

Vol. 1.

MAY, 1891.

No. 3.

THE  
*Golden Way.*

MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN & MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL,  
PUBLISHERS.

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# PROSPECTUS.

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## The Golden Way

### MAGAZINE

Will be devoted to the dissemination of TRUTH, on all the live issues of the day which affect directly or indirectly the advancement of Progressive Thought.

Believing that SPIRITUALISM, as a science, solves the riddle of the Sphinx, answers the question of the Ages, and presents to man the most magnificent elucidation of his immortal destiny, it will especially advocate the truth of Psychic Phenomena.

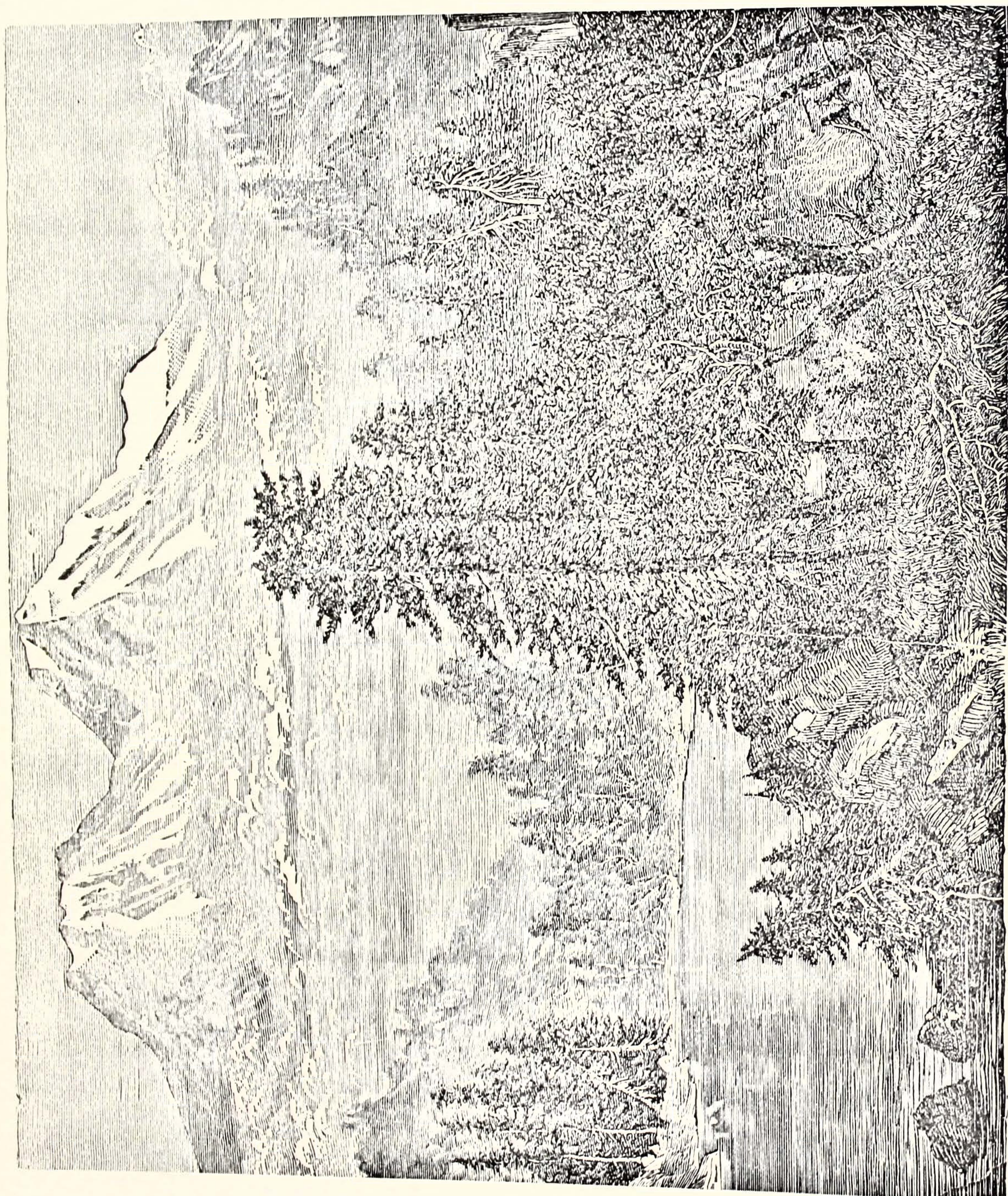
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN,  
AND  
MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL, } Publishers.

Address "GOLDEN WAY," 624 Polk street, San Francisco, Cal.









MOUNT SHASTA, 14,440 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.



# THE GOLDEN WAY.

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## “A WOMAN IN THE CASE.”

An Address delivered at the Annual Commencement of the National Medical College, in the Congregational Church of Washington, March 16, 1887.

BY PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, A. M., M. D., PH. D., ETC.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—This is the Sixty-fifth Annual Commencement of the National Medical College; which means, among other things, that it has taken the Medical Department of Columbian University more than threescore years to grow wise enough to secure what was needed—a woman graduate. Now it only takes a woman three years to secure what she may desire—a diploma. Whence I infer, that my respected colleagues as well as myself have been taking a lesson in Theosophy. On which subject I will speak for the hour, at the hazard of fanning into flame every spark of smouldering opposition to free-thinking and out-speaking there may be within reach of my breath.

There should be a great moral lesson in this occasion, if one could be clever enough to find it out. What is the reason, I ask, why two generations of estimable gentlemen should have

hugged the notion that this University could do better without than with the aid and countenance of woman? If that were true, a college would be the only thing of the kind extant—quite unique in its way. And since it has proven to be untrue, what is there about this third generation of professors that has set them to teaching young ladies as well as young gentlemen? Whatever it may be, I take it for a healthy sign of the times—a significant straw that points, like a thousand others, to the deathless Spirit of Progress, bound though she be to the body of every prejudice, menaced though she be by the mediocrity of the multitude, cursed though she be with the curse of the common-place.

To go back no more than ten years—during which I have had a voice in these matters—I well remember, when I began to lecture, that a number of ladies who wished to learn what I professed to teach, asked if they might



not attend. "Certainly," I said; "I should be delighted to have you do so, but of course I am authorized to speak only for myself. Better make formal application to the Faculty, and let us see what can be done."

Now I confess that I was half-hearted about it at the time, and that I gave my would-be pupils only lip service. Yet the rest of the Faculty did no better. Those ladies came for a while, during the time their application was pending, only to find themselves tolerated by young gentlemen who knew no better, and by older ones who ought to have known better, till their application was refused. The Faculty had held a meeting about it, and no doubt the Trustees also. We had hum'd and haw'd, and twiddled our thumbs, and squirmed in our seats, as men do when they do not know what to do. Every one of us was in favor of the higher education of women, and so forth, and so forth. But, when it came to the vote, the vote was "No." And I suspect that for some little time thereafter the rest of the Faculty were as busy as myself in framing polite excuses—in cultivating the art of polite lying.

"But"—what was the matter with our fair applicants? Nothing. What was the matter with the Faculty? Nothing. What was the matter with the Trustees? Nothing. But—the time had not come for the college to catch up with the times. And yet, will you believe me, I am speaking of less than ten years ago.

Well: the sessions came and the

sessions went, as they had done for half a century, till one fine day the door-bell rang again—this time with no uncertain sound. It rang as if whoever pulled it had a right to the handle. For a figure of speech, I may say it was only the postman of the times, who brought a letter for the Faculty. That letter was stamped "Public Opinion." That letter was signed "Progress." And Progress demanded of Prejudice to be informed why in Washington one half of the population could study medicine and the other half could not have the same privilege; what was the matter with half the people in the city, that they should stand in the way of the other half; and what was the matter with the other half, that they should thus be withstood? Could it be because those were men, and these were women? Or what, then?

Very simple questions these, that the college could not answer. A very civil service examination that the college could not pass. So the Faculty asked the Trustees. The Trustees did not know, and they asked the Faculty to ask one another. Not one of us could give the rest any satisfactory answer. And then the alacrity with which we invited both halves of the whole city to sit at our feet and become doctors showed that we had done with at least one prejudice, and were quick to respond to Progress backed by Public Opinion.

Yet I do not observe that any convulsion of nature has attended the admission of women to our college upon



the same footing as other students, subject to the same requirements and restrictions, entitled to the same rights and privileges as the rest of the class. Not even an earthquake, nor even a sign from a Wiggins that the earth is going to quake. On the contrary, lectures have gone on just the same; the class has steadily increased in number and improved in quality; the decorum of the class-room had never been violated before and has not been since; study in the clinic has been not less successful; work in the chemical and physiological laboratories and in our anatomical "Bluebeard's closet" has been done as usual; the quizzes have sharpened the students' wits as they did before; and the terrors of the green-room have been faced down just as they used to be. Commencement-day has come again, punctually on time, and this pleasant evening is passing away according to the printed programme.

What need, then, to have told this little story out of school—what need now accentuate a drama already played? Yes—enacted in colleges of most of the great cities of Europe and America long before it claimed the boards of the capital of the United States—this abolition of odious, because unjust, discrimination against the sex of woman, in the matter of her acquiring knowledge enough to enter one of the learned professions; pleased as I am to observe such result accomplished, I am still more puzzled to discover—why it took so long.

Was it that our forefathers objected

to the education of women in medicine, and had the power to enforce their objection? Or was it that our foremothers were in such a state of subjection that they could not insist upon their right to be educated as well as men? If the former, then men *are* wiser in our generation than they were before. If the latter, then women *are* better off than they used to be. And in either case there has been progress in the right direction, of which we may all be proud.

For I assume it to be an axiom that knowledge is well—a good thing for any one to have. Knowledge of no kind is good for half the world only; any kind which both halves may not share is bad. That wretched saw, which says a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, applies but to the plentiful ignorance which a little knowledge implies in its possessor. Real knowledge is too precious a possession to be reserved for our sex. True knowledge is too sad a burden to be borne by us alone. Great knowledge is a weapon too potent to be intrusted only to the hands of men. All real true knowledge begins when we begin to know ourselves; and none is greater than the knowledge of self, at once the starting-point and the goal of the human race we run. For nothing real and true exists for any one of us save that, the reality and truth of which is already in us; and the realization of what is true within us is the utmost possible human achievement. Seek not abroad for that which you would possess, but find it within, or find it



never! If the fear of the Lord be the beginning of wisdom,—the beginning of that spiritual Gnosis for which all human knowledge is but a preparation,—then whoso is lord of self has nothing else to fear. To “know thyself” is the key to the Godhead.

What easier, earlier steps may one take in the direction of this knowledge than to learn the construction and the working of the natural body we inhabit? The grossest parts of us are the easiest to find out about, and for a while the most useful things one can know. Take a skeleton—the bony framework of the body. Any one of average intelligence can learn it in a few weeks. Clothe it next with the muscles by which that set of bones is moved about. Furnish it with blood, coursing through numberless arteries and veins. Supply it with food and air by the means of appropriate organs. Ventilate and drain it. Quick-en it with a nervous system. Then get into it and keep it in order, and you will find that the more intelligently you occupy that habitation, the bigger and more instructive a world it turns out to be. This is a safe kind of knowledge, because it is so sure; and I do not see that there is any other kind of which this kind may not become the soundest basis. For, who should presume to talk physiology except he knows anatomy well? Who should talk of psychology except he be grounded in physiology? Who should hope to know of the mind except as it is manifested in, by, and through the body? Who is compet-

ent to instruct you in philosophy, in ethics, in religion itself, if he be ignorant of the physical mechanism of thought and feeling? Who that has not grasped the significance of the vital processes that go on in our bodies is likely to have any accurate and reliable information on the general question of the conduct of human life? Who that does not know the parts and powers and principles that enter into the composition of physical human nature is competent to have or to give any opinion that shall be entitled to our respect concerning the higher mental and spiritual aspects of human nature? No one I think.\* For in the present mode of existence to which we are condemned so long as we wear the flesh, the soul or spiritual body is so inextricably blended with the physical or material form, and so

\*That is the reason why the pulpit, as a rule, floods the pews with such a deluge of antediluvian sewage. No man is fit to be a preacher of so-called divine truth who is not posted on the facts of human nature. He ought to know what sort of things he is talking to, as well as what he is talking about. Every man who wants to be a divine expert ought to base his claim to that function on human expertness. He ought to be a fair anatomist, a good physiologist, and a first-rate psychologist. Would you trust your person to a locomotive engineer whom you thought did not know the construction and operation of his engine, or the force of steam? Yet thousands of people, sensible enough in the affairs of daily life, listen with reverence to the glib gibberish of demented declamation from the pulpit, because a sort of spurious sanctity hedges about that castle of cowardice, that asylum of ignorance, in which persons who do not know, perhaps, which side of the body holds the liver, will tell you all about the rise and especially the fall of man, the destiny of the human race,—the plans, purposes, and methods of Providence.—predestination, foreordination, reprobation, salvation, damnation, and all the rest of the mystification and twistification and stultification of the facts of human nature—bosh, I say.



subject to mechanical conditions of activity, that no clear knowledge of the former seems to be possible unless it proceed upon some understanding of the latter. Otherwise, it is all fancy, speculation, groping blindly—it is anything but knowledge. It is gambling against fate, with all that we have and hope for at stake; a game in playing which the ignorant and the careless are the most to be envied, because they are the happiest.

But the kind of knowledge, upon the virtue and value of which I am now insisting, is to be acquired, in its rudiments at least, by what is commonly called “medical” education. And those things which are usually taught in medical colleges seem to me to be the best possible first lessons in the science of life—not merely a means of earning a living. Why, then, it is so commonly withheld from women, is a question which will widen rather than the reverse as we recede from the particulars of this one profession and approach the general problem, whether sex makes any difference in the right of human beings to know, and in their duty to learn, anything and everything that will help them to understand themselves.

For, if medical knowledge be desirable for all those of either sex who have aptitude and ability and ambition in that direction,—why not legal lore also for those of both sexes who wish to practice law? And why not theological erudition for those women as well as men who wish to preach the gospel or exercise any other ec-

clesiastical functions? And why not political economy and state-craft and a voice in the affairs of the country for those born diplomats—women—as well as for men who must painfully learn to be statesmen? And if state-craft, what other craft, then, or handiwork, or business, or avocation, or art, or any exercise or activity of mind or body, must man debar women on account of her sex?

But ask me now—if women be not the equal of man in everything, as free as he is to think, speak, act, with every right that is his, hers also—and I answer: No. These things have never been hers, and never will be, so long as there lingers in any community any relic of barbarism to discriminate unjustly against her, as every barbarian does; and all these things and more are hers in precise proportion to the civilization of mankind and the humanizing of humanity. Yet not until the coming race shall have come, will her rightful place cease to be disputed.

Whose is the fault, that perfect equality is not yet her lot in any part of the world? She is not equal to her best when attacked with a club, as is done in Australia, for example. Nor when made a beast of burden, as the Indians do out West. Nor when harnessed to a cart or a plough with the cattle, as may be seen in more than one part of Europe. Nor when her feet are pinched out of shape in China. Nor when she is shut up in a seraglio for some lazy Turk’s amusement. Nor when any heathen can be found to go



about with a fan to hold up before his face when she is near, for fear of nobody but himself knows what. Nor when barter or sale, or hire, or any transaction that springs not from brave and honest manhood, can win her gracious favor.

It is a long stride forward from the club of the savage bearing down upon her person, to the lance of chivalry couched to defend her fame. And every step of the way has been toilingly, painfully passed over, in the lives of individuals and in the lifetimes of nations—or has been speedily, happily taken, according to the measure of man's recognition of woman's equal rights.

At any period, in any country or community, it is neither the strength of the soldier's arm, nor the length of the merchant's purse, nor the reach of the church's voice, nor the sweep of the king's command,—none of these is it that fixes time and place in the unfolding of the human race, declaring to what stage a people has arrived. A surer sign of dignity and power may be discerned in manhood's estimate of womanhood. Let that be low, and the Australian club is but hidden, not thrown away. Let that esteem be high, and every weapon of the savage has been used to kindle on happy hearths a flame more sacred than ever Vestal tended in the temple—a fire, quenchless because divine, irradiating home.

Complex beyond description are the social dynamics involved in this problem of the sex-relation, upon the deli-

cate adjustment of which the well-being, present or prospective, of every community depends. If it be granted that in any given case the place which woman may take and hold determines the place that community takes and holds,—let us see some of the forces that work to hasten or retard the process of development. I do not now speak of savagery, where she is subject to brute force; nor of semicivilization, that makes her a pretty toy,—but of some of the higher rounds of national existence, to which the term civilized may be applied. What is here the friction that retards, and the consequent loss of power to do and be all that she would, were she free to act out her whole nature, and accomplish her destined mission?

I can name at least three great stumbling-blocks in her way, if I dare to do so. The first of these is—religious intolerance; and the second of these is—scientific intolerance; and the third of these is—social tyranny.

For religious intolerance says to every woman: "You can not be trusted with your own soul; therefore I will take charge of that, and tell you what you are to believe and how you must feel in your heart toward God and man."

For scientific intolerance says to every woman: "You can not be trusted with your own mind; so I will do your thinking for you, and then I will tell you as much as I think you are capable of understanding, or at any rate, as much as I think it is good for you to know."



For social tyranny says to every woman: "You can not be trusted with your own person; so I will regulate your conduct."

Thus is a triple-headed Cerberus set to guard womanhood,—to guard womanhood, which if it be worthy of the name, is fit to keep the keepers of that brute, and which, if it be unworthy, is not worth watching.

It grates upon the ears of every stiff-necked sectarian in this church, and startles every timorous time-server of ecclesiasticism, to hear me say that religious bigotry is first among the forces that tend to enslave women. But history gives me the warrant to say, that woman is free, first and mainly, according to the degree of her emancipation from priestcraft, in whatever form of orthodox authority that hateful yoke may be placed upon her neck.

Among the really great religions of the world,—among the few colossal systems of belief, in comparison with which the sects in our midst are motes in the sunbeam of eternal truth, the Brahminical church stands easily foremost in the power it has wielded as the fitting consort of tyrannous temporal rulers, the best-equipped, and, for time out of mind, the best-managed system of spiritual oppression the world has ever seen. The revolt of humanity from that atrocious hierarchy, whose heel was harder than the sword of earthly kings—the reaction of Progress upon Prejudice, culminated more than two thousand years ago in Buddhism, which to-day compels

the conscience of one-third of the human race. And I ask, Has woman ever had her rights in Asia? ever been equal to her best in the Orient? Never! It mattered little whether her masters were Brahmins or Buddhists, or Mahometans or Zoroastrians, or priests of the tribe of Levi—her slavery was but of one or another form—slavery still. And if such be the spectacle of Eastern lands, what reflection of that image is held up to view in Europe and America? Two or three centuries after the Man of Sorrows has been put to shameful death for speaking out of the spirit of God that filled him—even as Manu had spoken it before, and Moses, and Zoroaster, and Buddha—there arose under Roman rule a hierarchy only less potent than its predecessors to work by the same methods to identical ends. Not to spread the true "Light of Asia,"—not to hold aloft the torch of fire divine that Christ rekindled on Calvary,—but to galvanize anew a creedal corpse, propped up on two legs, which are the Devil and Damnation, backed up by the dogma of a papal infallibility. And where the hand of the Roman Church is heaviest, there the head of womanhood is bowed the lowest down. What chance has her sensitive, shrinking soul in the clutch of an incubus? None, unless she wrests herself from such embrace with a mighty effort. The revolt from Catholic tyranny that was inevitable—the same antidote to Romanism that Buddhism had administered to Brahminism—was found in Protestantism.



The mistress of Martin Luther inspired the Reformation when she fired the imagination and girded the loins of that sturdy protester. If one woman did that, no wonder that among the many nearest to Henry the Eighth, one was found able to precipitate yet another rebellion by stiffening that magnificent brute into imposing upon the predominant race of men a placid and intensely respectable Episcopacy,—that emasculate bastard of the scarlet woman of Rome.

And so with every outward form of religion that sets and hardens into a mould of worldly shaping, till the very spirit of religion is petrified, and no longer vivifies the soul. Forms of belief repeat their shifting shapes incessantly in the letter of the law that killeth, and who is strong enough to withstand the letter that is not wise enough to discern its secret meaning? Churches have their uses, since the womanhood of the world is not yet fully developed. Churches have their uses, whilst the womanhood of the world is being further developed. Churches have their uses, until the womanhood of the world shall be perfectly developed. Woman's emancipation goes hand in hand with the loosening of each ecclesiastical fetter that is loosed in turn. And whenever the time shall come to protest against this episode of our time and place which we miscall Christianity; to protest against . . . Protestantism; to revolt from that and every other self-styled hierarchical authority that would presume to set bounds to the

Spirit; to rebel against the custody of the soul by any guardian save the soul's supreme self-conscience, whenever that time shall be upon us, I say, perfected womanhood it will be that shall enter that last protest. Then will the woman-soul of the world have been enthroned again, even as it was before the tempter came and conquered. Then will have been regained in triumph that divine estate she lost so long ago. Then will the seed of her spirit have bruised the head of the serpent. And then shall the Veil of Isis be riven, and the naked truth be not ashamed. Then shall the seal set upon the lips of the Sphinx be broken, that man may know from whose lips to learn the secret of life, for the want of knowing which he now dies daily.

That is the message some woman may bring to every man, if he be but fitted to receive it. That she stammers and blushes in the telling is less her fault than his. He should not bid her be ruled by religions of his making, for she should be his religion.

What I have called "scientific insolence" is that peculiar exhibition of vanity which men make when they act as if they thought masculine intellect superior to feminine intuition. I presume we are quite unconscious, for the most part, of our egregious egotism in this particular—for intellectual arrogance is natural to man. How deeply rooted is our mental pride, and how seduously such conceit is fostered by the every way that things go on at present, is witnessed



in the fact that we always challenge the right and fitness of women to be doctors, or lawyers, or ministers, or anything else requiring brains for its successful exercise. That which in us goes without saying, in her we want the proof of. But let us take up a point or two.

The best practice of medicine is but a reasonable and careful extension of the best nursing, and no one doubts whose nursing is always the best. I cannot speak for the law, but if it be good legal practice to argue unanswerably and repeat the process as often as occasion arises, I presume it is within the experience of most persons that the fair sex can do that as well as some other persons. I certainly should not speak for the clergy, but if it be the privilege and duty of that profession to help us all in some of our darkest hours with words of faith and hope and charity, then I may cite—

“The perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command.”

And the poets, though they may not always hit the mark, are of all men the “least liars..”

It is true, no doubt, that in the pure sciences few women have attained any excellence, and fewer still, if any, have made themselves pre-eminent. But I cannot suppose that this argues any real intellectual inferiority. Rather, I would say, it is because we men,—in this day when science is the regnant cult, is the orthodox way of setting one’s mind at

work, is not less grasping and tyrannous in its way than church dogmas are in theirs, is not less presumptuous in measuring all things by its own standards and trying all things by its own methods, is not less intolerant of difference of opinion, is not less supercilious when criticised and not less savage when contradicted,—it is because we men assume that what is scientifically true in a given instance must be the whole truth of that case. This is why women take less kindly to science, as a rule, than men do. Because most of them know better. They are quicker to perceive, and readier to assert, that the gross materialism with which the scientific camp is now so strongly fortified is at best but a half-truth, inadequate to handle all the truth there is to be found by those who know of the finer and keener powers that the human-soul may command in the search for wise self-knowledge. Spiritual truth is intuitively recognized, and when discerned is felt to be of a higher order than any physical or mechanical fact can be, in the very nature of the case, from the very constitution of human nature. It is not so much her rebellion from, as her indifference to, bare scientific facts, that characterizes the more finely organized and more keenly sensitized half of our race; it is a real and sincere conviction on her part of the greater value and use and beauty of many things which science leaves out of its scheme. As much as to say, of a given scientific fact: “Is that so? Well, what of it?”



That being a question which all of us, sooner or later, as we discard illusions one after another, come to face and find to be unanswerable, I think we should have great sympathy with the quick and vivid feminine intelligence which instinctively assumes that attitude. The point is not that womanly minds are unscientific, for the greatest scientists who have ever lived have been men who possessed those peculiarly feminine powers of creative imagination and those intuitions which enabled them to divine truths they had afterward to support and defend with their slower and more masculine logic. I should rather say that such fine fibre and sheeny quality of mind are superscientific, reaching over and beyond, securing most precious acquisitions denied forever to duller understanding. Such minds work on a higher plane; they take in clearer cognitions, upon which they rest, finding them restful, with which they live, finding them good to die with. Yet such perceptions cannot be formulated, nor even described; least of all can they be made common property. The wisdom that passeth all understanding—a very theosophy—comes not into the life of any who fancy that by taking thought they may find it out. Only those who live the life of the Spirit shall know the secret doctrine. Only those who are at one with that which is true can know it with a kind of knowing that has no need of logic. Leave to the watchers on the house-tops of science the clear, short scope of their well-defined hori-

zon. Let but the inner eye be trained to see, and every limitation vanishes in the light that flashes from peak to peak of those heights whereon the seers of our race have stood to point the ever-upward way. The processes of reasoning are not the final steps in such ascents. Logic is the scaffolding of half understanding—the mainstay of every half-truth. The evidence of the senses is circumstantial, elusive, fugacious. The evidence of that which is unseen, unheard, unknown indeed to human reason, is the direct, enduring testimony of such kind as never has the science of any age been able to break down.

Yet that of which I speak must subsist as best it may in the rough-and-tumble of life, and its place is safer behind the veil of feminine qualities than beneath the shield of masculine attributes. Wherefore, as it seems to me, that scientific insolence which plays the tyrant over a finer science than its own, and would do the thinking for all mankind, and womankind too, is a piece of characteristic conceit. If our science has a duty of the hour which it owes to its own self-respect, that duty is, to purge itself of contempt of that court which is capable of overruling scientific decisions, and from whose ruling there is no appeal. I mean that higher than the mere police court of the physical world,—that inner court where the soul, be it of scientist or other, is brought to judgment to answer whether or not it has been true to itself amid all the mazes of matter, amid all the illusions



of the world, amid all the delusions of the senses. If such account cannot be fairly rendered by the man of science, then woman must be adjudged to have been the better scientist all along, because a clearer and farther-seeing human being,—one who knew she was right, and suffered unjustly because she could not prove it to all men's satisfaction.

If there be any sense in what I have urged, namely, that feminine brains are as good thinking-machines as is the masculine instrument of thought,—and if women are found to prove this in purely professional and scientific lines, for example, by passing as good a medical examination as other students.—how then does it happen that ladies are excluded from the Philosophical and Biological and the Anthropological Societies of Washington? Is it that the time is not come for that? Or is it simply because these societies are conducted by gentlemen for their own private purposes? If so, it is simply the Turk business in a new line of activity,—what may be called Turkish in theory at least, hence not quite civilized in practice. There might, indeed, be some difficulty in persuading ladies to attend, since such places are uncommonly dull. But I think the deeper difficulty is this: that our philosophers are not quite philosophical enough and our biologists are not sufficiently biological, and our anthropologists prefer to be anthropological in a man-sided manner. For, observe: if true philosophy inculcates serenity

and tranquillity of mind under all circumstances, together with entire resignation to the inevitable, no married man can doubt a woman's ability to teach philosophy. And if patience under long-suffering, silent endurance of wrongs, moral courage and fortitude, cheerfulness, kindliness, and every bright, fine virtue that can adorn personal character, be among the best outcomes of the wisest philosophy of life, who is there to doubt her ability to practice philosophy? How, then, does she shine through her absence from the Philosophical Society? Again: if biology be the science of life, as the name implies, and not merely the study of the bones and skins and furs and feathers of the lower animals, as it appears now to be, what is there about the science of biology that should restrict its study to men? Women have surely an equal interest in the science as well as the art of living,—why not, then, an equal share in its study, and an equal voice in biological councils? The most vital of all biological questions do, in fact, wait upon her answer; why, then, does the Council of the Biological Society meet and adjourn without asking her advice? Once more: anthropology is the science of man; that is, of mankind—the human race—humanity. it is the science, not of men only, but of men and women. Therefore, how does it happen that only one sex discusses the problems presented to the Anthropological Society? To keep it one-sided, as it is now kept, would



seem to argue that anthropology is merely the science of men, and of men, moreover, who know that there are things about themselves that they do not wish women to discover. Thackery prayed that, "our women-folks might never find us out"; but that is a prayer which God has never been kind enough to answer in our favor. There ought not to be any occasion for it, and there would not be, if the refining and ennobling, and, in a word, the civilizing potency of womanhood had that free scope and fair play and full effect which are its divine birthright.

Perhaps these questions will answer themselves when we grow still more civilized, just as the question of the co-education of the sexes in this college has given its own answer to-night.

My third point, the social tyranny which enslaves us all, but terrorizes women especially, is too pointed to need sharpening by any words of mine. Everybody knows that nobody is anybody who is not in the fashion. Every woman knows, I am informed, that the consciousness of being well dressed brings a peace of mind that religion cannot confer. And doubtless there are conquests to be made in other fields than those of science. What next shall I say? I do not know.\* But there is something rotten

in Washington, if there never was in Denmark, when to be well dressed is to be half-undressed, putting religion quite out of mind, and putting science to its trumps in trying to cure pneumonia. Dress reform, for one thing, cannot begin too soon for morals or for health, or stay too long for the benefit of society; unless indeed, the world is only a stage—a stage, that is, in our progress from low comedy to

to disrobe the old lady and show her in her naked ugliness; but the church was full of young people, and it was hardly the place for practicing public dissection of such a monstrosity. I also reflected that in the present state of fashionable society, so cunningly contrived to stimulate sexual passion and punish its gratification under other than the "high license" of the church, it is much more difficult for any woman than for any man to treat Mother Grundy as she ought to be served. Almost everyone is ready to applaud a man whose attitude is: "They say—what do they say?—let them say on"; but few are found to render like tribute to the woman who assumes like independence of scandal and gossip. But the remedy is in her own hands, after all; and as long as she will submit to be talked down for fear of being talked up, just so long will she be under the lash of Grundy's tongue. What I know of the comparative purity of masculine and feminine morals in the matter of their mutual relations, leads me to the theory that a woman who "needs watching," as the phrase goes, is not worth watching; and that if she were, she would contrive to elude the social sentinels—those post-dated tabbies who talk away their grandchildren's reputations behind their turkey-tailed fans. The reason why "society" is in such a perpetual panic about the private morals of its female members is not because it is moral, but because it is afraid of being found out. Considering how well it knows itself, that fear is due to a reasonable and commendable instinct of self-preservation. That raises the question, however, whether such an artificial system of herding the sexes is worth the care requisite to keep it up. It is a vastly complicated evolution of the Turkish idea according to which a woman will be bad if she has a chance, so she is locked up—a method which commends itself for simplicity, directness, and effect. We retain the idea, simply substituting a Grundy for a eunuch; and until we dismiss the idea, and proceed upon a better opinion of female virtue, we shall continue to employ only palliative instead of remedial measures against the vices and follies of our social fabric.

\*That, of course, was an innocent oratorical fiction. I knew perfectly well what to say next, and, in fact, it was in the manuscript from which I read, but my audience had grown so scary and gassy at this point that I spared them. It was simply my compliments to a horrid old female bugaboo named, Mrs. Grundy, whose nose I pulled in Washington some years ago, and who has never since fallen in love with me. I intended



the legitimate drama of life. But here is woman already reigning supreme; it is for her to say how all such things shall be. If she is satisfied with society as it is, there is nothing more to be said: she will continue to be watched as now, so long as she is content to acknowledge whose name is callee Frailty. Social slavery is just fit for social slaves. Their emancipation will not be proclaimed till they cease to be such of their own accord, in full, clear, steady recognition of the equal right of every human being to say to religion, to say to science, to say to society "I helped to make you what you are; I will help to make you over again, if you do not suit me."

No one can foretell the result, or presume to limit the power of this splendid spirit of individual opinion, to individual character, to individual conduct. Think, be, and do for yourselves, and take the consequences. A woman says to herself, "Your medical college does not suit me; therefore, I will make it over." And the thing is done. Let but the same spirit prevail in the State, till woman's present political disabilities be removed!\*

\*I am, of course, an uncompromising suffragist, and I believe that woman needs the ballot-box more than the box needs her, though I have little respect for the personal character, and less for the political methods, of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who seems to have lately injured the cause by some very cheap tricks. Women must learn that it is not men's fault, but their own, that they are not allowed to vote. The real reason why they are denied the ballot, is that a majority of their sex do not want to vote.

And the reason why they do not want to vote, is because they do not know enough to feel that want. And the principal reason why they are thus ignorant, is their theological superstitions about the Bible and St. Paul, etc. The church is mainly built and supported by the timidity and

That spirit which says to itself, "I will" is invincible. Will-power made the world, and every one of us has it in some degree. That power is all abroad to-day, and a fiery train of goods and ills is following after. Free thought is breaking the back of an intolerable because intolerant theology, and brushing cobweb creeds of orthodoxy from the living heart of a nobler and higher faith,—faith in God-made man, not in a man-made God. Free thought in spiritualism, in theosophy, in psychic science, is pricking the over-blown bubble of a merely materialistic pseudo-science. Free-thought is setting social forces at work to disrupt every cast-iron conventionality. We are moving on at a fearful pace, acquiring irresistible momentum. Events crowd closer and

docility and sentimentality of the emotional half of our race. Woman fancies she needs the church, when the fact is, the church could not get along without her. If she should "stand from under," every symbol of barbarous phallic worship we now witness in the church steeple would totter and fall forever. The Roman Church knows this as well as I do; the Protestant Church, representing a sort of amateurish priestcraft, has not made that discovery. In fine, the church is to-day the bulwark of female slavery, just as fifty years ago it was the stronghold of negro slavery. I am not surprised when some old, worn-smooth hack suffragist, like Miss Anthony, says, "O, give 'em a little Jesus if they want it!" for I understand her flirtation with the orthodox God-in-the-Constitution Church party. But I am astonished and perplexed when I see Miss Frances E. Willard, a bright and brainy and all-alive woman, using her great influence to keep women under the ban of clerical despotism and scriptural superstitions,—though I had to laugh, as any heathen philosopher might, to hear my good friend declare that "Christ shall be this world's king," when I remembered that the gentle Jew said of himself, "My kingdom is not of this world." As to such a difference of opinion between her Jesus and his Frances, I must let them settle it themselves. It is too deep a question for a benighted sinner like me.



faster every day. Let the sluggards in spirit be quickened, let the dullards in thought awaken, let the laggards in life improve their gait, lest the fate of all such be upon them! The spirit of these times is change—change—change; fit yourselves for new conditions or perish, for only the fittest survive. Leave a timorous time-serving to its own servitude; let the dogmas of the churches decay in their own decrepitude; and challenge the puerilities of a kind of science that is already in its second childhood. The protest of senile conservatism is futile. We cannot stand still; we must make progress in the teeth of every prejudice. Change is the ringing key-note of the hour. Where are but yesterday's most cherished beliefs and hopes most dear and burdens most sore?

Buried with yesterday's setting sun, if we are wiser to-day. And what of tomorrow's rising sun? Who shall be the heralds of the new dawn, and what shall be ushered in? We—we of to-day are those heralds; and what we will to do to-day, it is that ushers in the morning fair or foul for us every one. Patience—patience—let the fruit of works ripen; let these parlous times mature. What next? If we would be wise, let us prophesy after the event. If we would know “what next,” let us wait and see; “they also serve who wait.” Only one thing is safe to say; Men never act alone. They cannot. They may think they do, but they do not. The only safe prediction is this: Whatever the case may be, there will be a woman in the case, God bless her.

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## THE GOLDEN WAY.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

The golden way is the way above  
With a luster o'er it streaming—  
The golden way is the path of love,  
With the light around it beaming.

On the golden way of life we stand—  
Our eyes are veiled to its glory;  
Flowers we drop from the careless hand,  
Unheeding their mystic story.

We climb the rounds of the golden stair—  
In our dreams the angel's ladder—  
We hear not the strains that fill the air  
While our tired hearts grow sadder.

Our eyes are dim on the golden way,  
Tho' the sands with gems are shining—  
We see not the buds of op'ning day  
With the vines of life entwining.

On the golden way we loiter on,  
With our laggard steps unwilling;  
Nor heed the signs of the coming dawn  
With its glow the heavens filling.

Our eyes are closed on the golden path  
To the angels round us singing.  
We listen still for the tones of wrath  
With the notes of evil ringing.

O, if we knew on the golden way  
The way to God we are treading,  
Our hearts less often would vainly stray,  
Nor so oft would faint with dreading.

If we only knew the path we climb  
Is the golden way for growing—  
Was laid for the spirit's harvest time  
In wisdom beyond our knowing—

If we only knew that every day  
The lost to our sides are pressing,  
How glad we'd walk in the golden way  
And wait for the promised blessing.



## FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

BY J. W. MACKIE.

IN the last issue of the *Golden Gate* a "forty years' investigator" indulges in very plain talk regarding Spiritualism and Spiritualists, which may be summed up thus: Spiritualism as a religion is a failure.

Spiritualism as a religion ought to be a failure—Spiritualism when it only means the evidence of spirit existence, or the continuity of life after death. Why should the fact of a present life or a future life be a religion? It may be that my idea of what religion is is not correct; or it may be that I do not possess that amount of reverence in my nature which makes what passes as religion a necessity. Certainly I have no use for that religion which is merely a collection of facts—or assumed facts.

I believe religion to be the development of man in every department of his nature in strict relation to his present requirements. Of course the development of the present man is all that can be done for the future man. Whatever best satisfies the demands and promotes the growth of our entire being, physical, mental, moral and spiritual, is all that we need, whether it be called a religion or not. Religions all along the line of history have been simply an allegiance to some revelator of deity, or a revelator of the conditions of life after death, to which has been attached certain codes of conduct and creed, moral and ecclesiastical, as a basis for spiritual preferment in another life. I have neither faith in nor

use for any religion of that kind, not even when it is called Spiritualism. The life that now is, is just as sacred as any future life, even a million years hence. Spirit life in the body or out of the body can receive no worship from me, and I do not feel inclined to worship any spiritual power or force, any more than I would worship gravitation or any other force, physical or spiritual.

Spiritualism has made itself ridiculous in its efforts to ape the religious antics of the enslaving institutions of the past. I was an officer of the first organization of Spiritualists in San Francisco, and had the honor of assisting in investing the late Sister McKinley with sacerdotal powers—a preacher of the gospel of Spiritualism. I will not easily forget the feeling of smallness and shame which possessed me during the whole proceeding. It was the first serious blow given to Spiritualism in San Francisco. It was bending the knee to priestcraft.

Dependence upon priests, preachers, prophets, mediums, or even spirits for spiritual ailment is an evil, as our friend "Athene" bewails.

Those who "regarded Spiritualism as a religion, and through holding communion with spirits have relied upon them as their guides and controls to lead them into better ways of light, knowledge, wisdom and happiness," have failed to have reliable revelations or purer lives. Failing in this, many of such have sought refuge



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in Theosophy, and many of these have found a Slough of Despond in oriental rubbish. Why can not Spiritualism be made a study and a means for the discovery of truth, to aid in human development without the danger of its students becoming victims of superstition, or the servile followers of a leader or an association? Why may we not examine the claims of Theosophy at the same time without incurring the charge of opposing Spiritualism or any other form of truth? And why may we not permit all these students to arrive at whatever conclusions their own peculiar reasoning compels them to? I believe in reincarnation, or possibly only something analogous to it. Very well. Shall I think the bacteria of heresy is going to afflict the world with spiritual disease and death because another does not see as I do, and thinks I am silly and superstitious? Pshaw!

I liked the old fashioned Spiritualism of thirty or forty years ago. It was manly, feared nothing, and gave liberty to all to speak their untrammelled thoughts, and so gave opportunity for discipline of thought, for correction of error and the stamping out of dogmatism. Now we want select associations, guilds of peculiar thoughts, prisons of the soul, places where free thought can not live, only the morbid expressions of a creed, based on vanity, selfishness and everything that goes to destroy spiritual life and build up superstition and finally a church and a priesthood.

It is not the form of a religion we

need so much as "backbone;" the ability to stand alone, earn our own spiritual living and develop all the capabilities of our own soul, even though we should be different from everybody else in the whole world; and at the same time be able to co-operate with others in the mutual building up of conditions necessary to freedom of thought and pure lives. It may be inconvenient to be odd as it is inconvenient to be taller or shorter than is common, but it is just what we are and we have a right to be so. It is this lack of individual character or backbone which makes Spiritualists so sensitive to pretended exposure and so dependent upon mediums for their spiritual living, and which makes refugees in Theosophy slaves to oriental dogma. Theosophy became a city of refuge to Spiritualists when they became unable to find sufficient spiritual nourishment in spiritual phenomena, when as little spirituality could be derived from it as from a study of Euclid. Theosophy meant spiritual life and spiritual development and was not dependent upon Madam Blavatsky or any adept or mahatma or cunningly devised system of mystic practices; it did not mean to those who fled from the slavery of phenomenal Spiritualism, a fleeing from one prison house to another no better and perhaps worse;—it meant the freedom of the soul to be itself in all its fulness; and so did and so does real Spiritualism. Spiritual phenomenon, though no mean agent in the world's development; though it has in its own way revolu-



tionized the metaphysical and religious thought of the civilized world; though it has given hope where only dwelt despair, yet should not be held to one's embrace as the one thing needful, should not eclipse other duties quite as sacred and incumbent; nor should we permit ourselves to be controlled or guided by spirits out of the body any more than by spirits in the body, though we should hail good counsel from any quarter. We should remember that no spirit can carry us beyond our own capacities, and whatever a spirit can do through us—in an intellectual or spiritual sense—is only what we may do without their assistance after sufficient development, as for

example A. J. Davis and Mrs. Britten.

"Athene" in his concluding remarks strikes the key note of the whole matter; but even then perhaps it would be well for "Athene" to bear in mind that the key note is not Swedenborgianism nor the study of Swedenborg, but that it is the cultivation of the intention, the proper attention to the still small voice—the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world and makes him independent of spirit circles, Madam Blavatsky, priests, churches and everything that enslaves the soul and so strong that all these things and even things adverse can be made subservient to our use and advancement.

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## NATURE'S CALL.

BY MYRA A. PARKS.

Spring comes! Spring calls! Awake, awake!  
Ye flowers and trees, your long slumber break.  
See the legions of arrows all glittering with gold,  
Sweet April besieging March, blustering and bold.

From the land of the sunny South there come  
By myriads now the bright birds, hear the hum  
Of their waving wings, as they sweetly sing  
"We come to greet thee, all hail, sweet Spring."

And high on the mountain, to break their chain,  
The streams, impatient, now tug and strain  
With giant strength, again to be free,  
And joyous bound to the laughing sea.

See! The bright little daisies peep forth from the sod,  
Their cheerful look is a prayer to God.  
And the buzz of the bee as he hies away,  
Is a song of love, though he may not stay.

E'en yon prison wall, within whose cell,  
Cold, dank, and dark, but crime may dwell,  
Glow bright and warm, as glad to win  
A smile from the season that knows no sin.

When Day departs, and her Sister, Night,  
Floods the sleeping world with silvery light,  
The flowers in Heaven's great meadow that blow,  
Send loving words to the flowers below,

By the moonbeam couriers, who, a kiss,  
On the drooping lids press. While a song of bliss,  
All the earth sings on in grand refrain,  
A chorus of happiness. Spring's born again!



## MRS. LIZZIE FULTON.

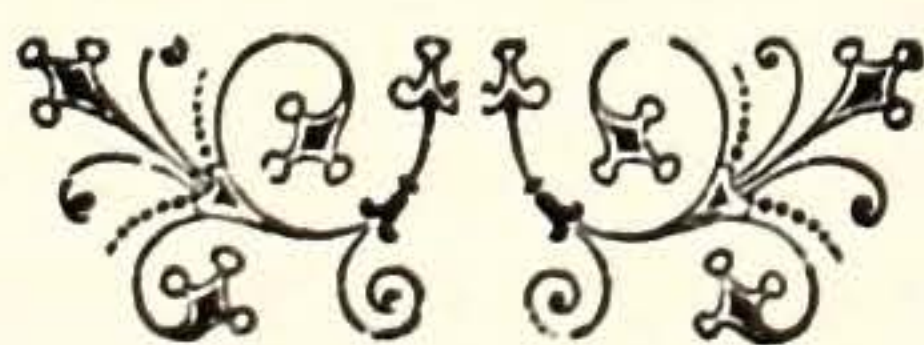
BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Mount Vernon, Ohio. Her parents were American born, of German lineage on her father's side and English on her mother's. She was married to Robert M. Fulton, grandson of Robert Fulton the inventor of the first steamboat. Two lovely children were the fruits of their happy married life. Mrs. Fulton inherited her medial powers from her mother, whose entire family were more or less gifted. Each was given the power of prophecy and each foretold his own death while in perfect health. She has seen and heard spirits from early childhood but not understanding the meaning passed it by as something common to all mortals. Yet as one by one her family passed on, and at length appeared to her, she gave the subject of Spiritualism some attention. She lost one daughter at the age of twenty-two months and her heart was wrung with agony such as only a mother can know. While in this sorrowful state of mind her darling appeared to her, the night after the funeral and subsequently many times. After her husband's death he materialized many times at her bedside, touching her

face to awaken her, he would then dematerialize, all this in a soft light, which she kept burning.

The last severe blow came when her other daughter, a fair, young girl just budding into womanhood was snatched from her side. She was just seventeen.

Thus bereft of all her family, Mrs. Fulton's burden of sorrow was almost more than she could endure. In this grief stricken home, when the pall of death again encompassed her and left her so utterly desolate, again was the veil lifted and she saw her beloved daughter floating toward her, enveloped in a halo of light and with a bright smile on her angel face she said: "Mamma, do not weep, I am not dead, I live and am happy, Oh, so happy." All doubt of a future life vanished with that bright vision for Mrs. Fulton. She called to the spirit world to guide her and she would obey. She is now in daily communion with her own loved ones, and through her mediumship she has brought comfort to many a mourner. She has several phases, none of which gives more satisfaction than her slate writing.







MRS. LIZZIE FULTON.







# THE UNVEILING OF "ISIS UNVEILED.

## A LITERARY REVELATION.

BY EMMETTE COLEMAN.

*Continued.*

IN the April number of *THE GOLD-EN WAY* was given, in detail, proofs that almost the entire subject-matter found on pages xiii to xxii inclusive, in the introductory chapter of "Isis Unveiled," was copied, with slight alterations, from the works of Cocker and Zeller. It should be borne in mind that, so far as pertains to the whole of the matter which I have shown to have been copied from these two authors, no reference is made in "Isis" to those authors,—the name of Cocker or of Zeller is never mentioned in connection therewith. Only once is Cocker's work ever named in "Isis," and that on page xii of Vol. I, where a quotation from it, concerning God, is properly credited to that work. In the case of Zeller, there are, in "I. U." i, xx, xxi, four quotations from his work for which credit is given, but in an inaccurate and misleading manner. This work of Zeller is a translation of his German book, "Plato und die altere Akademie," which forms a section of an extensive work on the philosophy of the Greeks, called "Philosophie der Griechen." These facts are stated in the preface to the English translation. All of the matter borrowed from Zeller in "Isis" is taken from the *English* translation, not from the original German (Mme. Blavatsky, I am told, does not understand German.) But, in the case of the four

quotations which she credits to Zeller's work, as above, instead of crediting them to the English version from which they are taken, three are credited to "Plato und der Alt. Akademie," and one to "Philos. der Griech," thus leading the reader to suppose that she took them from the original instead of from a translation. In none of the four is the page specified from which the citation was made; as having never seen the German original, she was unable to name the correct pages. It is very probable that one of the reasons why Mme. B. gave the German names instead of the English ones, was this: If the English names and pages had been given, any one examining the book might easily detect her wholesale plagiarism from it; but by giving the German names, without specifying the pages, her readers would be thrown off the track, as it were, in the matter of investigation of her authorities, etc. The reason Zeller is named at all by her is this: She quotes what he says on several points, and then criticises his remarks, she being thus obliged to use his name; else, most likely, neither Zeller nor his work would have been mentioned here at all by her.

Another plagiarism from Zeller is found in "I. U.," ii, 344, 345, where we read as follows: "Plato's ideal of the Deity, whom he terms the one everlasting, invisible God, the Fash-



ioner and Father of all things . . . ('Timæus,' 'Polit.' 269 E.) . . . The Grecian sage says that He can neither be envious nor the originator of evil, for he can produce nothing but what is good and just ('Timæus,' 29; 'Phædrus,' 182, 247; 'Repub.' ii, 379, B) . . . He extols His all-embracing, divine power ('Laws,' iv, 715, E; x, 901, C), and His omnipotence, but at the same time intimates that, as He is unchangeable, he can never desire to change his laws, *i. e.*, to extirpate evil from the world through a miracle ('Repub.' ii, 381; 'Theæt.' 176, A). He is omniscient, and nothing escapes his watchful eye ('Laws,' x, 901, D). His justice, which we find embodied in the law of compensation and retribution, will leave no crime without punishment, no virtue without its reward ('Laws,' iv, 716, A; 'Repub.' x, 613, A); and therefore he declares that the only way to honor God is to cultivate moral purity. He utterly rejects . . . the anthropomorphic idea that God could have a material body ('Phædrus,' 246, C) . . . He indignantly denies that God allows Himself to be propitiated, or rather bribed, by prayers and sacrifices ('Laws,' x, 905, D)."

Compare this with the following on pages 496, 497, 499, of Zeller's "Plato and the Older Academy," in description of Plato's ideal of God: "The One, Everlasting, Invisible God, the Fashioner and Father of all things (vide the Timæus . . . Polit. 269 E) . . . Plato combats the . . . notion of the envy of the Divine Being, and the opinion that evil originates with

Him, by the principle that being altogether good and just He can only produce absolute goodness and justice (Tim. 29 D) (see p. 291, 182; cf. Phædrus, 247 A, . . . Rep. ii. 379 B) . . . Plato also extols the . . . Divine power, all embracing . . . (Laws, iv. 715 E, x. 901 C) . . . the bounds of omnipotence which Plato himself intimates. . . . It is impossible for God to wish to change (Rep. ii. 381 C), it is impossible for evil to cease (Theæt. 176 A) . . . the omniscience, which nothing escapes ('Laws' x. 901 D); the justice, which leaves no crime without its punishment, and no virtue without its reward ('Laws,' iv. 716 A, . . . Rep. x. 613 A) . . . He declares that the worship of God consists solely and entirely in a disposition to morality . . . He repudiates . . . the anthropomorphism of conceiving that God could have a body (Phædr. 246 C). . . . He indignantly denies that they [the minor gods] allow themselves to be propitiated, or rather bribed, by prayers and offerings ('Laws,' x. 905 D)."

In addition to the foregoing "I. U." ii, 345, contains one quotation about Plato and the minor gods which is credited to Zeller's work, the page being unspecified as before. This citation is placed between quotation marks as a *verbatim* quotation from Zeller, but in several parts of it Mme. B. has altered the language,—a common practice with her, as will be shown hereafter. The work of Zeller on Plato is one of a series of monographs on Grecian Philosophy, of



which series translations in English of the following have been published: "Pre-Socratic Greek Philosophy;" "Socrates and the Socratic Schools;" "Plato, etc.;" "The Stoics, Epicureans and Sceptics;" "The Eclectics;"—all of which I have in my library. These, with the concluding volume, not yet published in English, form the best history of Grecian philosophy that has ever been published. The only part of this great work that Mme. B. seems to have seen or utilized is the volume on Plato,—the others, although they would have been of much service in her compilation of "Isis," appear to have been unknown to her, despite the "omniscience" of the adepts who inspired and wrote that work.

#### DEMONOLOGIA.

In 1827 there was published by John Bumpus, London, a book called "Demonologia; or Natural Knowledge Revealed; being an expose of ancient and modern superstitions, credulity, fanaticism, enthusiasm, and imposture. By J. S. F." I happen to own a copy of this work, formerly in the library of Raphael, the noted astrologer, and a comparison of its contents with those of "Isis Unveiled" demonstrates that the latter is very largely plagiarized from the former. The following extracts from the two are submitted as evidence of this fact. In none of these passages is any credit given in "I. U." to "Demonologia." Where extended quotations from other authors, or long speeches, are included in the extracts plagiarized in "Isis,"

only the first few words of the quotation or speech will be herein given, followed by the words, "etc., etc.," as a substitute for the matter omitted for brevity's sake.

(1) "The ancient *Sortilegium*, or divination by means of *Sortes* or lots . . . designated by Stat. 10 Jac. as felony (Lord Coke: 3 'Institutes,' fol. 44), and by Stat. 12 Carolus II. excepted out of the general pardons, on the ground of being sorcery—was widely practiced by the clergy and monks. Nay, it was sanctioned by St. Augustine himself, who does not 'disapprove of this method of learning futurity, provided it be not used for worldly purposes.' More than that, he confesses having practiced it himself . . . The clergy called it *Sortes Sanctorum* when it was they who practiced it; while the *Sortes Prænestinæ*, succeeded by the *Sortes Homericae* and *Sortes Virgilianæ*, were abominable heathenism. . . Gregory de Tours informs us that when the clergy resorted to the *Sortes* their custom was to lay the *Bible* on the altar, and to pray the Lord that He would discover His will, and disclose to them futurity in one of the verses of the book. Gilbert de Nogent writes that in his days (about the twelfth century) the custom was, at the consecration of bishops, to consult the *Sortes Sanctorum*, to thereby learn the success and fate of the episcopate. On the other hand we are told that the *Sortes Sanctorum* were condemned by the Council of Agda in 506. . . If any doubt that Gregory of Tours approved of a practice that



prevails to this day . . . let them read this: 'Leudastus, Earl of Tours, who was for ruining me [and so on for 9 lines]' . . . We find anathemas fulminated against this lottery of fate, at the Council of Varres, which forbids 'all ecclesiastics, under pain of excommunication, etc., etc.' The same prohibition is pronounced at the Councils of Agda in 506, of Orleans in 511, of Auxerre in 595, and finally at the Council of Aenham in 1110; the latter condemning 'sorcerers, witches, diviners, etc., etc.,' and the complaint of the joint clergy against de Garlande, their bishop at Orleans, and addressed to Pope Alexander III., concludes in this manner: 'Let your apostolical hands, etc., etc.' ("I. U.," ii, pp. 20-22.)

(1) "Sorcery is held . . . to be properly what the ancients called *Sortilegium*, or divination by means of *Sortes* or lots. Lord Coke (3 *Instit. fol. 44*) describes a sorcerer . . . sorcery by *Stat. 10 Jac.* is felony . . . by *Stat. 12, Corolus II.* it is excepted out of the general pardons. Sorcery is pretended to have been a very common thing formerly. . . . St. Augustine does not disapprove of this method of learning futurity, provided it be not used for worldly purposes; and, in fact, he owns having practiced it himself. . . . The *Sortes Prænestinae* were famous among the Greeks . . . the *Sortes Homericae* and *Sortes Virgieianae* . . . succeeded the use of the *Sortes Prænestinae*. . . . The Christians took their sortes out of the Old and New Testament. . . . This was called

*Sortes Sanctorum*. . . . Gregory of Tours adds, that the custom was to lay the Bible on the altar, and to pray the Lord that he would discover by it what was to come to pass. . . . Gilbert of Nogent informs us, that, in his time, viz. about the beginning of the twelfth century, the custom was, at the consecration of bishops, to consult the *Sortes Sanctorum*, to learn the success, fate, and other particulars of their episcopate. . . . The *Sortes Sanctorum*, however, was condemned by the Council of Agda in 506. . . . St. Gregory of Tours by the following instance, which he relates as having happened to himself, shows that he entertained a better opinion of it: "Leudastus, Earl of Tours," says he, 'who was for ruining me [and so on, the same as in "I. U."] . . . The *Sortes Sanctorum* were fulminated against by various councils. The Council of Varres 'forbade all ecclesiastics, etc., etc.' The Council of Ayde (*sic*), in 506, expressed itself to the same effect; as did those of Orleans, in 511, and Auxerre, in 595 . . . the council of Aenham . . . in 1110, condemned jointly sorcerers, witches, diviners, etc., etc. . . . De Garlande, Bishop of Orleans, became so odious to his clergy that they sent a complaint against him to Pope Alexander III. concluding in this manner: "Let your apostolical hands, etc., etc.'" ("Demonologia," pp. 272-281.)

(2) "The famous Catholic theologian, Tillemont, assures us . . . that 'all the illustrious pagans are condemned to the eternal torments of hell,



because they lived before the time of Jesus, and, therefore, could not be benefited by the redemption! . . . We have also read with great advantage the topographical descriptions of *Hell and Purgatory* in the celebrated treatise under that name by a Jesuit, Cardinal Bellarmin. A critic [this critic was the author of 'Demonologia,' whom Mme. B. takes care not to name in this connection] found that the author . . . 'appears to possess all the knowledge of a land-measurer' about the secret tracts and formidable divisions of the 'bottomless pit.' Justin Martyr having actually committed to paper the heretical thought that after all Socrates might not be altogether fixed in hell, his Benedictine editor criticises this too benevolent father very severely. Whoever doubts the Christian charity of the Church of Rome . . . is invited to peruse the *Censure* of the Sorbonne on Marмонтel's *Belisarius*. The *odium theologicum* blazes in it. . . . The only designation of something approaching hell in the *Bible* is *Gehenna* or *Hinnom*, a valley near Jerusalem, where was situated Tophet, a place where a fire was perpetually kept. . . . Whence did the divine learn so well the conditions of hell as to . . . divide its torments into two kinds, the *pæna damni* and *pæna sensus*, the former being the privation of the beatific vision; the latter the *eternal* pains in a lake of fire and brimstone? . . . it is in the *Apocalypse* (xx. 10) . . . There is no Hebrew word which properly expresses *eternity*; *oulam*, according to

Le Clerc, only imports a time whose beginning or end is not known. While showing that this word does not mean *infinite* duration, and that in the *Old Testament* the word *forever* only signifies a long time, Archbishop Tillotson has completely perverted its sense with respect to hell torments. According to his doctrine, when Sodom and Gomorrah are said to be suffering 'eternal fire,' we must understand it only in the sense of that fire not being extinguished till both cities were entirely consumed. But as to hell-fire the words must be understood in the strictest sense of infinite duration. . . . For the duration of the punishment of the wicked must be proportionate to the eternal happiness of the righteous. So he says, 'These (speaking of the wicked) shall go away *eis kolasin aionion* into *eternal* punishment; but the righteous *eis zoen aionion* into life eternal.' . . . The Reverend T. Surn-den (see 'Inquiry into the Nature and Place of Hell,') . . . fills a whole volume with unanswerable arguments, tending to show that the locality of *Hell* is in the sun. We suspect that the reverend speculator had read the *Apocalypse* in bed, and had the nightmare in consequence. There are two verses in the Revelation of John reading thus: . . . (Revelation xvi, 8-9) . . . The idea is new neither with the above mentioned author nor with John. Pythagoras placed the 'sphere of purification in the sun,' which sun, with its sphere, he moreover locates in the middle of the universe. Aristotle mentions Pythagoreans who placed the



sphere of fire in the sun, and named it *Jupiter's prison*. See 'De Cœlo,' lib. ii.

. We see him [Origen] . . . denying the perpetuity of hell-torments. He maintains that not only men, but even devils . . . after a certain duration of punishment shall be pardoned and finally restored to heaven ('De Civit. Dei,' i, xxi, c. 17). . . As a Mr. Swinden . . . observes, the theory [of hell being in the center of the earth] was inadmissible because of two objections: 1st, that a fund of fuel or sulphur sufficient to maintain so furious and constant a fire could not be there supposed; and, 2d, that it must want the nitrous particles in the air to sustain and keep it alive. 'And how,' says he, 'can a fire be eternal, when, by degrees, the whole substance of the earth must be consumed thereby?' ('Demonologia and Hell,' p. 289). The skeptical gentleman had evidently forgotten that . . . St. Augustine solved the difficulty. Have we not the word of this learned divine that hell . . . is in the centre of the earth, for 'God supplies the central fire with air by a miracle?' . . . 'They undertake by scales of miles to tell the bounds, dimensions, and extent of hell, etc., etc.' Oldham: *Satires upon the Jesuits*. ('I. U.," ii, 8, 11, 13, 55).

(2) "A . . . Catholic theologian the famous Tillemont, condemns all the illustrious pagans to the eternal torments of hell! because they lived before the time of Jesus, and, therefore, could not be benefited by the redemption! . . . Topographical descriptions of Hell, Purgatory, and even

Heaven. . . There is a treatise of Cardinal Bellarmine, a jesuit, on *Purgatory*, wherein he appears to possess all the knowledge of a land-measurer among the secret tracts and formidable divisions of 'the bottomless pit.' . . . Justin Martyr . . . after highly applauding Socrates, and a few more who resembled him, inclines to think that they are not fixed in hell. But the Benedictine editor takes infinite pains to clear the good father from the shameful imputation. . . . For a curious specimen of this *odium theologicum*, see the 'Censure' of the Sorbonne on Marmontel's *Belisarius* . . . The Jews wanting a proper name for it [Hell], called it Gehenna, or Gehinnon, from a valley near Jerusalem, wherein was Tophet, or place where a fire was perpetually kept. . . . Divines reduce the torments of hell to two kinds, *pœna damni*, the loss and privation of the beatific vision; and *pœna sensus*, the horrors of darkness, with the continual pains of fire inextinguishable. . . . The New Testament represents hell as a lake of fire and brimstone . . . Rev. xx, 10. . . . Mr. Le Clerc notes that there is no Hebrew word which properly expresses eternity; *holam* only imports a time whose beginning or end is not known. . . . The scripture phrases for eternity, as is observed by Archbishop Tillotson, do not always import an infinite duration: thus, in the Old Testament forever often signifies only a long time. . . . Sodom and Gomorrah . . . suffering the vengeance of *eternal fire*; that is, of a fire that was not extinguished till



those cities were utterly consumed. . .

Archbishop Tillotson, however, argues very strenuously that where *hell torments* are spoken of, the words are to be understood in the strict sense of infinite duration. . . The duration

of the punishment of the wicked is . . . expressed by the very same word which is used for the duration of the happiness of the righteous. . . These, speaking of the wicked, shall go away *eis eolasin oneonion*, into eternal punishment; but the righteous, *eis zoen aioni*, into life eternal.' . . The

reverend . . . T. Surnden, in an express *Inquiry into the nature and place of Hell* . . . contends . . . the sun itself is the *local hell*. This does not seem his own discovery; it is probable that he was led into it by that passage in Rev. xvi. 8, 9. . .

Pythagoras seems to have the like view, in that he places hell in the sphere of fire; and that sphere in the middle of the universe. Add that Aristotle mentions some of the . . . Pythagoric school, who placed the sphere of fire in the sun, and even called it Jupiter's prison. *De Cælo*, lib. ii. . . As to the eternity of *hell torments*, we have Origen . . . at the head of those who deny it; it being the doctrine of that writer, that not only men, but devils themselves, after a suitable course of punishment . . . shall be pardoned and restored to heaven.—*De civit. Dei*, l. xxi. c. 17.

. . . Mr. Swinden undertakes to remove hell out of the centre of the earth, from these two considerations: 1, That a fund of fuel or sulphur, suffi-

cient to maintain so furious and constant a fire, can not be there supposed; and; 2, That it must want the nitrous particles in the air, to sustain and keep it alive. And how, says he, can a fire be eternal when by degrees the whole substance of the earth must be consumed thereby? . . . The latter difficulty is solved by St. Augustine, who alleges, that God supplies the central fire with air, by a miracle. . . Oldham, in his 'Satires upon the Jesuits,' alludes to their lying legends. . . 'One undertakes by scales of miles to tell, etc., etc.'" ("Demonologia," pp. 295, 294, 296, 286, 287, 292, 293, 289, 291, 290).

(3) "Gabriel Malagrida, an old man of eighty, was burned by these evangelical Jack Ketches in 1761. In the Amsterdam library there is a copy of the report of his famous trial, translated from the Lisbon edition. . . The prophecy [for which he was executed] . . . is reported in the following terms: . . . 'the blessed Virgin having commanded him to write the life of Antichrist, etc., etc.' . . . A gorgeous standard . . . on its . . . damask face a cross . . . with an olive branch on one side, and a sword . . . on the other . . . A legend selected from the Psalms . . . reading thus: . . . *Exurge, Domine, et judica causam meam* . . . the standard of the inquisition. . . In the brief space of fourteen years Torquemada . . . burned over ten thousand persons, and sentenced to the torture eighty thousand more. Orobio, the well-known writer, who was de-



tained so long in prison . . . immortalized this institution [the Inquisition] when . . . at liberty in Holland . . . He embraced [d] the Judaic faith and submit[ted] . . . to circumcision. 'In the Cathedral of Saragossa,' says a writer on the Inquisition, 'is the tomb of a famous inquisitor, etc., etc.' . . . the famous horse . . . burnt for sorcery and witchcraft. Granger tells the story . . . as having occurred in his time. The poor 'animal had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, and the hour of the day by the watch. Horse and owner were both indicted by the sacred office for dealing with the Devil.' . . . We have at hand a treatise by a pious Catholic, Jilbert de Nogen, on the relics of saints. . . . He acknowledges the 'great number of false relics as well as false legends,' and severely censures the inventors of these lying miracles. . . . 'A monk of St. Antony,' says Stephen [(*Traite Preparatif a l'Apologie pour Herodote*, c. 39), having been at Jerusalem, saw there several relics, etc., etc. . . . All which things," observes the monkish treasurer of relics, 'I have brought with me home very devoutly.' . . . Henry III received from the Grand Master of the Templars a phial containing a small portion of the sacred blood of Christ, which he had shed upon the cross. It was attested to be genuine by the seals of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and others. The procession bearing the sacred phial from St. Paul's to Westminster Abbey is described by the historian: 'Two monks received the phial, and depos-

ited it in the Abbey . . . which made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God and St. Edward.' . . . The story of Prince Radzivil . . . It was the . . . deception of the monks and nuns . . . which made the Polish nobleman become a Lutheran. He felt . . . so indignant at the - - Reformation spreading in Lithuania, that he traveled . . . to Rome to pay his homage . . . to the Pope. The latter presented him with a precious box of relics. On his return home . . . a demoniac . . . was exorcised in full ceremony, and upon being touched by the box immediately recovered. . . . After the ceremony was over the guardian of the treasury in which the relics were kept . . . confessed that on their way back from Rome he had lost the box of relics. Dreading the wrath of his master, he had procured a similar box 'which he had filled with the small bones of dogs and cats.' . . . Bayle shows that when the Roman Church is no longer able to deny that these have been false relics, she . . . replies that if false relics have wrought miracles it is 'because of the good intentions of the believers, who thus obtained from God a reward of their good faith!' The same Bayle shows . . . whenever it was proved that several bodies of the same saint . . . were said to exist in different places, and that they could not well be all authentic, the . . . answer of the Church was that they were all genuine; for 'God had multiplied and miraculously reproduced them for the



greater glory of His Holy Church!

. . . In the life of St. Bernard it is narrated that as he was once in church, upon a Christmas eve, he prayed that the very hour in which Christ was born might be revealed to him, and when the 'true and correct hour came, he saw the divine babe appear in his manger.' . . . The demons exorcised by St. Dominick, upon seeing the Virgin . . . roar out: 'Oh! our enemy! oh! our damner! etc., etc.' . . . A bouquet from . . . The Golden Legend . . . James de Varasse, known by the Latin name of James de Veragine, was Vicar General of the Dominicans and Bishop of Genoa in 1290. . . . St. Dominick, the founder of the famous order of that name . . . His order was the first that received a solemn confirmation from the Pope (thirteenth century), and he is well known in history as the associate and counsellor of the infamous Simon de Montford, the papal general, whom he helped to butcher the unfortunate Albigenses in and near Toulouse . . . This saint, and the Church after him, claim that he received from the Virgin . . . a rosary, whose virtues produced . . . stupendous miracles. . . . A man . . . was bold enough to doubt the virtue of the Dominican rosary; and for this unparalleled blasphemy was punished on the spot by having 15,000 devils take possession of him. Seeing the great suffering of the . . . demoniac, St. Dominick forgot the insult and called the devils to account. Following is the colloquy between the 'blessed exorcist' and the demons:

Question.—How did you take possession of the man, and how many are you, etc., etc. . . . The legend . . . describes . . . the sulphurous flames which burst forth from the nose, mouth, eyes, and ears of the demoniac; the . . . appearance of over a hundred angels, clad in golden armor; and, finally, the descent of the blessed Virgin herself . . . bearing a golden rod, with which she administered a sound thrashing to the demoniac, to force the devils to confess that of herself which we scarcely need repeat . . . Simon Stylites, the saint who sanctified himself by perching on a pillar (stylos) sixty feet high for thirty-six years of his life. . . . 'Near Simon's pillar was the dwelling of a dragon, so very venomous that the stench was spread for miles round his cave.' This ophidian-hermit met with an accident; he got a thorn in his eye, and becoming blind, crept to the saint's pillar, and pressed his eye against it for three days, without touching any one. Then the . . . saint, from his aerial perch, three feet in diameter,' ordered earth and water to be placed on the dragon's eye, out of which . . . emerged a thorn (or stake), a cubit in length; when the people saw the 'miracle' they glorified the Creator. . . . the . . . dragon . . . arose, and 'having adored God for two hours, returned to his cave, (see the narrative selected from the 'Golden Legend,' by Alban Butler) . . . St. Benedict's black raven, whom he calls 'brother,' argues with him, and croaks his answers . . . When



the saint offers him one-half of a poisoned loaf, the raven grows indignant and reproaches him in Latin. . . Jortin and Gibbons demonstrated . . . that the early fathers used to select narratives wherewith to ornament the lives of their . . . saints from Ovid, Homer, Livy. . . One day as the blessed saint [Dominick] was occupied in his study, the Devil began pestering him, in the shape of a flea. He frisked and jumped about the pages of his book until the harassed saint . . . felt compelled to punish him by fixing the . . . devil on the very sentence on which he stopped by clasping the book. At another time the same devil appeared under the shape of a monkey. He grinned so horribly that Dominick, in order to get rid of him, ordered the devil-monkey to take the candle and hold it for him until he had done reading. The poor imp did so, and held it until it was consumed to the very end of the wick; and notwithstanding his pitiful cries for mercy, the saint compelled him to hold it until his fingers were burned to the bones. . . The miraculous wax taper is yet seen at Arras, the chief city of Artois; and . . . the 'Blessed Lady' appears personally, and lights it with her own fair hands, in view of a whole 'biologized' congregation. This sort of 'miracle,' says E. Worsley, . . . 'being most certain, and never doubted of by any.' ('Discourses of Miracles wrought in the Roman Catholic Church; or a full Refutation of Dr. Stillingfleet's unjust Exceptions against

Miracles,' octavo, 1676, p. 64). ("I. U.," ii, pp. 58, 59, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 82).

(3) "Gabriel Malagrida, an old man of seventy, so late as 1761, was burned by these evangelical executioners. His trial was printed at Amsterdam, 1762, from the Lisbon copy. . . [He] was led to the stake for having said . . . 'that the Virgin having commanded him to write the life of Antichrist, etc., etc. . . The standard of the inquisition is a piece of red damask, on which is painted a cross, with an olive branch on one side and a sword on the other; with these words of the Psalm, *Exurge, Domine, et judica causam meam.* . . Torquemada . . . in the space of fourteen years . . . is said to have prosecuted near eighty thousand persons, of whom six thousand were condemned to the flames. . . Orobio . . . well known . . . when he escaped from Spain he took refuge in Holland, was circumcised, and died a philosophical Jew. He has left this admirable description of himself in the cell of the inquisition. . . In the Cathedral at Saragossa is the tomb of a famous inquisitor, etc., etc. . . s Granger assures us that a horse, in his remembrance, who had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, the hour of the day, &c. . . was, together with his owner, put into the inquisition, for both of them dealing with the devil! . . . Guibert de Nogen wrote a treatise on the relics of saints: acknowledging that there were many false ones, as well as false le ends, he reprobate



the inventors of those lying miracles. . . In his 'Traite preparatif a' l'Apologie pour Herodote,' c. 39, Stephens says, 'A monk of St. Anthony, having been at Jerusalem, saw there several relics, etc., etc. . . 'All which things,' observes our treasurer of relics, 'I have brought home with me very devoutly.' Henry III . . acquainted them that the great master of the knights templars had sent him a phial containing a small portion of the sacred blood of Christ, which he had shed upon the cross! and attested to be genuine by the seals of the patriarch of Jerusalem and others. . . A procession . . adds the historian . . through the road between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. . . Two monks received . . and deposited the phial in the Abbey, 'which made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God and St. Edward.' . . Prince Radzivil was so much affected by the Reformation being spread in Lithuania, that he went in person to pay the Pope all personal honors . . His holiness presented him with a precious box of relics. On his return home . . [their effects were tried] on a demoniac. . . They were brought into the church with solemn pomp . . and deposited on the altar. After the usual conjurations . . the relics were applied. The demoniac instantly recovered. . . [The] keeper of his treasure of relics . . gave the following . . intelligence concerning them. In traveling from Rome he had lost the box of relics; and not daring to

mention it, he had procured a similar one, which he had filled with the small bones of dogs and cats. . . It was by the assistance of this box that the Prince discovered the gross impositions of the monks and demoniacs, and Radzivil . . became a zealous Lutheran. . . Bayle observes, the Roman church not being able to deny that there have been false relics which have wrought miracles, they reply that the good intentions of those believers who have recourse to them, obtained from God the reward for their good faith! In the same spirit, when it is shown that three bodies of the same saint are said to exist in several places, and that therefore they could not all be authentic, it was answered that they were all genuine! for God had multiplied and miraculously reproduced them for the comfort of the faithful! . . One Christmas day, when he [St. Bernard] was at church . . he prayed that the very hour in which Christ was born might be revealed to him; and when that hour came, he saw a new born infant. . . The devils [exorcised by St. Dominick when the Virgin appeared] . . all roared out lustily: O, our enemy! O, our damner! etc., etc. . . The GOLDEN LEGEND . . compiled by James de Varasse, better known by the Latin name of J. de Veragine, Vicar-General of the Dominicans, and afterwards Bishop of Genoa, who died in 1298 . . . Dominick, the founder of this order . . The Dominican order. . . the first order that had a solemn confirmation



from the Pope . . . the 13th century. . . He converted the Albigenses about Toulouse . . . he . . . so roused Simon de Montford . . . general of the Pope's *cruzado* against those christians . . . to which Dominick was the chief chaplain, that many thousands of those poor christians were butchered . . . the rosary given him by the blessed virgin whose virtues Dominick successfully eulogized. . . There was one . . . desperate enough to ridicule both the rosary and the mountebank oratory upon its virtues; but he was soon punished for his audacity by a great number [15,000] of devils getting into him; but Dominick relenting at the sufferings of the demoniac . . . called the devils to an account; . . . when the following colloquy passed between them: Dominick -- How came you to enter this man, and how many are you in number? etc., etc. . . Sulphurous flames of fire burst forth from his nose, mouth, eyes and ears . . . above an hundred angels, clad in golden armor, appeared with the blessed virgin . . . holding a golden rod in her hand, with which she gave the demoniac a switch on the back, commanding, at the same time, the devils to return true answers to Dominick's questions. . . St. Simeon Stylites . . . erected a pillar six cubits high . . . and dwelt on it four years; on a second of twelve cubits high, he lived three years; on a third of twenty-two cubits high, ten years; and on a fourth of forty cubits, or sixty feet high . . . he spent the last twenty years of his

life . . . *stylos*, a pillar. . . Near Simeon's pillar was the dwelling of a dragon, so very venomous that nothing grew near his cave. This dragon met with an accident; he had a stake in his eye, and coming all blind to the saint's pillar, and placing his eye upon it for three days, without doing harm to any one, Simeon ordered earth and water to be placed on the dragon's eye, which being done, out came the stake, a cubit in length; when the people saw this miracle, they glorified God . . . the dragon . . . arose and adored for two hours, and returned to his cave. . . We are informed by Alban Butler, etc. . . Benedict . . . did keep a raven, which . . . raven Benedict . . . addressed by the . . . appellation of brother; . . . having offered him a part of the poisoned loaf, the sagacious raven rejected it with indignation, and commenced flying and croaking about his master, pointing out to him . . . the evil intended him. . . Jortin observes, that the Christians used to collect out of Ovid, Livy, and other pagan poets and historians, the miracles and portents, so found there, and accommodated them to their own monks and saints. . . One day, when Dominick was in his study, the devil so pestered him in the shape of a flea, leaping and frisking about on the leaves of his book, . . . irritated at length, . . . he fixed him on the very spot where he finished reading. . . He appeared to him again . . . in the guise of a monkey, and grinned so 'horribly a ghastly grin' . . . that



. . . to put a stop to these monkey tricks, Dominick . . . commanded him . . . to take the candlestick, and hold it for him; this the monkey did, and Dominick made him continue holding it until it was burned down to the bottom of the wick, and although the monkey made a horrid noise at burning his fingers, he was forced to hold it until . . . it had burned the devil's monkey fingers to the bone.

E. Worsley, in a 'Discourse of Miracles wrought in the Roman Catholic Church, or a full refutation of Dr.

Stillingfleet's unjust Exceptions against Miracles,' octavo, 1676, at p. 64 . . . says, 'that the miraculous wax candle, yet seen at Arras, the chief city of Artois . . . being most certain, and never doubted of by any. . . Our Blessed Lady appeared . . . having in her hands a wax candle burning.' " (Demonologia," pp. 303, 304, 300, 301, 302, 306, 431, 436, 437, 435, 434, 417, 426, 393, 420, 422, 423, 424, 426, 427, 429, 430, 409, 393, 394, 421, 404.)

(To be Continued.)

## A DREAM.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

I had a dream, a beautiful dream,  
I sailed over life's bright sea,  
And the foaming crest of its dancing waves,  
Bore a message of love to me.

And I questioned the waves as they rippled by,  
And dashed on the rock-bound shore,  
Whence came this message of love to me?  
From those I may see no more?

But the restless waves only beckoned me on,  
And lulled my lone spirit to rest,  
While far in the distance a radiant light,  
Illumined the Isles of the Blest.

I knew that the loved ones were waiting for me,  
And I longed for the one bright day,  
When my feet should press the shining sands,  
Far out on the Golden Way.

I knew my frail barque could not stand the  
storms  
That seemed gathering in the sky,  
Yet I floated on, while unseen hands  
At the helm were ever nigh.

And they guided me over the storm-swept tide,  
Gave hope for a brighter day,  
And I learned to trust the dear guiding hand  
That led me the Golden Way.



## EUTOPIA, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

IN various ages there have been imaginative men who have planned conditions of society approaching ideal perfection, that should be free from the antagonisms, friction and losses of effort incident to our competitive system. Plato's *Republic*, written four centuries before the Christian era, is one of these plans. It contains much good thought, much that is crude, and of course has nothing of the improvements that modern progress has wrought out.

Three centuries ago Thomas Morre wrote the classic *Utopia*, which contains much good sense, which barring the use of steam and electricity, I must think is superior to Bellamyism. This plan is represented by a community living on a large island, with fifty-four cities. In these days of much literature, but few read the *Utopia*, I will therefore give some of the leading features of the plan, which was, of course, purely ideal, as no attempt was ever made to carry it into actual life.

In religion people were free to entertain their several beliefs, at first there was great diversity, some worshipping the sun and stars, but eventually they, with great uniformity came to realize that the Supreme Power of the universe was an invisible essence, incomprehensible and invisible except as seen in the material works as the outcomes of the laws and forces by which He works.

In the towns the houses were uni-

form—three stories high, with fruit and flower gardens in the rear. No family was allowed to have more than ten persons. If they increased beyond this the surplus was taken away and given to such as had few or no children. In the country they never had less than forty in a family, thus doing away with the isolation and loneliness of farm life. Those who lived in the town were required in rotation to live two years in the country, thus giving all a chance to enjoy the greater opportunities for social life and intellectual privileges. If any one wished to travel he got a permit from the magistrate, and then he could have a slave and ox-wagon, which was returned when he reached his destination. Such as gave evidence of extraordinary talent for art, science, or literature were allowed to spend their time in these pursuits.

The workers were only required to work six hours a day, which was found ample to provide them with all they required, and to leave a surplus for bad years and contingences. As no attempt has ever been made to reduce this plan to actual life, its strong and weak points have never been tested. Although it has given us a word that signifies that which is impossible of realization, it seems in many respects superior to Bellamyism.

In America there has been no lack of efforts to idealize life by a community of effort and means. Here with an abundance of cheap land, and a



democratic form of government, there has been a greater opportunity to establish these communes than elsewhere. J. H. Noyes gives a list of forty-seven failures, many of which started with means, and gave promise of success at first. Since he wrote, the one he founded, which achieved great success at one time, has gone to pieces.

There are still many in successful operation. These mostly have been drawn and held together by an intense religious belief, and all have been actuated by a desire to achieve a better life than can be attained under the antagonisms of competitive life.

One great problem which confronts all mankind, in and out of community life is, to adjust the relations between male and female, and regulate the parental instinct. Some communities have met this in one way, some in another. Their plans may be classified as the celibate, the matrimonial and the mixed, or a part of one and a part of the other.

Any community that achieves a better life, physical, intellectual and spiritual than can be attained outside, though it be but for a single generation, may be considered successful. The past history of these communities indicates that they are inclined to run a career or cycle, and cease to exist. And it may be said that those that endure the longest are held together by a uniform religious belief, held with great tenacity. Another condition is that they have leaders of great practical ability, both for preaching

their religion, and managing their business affairs.

The Oneida Community is the best illustration of a commune made up of people born and bred in American life. It ran a career which was very prosperous at one time, but has at length failed. Other communes are in successful operation, made up of people from Europe who seem to more readily fall into the way of following a leader. Some of these have accumulated enormous wealth. These may be considered further on. The Oneida commune was founded by J. H. Noyes who was educated for a clergyman but dissatisfied with the creeds, he from small beginnings formed a sect called perfectionists.

The commune was the outgrowth of efforts to achieve perfection of life. This was impossible. Improvement we should aim at, but perfection is not for this life. Nature should teach this. In the vegetable and animal life there is a constant, sometimes periodical effort toward improvement, resulting in constant antagonisms where the strongest and fittest for the environment survives. Man is no exception to this rule. They attempted too much. They not only undertook to control the industrial and economical forces of their people, in which they were for a time successful, but they attempted to regulate the relations of the sexes. They did not enjoin celibacy, like the Shakers, nor allow marriages like the Icarians and others, but undertook a nondescript mixture of the two so-called complex



marriages. With all his radical communism Noyes never outgrew his theological education. His fanciful notions of practical matters in real life he would attempt to prove by an equally fanciful interpretation of scripture texts, often from the early writings of the Old Testament.

They not only attempted to cure moral defects of character by free criticism, but also diseases of the body. Here is a case worthy the attention of Christian scientists.

S. T. having a bad cold and symptoms of a run of fever, tried the criticism cure, and was immediately relieved. She was on the bed in a state of restlessness, when a friend mentioned to her the above remedy. She immediately arose and made her wishes known to the family, who kindly administered the remedy without delay. The operation was not particularly agreeable—there is no method of cure that is; but it was short and speedily efficacious. One secret of its efficaciousness is, it stops the flow of thought toward the seat of difficulty, and so tends to reduce inflammation.

L. has been quite prostrated with some kind of spinal affection for months, complicated with chills and fever. Criticism—E. I think he knows but very little about his case. He lost his health and took up the study of medicines to find out what ailed him. It may seem paradoxical, but I think he is suffering for want of work; his brain is suffering for want

of some healthy action. If he would use his brain about something for only half an hour a day he would find himself improving right along. A.—it seems to me that the instinct of his life is to find a soft place in the world; he is hunting up cushions and soft things to surround himself with. Rather strong medicine for a man afflicted with spinal disease.

If one goes into community life he must give up his independence and all attempts to develop a character true to the facts of nature. He must fall in with the current of religious and industrial life of the community or be in perpetual warfare with his associates. He may gain much in getting along in life easily, but is not the sacrifices of the possibilities of independent character building too great a price to pay for this ease?

In 1874 the Oneida Community had 850 acres of land, most of it brought into a high state of cultivation. Their product of silk and woven goods was over \$200,000. They manufactured hardware extensively, and employed a large number of outsiders, and were worth a half a million of dollars. But the principles of human nature, or inherited tendencies to individual effort and independence of character, were too strong for them, and they have gone to pieces. This honest, and for a time successful effort, to escape the trials and difficulties incident to competitive life, has left nothing but a sad lesson.



## THE SUN ANGEL ORDER OF LIGHT.

Given by Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Order.

**C**HILDREN of the Order in Earthland: Saidie bids each one be strong, knowing your feet press the rock of eternal truth. The conflict that has been born in earthland will not pass away until its mission is accomplished. Saidie means not that it were necessary for error or false teaching to gain so strong a footing in the human soul. It were not the will of the Infinite that His children should so lose their way in the wilderness of error; should build their temples on so false a foundation. But it is a necessity in the evolution of matter and the unfoldment of Spirit, that there exist the extreme principles called good and evil. Otherwise all nature must stand still, nought but principle exist, and wisdom be dormant. Man in his weakness, in the infancy of the past has given from his brain, the thoughts having birth there and history has recorded the results thereof. Hence the dogmas and creed, the bigotry and superstition, the beliefs and the worship: nought to the All-Wise but an expression of His children's unfoldments. Messengers have been sent from the higher courts; their messages have been but dimly understood. Temples have been built in which man has bowed at a shrine built by superstition. Fear has bolted doors and barred the windows of the soul and only a strong hand is able to unlock and unbolt. Through the ages, down the vistas of time,

growth has recorded triumphs, until humanity, weary of the conflict, is ready now to accept the olive branch and welcome the dove of peace to his heart. Truth need no longer wait behind the gates of circumstance. Justice and Right are even now making their demands upon the power that would rule and these demands will be heard and obeyed. Times of tyranny and oppression will in the not far away be of the past and humanity be free to think, act, get and gain each for himself. Saidie watches with gladness the true unfoldment of the race. Great wisdom has come to earth-shores, true unfoldment will follow in its wake and the time come when angels will be given glad welcome in the heart and home. A knowledge of the Law of Love dawns on many a soul. More than creed has ever given to sustain in life's trials, will be given to humanity. A positive power has unbolted the gates of death. Spirits walk from out the unseen, armed with knowledge; they are able to demonstrate the fact of their existence, they bring credentials from their homes of Light, and prove themselves worthy guides to the loved ones they watch and guard. The Order of Light, so long waiting man's unfoldment and growth, is established among men; not to satisfy the would-be curious, but to bring its blessings to the race. Saidie's messengers are sent far and near, where'er a heart is weary or a soul



sick of the conflict with lesser good. They bid the lowest look up and fear not, for the Father's love calls after His wandering children. Would all but leave the errors and follies of the past to die, how soon the millenium would dawn, how soon the two worlds would clasp hands and the dread and fear of the dark unknown, be banished from the mind. Then mortals might learn of the spirit world, its spheres, its homes, temples and fields, its realities and its loves. Then your loved ones would walk by your side and talk with you. But now they are oft repelled. Let each child make an atmosphere of peace and love around themselves, one in which angels from a higher life may live. She places no command upon the children she loves, except to uproot the evil within, and strive to become masterful spirits, holding materiality as subservient to spirituality, and thus prepare yourselves to dwell at home, in the realms of Light and of Love. Knowing and doing the will of the Infinite will secure abiding peace here and hereafter.

Saidie longs to greet each child with a "Well done," when again you cross the mystic tide that washes the shores of the two worlds. You will leave as your legacy to this world, the truths man will proudly accept in the not far away. Therefore, fear not, dear ones, but accept the wisdom that cometh from the Better Land, and dwell together in the bonds of fraternal love. So will the angels minister to you and you will hear the music of

their voices at morn and noon and eve, when the cares of day are passed by and the soul reaches into the unseen for some token or sign that your loved ones live and love you still. Saidie greets each receptive child with her blessing. Be true and angels will help and bless.

Peace be with you. SAIDIE.

J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light. Oswego, N. Y. Mar. 7th, 1891.

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The following was given through a spirit medium to a member of the order:

DEAR ONES AND DEAR FRIENDS: I come with greetings. I come from far away, I come to you with a light but few of the children of men can receive. But few hearts are attuned to the Divine inspirations that fall from heaven. But few can see the light beyond the condition of unrest, but know, dear ones in the earth valleys, that memory only sleeps. It will awaken as surely as angels live and are expressions of God's highest purpose. What can have been the purpose of the Infinite in calling into expression the world's both seen and unseen? Has He but placed into the depths of space the germ of life to become as it might in form and power, with no governing law of wisdom? Or to wait the process of fate as chance might unfold, with no end or aim, no Supreme Intelligence to rule.

Back through the years that I walked this earth I wander again, but a day has passed in the make up of Eternity. My finding expression through matter to-day opens an avenue for memory to lead me back



through ages where I find no time nor place when or where intelligence ruled not the universe. Back to the beginning when dual souls wedded with matter, when first they were sent forth upon their pilgrimage through matter, sent forth as children needing the care and protection of a love that is divine. Back beyond the ages that have given the earth a history, lies a beginning from whence we gather to give to our own who are now in the earth, valleys, and friends we know what we gather from memory's store. It returns to us like a memory of a long ago that never can be obliterated. As a painting ineffacable hanging upon the walls of life that yields not to the power of time and circumstance, but lives co-equal with the author of all things.

As I drift near earth, through the mists of the valley where my Own is ever listening to the voice of her dear one, I also listen to hear the voice that in the forevers has the rythm and harmonious tone born of love; a peace that reigns supreme in its world of happiness. Gather together the fadeless blooms that wave from the hilltops of our inheritance to scatter at her feet. I scatter bright pebbles and shells that lay in her pathway until the voice of nature speaks to her inner being.—All the realities she has ever known fades away and passes from sight. Her awakening upon the life she left to take upon earth's joys and sorrows.

Dear friends, experience is all that the mind can remember, and that can not be turned aside or overthrown, many there are in the valley that remember but dimly the far away past, they look into eyes and read the long forgotten stories of the far away home scenes. There are those who can and do gather up memories of the past. The brain may not be able to reach

back to the point of time from whence those experiences began, but can and does reach back into the ages and gather up here and there threads lain down in some life long ago. Old land-marks though left behind leave a memory impressed upon the immortal mind and time and circumstances bring them to light. The memories of the past are equally beyond cavil and doubt. To some they reveal that in which you have borne a part; they draw you near again in soul to those who knew you in the long-long ago. Many a pleasant pilgrimage is thus revealed; many a tie of kinships made known as again those who have fallen asleep in the bowers of the better land meet and clasp hands in fraternal greetings. The homecomings are made joyous to the pilgrims who have endured martyrdom, have met life's bitterest trials an ignominious death. They are helped to meet triumphantly the last struggle and as they enter the last valley from which all terror has fled, they are met by dear ones and crowned with wreaths of fadeless blooms. Friends, the man made laws, through ignorance can not destroy one jot or tittle of the soul and its experiences, its sweetest memories, its bitterest sorrows, its hopes or fears. The soul leaves a prison house when it is freed from its clay or matter. It takes up the same line it dropped to fall asleep and awaken in another land. May angels be near each and every one to help them on their way to the better land. And to my Own—The work she so willingly endeavors to do are jewels to her crown already formed for her devoted head. The song that is trembling on her lips is but the echo of my own, sung in the never-to-be-forgotten happiness of the anticipation of her home-coming. The flowers she loved so well await to greet her, and with their



sweetest aroma are wafted over the path that now leads her home; they sing songs of gladness which she will recognize, and rejoice in the full fruition of her labor, knowing full well

she had done faithfully and can now rest in love divine forever more. The blessings of my soul be with thee. Adieu.

ALYON.

## DOUBTING.

BY MRS. DORA M'CRISTY.

My soul is filled with a longing,  
A longing I know not what,  
But the fear and dread of to-morrow  
Pains my heart 'til the tear drops start.

I have tried to forget the longing,  
And think it's all for the best;  
But the unshed tear of my eyelid  
Makes me sigh and long for rest.

To still the dread of to-morrow,  
I sought to find relief  
In the voice of the restless ocean  
That comes from its memories deep.

For there we hear its murmurings,  
As its waves break on the shore,  
Of its never-forgotten story,  
In crash and ceaseless roar.

There came a voice with its murmurings,  
Borne to my listening ear:  
Come; bury your sad to-morrow  
In the depths, beyond all fear.

For a moment I seemed to wander  
Far down in the briny deep,  
With the true and blessed around me,  
To guide my wayward feet.

I wandered through caves of amber,  
Far out in the Golden West,  
And I saw a silver lining  
Of the cloud which darkened my rest.

Come, spirit friends, and guide me  
O'er life's dark, treacherous deep;  
E'er I cast myself forever  
On these waves and fall asleep.

To sleep! aye, to awaken  
On a beautiful golden shore;  
There rest in peace forever,  
Earth's sorrows know no more.





## CAUSERIE SPIRITUELLE.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

THE Rev. M. J. Savage closes his Easter Sunday sermon this year with these truthful words: "The one thing the world of to-day needs, is knowledge that death is not the end, for this knowledge alone can tell us what we are, and lift us to our birthright as sons and daughters of God." He seems to think this knowledge will come to us and is looking favorably to the phenomena of modern Spiritualism for its solution. He is very hospitable to the subject and has lately said in the secular press, that he has a respectable body of facts that he can not explain except on the theory that he is dealing with an invisible intelligence. Being questioned on this point he said, that this invisible intelligence in almost every case said it was the spirit of a person who once lived on the earth; but he added that he should not accept the statement of an invisible intelligence without a voucher any quicker than he would that of a stranger in this world. We might say here that if a stranger in this world who called himself John Jones, when he was not John Jones, still he would be a person, an intelligent being, and by that logic Mr. Savage's invisible intelligence without the voucher for personality would be a man all the same and that would prove the claim of modern Spiritualism, just as much as he if identifies his personality, but we respect this able minister's caution and agree

with him, that it is better to wait than to be deceived.

His text was from Paul, "for we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Few, he says, are able like Paul to say "we know" but the great majority of mankind can only say "we hope." I presume by the few he means the Spiritualists, for they have sensuous proof or knowledge, all others have only faith and weak at that. He knows I claim to be one of the few, for when he said "one fact and one alone can prove it and that is undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present"—I said I had had that one fact many times, but my having it and many others is not evidence to him.

In the above quotation; where he speaks of "having a respectable body of facts," he admits by inference the possibility of the "one fact" making its appearance and it is that hopeful possibility that makes him hospitable to the cause of Spiritualism. He says in this Easter sermon that there are many who believe there is no possibility of ever solving the problem, that death is not the end, but says he: "I can not take any such statement from any man." That is as much as saying there is a possibility of knowing the



fact, and he expects to be able to get at this truth, that the world so much needs, that death is not the end, that is what I understand by reading between his lines.

From what Mr. Savage has said more than once, he expects in time by the persevering, faithful investigation of the Psychical Research Society and hence his interest in the new Society which is about being formed to narrow the investigations down to the spiritual phenomena that the knowledge will be reached. He is one of those who believes, there is no religion higher than truth, and so do I, and this new Society will aim for the truth, whether it leads one to Spiritualism, or away from it. His "respectable body of facts" would be explained if the claim of Spiritualism is proved and I think he believes that there is a show for it, and a better one than anywhere else as yet. We will leave Mr. Savage there, certainly very near our kingdom of heaven and I am sure he will find the solid rock of conviction and is on the direct road to it. I believe he states a profound truth when he says, that all the civilized humanity of the world would give all life has to offer for the knowledge of the other life, to be able to say, "we know."

I do not think he states it any too strongly; what is a few years of this life if death is the end of it, compared to this life as only a beginning, with the knowledge that we consciously survive the death of the body and have a continuation of it beyond the grave? Even the editor of the *Scien-*

*tific American*, who has no spiritual proclivities, a materialist out and out, says: "We can find no words wherewith to adequately express our sense of the magnitude of its importance, if it be true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous would need to be strengthened a thousandfold to be fitted for such a use. If true, it will be the grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable luster of glory to the nineteenth century." This sceptic says all this of the discovery of a future life and communication with departed spirits "if true." He does not believe it to be true, but what I have quoted is his idea of the fact if it were true and we knowing it is true, say amen to his idea and it is in harmony with what Mr. Savage says, "that we would give all that life has to offer for a knowledge of this other life."

I can not conceive of anything that will benefit the human race more than a knowledge of a continuous life beyond the grave, where all the departed spirits of those we love, have their watchful eyes on us and we being conscious of that fact. Any one who does not respect and love those invisible watchers, it is in the measure of his unbelief. If one really knows there are those old familiar faces watching us, he must necessarily be under their influence. As Mr. Savage says: "If we could only know concerning a future life, this single item of knowledge would do more to settle the difficulties that beset those who are searching for a new social scheme,



than every thing else together." And the reverend gentleman adds this, which is so much to my mind that I will close this fragment by quoting it, thus: "If the time ever comes when earnest men can say *we know*, the level of life will rise beyond what we dream; the poor man would not be tempted to dishonesty; the selfish rich would learn that joy lay in securing such treasures as are not left behind, and if what you need over there is love, gentleness and truth, do you not see how it would revolutionize daily life?"

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THE London Psychical Research Society, and its branch in this city, is a scientific body, materialistic as science more or less, still is, believing this is a material rather than a spiritual universe, and the larger portion of its members were not inclined to look for truth in the direction of spirit phenomena; they seemed as a general thing to say, "take any form but that." That was manifestly prejudice, and prejudice is not scientific. Prof. Wallace and W. Stainton Moses do not consider such as the scientific method, and I think both withdrew from the society. There were some, both in London and here, though not Spiritualists, who wanted the truth more than they wanted either science or religion. The body as a whole finally admitted the delusion of mesmerism to be a proven fact, calling it hypnotism, meaning the same thing; they admitted also the delusion of clairvoy-

ance to be a fact, and finally mind reading got to be an established fact, and that, it was supposed, would explain the spirit manifestations without going to a spirit world for a solution, they called it telepathy, or thought transference.

Now the admission of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance and Thought Transference is almost admitting a basis of fact for Modern Spiritualism. They are wholly beyond the field of matter, and we can not think of, or figure them as being material. Spiritualists do not object to mesmerism even if called hypnotism, nor do they object to thought transference; they admit both, they are both factors in Modern Spiritualism. The scientists say it is the mind of the hypnotizer, or the thought that is transferred. Spiritualists do not object to that, only if mind in the hypnotize's body is transferred to the hypnotizee, the mind, or thought of a hypnotizer out of the form, that is a spirit, can be transferred also, and that is modern spiritualism.

It would seem as if the trance was more or less a hypnotic condition, and if so, must be hypnotized by an invisible intelligence. We know human beings can hypnotize other human beings, that science has settled absolutely. When a person is hypnotized wholly, or in part, he is in a trance more or less, and under the will of the hypnotizer, and his thought is transferred to the hypnotizee, who expresses the thought without knowing he is acting under that influence. This is



admitted by science, but science does not admit as yet that the invisible can hypnotize because a spirit is not a proven fact; but if a person is entranced who is an illiterate person, and then utters profound thoughts of which he or she is mentally incapable, they must come from the hypnotizer, and if from no one visibly present, then it must come from an invisible.

Or, in other words, a person in a hypnotic trance uttering thoughts do not come from a visible hypnotizer, then the thought transference must come from an invisible one. It seems as if science was very near proving the basic facts of Spiritualism, that it will be done on its admission of the facts of Hypnotism and Thought Transference.

## ANIMO ET FIDE.

BY ABBIE A. GOULD.

We stand for the RIGHT, whatever may come,  
 No foe shall pass on our way;  
 We bring light and joy to many a home,  
 And turn darkened night into day.  
 On that ladder once seen,  
 By Jacob in dream,  
 Angels come from their fair courts above,  
 And with sunshine and flowers,  
 Make fragrant the hour,  
 And baptize all hearts with pure love.

We stand for the right, though clouds may look  
 dark,  
 Behind them still shines the bright sun,  
 No billows shall swamp our spirit-led bark,  
 The harbor ahead shall be won.  
 And the smiles and the tears,  
 The fruitage of years,  
 Shall be gained at our Lord's command,  
 And each bright, flashing gem,  
 Set in rich diadem,  
 Shall be worn in that fair Summer Land.



## UNIVERSAL SPIRITUALISM.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

SCIENCE is but the collection and orderly arrangement of facts, but it demands fact upon fact in ever widening scope lest truth be denied its royalty of growth. The fact of spirit return is a grand foundation for a new science, but if it be limited to watching the return of a few men and women who have become spirits, such a science grows misshaped and distorted like the foot of a Chinese lady or the head of a Digger Indian.

Every fact has kindred to every other fact, and the family gathering is incomplete that leaves any member without his place at the feast. It happens that science has been of late years singing the song of "Universal Law." Each specialist has heard it in studio or laboratory, and recognized that his own discovered truth was without limit either in time or space. So he strikes hand with his brother student. But the Spiritualist has held his face aloof from every other. To him there has been a summer land for man—progress for man—immortality and spirit return for man, with all nature working through the ages to crown man lord, over all other life. Of course the scientist has laughed at the claim, since under universal law the human atom can have no privilege of immortality denied to other forms of life. So our facts are passed by with scorn because we have held ourselves at odds with the other discoveries of the age, declining to recognize that our truth must have sisterhood

with every other truth or be branded by nature as forgery. Yet we can only become in harmony with truth and law that are universal when we permit other forms of life to bring us their experience. Suppose we lay aside this claim of human privilege taught by platform and press and take a lesson in humility by watching a spirit return broader than that of the average Spiritualist.

Science claims that under the law of life man can have no monopoly even of Summer Lands or of spirit return, and a recent incident in San Francisco seems to prove that science is right. A lady from one of our southern cities has been visiting San Francisco, and staying with a family of whom two of the ladies are excellent mediums. One of these mediums saw and described a horse as a spirit visitor. The animal was at once recognized by the description as a family pet, left at the visitor's home in Santa Barbara. It was so far, an experience such as thousands of us have had and counted as a spirit picture flashed on the mind of the medium by some spirit friend, and no more wonderful than the picture of the old home or the long forgotten scene which we have counted an excellent test.

The same night the other medium who had been absent and knew nothing of this little incident was suddenly aroused by the sound as of a horse trotting rapidly on a hard road. Then she saw a beautiful spirit horse stand-



ing by the foot of the bed. With distended nostril and flashing eye he seemed as if he had come rapidly, but he was evidently demanding recognition. The medium sat up in bed to see him more distinctly, and called to her husband, but the form vanished before he was awake. The next morning at the breakfast table she described her vision, and again the horse was recognized as the visitor's favorite horse, and left in her stable at Santa Barbara. An hour or two later a telegram was received stating that the horse had died during the night.

Here is an incident that even if it stood alone would mean a broader spiritualism than that to which most of us have limited ourselves. Our history is full of the spirit return at or near the hour of death of some friend of whose sickness or accident the witness had not heard. And we find the same law permitting the return of the animal. *Psychical Societies* have investigated many such cases and acknowledge them proved. But scientific minds though not denying the fact are to-day seeking some other explanation than spirit return, because they can not conceive of any law of Nature conferring special privilege on man. And this horse incident shows they are right in their caution. If our Spiritualism be a truth it must embrace all life. We can not leave any out although different senses to ours possessed by some forms of life may compel such spirit returns to take place outside our perception.

It happened that horse found a human

medium who could see and hear him. He seems to have loved his mistress, and though he could not return direct to her, he did the best he could to let her know he was unchanged by death. It will I hope always be difficult for an animal spirit to find a human medium. I have seen the spirit of a pet dog control a private medium, and I learned that he was a frequent visitor in that family. I did not like it. It seemed a lowering of humanity to be so used by the animal. But such clairvoyant vision as asw this horse is quite another matter, and brings to us the same truth of animal spirit return that we would get by direct control of a medium.

We have plenty of proof of animal clairvoyance. I have known the canary see and quarrel almost daily with the former occupant of its cage, now a spirit. There was direct animal power of seeing spirit life of its own race. We have not stirred up such evidence because the human being has been loth to believe that other races had evidences of immortality like his own. I am not saying that the animal organism is capable in this life of learning the lesson of spirit return. We do not know that it ever thinks of death, or can realize a future, but the fact is there all the same. If law be universal, that animal will have immortality as surely as man.

If this be the law of life it must also include beings we call noxious or deadly. The snake, the scorpion, the centipede, the tarantula, the tiger, the shark, and the myriad microscopic



beings who feed on man must have another existence if such be our destiny. We can not leave these out and yet claim immortality for ourselves. Man is an epitome of all creation. There are human beings who picture almost every animal and insect nature. For instance there is the human hog, with whom we are all familiar. He shows his nature by grasping acres by the thousand, wallowing in wealth he can not use and that would make thousands happy. He is a fat hog, and there are myriad lean hogs who would like to get his swill. You claim that human hog to be immortal, and you assert he will change his nature "over there." Be it so. But the four-footed hog will do the same. He could not be the same hog in a new condition that left him no chance of swallowing more swill than another. He will be compelled to be a different hog by the same law that compels the man to be a different man.

I have said that the nature of every form of life is reflected in man. But if there be no poison in the atmosphere of the spirit world there will be none used by the spirit form. So even the tarantula and the scorpion would be harmless as spirits. And if it be impossible to kill or practice cruelty under those changed conditions then the old nature will not be manifested.

You may say you would rather not have such neighbors in the next life. The scientist is not alarmed. Man has no monopoly of space. He

is limited even as a spirit, and can not see, hear or feel forms of life that dwell in matter vibrating beyond his sense, although they may be everywhere around him. We judge by what spirits tell us that there is some law—universal too—by which animals loved or wished for may appear in man's summer land, but the rest will be silent and invisible to the advanced spirit who does not wish their company.

The law of progress belongs as much to other life as to ourselves, but *herein is man's security*. So long as we believe man to have any special privileges we are on unsafe and dangerous ground. For such a conception, if true, would mean that SOMEBODY gave these privileges to man. Of course that SOMEBODY could take them away again. Then as a matter of common sense comes a priest of that SOMEBODY who is employed to keep him in a good temper. A church for that priest, and a book claimed as holy, surely follow. In other words we are certain to have a religion for man and excluding other forms of life. Many spiritualists have already commenced this descent. But the return of even one animal spirit should forever destroy this possibility in every mind capable of learning the lesson.

How can the scientist take the Spiritualist by the hand who persists in living in a world of *half truth*, that is to say refusing to look at the other side? If he enter one of our halls he will most likely hear some sweet



voiced medium with closed eyes talking to the invisible SOMEBODY and pouring out a Niagara of gratitude for special privileges. "Our father and mother God we thank Thee for these beautiful flowers." That is just half a truth. The scientist listens but he does not hear anything about the skunk cabbage which grows on the border of many a swamp and which would not be counted "fatherly or motherly" in that hall on that platform. He hears no word of thankfulness for flowers, whole races of them, that trap and eat insects and even small birds. He hears nothing about the poison ivy and oak that make life unhappy to many. The speaker is silent about the growths we call "spores" that feed upon man. God is thanked for the beautiful rose but nothing is said about the equally beautiful rose cancer which makes many a loved one writhe in agony for months and years.

It is all a service of *half truth* intoned by mortal or spirit who does not dare to look a whole truth in the face. It may be beautiful to say grace over a roast turkey with cranberry sauce. The other day an eagle carried off a

mother's darling, playing on the lawn. It is better not to think of that eagle enjoying that baby as a gift from a heavenly Father. But wherein is the distinction?

Such speakers and many of their hearers are content with *half truths*, and thus are asking the world to admire a spiritualism opposed to universal law. If it be true that even one spirit horse or bird has come back then such sweet nonsense must die out. I know it is claimed that people feel better to talk to God and invent new names for him, and tell him how good he is, but if that means only half a truth must it not be better to have the knowledge of universal law as a whole truth, and claim our own privileges without denying those that belong to other races.

The lesson to me of this last forty-three years of spirit return is that immortality is as universal as life. Form will change, but I believe identity will remain through all change, and the universe of space be occupied by life whether we believe it or not and regardless of our prayers to God or man.

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## ASPIRATION.

BY CLARA DIXON DAVIDSON.

Be, oh my spirit, be a spark celestial,  
A point of glory in a darkened space,  
Raying into the earthy shadows round thee  
Light that leads unto purity and peace!

Be, oh my soul, be thou a sweet love-center,  
Warming the lives about thee in a glow  
Of happiness through which no gloom may enter—  
In which humanities may germ and grow!

Be, oh my body, be a faithful servant  
To garner all the gifts that ye receive,  
As clouds that garner mists but for bestowing.  
The end of thine existence is TO GIVE!



## HOW A SPIRIT SAVED A LIFE.

BY GEORGE LYNN.

“I DON’T believe in Spiritualism,” said a bright little lady to whom I was talking recently; we were indulging in a general conversation, regarding the principles of Evolution, Theology, Social Science, and Political Economy. I was amused, as I had often been before, during our Anti-Slavery work, by parties who affirmed that they were as much opposed to Slavery as we were, but they wanted it distinctly understood that they were not Abolitionists.” This lady is one of a large class; and the arousing feature of the matter is this: that all are ready with some indubitable evidence to sustain the very thing they deny.

After the above declaration, she said: “But Mr. Lynn, if you would like, and are willing to hear, I will tell you how the spirit of a man, once saved my life.” On my readily assenting, she repeated nearly verbatim, the following:

“When our first child was nearly three years old, he was taken very sick; that baby was my *God*. No one but a mother can tell how I loved him. In addition to his other troubles, he had a gathering on one side of his head, which necessitated my carrying him a great deal, as walking seemed to relieve the pain. After weeks of weary care and anxiety, I was taken down with a severe fever. After a long siege of the disease, I was so low that a council of physicians was called, the conclusions of

which were that my case was utterly hopeless; that the last faint thread upon which they placed any reliance, was the efficacy and virtue in one particular medicine of a liquid nature contained in a phial, a certain small amount of which was to be administered at stated intervals, not far apart. One of the leading physicians said to me, “Mrs. — if you have anything you wish to say, or any arrangements to make, do so to-day, do not delay ’till to-morrow, for you can not possibly recover.” I said I will get well. He looked astounded, and said, “Were it in my power to assure it, I would give a county, aye, the whole State of Michigan, but ’tis not possible, nothing but God can do it!” I was so weak I could scarcely hear my own voice, and yet I said calmly, “I am going to get well.” The physicians all said that it was out of the question as mortification had already set in.

“Now I come to the important part. A certain doctor, a great friend of my parents, who had died seven years before, who treated me as lovingly as his own, and whom I loved equally as well, seemed to come into my mind, and I thought if only he were here, I would get well. I was so convinced of this, that it seemed to take possession of my whole soul. My room was full of anxious watchers, whose very presence was a burden, from which I felt I must be relieved, or death would surely ensue. I made this feeling known, with the request that no



one should stay in the room but my father. My request was granted, whereupon I asked father to lay down on a lounge. He did so and was soon fast asleep. At this juncture the bedroom door opened and in walked Dr. — just as he appeared years before, came to the bed, called me by name, felt my pulse and said, "You are very sick," (I was never more wide awake, and yet had no sense of fear in the least) "but don't fear, you will get well," he continued. I told him "I knew it." He examined the medicine, said the powders would not hurt. He then took up the phial, took out the cork, tasted the contents, and said, "But you must not take any more of that, or you will not recover." He then told me how slow my recovery would be, said I could not realize how long it would be before I could walk, for it would be over three months. (it was nearly four.) After some further conversation he withdrew. Shortly after my husband came in, and was cross to find father still asleep, the

more so, as the time for taking the medicine had gone by. On my stating who had been there, and that I would not take any more of that medicine, it was attributed to the whim of a disordered brain, but the M. D.'s said, to force it under such circumstances, would result in greater injury than good."

She was so earnest that I was amused, and said in a laughing way, "Of course you don't believe in Spiritualism." She saw the point and said, "Mr. Lynn do you really think that my dear father who died ten days ago is with his loved ones?" I replied, "I *know* he is, and with you." Her eyes were filled with tears, and gave me evidence that she had no confidence in her own declaration, and that the mother's heart that worshiped the babe, and made as she said a God of him, could not reject this beautiful truth that teaches spirit communion, and that furnishes the only positive evidence of continued progressive existence.

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### MY PRAYER.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Heavenly Father from above,  
 Watch Thy children here below;  
 I pray Thee guard the one I love,  
 Help him more like Thee to grow.

Scatter blessings o'er his head,  
 Drive away his load of care,  
 Light upon his pathway shed!  
 Father of mercy, hear my prayer!

Thou, who bids the rose to bloom,  
 Guide his footsteps lest he fall.  
 Keep his soul from doubt and gloom.  
 To Thee I give MY LIFE, MY ALL!

Unto Thy care, oh blessed Lord,  
 The love of all my life I've given;  
 My soul cries out to Thee, oh God,  
 Guide my darling safe to heaven.



## IMMORTALITY.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

"Can it be?

Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?  
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?  
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,  
No resurrection know? Shall man alone  
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,  
Less privileg'd than grain on which he feeds?"

LIFE here and hereafter. The one we know, the other we hope for. It has been the problem of thinking minds during all past ages. It was the theme of prolific thought of saint and *savant* when civilization was in its infancy, and enlightenment a condition of the distant future. Many of the most ancient works of art are but memorials of the thoughts and conceptions of immortal life of nations whose history is lost to the world. Vague and crude as were these ideas of a spirit life, as they were wrought in marble, or painted on the almost imperishable walls of long buried cities, yet do they show that the instinctive longings for immortality have always accompanied the human soul as one of the innate laws of its being.

In the infancy of our race, the Gods of every people whispered to enquiring man—"There is a life beyond the mystery of death,"—and it was this thought that moulded and fashioned the religious theories of all past ages. As knowledge increased men found stronger and yet stronger evidences of a future life, and the faith and hope of the christian of to-day is being constantly reinforced by the light of science and the wisdom of learning. As the centuries move on with ceaseless tread, the evidence of immortality

becomes stronger and more conclusive, while bigotry in vain attempts to close the windows that open from earth to an unknown world, and creeds and prejudice fail to smother the echo of angel feet, or silence the rustle of hovering wings, or the whispers of spirit voices from beyond the infinite shore.

Standing by the coffins of those dear to us, in the very presence of the solemn majesty of death—as we look for the last time on the marble features of those we loved so well, how inconsolable would be our grief, but for the assurances of faith, and the promises of hope; and yet how feeble would be the consolation they bring to us but for the demonstrations of a spirit life. How vain, indeed, would be all earthly projects and ambitions if the casket was the end, and the grave the last scene in the drama of man's existence; and how feeble the testimony that it is not so, if there is no evidence of a life to come, but faith alone, and no promise of a future, but the uncertain voice of hope. As sentient life manifests its presence here by unmistakable signs and symbols, so is its continuity made apparent to us by visitations of personal mental identity from beyond the boundaries of earth. If this is not so, if spirit manifestations are not clearly established facts,



then there is no proof of a future life. There is some evidence it is true, but it is not conclusive. The apparent benevolence and omnipotence of the creative power, the boundless extent of the universe, the countless suns and planetary systems that throng all stellar space are, it is true, evidence of a greater sphere of life than our little earth, yet all this is not proof clear and conclusive, such as alone can satisfy the longings of the human heart. The great unsolved problem of death defies the metaphysical logic of science, as it does the conflicting theories of theology based upon uncertain historical events. The vague traditions of the past, the faint whispers of so-called christian revelation, reinforced by hope and faith alone, all combined can form no logical syllogism that infidelity can not successfully confute. The philosophy of spiritualism, based upon the facts of spirit manifestations, affords the only satisfactory solution, for by positive demonstration they prove that the mental personalities of life survive the ordeal of death.

If there is a spirit world, and if the spirits of those who have "passed away" can and do visit the scenes of their earthly life, they must all be governed by the laws that environ them in their new existence, and although any one may invoke their presence it is not certain that they will always come at their bidding. For this reason *set* investigations by learned and honest committees may fail in obtaining results as satisfactory as those of the private seance or home circle. The

failure of securing occult phenomena under certain conditions is no evidence that they will not occur under more favorable surroundings. A multitude of unsuccessful experiments prove nothing in opposition to a successful one. Negative testimony has neither legal nor scientific weight against positive evidence; and all honest investigating bodies will recognize and acknowledge this fact. Science must remember that the realm of thought and spirit is without the boundaries of her laboratories. The blind moles in their earthly habitations may well doubt the existence of the worlds in steller space, while the creed bound vision of decaying theology may fail to see the occult phenomena of spirit life. There are many honest persons so mentally constructed that they can hear the groans of the doomed in *hades*, but not the welcome tones of gladness with which the departing spirit is greeted in the realm of bliss by those that have gone before. They can see the glittering walls of the "New Jerusalem," but not the flower decked landscapes of the spirit world. They can hear the anathemias that a wrathful God pronounces against the creatures he has made, but not the words of affection with which a loving father greets his children. They can understand the maternity of the immaculate conception, but not the motherhood of nature's unchangeable laws, and when such men sit in judgment on the religious beliefs of their fellows, they are generally blind to reason and the logic of newly revealed facts and phenomena. But let the investigation go on, always remembering that

"In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is Charity."



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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WOMEN have been so long "walled in" by what seemed insurmountable barriers that her emancipation has only been looked forward to, as some far off event; but the signs of the times point differently at the present time. And Prof. Elliott Coues, the distinguished scientist, and theosophical student, is one of the first to read the signal of progress, one of the first to keep pace with the grand march of ideas. And having the courage of his convictions he opened a terrible battle in favor of women at the very center of bigotry and prejudice, on the occasion of the sixty-fifth Commencement of the National Medical College, Washington, D. C., beneath the vaulted roof of the Congregational Church. Prof. Coues has long enjoyed the reputation of a man of vast acquirements, so the austere Faculty of the venerable College and the immense audience present sat complacently expecting an address filled with erudition, eloquence and wit; it was resplendent with genius, coruscated with wit and irony, but not of the orthodox kind; hence amazement sat on the faces of the Faculty and Trustees as the Professor proceeded regardless of consequences. The effect on his auditors is piquantly described by one who was present, on that memorable occasion, as follows:

"It was a little curious to watch the effect of all this as the Professor went on. The graduates turned round in their chairs from time to time to look at him with wondering eyes. The Faculty grew nervous, and, while endeavoring to appear calm, felt something very like an earthquake beneath their feet and could

not help from quaking. For what would people say? The distinguished naval officers who honored the occasion with their presence on the platform looked immensely profound and wise, and were not in the least to be shocked by anything which might fall from the speaker's lips—why should such valiant heroes be? They had seen active service; they had snuffed the actual powder of cannon in conflict; they were not afraid of that kind of bloodless warfare, but evidently enjoyed it. Among the audience, the grave and reverent deacons, who sat stiff and starched, with an overpowering respectability, stanchly upborne and supported by the proud consciousness that they were the pillars and lights of the church, rubbed their eyes, stared at the Professor, doubted their ears, and wondered what he could be driving at. Of course, a man who was addressing a class of graduating young men and one young woman could not be saying anything wrong, or out of the way, especially when that man was so learned as the Professor was reported to be. But something was evidently the matter—they could not say exactly what. The venerable matrons in the front pews looked sedately toward the platform through their glasses, and bore with the most unflinching lack of enthusiasm this vigorous onslaught upon the prejudices of the age made in behalf of their own sex,—not being at all clear in their own minds whether they approved of it all, until they had gone and slept over the matter.

"But the Professor went valiantly on, despite the fidgeting Faculty upon the



platform, and the stares and bewildered looks of the audience in the pews. He probably intended to amaze them all, and could not be blind to the effect. He knew he was bitterly assailing many of his hearers in the form of their lifelong beliefs. But, believing as he did, that these were but the dead ghosts of the past, and not veritable beings,—not truths,—was it not clearly his duty to assail them, and to sweep them away forever, as being totally unworthy?

This brilliant discourse led to the severance of the relations between Prof. Coues and the National College, which we re-produce in this issue of *GOLDEN WAY*. The Faculty and Trustees were not prepared for so radical a proclamation, nor were they willing to have prejudices which they had hugged to their consciences for so many years, rudely uprooted in a single hour; so a resolution was passed to omit the customary publication of the annual address made on that occasion.

The Professor received so many requests to make his remarks accessible to the public at large, that he published his lecture in pamphlet form, and recently a second edition has been required, and "A Woman in the Case" was added to the "Biogen Series."

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THE community which bears the name of "Kaweah Colony," has been wiped out by the stern degree of law. It makes but little difference now what the ultimate decision of the courts may be, the interruption of improvements already commenced, even for a few months, so demoralizes all business enterprises connected therewith that under the forcible possession of the United States it can not make up for lost time and recuperate from the prestige obtained by its opponents.

These people settled on the land and complied with all the terms of the Government as laid down in the rules for

land entry in the United States land office, and before the expiration of the time for final proof to be taken the lands were suspended from entry. They had already made their declaratory statement before such suspension was ordered, and it follows that the Government has made a ruling retroactive in character and inconsistent with the general law.

The land intended to be taken from the colonists is situated on the Kaweah river, a beautiful and perpetual flowing stream of limpid water in the hills of Tulare county. The district contains the finest timber tracts on the coast, not only in abundance but for quality. Speculators have cast covetous glances toward it and become envious of the colonists' possessions. The lumber syndicate which has procured thousands of acres of timber lands in Tulare and Fresno counties, now ask that these immense forests shall be converted into a national park, and in compliance with their request and from their one-sided representations, troops have been ordered there to keep off all alleged trespassers laying claim to any portion of the homesteads the colonists have secured, the houses they have built, and the improvements made thereon.

It is claimed by the people of these counties that the lumber men are at the bottom of the plot to dispossess these claimants, and that they will be equally as potent, after the colonists have been evicted and time enough has elapsed to permit the general public to forget the issue, to secure a reversal of the decision creating the national park from these lands and have it subsequently reopened to timber entry, that they may file upon the land for their own and their syndicates' especial benefit. The writer is familiar with these lands, acquainted with many of the colonists. They are in no sense the ignorant and improvident class represented; on the contrary,



men and women of learning are there—industrious, energetic, free from the vices of many settlements—and all have in no slight degree added to the prosperity of Tulare and Fresno counties and the general welfare of that part of the State.

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Although the inventor in the art of printing, John Gutenberg, of Strasburg, may long ago have been forgotten, the progressive spirit which found expression in the crude printing press, through him, has become the central force, the driving wheel of the social, business and intellectual life of this age. And when we remember that the arms of the press are stretched out to the ends of the earth, gathering news and diffusing ideas and opinions, we must acknowledge this is the mighty lever which moulds and shapes the destiny of men and measures. The great issues of the times are expounded in all the leading journals of the land in a cogent and comprehensive manner; and thus the voice of John Gutenberg goes “ringing down the corridors of time” as the marvel of all inventions.

The printed page is the most potent force in the world to-day for reforming and educating the masses. It goes everywhere, overleaping all barriers; it speaks in all the various languages and to all nations and peoples. Through this marvelously endowed agency we can sit under our own “vine and fig tree” while the life of mankind the world round, becomes familiar to us. Even the dense heart of Africa is not impenetrable to this inexhaustible power.

That the great mission the Press is destined to accomplish may sometimes be thwarted because of lack of just discrimination, nevertheless the great periodicals, dailies and weeklies remain the magical lamps which transform the illiterate and untaught into the solid sil-

ver of enlightened aspiration and progressive impulse; they are the electric centers of modern civilization, where all lines of thought converge and diverge, the pulsations of which are felt throughout the world. And who knows but they are often played upon by the ghostly fingers of John Gutenberg? “Thus this little life of ours is struck round with Egypt, Greece, Gaul, England, War, Civilization, Church, Court and Commerce as with so many flowers and wild ornaments, grave and gay.

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Mrs. Frank Leslie has announced her intention of bequeathing by will some \$600,000 for the establishment of a Woman's Institute, wherein women may cultivate their literary and artistic tastes to the fullest extent, and receive the very best instruction from women of the highest culture. Mrs. Leslie's knowledge and business experience, as well as her pre-eminent literary and artistic culture, bespeak for the institution a brilliant success. Mrs. Leslie is without doubt the most remarkable woman of the present time in America. Every one is familiar with the history of the Frank Leslie Magazine, and how she lifted a debt of over \$25,000 by sheer pluck and determination in a short space of time, and to-day she is worth over a million. When a woman with ability and foresight sets about a task with a determined will, she carries with her a silent force which sweeps all obstacles before it.

\* \* \*

THE Editors of the GOLDEN WAY will hold their informal monthly reception at their office, 624 Polk street on Friday, May 1st, from two o'clock to six, in special honor of Mrs. Eliza A. Wells and Mrs. Lizzie Fulton on the eve of their departure for the East, when the many friends of these worthy mediums may have the opportunity to bid them God-speed on their journey.



## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

---

Who that has read "David Copperfield," that incomparable creation of the master's pen, can ever forget Steerforth,—the wild, reckless, wicked Steerforth, and yet with such streaks of grand manliness running through his character as to make him at times almost a god. In his last interview with Copperfield, he said to him, with the memory of all their old friendship welling forth in his heart: "Daisy" — the pet name he called him by — "Daisy, if anything should ever separate us, you must think of me at my best, old boy. Come! Let us make that bargain. Think of me at my best." May not this tender pleading of the wayward Steerforth find a response in other hearts—in all hearts who read these lines,—and may it become their rule of action through all the coming years. How much better would the world be for it if man and woman thought only of each other at their best. How it would stimulate all souls to live only their best, and aspire to be worthy the best thoughts of their fellows. We look upon the cold and silent face of a dead friend or acquaintance, and with hearts aglow with tender pathos, we remember only his good qualities. His virtues shine out brightly and beautifully, eclipsing whatever of fault or weakness, or vice, there may have been in his character. Why should we wait till the winter of death sets its icy seal on heart and lips, before we are ready to think the kindly thought which is as ennobling to ourselves as it would be to the one on whom it is bestowed.

\* \* \*

We pity the soul who finds no joy in the world—who sees only the shadows,

and never basks in the glorious sunshine. It is a soul out of tune with the real harmonies of nature. For though nature has its dark sides—its clashing inharmonies,—it has also its realm of gladness—its divine melodies. And misguided indeed is that man or woman who dwells perpetually in the one, and never seeks out or learns the joys of the other. We insist that the true theory of life is to make the most and best of it, under all circumstances and all conditions. To endeavor to right the wrongs of society, to help the "weary and heavy laden" on his way, to speak the gentle word that carries peace and rest to the troubled soul, to bless the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, to admonish the erring in the spirit of charity and love, to make the moral wastes of the world to blossom as a rose,—in all this and more, man can find no time to grow cynical or sour—no moment when he may not be adding to the stature and glory of his own manhood, and fitting himself more and more for that life which we believe will burgeon and blossom for him "within the veil," forevermore.

\* \* \*

He who would win must struggle for the prize. He can find no time for idleness, dissipation or folly. He is supplied with a certain amount of vitality—none too much. He has not a particle to waste in foolishness of any kind. Are you aware, my friend, that the cigarette to which you seem so devoted, uses up ten per cent of your vital force—of your capital stock of energy? It deadens the resolution of your will, paralyzes your nerves, and relaxes your



grip, as it were. Throw it away, and resolve that forever more you will be master of the situation, and that no such untidy or debilitating habit shall hold you captive at its feet. And then your occasional dissipations and late hours, they consume another large percentage of your vitality; and ere you are aware you find a habit of indolence and indifference stealing over you, and your venture brings you no return.

\* \* \*

THERE is no life, however fair may seem the way, but sooner or later knows its night of sorrow; none but has its own Gethsemane. Suffering is the one inheritance to which every member of earth's family is fellow-heir; it has its mission and purpose in life's great plan—a purpose which we should endeavor to early grasp, and thereby reap the highest good to ourselves. We but begin to perceive the depth and breadth of our innermost nature, and catch the cintillating gleams of the grand possibilities of our divine being, after we have passed through the crucible of affliction.

We can not understand why discords produce the deepest melody, nor why the imprisoned songster trills his sweetest lays, no more than we can understand why the spirit of man is purified only when the soul has been wrung by some great agony. It seems to be God's plan to measure the soul by its capacity "to suffer and be strong."

He who can turn the fiery ordeals of existence into blossoms of loving, gentle thoughts—flowers, whose fragrance shall fill the myriad corridors of pain with a subtle penetration of joy and gladness—is indeed an angel of glory—an angel of peace; not like Sandalphon in the legend of old, standing by the gateway of the celestial city, but on earth mingling with the sad and sorrowful, often with bruised and mangled

heart—this is indeed the work of the divine.

So tired, weary one, bowed by the weight of a mighty woe, cherish this thought, that when the golden rays from the sun of Hope penetrates the sombre gloom, that the inner meaning of the lesson will burst upon your consciousness in crystal splendor, and you can say with that sweet singer, Phoebe Cary:

"So let my past stand, just as it stands,  
And let me now, as I may grow old;  
I am what I am, and my life for me,  
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold."

\* \* \*

THE power to create ideals, plan mind-pictures of whatever one would like to be, or do, is a noble endowment of the human will. Man's ideas are always better than his actions, hence the necessity of a high standard of right, and by the potency of a determined will, that ideal is translated into the real. Just so far as we cherish our best ideals will we come into a rapport with the creative principle of the Supreme Good, and into the fruition of religious experience. Only as we turn toward the ideals of the good, and seek to embody them in life and character, do they become prophecies of an eternal blessedness. Then do our ideals become character-builders, sculptors by daily carving the soul's tastes and dispositions into habits of love, purity, goodness, and truth.

\* \* \*

OF all grand inspirations of genius that have marked the eras of human history, and left their impress upon the monumental records of time—in literature, art, song, invention,—the grandest and best have been born of heart-throes of which the world has little dreamed. From altars where souls have bled, and brows have been pierced with crowns of cruel thorns, have leapt forth lightnings that have thrilled the world, and marked a shining pathway for other feet to follow. From Gethsemanes of anguish and tears have been voiced lessons of charity, of gentle humanity and love, that have awakened slumbering echoes in benighted souls, the world over, that shall reverbrate through all time.



## NOTES

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Mr. Davis would be pleased to receive the full name and address of liberal persons to whom he may, from time to time, mail announcements or circulars containing desirable information.

CANVASSERS WANTED.—Live canvassers can make \$20 a day, soliciting for Cluff's Garment Fasteners. The best selling novelty ever offered to the public; sells at sight. Wholesale quarters for merchants and finders, Room 46 Phelan Building, after December 10th. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.



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SHERMAN, TEXAS.

MRS. W. H. HALL writes:—"I have never read any book so fascinating, or one that so deeply interested me, as 'Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World.'"  
ONSET, MASS.

MR. AYER writes:—"I hasten to express my deep appreciation of the book. It has come in just the right time when so many minds from both side's of life's river are exercised on the subject of incarnation (to me a beautiful subject it is), a book that should be read by all Spiritualists."  
BOSTON, MASS.

MATTIE P. OWEN writes:—"Mr. Fayette, permit me to express the gratification I had in perusing the charmed pages of 'Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World.' I feel that the world would be lifted out of the valley of error and ignorance if all souls could comprehend the grand truths it contains. The varied experiences of Eon and Eona are so pleasingly told that they fascinate the reader from first to last. All who read this volume will be brought into a better understanding of life and life's great aims, in which it may find its way into thousands of homes and hearts."  
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C. F. CHRISTIAN writes:—"I have been reading your wonderful book. It is beyond anything I have ever read. I think it superb. It contains ideas and principles that I have been seeking and never found until I read this book."  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MRS. H. A. BERRY, editor of the Watchman, writes:—"The book is a remarkable work. Nothing like it has ever been published. It leads the mind far into the labyrinth of possibilities, and several very strange yet beautiful experiences of life that the soul may be destined to experience. The book treats largely on the subject of incarnation of the soul, giving as its principal character the varied experiences of Eona and her soul mate Eon. The work is progressive and instructive. The reader is captivated and held spell-bound by the intellectual flow of words that are practical and pleasing."

E. J. ROBBINS writes:—"I have read the book by spirit Eona, carefully, thoughtfully and delightfully, from the first word of the preface to the last of the appendix. Perhaps I was unusually prepared to accept the statements made by Eona, as seventeen years ago I first met my soul mate in materialized form, and was blessed by a continuance of our meetings for years. I shall frequently read the book as the Christian does his Bible, and am certain to gather new strength from its perusal. May the choicest blessings of the highest spheres descend on Eona and Saidie, and all concerned in the great effort to bless and enlighten the denizens of earth."  
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