, and, if death came, given them back again, knowing that the love we bore for them would never die. In the land of the dead and true we meet them as dear ones who have blessed our lives with their love, but we have no right to retain them in our home, holding them as treasures which have no power to bless other lives as well. The love of hearts never fades nor dies. Those who have loved us, have nestled close to our hearts, never cease to love us. Ages roll by, and we meet them again and yet again. They are seeking, as we are, the Father's house, the home of the soul; and should we dare hold them as our own, while they, too, must gain, as must we, the heights of unfoldment where love and wisdom abide? Rather would we send them out to gain that for which life will prepare each and every child of the Infinite—their own immortal possessions, bequeathed by the All Wise, earned and owned by each child of his love and care. There are myriads who can tell truly of their many lives, as is being testified to daily.

Earth spirits are long in waking, but they are waking to the realities they have met, waking to know that love rules the universe and the hearts of its children. Eona censures not the teachers of the age, but she asks the children of men to look high for truth and wisdom, assured they will find that they seek. 'Mid the ceaseless wars of thought, they will be enabled to find that on which to rest; and yet, dear ones, you will find no permanent resting-place upon this planet. War of thought, confusion and unrest are a necessity of the present. Through this peace will eventually come. Back through the ages comes the war cry of opinion; it reaches our ears. We remember times of even bloodshed for faith's sake. All this has been the parent of crime and sorrow, which angels like not. The sorrow and sighing, the prayers and cries, have given their results to the world. Evolution has brought from chaos order to a certain extent, and still war wages. The minds of the nineteenth century reach out for a light on which to depend. Hearts long for a true foundation on which to build their life happiness. This is a greater need of humanity, to know how to live, that the world may become better and its people happier. Mortal and immortal tire of the ceaseless struggle of life, of the warring and clashing of opinion. It gives no clear atmosphere in which angels may live, and we would that the weapons thereof might be forever sheathed, while peace, the white-robed angel, longs to surround the planet and bless every heart. But look abroad; look into the faces of mankind and say, How can angels reach every soul? How can the pure and wise best minister to all hearts? Can it be better done than by giving, as we can, our records, our truth? Let these be received as they may, we will give from the storehouse of our wisdom to those who love us. We will bless all who will receive our silent ministrations, and thus build for future generations a fortress that will be enduring and true. Looking into the future with prophetic vision, Eona sees the light to wane, then grow bright; sees the hearts of those she loves and trusts become brave and strong as they reach out still for more of the knowledge from far away. She sees doubt and uncertainty fly before the certain light of the spheres, and knowledge slowly but surely extend over all the earth. But times will not be filled with pleasure; sunshine will not baptize the earth at all

times. This cannot be in your world in its present state of unrest. For awhile the thought atmosphere will be troubled to its depths. There are minds that will not rest until the jewels of knowledge are their own. And angels recognize in such minds their greatest strongholds. To them we are able to reveal that which otherwise we could not give. Therefore, dear ones, be ye valiant and strong, always at your post, and you shall receive the bread of life and wine of the kingdom. Fear not. Meet what you will; the steady march of truth shall bear you on toward the golden gate, which in due time will open wide, and you pass through into the mystic realms beyond. Meantime, look not for perfect peace while you dwell in the mortal. Look for light, search for truth, and your reward you will meet. May the angels bless each and every one!

With the love of  
EONA,  
J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., June 30, 1889.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Spirits.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Our ignorance should clothe us with charity.

How can we presume, or assume, to judge another when the creative power within is ever hidden from us.

That face is the most beautiful to look upon that beams with love, tenderness and true sympathy for humanity.

Hands bedecked with costly gems do not win true admiration like those agile and willing in every good work for needy souls.

"I will not leave thee comfortless!" Nay, truly, nay! for daily—yes, hourly—if so be, good may come of it. Do not our dearly loved ones, gone from mortal vision only, visit, soothe, comfort, encourage and guide us through this life to the portal of the Beyond?

Comfort ye my people! Do we? Have these divine words, clothed in immortal significance and loveliness, found permanent lodgment within our heart of hearts? Do we make it our daily mission to alleviate ills, and impart blessings to those who languish, all along our earthly course? Do we do so indiscriminately, outside the pale of prejudice, popular opinion, or so-called deserving ones? Do we smile as sweetly, meet as kindly, assist as earnestly, those whose garments are dyed in guilt and dragged in the slimy pools of disgrace? Would we as freely and willingly bestow the hand of welcome and encouragement when the Pharisee passes by on the other side? If so, then are we nearer the blossoming ways and the home of the blessed than priest or service, chimes or chancel, confessional or penance, retreat or anxious seat—yes, than anointing blood—can charm or command us.

Los Angeles, Cal.

## A Free Passenger.

[Treasure-Trove]

There are always pleasant people on the Pullman overland trains. Sitting but a little way in front of me was a bright young man; and, as I looked at him, I saw, to my surprise, a squirrel peep out of his pocket and look timidly about. Finding the coat clear, he came out and sat on the young man's shoulder. Of course there was soon a crowd about the little animal; but he took the curiosity he awakened in very good part. He had many charming tricks to show off: now he was on the brim of his master's hat, next on the very apex of the crown, then he ran up the arm of a gentleman who extended his hand, sat unconcerned on the top of his head. We could not contain our delight at this little passenger that was riding without a ticket.

You can hardly imagine the pleasure that this little animal produced: every day he was ready for play. In a short time he would run from one end of the car to the other, eat from the lunch-baskets, or nestle in the muff of a lady and go to sleep.

THE PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN.—[At the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons, held in Washington last Sept., Dr. William H. Draper, in his presidential address before the Association of American Physicians, presented in a very graphic and striking manner what should be regarded as the qualifications of the practical physician-to-day. He must be a man of broad views, who has all kinds of knowledge; who controls the whole medical situation. He is not a bacteriologist; he is not a pathologist; he is not a chemist or a physicist; he is not merely a therapist; he is not a specialist of any sort, nor does he look at clinical medicine from any limited horizon; but he is a man who in some sense is master of all these several branches of medical education by reason of combining as much as is possible of the sciences which these different divisions represent, and thus perfects the most beneficent of all the arts. "It is he who, in his high position as the servant of humanity, must attain that wisdom which results from combining knowledge with the instinct and the skill for its useful application."]

A criminal on the way to the gallows (says the Pittsburgh, Pa., Commercial) said to the sheriff: "If I had received half the kindness in early life which I now receive here I should never have been here."

## Washington Irving on Departed Spirits.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The following extract taken from St. Mark's Eve, in Bracebridge Hall, is a pretty fair representation of the sentiments of a large portion of the kindhearted people, who, though yet living in terror of the overruling Deity, would be willing to accept the general tenets of Spiritualism if their inbred fears could only be allayed:

"Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is a awfully solemn and sublime. However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet the attention involuntarily yielded to it when ever it is made the subject of serious discussion, its prevalence in all ages and countries, and even among newly discovered nations that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious, and almost instinctive beliefs to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

"In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be perfectly eradicated; as it is concerning a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Everything connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made;" We are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. Who has yet been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul, its connection with the body, or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist; but whence it came, and when it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or to deny its powers and operations when released from its fleshly prison-house? It is more the manner, therefore, in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been surrounded, and none of the whole circle of visionary creeds could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of our mortal separation. What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare? That affectionate and guardian spirit sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours? That beauty and innocence which had languished in the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearment? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue; rendering us circumspect even in our secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honored were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

"It would take away, too, from that loneliness and destitution which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us, lovingly and cheerily, on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, nor revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

"There are departed beings whom I have loved as I never again shall love in this world, who have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth—if they take an interest in the poor creatures of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth—I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn, but unalloyed, delight." D. K.

God pity the pessimist, whose eye sees the imperfections in the structure, but whose hand holds no hammer for building better—no brush for improving and decorating. "I never let bairns nor fools see my pictures till they are done," said the Scotch artist. Human character is on the easel now, or under the chisel—the exhibition will be later. Wait and see! Why the staff was broken—why the crib is empty—why that coffin was carried out wet with the tears of affection, we may not know; but "God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain." The optimist having faith in God, and in the final triumph of the good and true, says calmly, resignedly, "Peace be still—I will wait."—J. M. Peabody.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive into the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

He who praises good work helps it.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 927 1/2 and 937 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cent. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 441 1/2 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS every Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

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SPIRITUAL SERVICES IN MASONIC LODGE Room, B. B. Hall, 111 Eddy street, Sunday evening. Lecture and tests by H. W. Abbott and James McCann. Admission, 10 cents.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Perilla streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

OPEN MEETING—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible class will be held at the Home College, 354 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

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Will give readings by letter, giving future business prospects and other items of interest. Enclose \$1.00, lock of hair and stamp.

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MRS. A. C. JOHNSON,



AGENTS

Will she not come to you, pretty dove, at your plaintive call? Surely, it was not always thus? I remember with what joy your heart was filled in the golden days when your wedded life began. The world was very bright and fair before you then. You thought you would never weary of each other's attentions. You floated in a fairy shallop on a sea of golden dreams. But care and toil and anxiety came, and left their furrows in your heart; and then, neglecting the growth of your spirit, you became worldly-minded and sordid; your heart grew cold and indifferent towards your mate. She drooped for awhile, and then a beautiful light shone in her eyes one day, and she unfurled her wings and flew away to the sweet Summerland. And now, sad and lonely (for you loved her better than you knew), you sit and mourn all the day long for a joy that is dead. Quit that nonsense. Be a happy dove again in striving to make amends for the past by helping to assuage the griefs of other mourning doves, and by sharing in their burdens, ever remembering that she waits for you in that better land. Now, get thee out of the shadow and into the sunshine, and cease that sad refrain.

—Dr. M. L. Sherman, author of "A Hollow World," and other works, passed to spirit life, from Adrian, Michigan, July 9th, aged 80 years.

There is a singular tendency in the orthodox mind of these latter days to separate God from

HARRY LOCKE.—Our little friend, Harry Locke, the boy medium, gave a private seance to a few friends of the writer, at the residence of his parents, 135 Larkin street, on Wednesday evening last. The occult telegraph, in his hands, had become a grand channel of communication between the two worlds. As Harry has learned to read by sound, he interprets the messages as they are given through the instrument. The genuineness of the messages can be proven by any good telegrapher who may be present. To illustrate the extent of his power, on Wednesday evening he held the box containing his own "sender" in one hand and that of another medium in the other. His telegraphic guide, "Spirit Chessman," worked one instrument, and the telegraphic guide of the other medium, "Spirit Sumner," worked the other, conversing with each other and sometimes working the instruments simultaneously. After the experiments in telegraphing Harry was placed in a chair and his hands bound one to each side of the chair, in a manner making it absolutely impossible for him to unbind himself. A curtain was drawn before him, when in about two minutes he stepped out unbound. Harry is growing finely, and gives promise of a mediumship that will stagger skepticism wherever his powers are known.

I am fast approaching the allotted period of my life. I would not willingly decide my self or countenance deception in a matter so important to me as the evidence of a future existence. I am accustomed to the examination of evidence in our courts, where life and death are involved in the pending issue. After twenty years experience in science, and twenty and forty years at the bar, in investigating evidence, I cannot but be the conscientious conviction forced upon me by what I have seen and heard, and all that "saint, sage and sophist ever write" (ancient and modern) that the force of the force upon my belief is not voluntary; it has been forced upon me against all my previous predilections, against the logic of my early education and the conclusion of my mature years; and I sincerely believe that the true phenomena of so-called spirit-manifestations deserve the candid investigation of both science and religion, and that eventually they will be received at the hands of those who are so deceived by high priests that they will not see, or so prejudiced by creeds that they will not hear, though one should speak to them from the dead.



## Recovered.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The many friends of Mrs. F. A. Logan were pleased to see her in her accustomed place in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, last Sunday at 11 o'clock. After a few appropriate remarks, Mrs. Rutter sang "Heaven is My Home." Mrs. Logan remarked that Mrs. Rutter had agreed to sing the same at her funeral, but now that she was resurrected from her sick-bed it was just as acceptable, and the few more days that were allotted to her she hoped to devote more to spiritual unfoldment than ever before; for never had she realized the non-importance of gathering together riches, or even the bribe-bait and the numberless unpleasures that so clutter a person's time and attention, in unnecessary clothing and keepsakes that would be of no possible benefit to any one else when we were gone, as when she was so near the other shore; and she had formed a new resolution to be guided by the words spoken of in Robert Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward," or, rather, what may be hoped for in the year 2000, when the rights of man, woman and child would be adjusted on humanitarian principles. But she did not intend to take up the subject herself, as she was wished to hear from all present.

Mrs. White, Dr. Wingell, Professor Ormerod, Mr. Hutchins, and others whose names we did not learn, together with the sweet songs of Mrs. Rutter, filled in the two hours very pleasantly, and we trust many—yes—to be continued every Sunday at 11 o'clock.

REPORTER.

## Prof. Ormerod's Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As anticipated, the Irving Hall meetings were moved to St. George's Hall, 909-12 Market street, and the time of the afternoon meeting changed to 11 o'clock in the morning. The meetings were unusually interesting, and the audience intelligent and refined. Many psychometric readings and tests were recognized when given, and a number of good readings were acknowledged to be correct after the meetings, the individuals saying that at the time they failed to understand the meaning of what was said, but that after proper consideration they were able to apply it directly to themselves or spirit friends. At the evening meeting a number of articles were returned to the owners without a reading from them, as the number collected was so great as to have consumed twice the time taken. The guides of Prof. Ormerod (the mediums) withdraw their assistance after so much has been accomplished, thus making it impossible for him to proceed. We can readily see the necessity of this, as this phase draws largely from the physical, and proper care must be taken.

A solo by Miss Wilson, the pianist, was nicely executed and appreciated by both spirits and mortals. It is expected that next Sunday, at the morning service, questions from the audience bearing on Spiritualism, will be answered by the guides. In the evening tests and psychometric readings will be given from articles brought by the audience. All respectfully invited.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 22, 1889.

## Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

This society held meetings Sunday at 2 P. M., and in the evening at 8 o'clock, and will continue them every Sunday. A conference meeting was held at 2 P. M., Mrs. Amanda Wiggins being the advertised speaker. The subject was "The Signs of the Times," and was presented in an able manner. The speakers who followed were Professor Holmes, Mr. Vintner, Mrs. M. Miller and Professor Adrian Ormerod, who were called to the platform and spoke very acceptably. We are always glad to have our mediums take part in these meetings. In the evening Charles Dawbarn gave another of his most interesting lectures, the subject being "Rocks Ahead"—very suggestive at this time. He held the attention of the large audience for an hour and a half, they showing no weariness, not realizing the time consumed. Music was rendered by Mrs. E. Clark, and solo and a duet by Madames Chapman and Rutter. Next Sunday evening Professor Dawbarn will give another lecture, and a conference will be held at 2 P. M. All are invited.

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

## The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

If any of the six months ago "Doubting Thomases" were present at St. George's Hall last Sunday evening at the Young People's Meeting, their fears of failure would have been wiped away. The meetings demand a larger hall. The hall was packed even to both ante-rooms with a most quiet and attentive audience to listen to the singing and instrumental music and songs and recitations, which were given by G. F. Perkins, Mr. Fountain, Flora Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. W. Johansen and Jennie Paparin.

Prof. A. C. Fuhl, the Prussian astrologer, gave an exceedingly interesting lecture upon the planetary influences and how they effect mankind. The laws of spirit attraction and mediumship were explained in a concise manner. The audience paid the best of attention, and liberally applauded the gentleman.

Mrs. Perkins gave in rapid succession a number of tests. Next Sunday the meetings will be held in Metropolitan Temple, Fifth street.

## Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meeting of the progressive Spiritualists of Oakland was held last Sunday, as usual, at Fraternity Hall. Mrs. Cowell acting as President, Mr. Shepard having resigned his office on account of ill health. The meeting was well attended both afternoon and evening. Mrs. Cowell offered invocations; afterwards, Mr. Brown delivered a short address. Mrs. Finnigan closed the evening meeting with tests, a number of which were recognized.

Next Sunday evening will be given a social, consisting of songs, recitations, duets, etc., by members of the society, and others who have offered their assistance. Mrs. Finnigan has also promised to be with us, and assist others of our local mediums in giving tests. We invite all to come. Meetings commence at 7:30.

July 21, 1889. MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

## St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Union Spiritualist held on last Wednesday evening was opened by a song by the audience, followed by Prof. Adrian Ormerod with a few remarks, after which the controls answered a few questions asked by the audience. Mr. G. Clark gave a few of his experiences in Spiritualism. After a song, entitled "The Lost Chord," by Mr. Emil Hershberg, the audience was formed

into circles and tests were given by Mrs. M. E. West, Mrs. Perkins, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Clements and Mr. Winslow. A large number were given and the audience was very well satisfied with the meeting. Mrs. Scott Briggs has returned and will officiate at the next meeting, as usual. Meetings at 7:45 P. M., every Wednesday evening, at 111 Larkin street.

## Mothers' Column.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Though you have thus far been non-committal regarding the "Mothers' Column," I take it for granted we are to have it, since you have published the encouraging words of Mrs. Mitchell, and the letter from Abbie L. Holton, full of its living fire, so will venture to write again, giving you and them a hearty handshake and a fervent God bless you.

While I agree with Mrs. Mitchell that a woman's column, filled with stories and experiences on all subjects from the pens of sisters everywhere, would be a valuable acquisition to your paper, I believe the "Mothers' Column" should be "sacredly preserved" for just what its name implies, and only such things as relate to the help of mothers and their offspring be admitted to that column. The race needs a "true mother," let every mother soul speak on this all-important subject. We, doubtless, do "nurture our thoughts" too much, and will gain relief in expression, provided the expression be well considered.

I heard a talented speaker once say, "There are two great barriers to human progress—one is the tendency of the race to abort their ideas (thought-children); the other is to hug them to their bosoms until they become putrifying corpses." Let us carefully avoid either extreme, and endeavor to present well-born thoughts for consideration. I feel that we have already struck the "lost chord to the great amen," and that ere long the melody of the angels will ring its matchless beauty throughout the universe.

Come, mothers, add your voices thereto, and help sing "old ignorance" to its eternal sleep with wisdom's lullaby.

"Our children"—these words embody the first principles of salvation, and "our duty" to them the last.

In view of the numerous fetichs the criminal record is burdened with, I have long since come to the conclusion that every woman is not fit to bear children. Perhaps, only one in twelve could be a model mother, but the other eleven should also feel some responsibility in the training of the little one, and become a strength to the real mother.

The writers of the past have nearly all regarded woman as a mere child-bearing animal. Many have urged that all women should bear children, regardless of their desires in the matter; it being their duty to "increase and multiply," etc.

Rebellion to this decree has been the cause of the sin, sickness and suffering of the ages. Woman has always felt that she ought, in some way, to be consulted in so great a matter; being refused choice, she has developed murderers, thieves and liars. Many a child is born with only the little remnant of life left that destructive taken failed to extinguish. Is it strange that such a child murders his fellow-man when matured? Many a woman takes by stealth from her sleeping husband's pockets funds with which to clothe the child she is bearing. Is it any wonder her child will steal? Many other women are obliged to falsify regarding purchases and prices paid for goods, in order to keep "peace in the family." Is it any wonder the children of such unfortunate mothers will lie?

What is the remedy?

1. Let no woman become a mother who does not desire to do so, allowing her also choice of time and conditions.

2. Let man provide for the wife of his home equally well as for himself, and thus avoid theft, deception and lies.

3. Let every mother learn the grand spiritual law that governs the sex relation, and thus spiritualize the nature of her children.

4. Let both man and woman learn how to draw from those relations not only the elements to "conceive" visible human forms, but those also that can love into life beautiful "thought children," whose influence, though invisible, will be as far-reaching as that of the visible. In the latter sense every soul can become a mother soul, and every woman a true mother.

Herein lies my main objection to the Alpha doctrine. I don't believe we can chain the beast and loose him once in a while to propagate his species, and hope by any method to rob a child of its father's contribution to its life.

If a husband's embrace is contamination to a pregnant wife, what law can destroy the influence of the lust and passion that begot the offspring? Prohibition in that case will not prevent contamination, if such it be, through the thoughts of either party, who have simply chained the beast, whose debasing propensities remain the same.

Humanity cannot be successfully dealt with from a brute standpoint. We are a little too near the angels for that, and can surely come to a better comprehension of the act that links us to the Creator, and that will, when understood, help us to express the life divine. In view of the fact that oftentimes "the greatest harm can come to a child before it is born," let every mother who has a thought to give that will aid humanity to understand how to spiritualize every portion of their natures and every function of life give it *unreservedly*,

that in ages to come "the world may pass away" because we have passed through."

When the laws are once discussed that will help us *born* better babies, we can profitably agitate the subject of their training after they get here.

"Let us have light, more light."  
AUNT CORDELLA.

Dr. Dean Clarke in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, July 22 1889

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The well and widely known Dr. Dean Clark, of Boston, arrived in Los Angeles last week, and Sunday evening favored us with a lecture in Glover's Hall. There was a much larger attendance than usual at spiritual meetings here of late, and the hall was comfortably filled with Spiritualists, Liberalists, Metaphysicians, Doctors, and others, who listened with marked attention to the speaker's logical, concise and lucid explanations, confined mainly to the principles and methods of thought-transference, the power of mind over matter, hypnosis, and some of the laws of spirit intercourse.

At the conclusion a number of questions were asked and answered very readily, clearly and satisfactorily.

While this is entirely out of our usual lecture season we regret that the Doctor can be with us only one or two more weeks before departing for his destination which will be San Francisco's gain and our loss.

We hope however that the "Dean" will remain on the coast, and that we may have the pleasure of listening to more of his instructive discourses in the fall.

Fraternally,  
ALFRED R. STREET,  
36½ South Spring St.

## Mediums' Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday afternoon there was a larger number of people in attendance at the mediums' meeting than ever before, and, if possible, more interest was manifested. The usual good singing was enjoyed by all, and led by the cornet, piccolo and organ. G. F. Perkins, as chairman, directed the exercises and delivered a short lecture upon the "Marvelous Manifestations of Mediums and of Nature Generally." Professor A. C. Fuhl made some very instructive remarks upon spiritual influences with mortals. Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Jennie, Mrs. Perkins, and several whose names were not learned, spoke, after which circles were formed. Next Sunday the meeting will be held in the Metropolitan Temple at the same hour.

Unearned wealth is oftener a curse than a blessing.

## MARVELOUS CURE BY DR. A. B. DOBSON.

DR. A. B. DOBSON—Dear Sir:—One of the greatest cures has been performed by you in my family that medicine has ever done. My daughter, Emma, was sick for months with a complication of diseases and was attended by three physicians until she became so low she could not turn in bed or scarcely swallow, and all hopes went for recovery. At this critical period we sent for your remedies and commenced giving them to her. In a few hours we could see a change for the better, and in three days she was up, and after taking the remedies a few months she is as well as any person in the country. No one would think that she had ever been so near the grave. The most remarkable thing about this case is this: After she could get around the house, she ate too many oysters which made her very sick. The next day I wrote to Dr. Dobson, stating the case, but before I put this letter into the office, I received one from him answering me to her. 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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## In Solitude.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

Round lone Glen-Clare the mountains rise  
God-built barriers to the gleam  
They lift their foreheads to the skies  
And shut me from the haunts of men.

They har me from the caveless thicket  
And from the world's unthinking brood,  
I commune with the spirit strong  
That bends to souls in Solitude.

And on my waiting heart is shed  
A glowing wisdom and a light—  
My spirit feels are safely led  
Thro' dizzy rounds of lofty height.

And so I softly, calmly tread  
The round of my appointed years,  
The Infinite around me spread  
Grants me no space for petty fears.

Grants me no time nor space to mourn  
For things I vainly tried to mourn  
Now thanks I give that these were borne  
Beyond my feeble, failing grasp.

Yes, thanks I give to One above  
Who gently stayed my tired feet,  
Who led me by the hand of love  
To this divinely fair retreat.

For here I find the Bread of Life—  
My soul is fed with angels' food—  
Apart from worldly din and strife  
I dwell with God in Solitude.

I dwell with God in lone Glen-Clare,  
And with the sermons of the will—  
Their nameless presence fills the air  
At noontide hour and midnight still.

Their nameless presence ever near  
Sweet lessons, but of earth impart;  
Their tones fall not on outward ear  
But gently sink into the heart.

They sink into the heart and soul,  
And come not thro' the outward brain.  
He who to Nature's heart hath stole  
Will find this lesson clear and plain.

Will find that on his Mother's breast  
The weariest heart may safely lie;  
Her bosom is the fount of rest  
Where all the baser passions die.

## Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;  
Rare is the rose burst of dawn, but the secret that claps it is rarer;  
Sweet is the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter.

And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;  
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;  
Never a Shakespeare that soars, but a stronger than he did unfold him;

Never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;  
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is hidden;

Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling,  
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Greatest are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;  
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator.

Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;  
Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;  
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;

And up from the pits where these shivers, and up from the heights where those shine,  
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—RICHARD REALF.

## A Song.

Is any one sad in the world, I wonder?  
Does any one weep on a green like this?  
With the sun above and the green grass under,  
Why, what is life but a dream of bliss?

With the sun, and the skies, and the birds above me,  
Birds that sing as they wheel and swoop,  
With the winds that follow and say they love me—  
Who could be lonely? O ho, not I.

Somebody said in the street this morning,  
As I opened my window to let in the light,  
That the darkest day of the world was dawning,  
But I looked, and the East was a gorgeous sight.

One who claims that he knows about it;  
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;  
But I and the bees, and the birds, we doubt it,  
And think it a world worth living in.

Some one says that hearts are fickle,  
That love is sorrow and life is care,  
And the reaper, Death, with his shining sickle,  
Gathers whatever is bright and fair.

I told the thrush and we laughed together,  
Laughed till the woods were all a-tinge;  
And he said to me, as he plumed each feather,  
"Well, people must croak if they can not sing."

Up he flew, but his song, remaining,  
Rang like a bell in my heart all day,  
And silent'd the voices of weak complaining,  
That pipe like insects along the way.

O world of light! O world of beauty!  
Where are the pleasures so sweet as this?  
Yes! life is love, and love is duty;  
And what heart sorrows? O ho, not mine!

—ELLA WHEELER.

## The Better Part.

Better to know the truth that maketh free,  
Than revel in the treasures of the dead;  
Better to open thine own eyes and see,  
Than blindly trust to what men may have said.

Better than dreams of heaven's future bliss,  
Or phantom pictures of another life,  
It is to live thy future life in this—  
Bring heaven down into this vale of strife.

Better to touch with gentle hand a heart  
That hath been wounded in the shade of death,  
Than from the sinful turmoil stand apart  
And gaze enraptured and with bated breath

Into a vision land that fancy weaves  
Beyond the clouds that deck eternity,  
Better than painting angels on the leaves  
Of book or sermon, tale or homily,

It is to show that angels walk the earth  
Clad in the flesh of pure humanity;  
To open well-springs in a land of death  
And prove man's strength in his infirmity.

—HARVEY RENSH, in "Twentieth Century."

## Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadow to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

tropole, where they had engaged delightful rooms at a very reasonable figure, and meals on the wise European plan of paying for what you eat when you eat it, instead of following the atrocious American practice (atrocious if you are visitors in a large city) of paying a fixed rate for board, as well as room, which usually means under such circumstances, paying for five meals a day if you eat three, as three are charged for at the hotel anyway, and you generally eat one there and two in other parts of the city, or its environs.

London grows instantly quiet on Saturday night directly the bell on St. Paul's tolls the hour of 12; as though by magic the previous noise and bustle ends, and Sabbath quietude commences its not unwelcome reign over the weary city and its teeming populace—of course, one hears the rumble of carriage wheels in the streets more or less all night, if one is awake to hear it; but, by comparison with other times, Saturday night ushers in an era of unbroken calm, though excursion trains and an enlarged omnibus and tramcar service are making constant inroads upon the time-honored custom of resting practically, as well as in theory, one day out of every seven.

A good English hotel, with a French name, is apt to be very comfortable, and none we know of more so than the Metropole, which is very conveniently and centrally situated near to the proverbial "everything"—a word which bunches together churches, theaters, concert halls, shops, railway stations, etc., *ad libitum*, in one comprehensive word elastic enough to be both a noun and an adverb to suit existing circumstances.

Rising about 9 A. M. on Sunday, our friends assembled for breakfast a little before 10, and over their coffee discussed their church plan for the morning. Perusing a long list of services printed in the journals of the day previous, Dr. Maxwell and Mr. Toole were struck by the announcement of a familiar name, as their eyes rested on the order of services, at Clarendon Square Chapel (Free church): "Martindale Fischer-Bennett will preach at 11 A. M. on 'Babylon and Its Downfall in the Present Era.' Strangers cordially invited."

"Let us go and hear him by all means," said the doctor; "why, he must be the very radical son of the very conservative father, who was your father's successor and your predecessor at Saddlerock, Onesimus—but what say the ladies?"

"Oh, let's go, certainly," assented Mrs. Finchley and Mrs. Toole, in a breath. Zenophon, who greatly preferred a Catholic service, was "dropped" at the door of a large Catholic church near by, where the worshippers were assembling for high mass, as the others made their way to the inviting, but unpromising, chapel, where Mr. (not the Rev.) Fischer-Bennett officiated. It not being the full season, the chapel was considerably less than full when the four new-comers entered, and were conducted, at their request, to a gallery pew exactly facing the pulpit, the regular occupants of which were then at Brighton. Arriving five minutes before 11, they had ample time to observe the building and its appointments before the service opened, and, though nothing of an imposing character met their gaze, they were all struck with the exceedingly neat simplicity of the whole. The chapel was evidently not a new building; it had probably never been remodeled, to any great extent, since its erection, as far as architectural design; but the fine organ, which faced the congregation and reached from the floor almost to the ceiling between the galleries and behind the pulpit, as well as the handsome open pews of polished oak, fitted with blue cushions, were recent additions or improvements. The walls were tinted a pale blue; the old-fashioned square windows were scrupulously clean, those on the south side (the chapel fronted west) were screened with blue shades, those on the north side were open, admitting plenty of fresh, cool air, but not creating a draught. As soon as these details had been digested, and another hundred people or so had gathered on the ground floor, and about fifty more in the three galleries, swelling the entire congregation to a total of about three hundred and fifty (the chapel could seat 1,000, if necessary), the organ pealed forth a grand voluntary, as exactly on the stroke of 11 the minister ascended the staircase of the handsome, rather high, walnutwood pulpit, which exactly faced the gallery, at the front of which our friends were sitting.

Mr. Martindale Fischer-Bennett (who always signed his full name) was a young man about 30, with an earnest countenance, fresh complexion, clear blue eyes and chestnut hair; decision marked his every motion, though his views on many topics were regarded as altogether too indefinite by many who had attended the chapel during the pastorate of the much more orthodox Rev. Hiram Oldenwheel, whom Mr. Bennett had succeeded.

As the voluntary ceased, the music changed into another key, and the choir sang in good time and tune an anthem from the service book, which bore the following title, "Common Prayer" revised for the use of Unitarian congregations, with a preface by Martindale Fischer-Bennett. This book contained most of the essential portions of the Church of England liturgy, though much of the phraseology and doctrinal teaching was

largely altered, and in the morning service many parts of the original service were entirely omitted. The service throughout was bright and impressively rendered, the music of the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" was really fine; the hymns sung were from Dr. Martineau's Collection, though Clarendon Square Chapel never would allow itself to be called Unitarian, despite the fact that the Unitarians as a body insisted that the difference in theology was like a controversy over tweedledum and tweedledee. As may be expected from the subject announced Mr. Bennett's sermon was not an ordinary one; as late-comers the rule rather than the exception everywhere the audience reached exactly 470 when the text of the discourse was given out: "And a strong angel took up a stone, as it were a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying: Thus with a mighty fall shall Babylon, the great city, be cast down, and shall be found no more at all." Rev. 18, verse 21, (revised version.)

"Probably all my hearers," commenced Mr. Bennett, "are familiar with the oft-reiterated protests against the iniquities of the Church of Rome which many preachers base on this prophecy; with these worn theological acrimies I wish to have nothing to do this morning. I consider Babylon the monopolistic, yes, and also the competitive system now prevalent all over the civilized world, and from a text which has long been handled by protestant firebrands to denounce Roman Catholic persecutions I shall aim to extract a new and universal lesson, moreover peculiarly appropriate at the present time, when we must all be feeling more or less distinctly the convulsive throes antedating a social eruption which promises to accomplish more than any previous upheaval recorded in history. I unhesitatingly affirm that unless a peaceable reconstruction of the industrial fabric is completed within the next 50 years at most, the streets of our great English cities will run with blood and the case will not be much, if any, better in America. Compromise concessions cannot stave off the impending crisis much longer; it will soon be found impossible to bolster up the decayed and antiquated structure of our present system, which needs not razing to the ground through the ferocious attacks of anarchy, but abandonment, as the masses betake themselves to a new and healthy building adapted to their ever growing needs. The angel who will accomplish the destruction of our modern Babylon will be the angel side of our really good but terribly maligned human nature, and as this angel element in humanity is evoked and encouraged to build a New Jerusalem on earth, so will the Babylon of selfishness be destroyed by the co-operative industries of a harmoniously unselfish people. I am no agitator of the alarmist type. I consider it my sole mission to point to righteousness, and seek to foster the better and truer side of those to whom I can appeal, but not wishing to cry peace when war is imminent, I raise a cry from this pulpit from sun to sun to induce hot-headed fanatics to attack monopolists, but to urge intelligent working men and women to club together for mutual work and welfare."

In the course of his remarks, during which he often became glowingly though not feverishly excited, he mapped out an entirely new order of affairs, which, though utterly at variance with most existing opinions, he declared would be rendered actual on both sides of the Atlantic during the next half-century. As they were leaving the chapel the comments they heard passed upon the sermon greatly interested our party. To the majority of working men of the mildly radical type Fischer Bennett was a hero whom they wanted to get into Parliament. To the smaller trades people, many of whom attended his chapel, he was "a mighty fine gentleman, but very deep in his bargains." To most young men of progressive ideas he was a "live preacher, wide-awake; none of your drones, don't you know." To the orthodox frequenters of other chapels in the neighborhood, he was "a stray sheep"—"worse," a false shepherd; while Mr. Armstrong, the Baptist preacher on the opposite side of the square, called him "a man of sin."

One Sunday evening, in a sermon to young men concerning the devil, with whom he (Mr. Armstrong) seemed on very familiar terms, and to whom many people ventured to assert he showed a slight family resemblance, Mr. Toole was completely carried away with Mr. Bennett's forcible delivery and advanced sentiments, and was on the point of presenting himself at the vestry door, when Mr. Bennett himself walked up to them (they were standing just outside the entrance waiting for Zenophon to join them), and with a very gracious bow and pleasant smile, said:

"I see you are strangers in this neighborhood. Is there anything I can do for you, or any place to which I can direct you? You, sir (addressing Mr. Toole), are a minister, I see, by the cut of your cloth. I hope our service was not too dreadfully heretical in your eyes. The Congregational Union refuses fellowship with us entirely, though it has many members who share my views exactly. And as to the Methodists and Baptists, they think we are too shocking to be mentioned without a shudder. Among Broad Church clergymen I have several colleagues in general home missionary work. The Unitarians are anxious to claim us, but I can't be other than unsectarian myself; and, if a free church, in the fullest sense of the word, is not an institution which can live in London, well, there are other fields opening to me."

"Your case seems very much like my

own," responded Mr. Toole. "I am, as you will probably know from my accent if not from my appearance, an American; and, if I am not mistaken, you are the son of the Fischer-Bennetts with whom my boyhood days were spent in Saddlerock, Vermont."

"What! are you Onesimus Toole, the quiet, studious, diligent, thoroughly orthodox and correct boy, of whom my parents used to write to me so often? How comes it, then, that you are also so much of a heretic? I think it must be that we are living in days of new wine, when an imperative necessity is felt for new bottles among all thinking people. The old bottles are exploding so rapidly and disastrously under the pressure of the fermentation of the new. Cannot you come home with me to lunch, all of you? My sister, who keeps house for me, is at Brighton, with the hirsers of the pew who occupied this morning. Being quite alone for the next, as well as the past, three weeks, I have taken up my abode at the Metropole, where the cuisine is excellent."

"The very place we are stopping at!" exclaimed Dr. Maxwell. "Oh! here is Zenophon, just from mass at St. Gabriel's. We will now all go together and refresh the inner and outer man at our inn with good food and, I hope, still better conversation. Let's have our dinner together in our private sitting room; and, as you are only one and we are five, you cannot refuse to be our guest."

"Under the circumstances, as I see you desire it, I will accept your offer to-day with the distinct understanding that I can reciprocate to-morrow."

"Well, we have so much to discuss between us all, I dare say," broke in Mr. Toole, "we can well afford to waive matters of ceremony and proceed at once to the subjects of greatest interest to us all alike."

"Before we talk about anything, I insist on ordering lunch," persisted Dr. Maxwell. "Now, aunt, you do the honors of the table, just as when we are at home. Here is the menu. Make your own selections, and I will tell the waiter we want luncheon at once."

(To be continued.)

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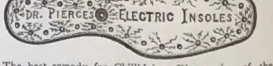
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