

THE Golden Way.

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

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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.



MRS. ANNIE DANIELS.

THE GOLDEN WAY.

THE SPHINX OF THEOSOPHY.

A LECTURE BY ANNIE BESANT.

THE Egyptian Sphinx will be familiar to everyone of you, either by its pictured semblance, or possibly by the vision of its actual form ; and to me, and I dare say to many of you, there has always been a certain fascination in that mighty Sphinx, so serene in its composure, so absolutely still, so impressive in that stillness, with, as it were, the wisdom of ages sculptured on its impassive face. Few I think can have looked at it without feeling the fascination of the mystery of its wise eyes and fast-locked lips ; few can have seen it without dreaming fantastically whether questions addressed to it might not possibly win answer to many problems of the world. I have thought sometimes that that creed that to many is so strange ; that creed which has come to us from the East but is not of the East only but of the thought of all climes and of all ages ; that that thought of the world that we speak of now as Theosophy, has in itself much likeness to that scul-

ptured Sphinx, so much promise of answer to mystery and so much silence in face of the questionings of the world—silence which has been profound for centuries, but silence which more recently has been broken. And to-night I am to try if it be possible to sketch for you something of what that Sphinx has to say of the world-questionings ; to strive to give you in some fashion a rough answer, as it comes to some of us from the lips of the thinkers of the East. * * *

Theosophy is so vast a subject, embracing as it does the whole of human life at once, a philosophy, a science, and a religion, that in dealing with it one can but sketch it in roughest outline, hoping only that even the outline may stir some thinkers to enquiry, and by their own study they may fill in the details which necessarily in a lecture must be untouched. To many of us, in whom the habit of study has grown through a lifetime given to it, to many of us

it seems as though years of careful thinking would only bring us as it were to the threshold of the subject that I am to treat to-night. And if, to those who have given so long to study, to them still there are many problems left unanswered, many questions to which no reply has come, then surely you can scarcely expect that with some of you to whom the subject may be absolutely new, you can scarcely expect that in the mere lecture of an hour there will not be many questionings rising in your own minds that the lecture will not answer; much that may seem puzzling; much that may seem impossible; for it is only by study, and years of study, that you can hope to grasp the explanation of even some of the problems that I am to set before you.

To-night, then, in sketching my outline, I propose to try to present to you Theosophy first in what it says as to the Universe; then in what it says as to man and his destiny; and lastly in what it says touching human duty. Under those three heads I shall have more than enough to say, and in taking it in this fashion, with a sketch of the philosophy of the Universe, with a sketch of the destiny of the human race, with a sketch of the ethical system that is based upon the philosophy—in so dealing with it, I hope to succeed in leaving at least some coherent impress on your minds, something that perchance may win one here and there to go further into that which I can unfold to so small an extent.

And now first then, as to what Theosophy tells us as to the Universe, the view of the Universe that puts before us, the line of thought along which it leads us when we face the vast problems of existence. To the Theosophist the Universe is but the outbreathing of the eternal and universal life. Has it ever struck you how throughout Nature rhythm is everywhere found? if you turn to the lowest forms of animate life, to those small infusoria which only the microscope can enable you to study and to scrutinize; even there as you watch that speck of animated matter you will see the rhythm, the rhythm of the breathing, the outbreathing and the inbreathing, which is part of the very life of that lowly form of existence. And just as you find rhythm is the lowest, so right through the universe similar rhythm is found: everywhere rising and falling, everywhere expansion and contraction, everywhere the ebbing and the flowing, whether you look at worlds, or whether you look at atoms; and to the Theosophist this Universe as a whole pulses with the same rhythm that you find in its minutest portions. The outbreathing of the universal life is the Universe; the inbreathing is the disappearance of that Universe once again; and so through the endless ages of eternal life, so through the whole of that eternity that stretches behind us and before us, we see the outbreathing and the inbreathing of the living, we see the formation and disappearance of the Universes. But while we can study the

Universe we cannot study the source of its periodical life ; we cannot use words regarding that centre and source of all existence which shall not in the very using be self-contradictory and incomprehensible. We cannot speak of It as life, for life is but one of Its aspects, and It is All. We cannot speak of It as intelligence, for intelligence is but a phase, and It is the essence of everything. Before that Unknowable human thought can only be silent. Imagine some such infusorium, as I spoke of, trying to describe to its fellow infusoria the thinking and the arguments of intelligent man. You can guess how blind would be its gropings; you can imagine the follies and the self-contradictions that it would utter. Further than it is below us are we below the Centre and the Essence of Life; and before that, the Universal, we can but bow in silence, knowing that all our thought is but impertinence, and that any word of ours would be but audacity and not reality. And so from THAT, which in one of its aspects to us is life, the Universe proceeds.

Think of this life, as for clearness you may imagine it, pulsing outwards through infinite space; imagine then this life differentiating itself, as it is put in our Theosophical philosophy, into seven stages or planes of existence; imagine it pulsing outwards through these seven stages, becoming more and more "material", as we call it, as it proceeds—the most ethereal of spirit at the innermost, the most material of matter at the outermost

—and then you will grasp the first fundamental thought of the philosophy—this sevenfold plane of existence, and with the sevenfold plane of existence the sevenfold series of organisms fitted to inhabit each plane, and the sevenfold consciousness existing in each of these planes. Thus everywhere in your Universe you have this fundamental conception: Seven stages of existence, uttermost spirit above and uttermost matter below, and between those two poles of spirit and of matter stretch every kind of form of animated existence, each stage suitable to its inhabitants, each series of organisms fitted for that plane of existence on which they live. And this notion of the sevenfold existence is not a mere dream. Has it never struck you how strangely this "seven" meets you everywhere? In light, which is one, you have seven colors, which united make the whiteness of the light. In the sound which is music you have seven notes in your scale, and your eighth is but a repetition of the first on a higher plane. And so throughout Nature you have the suggestion of this seven-stepped existence, so to speak; you have it in light and in color perceptible to the eye, as in sound to the ear; and you have it, we are taught, through the whole of the Universe, making one mighty unity with the sevenfold diversity of existence. When once you have grasped that fundamental notion, then simpler before you will stretch the idea of the different beings, each suitable to the plane of existence on which it lives ;

Think, then, of man as incarnated in his nature; think of each of those aspects of man as corresponding to the aspect in the Universe. Think of the highest, the divine aspect of all, as being the spirit of the universal type, as the very life of the life of the Universe as man, a spirit from the universal life as the very source of man's being, a spirit of the universal life. And then, passing from that highest and most divine part of man, think of the human spirit that is so visible, as you might have a being connecting the divine, the spirit which is man with the material world that I spoke of, and as nature does with the highest mind in man, then that upper part of which the Thoroughist is often speaks. The mind of divine descent with the human spirit and with the intellect mind forms the true individuality of the man which existed in the past and will exist in the future. And then in conjunction with that higher faculty in man is the brotherly aspect of his lower life; the physical body that he has in common with the brute, and its moral counterpart, the life that animates the body, the more animal life just as any brute may live; then the passions and the emotions and the lower intellectual faculties that you may find in your horse and your dog as you find them in the man, the same in essence although not in degree. Thus you have this lower part of man; the physical life, with its emotions, with its lower intellect, with its physical body; there you get the lower and

the connecting part of man, which is in the matter from which it comes, and which goes back to the matter and matters which create it, the material from which we are a material, but gradually disappearing, up to man, but not any the less existing. For this matter is created in man as we are physical body, it is the animal body, it is the higher faculty I spoke of, the spirit of the universal life, the human spirit, which is the vehicle, and the highest and noblest intellectual portion which exists in the divine, and which cannot perish but must endure for ever.

And in looking thus at man you have the Thoroughist conception of the human being. The higher faculty, the lower faculties; and all man's life upon the earth is the struggle to evolve, to render perfect this, the higher Self within him, and to conquer and hold in subordination the lower life that comes from earth. Here we come to that portion of our teaching which causes much of opposition from those who do not think, but only believe or feel at what they cannot understand. The Thoroughist says to everyone of you: "In you, whether you know it or not, there resides the higher faculty which is part of your heritage as a man. It is for you to evolve it if you will, and to render active what as most to-day is latent. But you can render it active if you will. Latent is you there is the glorious possibility, which belongs to every child of man, of conquering the lower and of evolving the higher, with all

and then you will begin to realize that there may be existence other than your own; that there may be intelligences under conditions that differ from those that surround you; that each stage of being will be suitable to its environment; that each will have a consciousness fitted to its surroundings; and that if you are fitted to the world in which you are, this terrestrial matter which is the third of the planes that we know of, that so on other planes than yours are other lives, so in other stages than yours are other forms of consciousness, and those other lives and forms of consciousness are not supernatural although they are superhuman, for they are as natural as your own lives, living, thinking, as you live or think, but on a different plane, on a different stage of conscious existence. Reaching then that point of thought, you will see the Universe evolving along these different lines. You will see what you call spirit gradually descending, as we phrase it into matter and climbing upwards through matter of self-consciousness, and so reaching once more the goal from whence it came. So that to us all existence is a cycle, and the very object of existence is the gaining and gathering of knowledge and experience. Spirit becoming self-conscious through its union with matter, spirit becoming self-conscious as it descends through matter and climbs up from it once again. And so in treading that mighty cycle, so in passing through these various stages, it gathers up into one all knowledge

and all experience, becoming perfect through the experience through which it passes, and taking back at the ending all that it has gained in the course of that pilgrimage of millenniums. And then, when that view of the Universe has worked itself into your thought, when you realize that you are a part of this mighty whole, that your individual self is a portion of that evolving life, that your humanity is the very image in small of the Universe at large, that the evolution of humanity is the great object of this mighty cycling through eternity, then you have caught, as it were, the first glimpse of this great philosophy of life, you have taken your first steps on that path of knowledge which takes us so far onwards into the future, as well as gathers up for us all the treasures of the past.

From this rough outline of this cosmical view, this view of the Universe as a mighty and evolving life through the seven stages, turn from that to man, the microcosm, who reproduces, as it were, in himself the very essence of this total evolution, the man sevenfold as the Universe is sevenfold, and each stage of the human life corresponding to a stage of the Universe.

I need not weary you with the Sanskrit terms which are most familiarly used among us in dealing with the sevenfold aspect of man. I am taking the thing rather than the name, and am trying to clear your conceptions rather than to burden you with a difficult terminology.

Think, then, of man as sevenfold in his nature; think of each of these aspects in man as corresponding to the aspects in the Universe. Think of the highest, the seventh aspect of all, as being the spark of the universal Spirit, as the very life of the life of the Universe in man, a spark from the universal fire in the very centre of man's being, a pulse of the eternal life. And then, passing from that highest and most abstract part of man, think of the human spirit that is its vehicle, as you might have a lamp encircling the flame, the spirit which, in union with the eternal spark that I spoke of, and in union also with the highest mind in man, form that upper triad of which the Theosophist so often speaks. The union of divine element with the human spirit and with the loftiest mind forms the true individuality of the man which existed in the past and will exist in the future. And then in conjunction with that higher trinity in man is the fourfold aspect of his lower life; the physical body that he has in common with the brute, and its astral counterpart; the life that animates the body, the mere animal life just as any brute may live; then the passions and the emotions and the lower intellectual faculties that you may find in your horse and your dog, as you find them in the man, the same in essence although not in degree. Thus you have this lower part of man; this physical life, with his emotions, with his lower intellect, with his physical body; there you get the lower and

the transitory part of man, whose life is of the earth from which it comes, and which goes back to the earth and scatters when death at last touches him; scatters, not in a moment, but gradually disappearing, not at once, but not any the less certainly. For that which is eternal in man is not his physical body, is not his animal soul; it is that higher trinity I spoke of: the spark of the eternal life, the human spirit which is its vehicle, and that highest and noblest intellectual portion which knits him to the divine, and which cannot perish but must endure for ever.

And so, looking thus at man, you have our Theosophical conception of the human being. The higher trinity, the lower quaternary: and all man's life upon the earth is the attempt to evolve, to render perceptible, the Higher Self within him, and to conquer and hold in subordination the lower life that comes from earth. Here we come to that portion of our teaching which raises much of opposition from those who do not think, but only deride or scoff at what they cannot understand. The Theosophist says to everyone of you: "In you, whether you know it or not, there resides this higher trinity which is part of your heritage as a man. It is for you to evolve it if you will, and to render active what in most to-day is latent. But you can render it active if you will. Latent in you there is the glorious possibility, which belongs to every child of man, of conquering the lower and of evolving the higher, with all

that that conquest and all that that evolution mean." These higher powers of what we call the Manas, or the mind in man, those powers, though latent in the majority, are beginning to show themselves in many of our own race and of our own time. Not as yet is the highest showing itself; not that spark of the everlasting life nor the very spirit in which it dwells; but the lower, the third to the trinity of which I speak, this higher mind of man is beginning to show itself in our present race, and signs of it are not awaiting that everyone of you may discover. It is not in the normal that you must seek for information about these awakening powers in man: it is in the abnormal and not the normal that you must look for the further evolution. For it is only in those who are a little way ahead in their evolution that you will find these powers dawning unless you can evoke them in the ordinary man by using certain artificial means which, by rendering the lower part of man quiescent and lethargic, will enable the inner self to shine more brightly forth. You may study, if you will, now as a recognized science the phenomena of Clairvoyance, that you get in connexion with the mesmeric and hypnotic trance: in the trance you will find some of these powers partially evolved, suggesting to you what they will be in the days to come, when their full development has been reached.

Glance for a moment at some of the well-known hypnotic phenomena

where the body being thrown into a state of trance, the lower quaternary is for a time paralysed. Your bodily organ of vision has been closed; your ears are deaf to every outside sound; all in you that is purely physical has been thrown to sleep, is helpless and unconscious; but it is when the physical is most unconscious that the psychical can best testify of its real existence, and it is when all the organs of the mind are dull and helpless that the mind itself is able to manifest its supremacy. Then you can get vision without organ of vision; then you can get hearing without the organ of hearing; you can see hundreds of miles away, you can hear across a continent, you can converse across an ocean, for the mind knows no barrier of time or of space, and it can converse with other minds when once the lower life is made quiescent and still. And in your hypnotic phenomena you will find this vision, this mental activity, without bodily organ; or, if you like, you may exercise your mental perception under conditions where all bodily vision is impossible, as in the diagnosis of obscure diseases, the description of internal organs, as they have been described before medical men over and over again, the post-mortem examinations of the body testifying to the reality of the vision of the Clairvoyant. Here you are not dealing with what you may think merely fancies of the Theosophist; you are dealing with the testimony of the laboratory and of the dissecting room, that comes from men of science revered where-

ever civilization has made its way. You can go to Charcot or to Liebault, you can go to Heidenhain or to many other scientists in France or Germany, and they will give you the evidence of this abnormal exercising of the human mind, of this exercise of the mental faculty without bodily organ, of this seeing without eyes, when it is the mind that sees, that perceives without bodily assistance. And you can go yet further, and to a person under such conditions you can project your own thought, so that the thought becomes visible and audible to him. You can take a blank piece of paper and on that paper throwing your own thought-image, the person you have hypnotized will see what you desire. He shall see, and your thought to him becomes material because he judges it mind to mind. Remember what I said as to the seven states of consciousness. Remember what I said to you about the seven planes of existence. When you go to the fifth plane where the mind is working; when you pass from the third, which is your matter as you know it, to the fifth where the mind is in its own environment, and living in its own life; there what to you as immaterial becomes material to it, for matter there is not identical with matter here, and that is visible and audible to the mind which is invisible and inaudible to the coarser senses of the body.

And so we learn from this dry science of the lecture hall, from our Western thought, we learn from this how the Occult Thought is justified

by modern science; how that which has been taught for centuries in the Eastern schools is now becoming a matter of experience in the Western hospitals; and if from that and from many an other scientific proof of this real existence of thought and of mind, an existence other than we have known on our own earth, and within our own normal and daily life, if we once realize what that means, then Man's destiny will indeed unfold itself before us as something loftier than poets have chanted, something mightier than ever prophets have dreamed. For that which is abnormal to-day shall be general to-morrow; that which is only beginning to bud here and there amongst us shall blossom in a future, which is not far off as the time in Eternity is counted; and that which now can only be gained by careful study and by careful living shall after a while become the inheritance of every child who is born into our world and to a higher life.

But if you desire to prove for yourselves the reality of something more than hypnotism can give you; if you would desire to follow out your own evolution and try to climb upward beyond mind into spirit, into a plane of consciousness higher yet; then, indeed, it will only be by the constant conquest and subordination of the lower nature, until that which is done by the hypnotized person in trance and unconsciously is done by yourself with full consciousness of your doing, and without losing hold of yourself from the beginning to the ending.

If this has to be done, it can only be done by rising for yourself and climbing upwards by your own endeavor. If there be intelligences on those higher planes, you cannot drag them down to you, you must climb up to them. The consciousness that you would share with them must be the consciousness which is theirs, and not the endeavor to degrade them to your lower life; and that can only be done by uttermost effort, by perfect self-devotion, and by nobility of heroic life.

If the athlete to climb a mountain-top must train himself for many a week and many a month, and then as he climbs must strain every muscle, must use every power of body, if he would reach the mountain-top that he covets to scale; do you think that if, physical mountains can only be climbed by effort, it is without effort that these mountains of the mind and of the spirit can be scaled? For, mind you, as you climb upwards, fresh powers pass into your hands, and with wider knowledge comes greater power over Nature. The student of physical science gains fresh power to control Nature as he learns more of her secrets, and the student of psychical science also gains these natural powers which lie hidden from the majority to-day, but are open to those who know how to study and how to attain.

It is sometimes said: "There is too much mystery in your Theosophy. These powers that you are hinting at, these powers over Nature, why not throw them open to the world and let

all men everywhere know how to learn and how to win?" Do you give your children dynamite to play with? Do you let your schoolboy play with poisons in the Laboratory?

Do you not say that only with manhood's knowledge must come manhood's power, and that that which is potent for use and for service may also be potent for mischief and for destruction of life? And so in the past as in the present. These higher natural powers can only be gained by those who are willing to work and labor for many a year of patient study and of constant endeavor. They come as an appanage of the development of the higher life; they come as the natural growth of the human being as he evolves upwards in this long climb; not followed for themselves, not gained for themselves, but only as the natural blossoming of the higher humanity, which gradually grows within the men and women who study and who live for others. For such powers bring with them vast responsibility; such powers bring with them ability for service, but also ability for mischief; and I ask you, would it be wise that they should be thrown everywhere amongst a people, men and women of the world, men and women of to-day, women who would lose their temper if their dress did not fit, or men who would swear if their coachman made them late for a dinner party; are those people to be entrusted with powers which with a thought are able to cure, but are also able to slay? Are

those people to be trusted with ability which gives mighty power for salvation but power also for destruction, at the mere will of the evil desire? And so that side of Theosophy is not thrown open to the multitude, and when you hear talk of phenomena, and when you see foolish excitement from the people who desire to see something wonderful, like a conjuring trick, then the answer is: Those powers are only interesting as signs of the growing spirituality, and they are not to be used for the amusement of a moment, nor as mere platform tricks to spend an hour in some fresh excitement. You will read of them, and they exist; but they exist only for those who are worthy to wield them; aye, for any one of *you*, who willing to go through the discipline, who is willing to give the time and have the patience for study. They are not supernatural, they are wholly natural; and they can only be won, as all Nature's powers are won, by those who have patience to study, who have courage to investigate and to act.

And from that side I point you to the light that there is in man's destiny; reminding you how it shows the time when man shall indeed be royal over Nature, because he is first royal over himself; that Nature shall be his servant, because he is his own master; having conquered himself, he conquers everything; and when that victory has been won, man's destiny will be perfect and complete.

But you may well say: "How can

life give time for such attainment, how can one brief life find space for the evolution of which you speak?" No one life would be enough for such growth, nor in one brief human life is such an attainment possible; but Theosophy teaches that it is not one life but many lives through which you pass. You who are here to-day are not here for the first time; far behind you stretches a vast human experience, and the abilities that you have, the faculties that you enjoy, the powers that you exercise, those are the trophies of your past victories, they are the signs of the fashion in which you have used the lives of the past. Not one, but many lives, come to every human spirit in its pilgrimage through Time and Space; not once, but often, does man renew his experience, gathering more of knowledge with every life, adding fresh pages of experience to the book of his existence, and so writing line after line of that human story which at last he will be able to read. So, we are taught, man is re-born according to the past which he has made by his own effort. What you are, Theosophy tells you, you have made yourself. The life that you have and the powers that you exercise, that life has been moulded by your own past, those powers have been won by your own endeavors. For the ethics of Theosophy grow out of this view of man; the ethics of Theosophy tell you of a law that none can escape, of a destiny that none can avoid; that law of moral causation which is universal, and which moulds for each

the life which his own previous existence has deserved. According to that law of Karma, that law of ethical causation, to-day is the result and the fruit of the past. Your present is moulded by your past, your future shall be the outcome of your present. Shadows thrown upon a wall, Professor Draper tells us, leave an impress there, so that if you use the rightful means, you can evolve once more the shadow from the wall over which it has passed. If that be true of matter, shall it not also be true of spirit? and if the suitable means could evolve from the wall the shadow that your passing figure has cast upon it, shall not the shadow of your acts cast upon your character be evolved by the mighty alchemy of Nature and change it, and leave an impress that nothing can take away? And so we believe that men are born as they have prepared for themselves the life into which they come. And if you say to that, "Well, but look at the rich and the poor, look at the varieties of human circumstance, the varieties of human happiness. Would you tell us that all who suffer poverty have ill-used their previous existence, that the prosperous and wealthy are only reaping the reward of some past life?" Then we answer you: "In dealing with human life, you must look not only on the surface but below it. These lives of yours are but moments in the great life through which you pass; each life but as an hour out of many years of your pilgrimage through the ages. When you judge of wealth or of poverty,

you must measure them in the scales of the eternal life, and not only in those of the transitory present. It may be that those who are most miserable and most poor, whose fate has flung them into some slum of this vast city, may there be expiating only some trifling error, and by the self-denying of their living, by the glory of their charity to their fellows, by that nobility and unselfishness that you find more among the slum-dwellers than the palace-dwellers, it may be that they are moulding for themselves the most glorious future, and making progress more rapidly than they could dream of in their darkness now. And it may be that some wealthy man or woman, thrown into that position by some event of a previous life, it may be that in the selfishness that grows out of comfort, in the isolation that grows out of wealth, in the indifference to other lives that comes out of ease to one's self, it may be that they are losing spiritually and mentally, far more than they are winning with their mere bodily ease, and they are further back in their pilgrimage by reason of the very ease of their daily life. For, mind you, the worst crime in man is selfishness; that which isolates him from his brothers, that which separates him from the common lot, that which puts him apart and separate, is oftentimes the worst curse that can fall upon human life. For if it be true, as we teach, that all men are brothers; if it be true that in this vast human family there is one great tie of brotherhood that goes from life to life

and from heart to heart ; then I ask you, what can do more to degrade the whole life of man than to live in selfish and easeful isolation while others are in misery and wretchedness at your very doors ? For think not that the poor suffer alone ; think not that the brutality and the misery, the degradation and the crime of one part of London leave unpoisoned the atmosphere of the rest. I spoke of the bearing of Theosophy on human conduct ; the one message Theosophy brings to the Western World, is the message of brotherhood, a brotherhood which is blasphemed every day in this metropolis, and which is merely a word and an empty phrase in the mouth of most. But we who believe in this Universal Brotherhood, we recognize and understand that no progress in the spirit can be made unless there be self-devotion to the general good of human kind. That any idea of progress by the intellect, that any hope of attainment by means of the mind, that those are but as dreams beside the progress that can be won by self-devotion to humanity, and the service that is done to our brothers when we sacrifice our own happiness to their good.

And so the final message of Theosophy is one of the ethics rather than even of philosophy or of science. It has its philosophy of which I have suggested to you some outline ; it has its science of man to some points of which I have alluded ; and I have suggested also the line of study along which we may go. But more vital than its philosophy, more essential

than its science, is that ethical duty of brotherhood between all members of the human race, which sees misery only to relieve it, and suffering only to lighten the pang that it inflicts. And so it teaches us that none can rise alone ; that the degradation of one is the degradation of all ; that while some are miserable, none can be truly happy ; that while there are poor to be succored, there ought to be no rich to waste ; that while there is starvation on one side there ought to be no idle luxury on the other. And that message of brotherhood is the one which is most wanted in our selfish Western Civilization ; for here luxury has reached its highest point, here the purely material rules over men's minds more than it has ever ruled before. In this 19th century, in its race for wealth, in its triumphs of material science, in its pride of material advancement, here more than ever before in the world's history, has been wanted this message of brotherhood from man to man. And sometimes I have thought, in their far-off Eastern home, those whom we call Masters and Teachers, in that they are wiser by their study than we are, that they have broken what one of them has called the science of centuries, because of the sore need of our Western World. We may progress in science and in wealth, we may progress in knowledge and intellectual attainment, but useless is this, nay, worse than useless, mischievous, if it widen the gulf between rich and poor and makes more impossible the Brotherhood of Man. For together we must

climb or together we must fall. No one of us can be saved by his own efforts unless his brother rises side by side with him. Our work is the work of a common salvation : our work here is the work of a common duty to common human need : and in doing that, in devoting ourselves to that, we shall be true Theosophists, working out the spirit of the Philosophy, and climbing upwards towards the Higher Life.

And to you, who, for one brief hour this evening, have come from gayer scenes and brighter lives to listen to this message from the East, my last word to you, which is the central word, shall be this word of "Brotherhood". To be rid of selfishness, to win but to serve, to use your education to help the ignorant, to use your training to help the untrained, to use your voices to make articulate

the sufferings of the voiceless : that is the command that Theosophy gives to the rich of the Western World. And if you would learn its Philosophy you must bear its moral yoke : if you would learn its Science you must accept its ethical teaching ; for Ethics come before Science, and Duty comes before attainment. Accepting the one, the other likewise shall be yours, and then altogether, not apart and individually, all as one vast family bound in bonds of love, we shall climb together that ladder of Humanity whose foot is set in the slime of animal life, but whose summit is lost in the eternal light—the ladder on whose rungs our feet are set to-day, but up which we cannot climb, save as we bear our brethren with us, and use our strength to help their weakness and our powers to make their helplessness strong.



AN OPEN LETTER.

Editors GOLDEN WAY:

THE annual session of the "Cassadaga Lake Free Association" was opened the 24th of July by Mrs. R. S. Lillie, and continued on the next day, Saturday, by Mr. Colville, but during the day, the "Political Equality Club," seventy strong, went, sixteen miles, over to the Chautauqua grounds, where the County Convention was held. Sunday, although rainy, was marked by a larger attendance than ever before on the first day of the meeting, and has continued during the week under the auspices of prominent speakers and mediums. The interest and numbers always increase to the end, which this year occurs on Sunday, the 1st of September.

Lilydale Post-Office and Station upon the island was named thus to distinguish it from Cassadaga Village and Station, a mile away. The enclosed extracts may suit your pages better than an extended letter.

LEWIS OLIVER.

Lilydale, Chautauqua Co., Aug. 1, '91.

CASSADAGA - LILYDALE.

[Extract from an unpublished poem.]

* * * * *

This isle, that is fit for an Empress or King,
Engirdled with waters, a lovelier thing
In all nature is not to be heard of or found

In the shape of an ideal summer camp-ground.

To be sure, there's a wild space of forest to clear,

Only spare the fine trees that make it so clear,

Which shelter the beautiful songsters within,

And exclude the wide world with all of its din :

Which afford a cool shade for each avenue,
Through which, tho', are glimpses of heaven's bright blue.

In fact, 'tis but given you well to subdue,
A paradise earthly creating anew.

To level with lawns, and to bud with the rose,

Another Edenic garden to disclose.

* * * * *

This choice spot of earth, has in all, it is found,

A large sum of acres of arable ground ;

And with four lakes surrounding, with inlet and outlet,

With steam navigation unestablished as yet ;

But with plans all arranged for maturing some day,

A "merry-go-round" you will have for your play,

With those vessels now anchor'd out there in the bay ;

Just when 't will be wisest for us not to say.
But all honor to those who have prepared the way,

Whose large hearts will harbor no needless delay,

And may angels smile on us, coming hither to stay.

LEWIS OLIVER.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

THE statements in this paper as to what was written in my presence purporting to be communications from "spirits," and as to the circumstances under which it was written, are scrupulously correct. "The communications," it is certain, are from an intelligent source. Mrs. Underwood is the person by whose hand they are put in form. That she is not laboring under a mistake in thinking that she is unconscious of the thought expressed until she has read the writing,—if, indeed, such a mistake in a sane mind is possible,—I am certain. Sometimes, owing to the illegibility of the writing, she has to study out sentences. The writing varies in style, not only on different evenings, but on the same evening; it is apparently the writing of not fewer than twenty persons, and generally bearing no resemblance whatever, so far as I can judge, to Mrs. Underwood's handwriting, which is remarkably uniform. The communications are unlike in the degrees of intelligence, in the quality of thought, and in the disposition which they show. Detailed statements of facts unknown to either of us, but which, weeks afterwards, were learned to be correct, have been written, and repeated again and again, when disbelieved and contra-

dicted by us. All the writing has been done in my presence, but most of it while I have been busily occupied with work which demanded my undivided attention. The views expressed are often different from my own, and quite as frequently, perhaps, opposed to Mrs. Underwood's views.

Some will, doubtless, interpret these facts as evidence and illustrations of the multiplex character of personality, and will regard these communications, apparently indicating several distinct intelligences, as manifestations of different strata, so to speak, of the same individual consciousness. Knowledge of the facts unknown to our ordinary consciousness was, nevertheless, some will say, in the sub-consciousness of one of us, or perhaps both. On this theory, of course it must be supposed that the mind has stored away in its depths knowledge acquired in ways unknown. By others all the phenomena related by Mrs. Underwood will be regarded as the work of disembodied, invisible, intelligent beings who once dwelt in the flesh and lived on earth, but who are now in a higher sphere of existence, yet able under certain conditions to make their presence and their thoughts known to us. It is not my intention

here to advocate any theory as to the cause of the phenomena described by Mrs. Underwood. I simply testify now to the accuracy of all those statements in her paper in regard to her automatic writing

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

"The known is finite, the unknown is infinite; intellectually we stand on an islet in the midst of an illimitable ocean of inexplicability. Our business in every generation is to reclaim a little more land; to add something to the extent and solidity of our possessions."—*Huxley in "Reception of the 'Origin of Species'."*

Public attention at this time especially is being called to the various forms of psychic phenomena, measurably through the efforts of the Society for Psychical Research in investigating and sifting the evidence for the stories of apparitions, hallucinations, forewarnings, etc., but more because so many who have heretofore scoffed at and doubted such stories, or who have been foiled in their efforts to obtain for themselves any satisfactory evidence that such phenomena really occur, are now able to testify from their own experience, in one form or another, that such are the real facts of our existence.

The questions raised by the class of facts already elicited through this investigation are of supreme importance, and it becomes the duty of every serious-minded enquirer who has had experience of this kind to give the results of his investigations to the public, and thus aid those searching for the underlying cause

of all such phenomena. Therefore after considerable hesitation, and some inward shrinking from an obvious duty, I have concluded to take the consequence of publishing my own recent experience. A word of personal explanation may here be necessary. A sincere believer in Orthodox Christianity until my twentieth year, I have been led by careful study and unfaltering love of truth to give up my belief in Christian dogmas, and have for some years known no other name by which to designate my state of mind in regard to religious belief than that misunderstood and often misapplied term, agnostic. But at no stage in my mental progress have I ever felt sure that I had reached any conclusion which was final, and at no time have I been a believer in Spiritualism, or been convinced that we survive the present state of being; while always I have felt an interest in every undecided question in science and religion, and earlier have had some "intimations of immortality," which have caused me to think seriously on the subject and to long for more light. I have decided to lay the simple facts of my most recent experience before the readers of the *Arena*, and allow them to draw what conclusions they will without offering any theory of my own. More than a year ago my interest in psychic phenomena was awakened by reading the reports of the Society of Psychical Research, but it has been my own personal experience which has created a profound impression on my mind. If any one

who reads this will try to imagine in what spirit he would greet an entire stranger or group of strangers, who through the telephone, for instance, should send him genial messages full of common sense, philosophy, humor, and friendliness, giving him interesting details of a strange land, he can partially understand the state of mind in which, after months of such intercourse, I find myself.

The *modus operandi* is the simplest possible. As I remembered that Mr. U. was rather averse to the planchette experiments of former years, thinking them unwholesome and deteriorating in their tendency, I at first said nothing to him of my new psychical experiments, though these were made oftenest in his presence in the evening when we both sat at one writing table, near each other, busied with our individual literary work. As I experimented in his absence as well as in his presence, I soon found that I got the most coherent writings when he was present. Indeed I could get nothing coherent, and very frequently nothing at all, when he was away, but when he was present the communications began to grow strangely interesting, and he was called upon repeatedly. I felt obliged to invite his attention, when the most surprising answers were given, which roused his curiosity and interest. It has been explained that his presence is necessary for me to obtain writing, as "blended power is best." Two or three times, at the suggestion of this intelligence, we have asked two of our intimate literary friends—non-

spiritualists—to be present, but each time with comparative failure; afterwards we were informed that the cause of failure was the introduction of persons unused to the conditions, who broke up the harmonious relations necessary to communication; in time they could be of help.

It would take a volume to present all the interesting statements as to an advanced stage of existence, only hidden from us because of the inadequacy of our sense perceptions, and by the conditions imposed upon us at this stage of our progress, which have been given from this source. Explanations have been made why communication through the agency of certain persons, though not through all, are possible. The conditions, it is alleged, are not entirely dependent upon the superior intelligence or morality of the persons with whom the intelligences can become *en rapport*. These invisibles declare that they are as seriously and anxiously experimenting on their side to discover modes of untrammelled communication with us, as we on our side ought to be, if what they write be true, and if such a thing is possible. "Spirits" they persistently insist upon being called. In this paper I can give only a statement of some things which do not seem explicable on the hypothesis of mind-reading, thought transference, hypnotism or subconsciousness. In all these experiments I have been in a perfectly normal state. The only physical indication of any outside influence is an occasional slight thrill

as of an electric current from my shoulder to my hand which holds the waiting pen. Step by step I have been taught a series of signals to aid me in correctly reading the communications. I have no power to summon at will any individual wish. I have repeatedly, but in vain, tried to get messages from some near and dear friends. It has been explained that on their side, as on ours, certain "conditions" must exist in order to get in "control." When "eh?" is written I know that the operator at the other end of the line is ready to communicate. When in the middle of a sentence or a word "gone" or "change" is written, I understand that the connection is broken, and I must not expect the completion of that message. When a line like this — is drawn, it is a sign that that sentence is completed or the communication ended. So with other things. Rhymes are often unexpectedly written, especially if the "control" professes to be a poet, and they are dashed off so rapidly that I do not understand their import until the close, when I can read them over. Impromptu rhyming is a feat utterly impossible to either Mr. U. or myself. Names persistently recur which are unknown to us. Many different handwritings appear, some of them far superior to my own. When I first began to get communications I destroyed, in a day or two after they were written, the slips of paper containing the writing, but as the developments became more interesting, Mr. U. suggested that they be

preserved for reference. I acted on this suggestion, and thus in the instances of facts given outside our own knowledge, I am enabled to give the exact wording of each communication. Our questions were asked *viva voce*, and as they were often suggested by what had been previously written, I either at the time or soon afterward wrote them just above the reply. I am not, therefore, trusting at all to memory in the statements I shall make.

A gentleman of this city (whom I will call John Smith, but whose real name was a more uncommon one,) with whom Mr. U. had been acquainted many years, but of whose family relations he knew little, died here more than a year ago. Mr. U. had met him but once in the year previous to his death, he having been away on account of failing health, staying, we understood, with a daughter recently married, whose home was in Florida. The first name of this married daughter, or of any of Mr. Smith's daughters except one, was unknown to Mr. U. I had met one of his daughters, whose name I knew to be Jennie. I also knew that there was another named Violet. I was not sure, however, whether this was the name of the married one, or another unmarried, but had the impression that Violet was unmarried. One evening while waiting for automatic writing, with no thought of Mr. Smith in mind, and Mr. U. sitting near me at the table with his thoughts concentrated on an article he was preparing, this was written :

"John Smith will now enter into conversation with Mr. T. I understood I read that he Mr. T. who had under his pen, and in order to test this matter, asked if Mr. Smith remem-bered the last time they met, soon after his return from the South, and a short time previous to his death. There was some delay in the answer, but soon a reply came: "Mr. Madison?" "Whereabouts in Madison?" "Was asked. "Near Washington."

"At what hour?" "About five o'clock," "At it was noted that Mr. T. was in that part of the city at exactly the hour, and especially on a rainy day. I doubted the correctness of this reply, but Mr. T. resorted to my mind the unusual circumstance which made it necessary for him to be in that vicinity on the day, and at the hour named, on which he and Mr. Smith had distinctly remembered, had met. This a few words passed between them on account of the rain. After this writing, purporting to be from Mr. Smith, came frequently very soon something was written which induced Mr. T. half question-ably to inquire whether there was any thing which troubled Mr. Smith, anything which he wished he had done but had omitted before his death. The answer came, "One thing—change deeds on Violet's account. None of my wife's are at my daughter's disposal. All in her own disposal." Mr. T. asked if it was meant that he had not left his property—as he was a man of some wealth—as he now wished he had. "You are right," was written, "want

all my girls to share alike." "Which daughter do you refer to?" was asked. "Went away from her in Florida—Violet" was the answer. I re-marked: "Why, I thought Violet was one of the unmarried girls, but it must be that that is the name of the married daughter." Then Mr. T. was strongly urged to call on Mr. Smith's married son, James, with whom Mr. T. had a slight acquaintance, and tell him of this communication. "Clearly state my desire that my daughter Violet shall share equally with her sisters." Of course this was utterly out of the question. At that time we had no intention of informing any one of our psychic ex-perience, and if we had, Mr. James Smith would have thought us insane or impertinent to come to him with so ridiculous a story, the truth of which we ourselves strongly doubted. Pages were, however, written con-cerning the matter in so earnest and pleading a manner that I came to feel conscience stricken at refusing to do what was asked, and to shrink from seeing Mr. Smith's name appear. Once was written, "Say to James that in my new position, and with my new views of life, I feel that I did wrong to treat his sister Violet as I did. She was not to blame for following out her own convictions, when I had inculcated independent thought and action for all." This and other sentences of the kind seemed to con-vey the idea that Violet had in some way incurred his displeasure by doing according to her own will in opposi-tion to his. This was puzzling to us,

as we knew that in her marriage, at least, the daughter we thought to be Violet had followed her father's wishes.

A few weeks later, however, came an unlocked for verification of Mr. Smith's messages. In a conversation between Mr. U. and a business friend of Mr. Smith, who was well acquainted with all his affairs, regret was expressed that so wealthy a man had left so little for a certain purpose. Mr. U. then inquired as to what disposition had been made of his property, and was told that he had left it mainly to his wife and children—so much to this one, and that, "But Violet," continued Mr. U.'s informant was left only a small amount, as Mr. Smith was angry with her because she married against his wishes." "Why," remarked Mr. U., "I understood that he approved of the match, and the fact that he accompanied her self and husband to Florida and remained with them some time, would seem to indicate that." "Oh, you are thinking of Lucy, the eldest girl; her marriage was all right, but Violet, one of the younger daughters, going to Florida with her husband, fell in love with a young man of whom her father did not approve, so she made a runaway marriage, and on account of his displeasure, Mr. Smith left her only a small sum." The intelligence writing was aware of facts unknown to either Mr. U. or myself, and no other persons were in the room when these communications were given.

One evening one of us spoke of the

frequently false and mischievous statements purporting to come from spirits—predictions that did not come to pass, descriptions which were wholly wrong, and sending credulous believers on wild goose chases after hidden treasure, etc., the occasion being an untrue statement made to us in regard to the death of a friend who was alive and well. We asked if this unseen intelligence would explain why this was allowed. Reply came promptly: "Rather tough problem. There are certain phases of our existence here which are not explainable to you on your plane, and the test we were obliged to make of your credulity was one of these."

We protested against such tests, and I declared that I would not try to receive communications if they practiced deception. "Why do you protest," was written, "when you already know you are but a tyro in this phase of being? You don't now willingly do the work assigned you, and B. P. U. is still harder to manage." Thereupon Mr. U. suggested "that without sense organs and a material environment, conditions would be such, perhaps, that they could not be expressed in terms known to us, nor even conceived by us." Immediately was written: "Many wish to answer B. P. U.'s clear statement of the difficulties in the way of spirit intercourse with those still in the flesh, but now comes the one soul capable of clear answer. Blessed be they who question—gone." Next came this—"Boehme wants to reply." Here I have to confess that never having

paid much attention to occult or mystical literature the name Boehme was utterly unknown to me, and at this point I asked Mr. U., "Did you ever hear of anyone by the name of B-o-e-h-m-e?" spelling the word. "Certainly," he replied, "Jacob Boehme, he was a German thinker who died—" my hand began to move just then, and he paused, and while the following was being written my mind reverted hazily to a German philosophical writer, who had died within a few years, and of whose life one of our friends had written a sketch. His name began with B, and I thought he was the one Mr. U. referred to, as I had forgotten what the full name was. I say this to explain that there could be no thought-transference in this instance from Mr. U.'s mind to mine. This was written rapidly. "Death and life are but two phases of one truth, and when what mankind calls death comes, it is as we experience the change that all our circumscribed relations to banded universalities become clear; but when we try to explain to those not yet beyond man's sphere we find ourselves at a loss because there is nothing parallel in this state of existence with your knowledge." Afterwards Mr. U. showed me in the encyclopædia a sketch of him (the name spelled Bohme, and in several other ways) in which it was stated "he had a very fertile imagination, and a remarkable faculty of intuition, and professed to be divinely inspired," and that he died in 1624. Since then I have found another sketch of his

life which says that owing to the fantastic terminology he thought fit to adopt, his writings are condemned by many as utterly unintelligible. This may explain the "Banded Universalities," a phrase I never in my life saw before, and only dimly understand now: I had never to my knowledge read a word of his writings. In my case, as in that of many who profess to give spirit messages, frequently names of dead thinkers and heroes are signed. I protested against this, saying I did not believe that these individuals were the ones who communicated and asked for some explanation. Immediately this answer was written: "Elaine and Guinevere were not real beings but types—so somewhere in our sphere are spirits who embody cleverness in creations of fancy, and adopt names suited to their ideas." Since this explanation was given, I have had more patience with the communications signed by great names, since I have imagined that these are types aspired to by the real writers. But their "cleverness in creations of their fancy" extends sometimes to fair imitations of the thought and style of those whose names they borrow. For instance, since Elizabeth Barrett Browning is one of my favorite poets, it is not at all strange that her name and that of her husband might be suggested by my own mind; my own mind ought also to suggest the thought of the following, written as from Mrs. Browning, though the phraseology is not mine. "Robert gave me life. He gave me to love. He and I are

but two sides of one individuality. We both understand this, as you understand it." But then followed without any apparent pause for a word, this:—

"Let your own hearts deeply feel
The sweet songs of older lovers,
So shall song and sense appeal
To all that true emotion covers."

I never saw these lines anywhere, and I doubt whether anyone has seen them before, while I am confident that I did not compose them. I had not then read Browning's "One Word More," but two days later in a magazine article I came across a quotation from that poem in which occurs the phrase "old lovers," the magazine having been brought to the house that day, and two days after the verse was written. A day or two later at the close of a communication from an entirely different source, and one in no way suggestive of Browning, the words, "One Word More" were rapidly written, followed by this verse:—

"Round goes the world as song-birds go,
There comes an age of overthrow—
Strange dreams come true, yet still we
dream

Of deeper depths in Life's swift stream." This I did not compose, nor had I ever seen it before.

One evening it was suggested that "Brain workers of a philosophical bent" would answer our questions. The first question asked was, "From your standpoint do you consider death the end of conscious existence?"

Ans.—"Death we know only as a phrase used to indicate change of environment."

Ques.—"Is death expected on your plane as on ours, or do all understand that the next change is progressive?"

Ans.—"Slow are even those on our plane to understand the law of unending evolution."

Ques.—"But we may apprehend what we do not fully understand or comprehend?"

Ans.—"Comprehension sees farther than understanding."

Ques.—"Do you mean that comprehension is a word of wider significance than understanding?"

Ans.—"You are right."

I had never given any thought to the difference between the words "understanding" and "comprehending," and when this was written was not satisfied in my own mind that comprehend did mean more than understand. On the following day I consulted Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and to my surprise, under the word "comprehend" found this note: "Comprehend has a more extensive meaning than understand or apprehend." So in this case, as in several others I have not time to cite here, the intelligence which moved my hand to write gave me knowledge which I did not myself possess. Very often in place of writing, all I could get from them would be spiral lines. Sometimes a page would be crossed and recrossed with these lines as if with some definite purpose. This suggested to me the possibility that such lines held some meaning unknown to me, and I put the question. The answer was given, "We have

different modes of thought from yours—and the spiral lines are most in use with us: Some of our less advanced scientists forget that on your plane our mode of control is not understood by you. Lines are made of such esoteric meaning that, while we understand at a glance, it is impossible for those on your plane to perceive any words." Mr. Underwood here remarked: "There are numerous spirals—all modifications of the primary straight line."

Aus.—"Yes, the spiral is a primal law, simple yet complex, which we who understand life's manifold ascensions grow to symbolize in our thought, language, and writing."

I am warned by the length of this paper that I must close without being able to give one-tenth part of the many strange and surprising revelations, or statements, philosophical and other, which we have gained from this strange source. I have confined myself to those which show most strongly evidence of an intelligence outside of Mr. U. or myself, the only two persons who have been concerned in obtaining them. To me personally these are *not* the most wonderful phases of this influence. The reasonable explanations given of the laws governing another state of human existence, but very little different from this except in being a step forward in the direction of Mind—that is to me the most wonderful, but of that I cannot speak here.

I know that my experience at this time is by no means exceptional. Before I had ever said one word to

any human being except Mr. U. in regard to it, there came to me a confidential letter from a valued friend in another State, a lady of intellect and culture confessing that like, but far more varied, phenomena were occurring through her. Like myself her position had been that of an agnostic, and the communications to her are very similar to those I have obtained. I had not heard from her in a year previous to the receipt of this letter. I have been told of two or three other cases, so far unknown to the public, all occurring within the year, and to non-spiritualists. And I judge from magazine articles written by such well-known people as O. B. Frothingham, Elizabeth Phelps Ward, and M. J. Savage, as well as from public utterances of Mrs. Livermore and others, that this wave of communication from some not fully understood source is far more extensive than is generally suspected. It is, therefore, time that all whose opinions may have weight, who have personal knowledge of such phenomena, relate what they have seen or experienced, in order that these experiences may be compared, and the real source from which they emanate may be discovered, if possible.

One other strange experience in this line came to me a few years ago at the bedside of a dear friend at the point of death, which, perhaps, may be related in this connection. It was near midnight; death was momentarily expected. All the other watchers, exhausted by days of grief and

care, were snatching an hour of rest: and I stood alone looking at the unconscious face before me which was distinctly visible, though the light was heavily shaded to keep the glare from the dying eyes. All her life my friend had been a Christian believer, with an unwavering faith in a life beyond this, and for her sake a bitter grief came upon me because, so far as I could see, there were no grounds for that belief. I thought I could more easily let her go out into the unknown if I could but feel that her hope would be realized, and I put into words this feeling. I pleaded that if there were any of her own departed ones present at this supreme moment could they not and would they not give me some least sign that such was the fact, and I would be content. Slowly over the dying one's face spread a mellow radiant mist—I know no other way to describe it. In a few moments it covered the dying face as with a veil, and spread in a circle of about a foot beyond, over the pillow, the strange yellowish-white light all the more distinct from the partial darkness of the room.

Then from the centre of this, immediately over the hidden face appeared an apparently living face with smiling eyes which looked directly into mine, gazing at me with a look so full of comforting assurance that I could scarcely feel frightened. But it was so real and so strange that I wondered if I were temporarily crazed, and as it disappeared I called a watcher from another room, and went out into the open air for a few moments to recover myself under the midnight stars. When I was sure of myself I returned and took my place again alone. Then I asked that, if that appearance were real and not an hallucination, would it be made once more manifest to me; and again the phenomenon was repeated, and the kind, smiling face looked up at me—a face new to me yet wondrously familiar. Afterwards I recalled my friend's frequent description of her dead father whom she dearly loved, but whom I had never seen, and I could not help the impression that it was his face I saw the hour that his daughter died.

THE UNVEILING OF "ISIS UNVEILED."

A LITERARY REVELATION.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Continued.

AN American reprint of Viscount Amberley's "Analysis of Religious Belief" was published in New York in 1877; and this work is among those plagiarized from in "Isis," as per the following list of parallel passages not properly credited, all in the second volume of "Isis:" ii. 274. from Muir's Sanskrit Texts, 661; 518. 519. long passage from the Tibetan Lalita Vistara, 231; 549. from Schmielt. and about Siamese images of Buddha, 344; 550. 551. three passages, from Burnouf, on Bhagavat, from Buddhist Canon, 459. 451. 344; 551. 552. from Lalita Vistara, 227; 553. ten commandments of Buddha, 462; 554. from Chwolson, 659; 555. three passages, on paintings in Church of Jouy, the infant Bodhisatva, and painting at Lyons, 224. Total, 13 passages.

REBER'S CHRIST OF PAUL.

"The Christ of Paul," by George Reber, was published in New York in 1876. List of passages in "Isis" therefrom plagiarized is below:

In "Isis Unveiled", volume one. xxx. Eusebius on Essenes, 36; 12. Gibbon on Gnostics, 110; 147. from Irenæus, 187; 288. Eusebius and chronology, 104, 105.

In "Isis Unveiled", volume two.

33. Gibbon on Plato, 20; 126. from Eusebius, 163; 196. from Josephus and Eusebius, 31, 32; 323. Eusebius and Philo, 36; 324. Gibbon and Basnage, 36. 37; 327. Socrates and Eusebius, and from Draper, 104, 105; 331. from Robert Taylor, 248; 335, 336. Claudius and Crestus, 387. Total, 15 passages.

CORY'S ANCIENT FRAGMENTS.

I find the following matter in the first volume of "Isis", copied, without credit, from "Ancient Fragments," by I. P. Cory, London, 1832. 30. from Censorinus, Berosus, Eusebius, etc., 32, 330; 31 from Censorinus Seneca, and Eusebius, 322, 324, 57; 294. from Censorinus, 324; 321, two from Psellus, and one from Proclus, 270, 279; 336. from Lydus, Proclus, and Ficinus, 245, 257, 259; 342. from Suidas, 309; 515. from Plato and Herodotus 162, 163; 532. from Pliny, 66; 533. from Cicero, 66; 535. two from Psellus, 268, 269. Total, 20 passages.

YULE'S MARCO POLO.

Colonel Henry Yule's "Book of Ser Marco Polo," 2 vols, London 1871, has also been utilized in the compilation of "Isis," including the following items, copied from it uncredited:

"I. U." vol. i, 472. from Delrio,

Yule, i. 306; 474, from Melton, and Jahangire (sic) i. 309-311; 599, from Hiouen-Tsang, i. 173, 174; 601, 602, three from Schott, i. 441-443; 603, from Schmidt, i. 204; 604, from Visdelon, Pliny, and Philostratus, i. 205; "I. U.", vol. ii. 580, 581, two from Max Mueller, ii., 305, 309; 619, from Semedo, i. 314, 315; 620, from Schott, i. 315. Total, 15 passages.

TAYLOR'S ELEUSINIAN AND BACCHIC MYSTERIES.

The following items in "Isis" are "borrowed" from Thomas Taylor's "Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries," edited by Alexander Wilder, New York, 1875:

"I. U.," vol. i, xii, Porphyry and Augustine on Platonists, xvi., 77; 139, Plato on Mysteries, 33; I. U., ii., 101, Iamblichus on Mysteries, 114; 111, from Pindar, 2, 3; 112, from Plotinus, and concerning Demeter, 8, 9, 112-116; 113, from Plato and Proclus, 63, 64, 66, 67; 123, from Proclus, 156, 157; 145, from Matthew, 15; 146, from Apuleius, 62. Total, 12 passages.

MAX MUELLER'S CHIPS.

From the first two volumes of Max Mueller's "Chips from a German Workshop" (vol i, London, 1867, and vol. ii, New York, 1881), has been derived certain uncredited matter in "Isis," as below:

"I. U.", i., 2, 122, 593, from Popol Vuh, "Chips", i., 337; 247, 248, from Tylor, ii., 270, 271; 431, from Lankavatara, i., 283; "I. U." ii., 164, from Burnouf, i, 247; 286, from Neander, i, 222; 297, from Spiegel,

i, 158; 343, from St. Hilaire and Laboulaye, i, 221, 222, 220; 412, 413, from Rig-Veda, i, 29; 486, from Haug, the Avesta, Ahi, Media, etc., i, 128, 100, 101, 98-102; 579, Parsi Catechism, i, 172. Total, 18 passages.

HONE'S APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT.

The following matter has been taken, with no credit, from William Hone's Apocryphal New Testament. The pages of this work given below are from an edition published in 1821 in London. It is all found in the second volume of "Isis."

177, 178, passages concerning Newton's works, the three witnesses, Erasmus, Tapsensis, Gibbon, Newcome, Parsons and others, viii, ix, x; 243, from Tertullian, 174; 251, Nicæan Council, Barnabas, Socrates, Sabinus, Pappus, etc., iv., v., vi., xvi.; 514, King, Bailey, Parsons (sic), Theodoret, Epiphanius, Socrates, Ruffinus, 71, 72; 518, about Hermas, 174; 549, Epistles of Jesus and Abgarus, Eusebius, etc., 44, 43; 552, from Protevangelion, Gospel of Infancy, etc., 16, 17, 39, 40. Total, 27 passages.

LUNDY'S MONUMENTAL CHRISTIANITY.

The following are found in volume two of "Isis," extracted, uncredited, from John P. Lundy's "Monumental Christianity," published in New York in 1876.

123, from Orphic Hymn, 193; 446, Christna and serpent, and Orante, 157, 159; 454, from Denon, 402; 465, from Moor, 14, 16; 495, from Porter, 170; 537, Strabo, Arrian, and

Bampton Lectures, 151, 152; 538, 539, from O'Brien and Creuzer, 160; 546, from Vishnu Purana, 161. Total, 12 passages.

[I continue the lists of plagiarized passages in "Isis Unveiled."]

JENNING'S ROSICRUCIANS.

From Hargrave Jennings' "Rosicrucians," first edition, London, 1870.

"I. U.," i, 35, from Porphyry, 49, 50; 224, lamp in Tullia's tomb, 12; "I. U.," ii, 5, Mahody, Round Tower, etc., etc., 231-240; 95, bell and pomegranate, 322; 251, from Sartor Resartus, 160; 300, from Porphyry and Aristotle, 65, 50; 456, from Volney, 183; 624, from Exodus, 322. Total, 12 passages.

PEEBLE'S MYTH, MAN, OR GOD?

From J. M. Peeble's "Myth, Man, or God?" London, 1871.

"I. U.," ii, 148, from St. Austin, 73; 239, from Priestley, 31; 250, from Tertullian, 38; 303, 304, from Eusebius, 65; 347, from Garibaldi, 94; 530, from Celsus, 16. Total, 6 passages.

PEEBLE'S AROUND THE WORLD.

From J. M. Peeble's "Around the World", Boston, 1876.

"I. U.," i, 515, from Gliddon, 302; 519, 520, 521, from Piazzì Smith, Herodotus, Gliddon, Rebold, 300, 304, 303, 301, 302; ii, 29, from Encyclopædia Britannica, 309. Total, 8 passages.

INMAN'S SYMBOLISM.

From Dr. Thomas Inman's "An-

cient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism", London, 1875.

"I. U.," ii, 45, on Kadeshim, David's dance, etc., xxvii, xxxii, xxxiii; 94, Knight and St. Augustine, 51; from Moore, and Indur Subba, 26, 28; 108, from Arnolius (*sic*), 66. Total, 6 passages.

INMAN'S ANCIENT FAITHS AND MODERN.

From Dr. Thomas Inman's "Ancient Faiths and Modern", New York, 1876.

"I. U.," ii, 529, from Dhammapada, 214; 541, 542, 553, 559, 566, 9 passages from "Wheel of the Law," 170, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170; 566, from Dhammapada, 212. Total, 11 passages.

INMAN'S ANCIENT FAITHS IN ANCIENT NAMES.

From Inman's "Ancient Faiths in Ancient Names", 2 vols., London, 1872.

"I. U.," ii, 265, from Journal Asiatic Society, i, 147; 297, from Fuerst, i, 614.

HIGGINS' ANACALYPSIS.

I have as yet been unable to compare with "Isis" the whole of Godfrey Higgins' "Anacalypsis", 2 vols., London, 1836. I have only had access to the one volume of the 1874-1876 reprint, which comprises only about one-fourth of the entire work. In this fourth part of Higgins' book, I find the following passages borrowed in "Isis", with no credit given:

"I. U.," i, 13, from Sir Wm. Drummond, 71, 85; ii, 34, from Parkhurst, 76-78; 35, 36, from Origen,

Clemens, and others, Beausobre, the Kabala, Moses Nachmanides, the Son, etc., 74, 72, 75, 76, 77; 49, from Porphyry, Navarette, Faber, and on triple god of Tartars, 119, 151, 153, 154, 155. Total, 18 passages.

KNIGHT'S SYMBOLISM.

From Richard Payne Knight's "Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology", New York, 1876.

"I. U.", i, xii, from Matthew, xviii; 158 from Virgil, 23; ii, 334, 335, from Plutarch and Renan, 39, xxii; 560, 561, Bacchus and Kissos, 124; 624, Scandinavian traditions, 133. Total, 6 passages.

WRIGHT'S SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT

From Thomas Wright's "Narratives of Sorcery and Witchcraft."

The pages of this work given below pertain to the edition in one volume published in New York in 1852.

"I. U.", ii, 57, about Wolsey, Stapleton, and Cellini, 129, 130, 138-142; 60, 61, 62, d'Ancre, de Barjota, Pietro and Torralva, Soldan's book, and from Hauber's work, 241-248, 216, 217, 217-224, 324-326, 327-332; 633, Gaufridy, 248-256. Total, 9 passages.

BUNSEN'S EGYPT.

From Baron Bunsen's "Egypt's place in Universal History", 5 vols., London, 1848-1867.

"I. U.", i, 3, Clement and Egyptian books, i, 9; 406, Iamblicus on books of Hermes, etc., i, 7; 407, from Diodorus, i, 21, 147 and ii, 58; 416, from Porphyry, i, 92, 93; ii, 93, from de Rouge, v, 90. Total, 5 passages.

MISCELLANEOUS PLAGIARISMS.

From a variety of books, in addition to those above named, have miscellaneous and scattering plagiarisms been embodied in "Isis." I give below a number of these that I have noted in my studies.

From "Ancient Symbol Worship" by H. M. Westropp and C. Staniland Wake, New York, 1875.

"I. U.", i, 556, from Wilkinson, 43, 58; 583, from L. M. Child, 18, 19; ii, 25, from Bower, 97; 445, from L. M. Child, 20; 484, 524, from Wilkinson, 56, 57, 74.

From E. Pocock's "India in Greece", London, 1856. "I. U.", ii, 110, from Dubois, 318, 319; 399, from Asiatic Researches, 372; 437, from an Egyptian, Julius, and Eusebius, 205.

From J. G. Findel's "History of Freemasonry", Philadelphia, 1869. ii, 349, from Plot, and on Origin of Freemasonry, 113-118, 137, 138; 381, 382, from Wilcke, Gregoire, Munter, on foundation of Templars, and on beliefs of the Templars, 689, 683, 684; 384, 385, from Ramsay, Sceau Rompu, Thory, and Clavel, 446, 205, 206, 210, 446.

From "The Unseen Universe", by Balfour Stewart and P. G. Tait, London, 1875. i, 185, from Jevons, Babbage, and Young, 157, 160, 161; 327, Plato on the Soul, 205.

From Charles Elam's "A Physician's Problems", London, 1869. i, 277, 278, from De Quincy and Littre, 194, 181, 182, 189; 384, from Aricante (*sic*), 20.

From Emma Hardinge's "Modern

American Spiritualism", New York, 1870. i, 176, 177, about Prof. Hare, 115, 118; 233, Harvard and Hare, 119; 245, 246, American Association of Science, 120.

From "The Principles of the Jesuits" London, 1839. "I. U.", ii, 353, extract from and description of "Arrest du Parlement", two extracts from Escobar, Precepts, v, 150, 151; 354, from Arsedekin, and Busembaum and Lacroix, 155; 355, from Imago, Alagona, and Escobar, 157, 159; 356, from Taberna, 196; 358, four from Casnedi, 146, 147; 358, 359, from Caen Jesuits, 161, 162; 360, from Vasquez, 168, 169; 363, from Fagundes, 207; 372, 373, from Emmanuel So, Bridgewater, Mariana, Pasquier, and Rapin, 216, 219, 224, 225, 226, 227.

From Henry More's "Immortality of the Soul", London, 1713. i, 385, 386, from Ficinus, Marcus Damascenus, Paradisus, Ronsceus, Pareus, and Gemma, 186; 399, from Wierus, 189; 476, on Hermotinus, 131.

From "Septenary Institutions", in *Westminster Review*, October, 1850, American Reprint, ii, 418, 419, Weeks of India, Arabia, etc., Roman names of the days of the week; enactment of Charles II; Trypho and the Martyr, 79, 102, 101.

From J. W. Draper's "Conflict between Religion and Science", New York, 1875. i, 434, from du Bois-Reymond, 129; ii, 477, from Shuckford, Augustine, Lactantius, Cosmas-Indopleustes, 186, 64, 65.

From P. B. Randolph's "Pre-Adamite Man," Boston, 1873. i, 123,

from Graham, 88; 529, work of Cyclops, 171.

From "Report on Spiritualism by the London Dialectical Society," London, 1873. i, 195, from Flammarion, 351.

From Count de Gasparin's "Science vs. Spiritualism", English translation, 2 vols., New York, 1857. 1, 202, from M. Foucault, i, 147, 148.

From A. R. Wallace's *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, London, 1875. 1, 223, from Huxley and Humboldt, iv.

From Henry Maudsley's "Body and Mind", New York, 1871. 1, 234, from Bacon, 112.

From Professor B. Jowett's translation of "The Dialogues of Plato," 4 vols., New York, 1871. i, 256, from Proclus and Simplicius, ii, 502.

DES MOUSSEAUX'S "HAUTS PHENOMENES DE LA MAGIE."

Among the works largely utilized by Madame Blavatsky in the compilation of "Isis" were five works on Magic and Demonology by Gougenot Des Mousseaux, a French Roman-Catholic author. These works are out of print, and very scarce. So far I have been able to obtain two of them, the ones named below. I have no doubt that the other three, "Mœurs et Pratiques des Demons," "Les Mediateurs de la Magie," and "Dieu et les Dieux," were as largely plagiarized from in "Isis" as were the two to which I have access. The following is a list of the plagiarisms in "Isis," from "Hauts Phenomenes de la Magie," Paris, 1864. They are all

in the first volume of "Isis": 78, 79, 81, four passages from Comte and three from Littré, 426, 427, 422, 423, 430, 431; 85, from Flourens, 271; 280, from Ciero, 241, 242; 281, from Eliphas Levi, 243, 244; 331, from Herodotus, 281; 362, from Lucretius and Homer, 146, 148, 149; 363 from Virgil, Glanvil, Psellus, and two Latin quotations, 150, 157-161, 151-153; 364, from Bodin and Glanvil, 155 *et passim*; 417, from Byron, 191; 449, two from Pierart, 201, 202; 450, from French paper, and Huet, 198, 192, 193; 452, from Calmet, and H. Blanc, 196, 199; 453, from Pierart, Glanvil, Goerres, and on spirits coming out of graveyards, 197, 181; 550, from Villemarqué and Archæol., and on Both-al, 58, 57, 42; 551, from Archæol., and de Bourbourg, and on Joshua, 58, 53, 51; 553, from de Bourbourg, 52; 554, from Archæological Society and de Bourbourg, 55, 51; 556, from de Bourbourg, 29; 596, from de Bourbourg, 32; 614, from Livy and Val. Maximus, 68; 615, from Cyprian, 75. Total, 45 passages.

DES MOUSSEaux's LA MAGIE AU DIX-NEUVIÈME SIÈCLE.

The plagiarisms from this work, Paris, 1864, are these: "I. U.", i, 68, on voices of spirits, and from Crowe, 430; 71, from Kerner, 425, 426; 85, from Flourens, xvii, xviii; 142, from Du Potet, 261, 262; 200, from Plutarch, Aristotle, Cicero and Agrippa, 254, 255, 250, 251; 219, from Porphyry, 164; 279, 280, five from Du Potet and one from Agrippa, 259,

260, 263, 264, 243, 244; 302, from Huc, 141; 332, 333, 334, two from Porphyry, one from Homer, two from Iamblichus, three from Du Potet, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167; 344, from Goerres and Porphyry, 186, 187; 345, from Iamblichus and Apuleius, 186, 185; 369 to 377, twenty-three quotations from Figuier, 451-457; 437, instant Buddha, 142; 440, from Huc, 141; 463, from Kerner, 402, 403; 493, from Horace and Porphyry, 187, 186; 615, from Cyprian, 128; ii, 85, 86, from Roman Ritual, 168, 171, 172; 88, from Ventura, 82, 83; 510, from Thomas Aquinas, 125. Total 63 passages.

BIBLICAL QUOTATIONS.

Even a large number of the quotations from the Bible in "Isis" are not original, but are copied from other books. I have not attempted to trace the source whence were derived the many biblical quotations in "Isis," but in my comparisons of "Isis" with other books, I noted a few of the passages from the Bible evidently copied in "Isis" from the other works. Undoubtedly there must be many more among the great number that I have not endeavored to trace. The following are specimens of these second-hand quotations from the Bible:

From Dunlap's "Sod; the Mysteries of Adoni:" i, 593, Kings and Chronicles, 177; ii, 44, Exodus and Kings, 23, 71; 45, Psalms, Genesis, and Kings, 38, 197, 200, 41; 482, Jude, 162; 517, Chronicles, 30; 525, Judges and Kings, 177.

From Dunlap's "Sod; the Son of

the Man:" ii, 128, Jeremiah, xxiv: 132, Hosea, viii; 137, Acts, 133; 189, Ephesians, Corinthians, Romans, 24, 25; 196, Matthew, 95; 204, Acts, xv; 206, Colossians, xiv; 207, Jude, 162; 229, Revelation, 48; 237, Revelation, 135.

From Dunlap's "Spirit History of Man:" ii, 505, Luke, 227; 506, Hebrews and Ecclesiasticus, 227, 231; 513, "Azazel", 299.

From King's "Gnostics:" ii, 206, Daniel, 29; 236, Daniel, 9.

From Mackenzie's "Masonic Cyclopædia:" ii, 227, Corinthians, 412; 302, Leviticus, etc., 257.

From "Demonologia:" ii, 12, two from Revelation, 287, 289;

From Des Mousseaux's "Hauts Phenomenes:" ii, 480, i John, xii.

From Ennemoser's "Magic:" ii, 576, Galatians, i, 307.

It is a peculiar fact that in a number of cases where Mme. Blavatsky had the original works in her possession, and made quotations therefrom in "Isis", direct from the books themselves, she also copied from other books quotations from those same works. Here are a few examples: She quotes a number of passages from Cory's "Ancient Fragments" directly from that work itself; yet she likewise inserts a number of quotations from Cory's work, copied from Dunlap's three works, as above. She quotes directly from Higgins'

"Anacalypsis", and also copies other passages therefrom from Dunlap's works. She inserts passages from Crowe's "Nightside of Nature", and from Eliphas Levi's works, copied from Des Mousseaux's writings, in addition to passages taken by her directly from those authors' books. The great bulk of the matter from Plato in "Isis" was copied at second-hand and third-hand; but a few passages were quoted directly from Jowett's translation of the "Dialogues of Plato".

In "Isis" there are one or more quotations at the head of each chapter. A large number of these quotations are not from the original works of the authors quoted, but are copied, at second-hand from other books in which they have been quoted. In some cases, these second-hand chapter-headings were utilized as chapter-headings in the books from which the Madame copied them. It is also worthy of note that many quotations in "Isis", from modern standard writers, such as Shakespeare, Bulwer, Byron, Milton, Carlyle, *et al.* were not made from those authors directly, but they were copied from other works in which the Madame found them. The sources whence they were derived have been indicated in the lists of plagiarisms published above.

(To be Continued.)

INDEPENDENT SPIRIT WRITING.

BY THE ORIENTAL SPIRIT SADIE.

Written on paper inclosed in Mrs. Daniels' bureau drawer.

AHURAH! We come from the spirit land with words of good cheer for you and the workers that are in sympathy with you and us. We will help you all we can. We will not give you froth and scum, but the divine elixir of a higher life; something lasting, pure and true. What we teach will make room in your hearts and lives, for all truths. It will make room in your hearts and lives for the flowers of immortal hope. It will fulfill all prophecies made or given to man. Through this our true religion, it will restore to you your loved ones. This is the true comforter, who will abide in your midst, planting the choicest blossoms of immortal life, leaving the grosser part for those who still adhere to creeds and dogmas, and who will not be untied from the fetters, that have bound them for ages, and that will still bind them as long as they have creeds which they can turn and twist to suit their own principles and ideas. Assuredly it has not been necessary for you to pass out of the physical body in order to see us, or to enter spirit life, so that you may understand us, for you are living a spiritual life now. You are helping us as far as mortal can, giving us what we ask, for in so doing you have performed the first duty of our law,

which should be learned by all, and the first to be obeyed. That law is obedience. We cannot respond at all times to your wishes as we would like to do. You know the reason. There is an obstruction which must be removed before we can communicate freely.

When the people understand this and master it then they will see the two worlds as one, it will be one grand spiritual union like the ebbing and flowing of the tide. Then you will see the satisfaction of your spirit friends; then soul will meet soul; great minds in spirit life will clasp hands with those in earth life, then there will be no hours wasted and our mission to man will draw near accomplishment—and Sadie and her band will hide their faces no longer, nor mourn because man is so hard and cruel. Our hearts are growing lighter. We see the clouds breaking. The conflict has been great, yet the spirit world will come off conqueror. No power save the truth will do it, and that we have and with it we will convert those without conviction. Then you will see man standing pure and free in endless sunshine.

SADIE.

Ahurah the chosen or selected.
Mexico, Oct., 1881.

INDEPENDENT WRITING.

Ahurah, Sadie writes you and

gives you good greeting and is glad to speak to you on paper, for you are her faithful and true friend. Although you sometimes have sorrow and misgivings, yet after a while you will see all is for some good, and all trials will turn to gentle benedictions. Keep alive in your heart the consciousness that this great universe is alive with loving and gentle spirits who come to you, and whisper sweet words of comfort in your ears, helping you to all that is highest, holiest and best. There is a time coming when you shall be given new symbols, and voices shall speak to you all from the upper air, and you shall see us clad in white raiment at almost any time, and people will no longer sneer and laugh at the voice of inspiration. Keep on planting violets; sow them broadcast over the land and in a time when you think not, they will blossom and cheer your heart. At all times the spirit hath a living voice. It is in the form of truth and love, and that can uplift and release the world from the church bigotry and thralldom that it is now bound down with. Their reign is fast passing away, and as spiritualism progresses and expands it will take firmer hold of its possessions and adherents. Don't waver or fall back or grow faint, though you have still to wade through oceans of prejudice as thick as mud, it will all be overcome by energy and perseverance, and your spirit friends will stand by and assist you in all your efforts. You must go on, if but slowly, yet surely you will convince mankind

that there is life beyond, that it is not a blank; that the summerland is not a myth, no leap in the dark. But that spirit is a living, breathing reality. We need assistance and we seek it at your hands, and in return we will take you by the hand and lead you in the pathway of light and knowledge. SADIE.

Mexico, 1882.

WORDS FROM MOTHER SADIE AND SPIRIT EONA.

Good Greeting, Sir. With truth we come to give all the good from on high; light, love, truth and how to gain them. Sadie will not teach wrong nor tell you untruths. She wishes to have her directions followed to the letter.

Ahurah, you know not how long we have tried to come to earth, and now we have succeeded, and with our Band will we give some new light man has never received before. All that attend the seances bring a substance pure or impure. Love and hate are brought together for us to select from. But all want us to leave the bad behind. But we bring to you what you bring to us. Now you are bringing truth and goodness and we will bring you the same. But when you bring in those of untruth filled with fumes of tobacco and other vile things, we must keep back. Then, friends, only let the pure come, for Sadie wants to tell of a higher, better world where all is of transparent whiteness, where the spirit knows not one thought of earth but of those planets beyond

where your red man hath not yet set foot. We wish to give our experience in earth life and spirit life so that you will understand us as we are. This law of spirit control or influence is made very plain by Mother Sadie's words, as she plainly tells you that the spirits give you just what you bring with you to the seance. If you bring doubt, deception or fraud, you may expect to receive the same. This law is poorly understood by spiritualists or investigators. It would be well for all investigators or spiritualists to fully understand this law, and when they enter a seance room, to fully realize that it is the most sacred place on earth, and that they should be in a passive condition, and leave all doubts, deceptions and fraud outside, and be prepared to meet the spirit in truth and sincerity and receive the angel truths from the other side of life. But as a general rule investigators enter the seance room or the presence of the spirits in a positive condition, with their minds fully made up in relation to fraud and deception, and the result is invariably they receive just what they have carried with them to the seance room. In these investigations they should not ask leading questions, but leave the spirits free to give you whatever they desire to give, and not get the reflections of your own minds instead of the facts from the spirit world. The various manifestations of spirit are in a great measure influenced and controlled by the mind or will of the sitter. This is true of the phase of

rap or table tipping—as the questions are sometimes answered by the mind or will of some one in the circle whose mind or will is positive, and in this manner the world is flooded by erroneous teachings, until you can hardly find any two so called spiritualists that agree on any one point. These teachings have been promulgated from the flat form as spirit truths and have been accepted broadcast over our land. Spirits that have been in spirit life 1,500 or 2,000 years (which is only a drop in life's bucket of time) have been interviewed in relation to the law of incarnation, and have reported that they have not been incarnated and have never seen any one that has been incarnated, and this evidence is received as all truth, and settles the matter that the teaching of the law of incarnation is a fraud, when the fact may be that the spirit interviewed may have been many times unconsciously incarnated. The second sphere is the home of the masses who have the earth form but it has not the power to sustain an endless existence of forms. There comes a time when the body or form inhabited by the spirit will refuse to obey the command of the indwelling spirit, and then is what in earth life is called death. When the spirit is drawn to another form in earth land and incarnation is the result. Spirits unless they have grown to the acceptance of certain truths that are not much taught in the second sphere, as a result are drawn to the sphere, to which they have the most adaptation.

If spirituality is in the ascendancy

they pass to the third sphere, where their wasted powers are recuperated and they go on in progression. But if strongly material they are drawn to earth land and many times unconsciously to themselves incarnated, and may dwell in a material form eighty or an hundred years, and when liberated from the form they have no knowledge of the time past but regard it as a dream or only as yesterday. Time has been annihilated, and they have no knowledge of having occupied a material form.

There are many good things destroyed by people being so determined to have their own way in all things. This will not do. We know best. Sadie wants to tell of her own life and will not be thwarted by any will or desire outside the circle. The mediums are of a hand formed by us, and we will use them but for their interests and ours. The dews are dried by the sun's rays, but the good they impart can not be removed by those rays, but are

strengthened by their warmth and light. So will humanity be by our coming here, and bringing grand and good influences. Let not your heart be troubled by one thought or act. We will care for all things.

Sadie comes, Ahurah, with good greetings. We want you to do our work. We only ask for a part of your time. There are times when our hearts are sad for we want men and women to do as we say and fill our hearts with gladness. But when they do wrong, then we have to work so hard to get our work done, and when they fill up with whiskey and tobacco, we have a time to get near them. Our homes are so very far from earth that we cannot get used to those poisonous influences.

There is one thought we give, one lesson we teach, one prayer we breathe, 'tis that one little word, "Love": May it grow in every heart, till 'tis filled with love to all.

SADIE.



WHAT IS LOVE?

BY LYMAN L. PALMIST.

"Zoroaster—you love me," she said softly, turning her head
away. "What is love?"—P. Marlon Crawford's "Zoroaster."

In Rebutana, of the Medes,
A fortress strong and high,
Good Daniel lived, and she who was
The apple of his eye;
Nehushta, fairest daughter she,
Of all Jerusalem;
The last descendant of the line
Of king Jehoiakim.

And with them Zoroaster dwelt,
A man whose name shall stand
While shines the sun upon the sea
Or moon upon the land.
A Persian prince both young and strong,
Who from the prophet learned {verse
Those truths which through the rhythmic
Of Zend Avesta burned.

Small wonder that these two should learn
The lesson sweet of love;
For he was brave and she was fair,
With voice soft as a dove.
And thus she sang: "Beloved come;
In warmth of darkness come;
O rise and hasten now thy steps
To be with me, O come."

Nor had she long to wait for him,
On wings of love he sped,
He pressed a kiss upon her lips
And rose-wreath on her head.
"Dost love me, Zoroaster, she
Whom thou hast crowned thy queen?
If so then mayest thou tell me what,
O what is love, I ween."

Listen, my beloved, hearken,
I will tell, indeed, what love is,
I who love you, I will tell you
From the fullness of my heart and
From the inmost depths of spirit,
I will tell you just what love is.

Ere the morning stars had sung their
Primal matin hymn together,
When not man nor angel was, nor
Cherubin, nor seraphim, and
Through eternity's vast realms no
Being was there save the all-wise
God, Ahura Mazda, Lord of
All, the same I AM whose voice was
Heard within the bush so brightly
Burning, by the Hebrew, Moses.

Even then, O my beloved,
Even then had love existence;
In the heart of God, the all wise,
Of Ahura Mazda, love was
Born—begotten and conceived
By the Father—Mother God, the
Two-in-One, the Soul-in-Soul.
All that is or has been, all that
Evermore shall be in heaven
Bending, smiling o'er us, or the
Earth about us, or the dark'ning
Depths below us, from this blessed
Origin, this God-begotten
Source of love came into being.

In the far off dawn of soul life,
In the stellar distances
Of the firmament, yea, in the
Mist of star dust floating yonder,
There our spirits first were quickened
Into being by the all-wise—
By the God, Ahura Mazda.
Throbbed the pulse of life within us
Scarcely a moment ere we met, and
Meeting loved, for we were mated.

Ere the earth was we were loving;
Ere the sea was we were loving;
Ere the scroll of fate unfurled was,
Ere had time begun its cycles,
We were ONE, and we were loving.

When the earth shall be as nothing;
 When the sea hath no more water;
 When the scroll of fate shall furled be,
 And the cycles of all time are
 Rolled into eternity, still
 In the life we shall be living,
 We shall love as we are loving,
 Living, loving on forever
 In our home beyond the stars.

In the fullness of His time we
 Slipped out through the bars so golden
 Crossing there the starry pathway,
 Then Ahura Mazda clothed our
 Spirits with these mortal bodies
 That he might attain his purposes.
 Though the veil obscures our vision,
 Clouding now our sight immortal,
 Yet we know, and in the knowing
 Is our love not less but greater,
 Daily growing, waxing stronger,
 Till it doth almost consume us
 With the quenchless fire of passion.

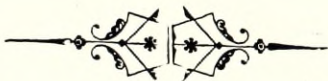
Love that's true will brook no doubting;
 Love that's true is very jealous;
 Love that's true is sacrificing,
 Giving life and all things earthly,

Aye, and even hope of heaven,
 That the loved one may be happy.

Love's so perfect, whole, eternal,
 That this span of mortal living
 Counts for nothing in our rec'ning,
 Nothing but a moment's pausing,
 Pausing in our endless journey
 From one star-world to another,
 Sweeping up the paths of glory,
 We are speeding on together.

Ere it shall have seemed a day, that
 We have loved, these mortal bodies,
 Aye, the earth and all things mundane,
 Shall have passed, and in their passing
 Be forgotten, in the trackless
 Waste of dead mortality, but
 We, ourselves, forever living,
 Pulsing with the life immortal,
 Fair and young, and never aging,
 In the sweet, the blissful fullness
 Of a joy beyond our naming,
 Of a joy beyond our thinking,
 Of a joy beyond our dreaming,
 Of a joy beyond our sensing,
 Of a joy beyond conceiving
 Of a joy that is but heaven—
 That, Nehushta, that is love.

Chicago, Ill., August, 1891.



IMPRESSIONS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

A FRIEND of mine, who is a near relative of Prof. Nichols, late editor of the "*Journal of Chemistry*" and the author of that valuable little book, "*What, Whence and Where*", told me the following circumstances about him: That though a spiritualist he still was a constant attendant at the orthodox church of his town (Haverhile); so he was of a religious turn of mind; his little book shows that also. My friend told me also that the Professor always felt the presence of his first wife, who died many years ago. This intercourse with her as a spirit always seemed like conversation. He heard it in audible words and he sometimes saw as well as heard her. I suppose that this was a wholly subjective phenomenon; that if any one had been present he would have heard nothing. My friend relates this circumstance: One Sunday Prof. Nichols had a cold which prevented him from going to church as usual and being at home alone and feeling disappointed, his spirit wife became his company and said to him, he need not feel bad because he could not go to church, "I will", said she, "report to you what the minister preaches" and she did so, and he kept the notes of the sermon and when his folks returned from church, he knew so much of the sermon that they were surprised, for his notes were very correct.

I have related the foregoing facts for the purpose of saying a few words about "*impressions.*" Do spirits communicate in language as well as intelligently? That is, do they as spirits use words to express their ideas? Can any one think and express his thoughts to himself without using words? I am inclined to think that thought is of no language, but so instantly takes the language that is the thinker's language naturally, that it seems as if we thought in verbal expression. Here is a quotation from Emerson which may explain my meaning: "The thought and the form are equal in the order of time, but in the order of genesis, the thought is prior to the form." If an Englishman and a Frenchman see the same sight, or think the same thought, it will express itself in the English language to one's consciousness and in the French to the other, which would show that the thought was neither English or French. Thought, as we have said, being of no language; then thought transference is of no language, whether between man and man, or from a spirit to a man. The psychological research society makes quite a point of thought transference without sensuous contact, as explanative of spirit phenomena. In this argument I am referring to occult "thought transference" and not to vocal, or

written thought transferences, for the affairs of life are almost all a form of thought transference.

As science cannot explain mind as being the result of putting together cunningly devised particles of matter, it cannot assert that the same mind will cease to be when the material particles are taken to pieces; we have to admit that the mind holds the fort, is the major entity while in connection with the body and with a possibility of surviving it, and as thought transference is wholly the action of mind to mind, it is both logical and scientific to say the transference can take place between mind out of the body with mind in the body as well as between mind and mind in the body or from a disembodied mind to an embodied one. That, then, is in favor of the claim of modern spiritualism and what is an important collateral in favor of the claim also is the almost universal statement of all the intelligences of the so-called departed spirits, that they were once human beings dwelling on earth.

I think the scholarly editor of *London Light* states it very succinctly, as well as truthfully, when answering the question, "what are your reasons for believing the phenomena come from departed spirits?" Says he, "my *first* reason is, because the intelligence that communicates says it is; my *second* reason is, I never came across an intelligent force and I never knew anybody who did. Force is that which is used by intelligence and the intelligence is what I

call a spirit and which calls itself a spirit."

Now comes the question following this thought transference, how do spirits transfer their thoughts to human beings in the form? Of course by impression. I have said as my opinion, that thought is of no language, the impression when it comes into the human consciousness from the spirit world, it comes like our own thoughts, languageless, and instantly takes the form of words to express it intelligently to said human consciousness. We cannot always tell what are such impressions and what are our own thoughts. All of us have these impressions and they seemed like our own and in fact are our own, but when we have reached the point of realizing that we are spirits and in a spirit world as well as in a material one and that invisible spirits influence us, we begin to notice that we have two kinds of thoughts and one of them we call spirit impressions.

There is a difference in people in this respect; some abound in impressions and are sensitive to them, and to such a degree sometimes as to know they have an outside control, and are called mediums and their controls impress them with the thoughts of other spirits; of giving tests of the fact so clearly sometimes, that it is not only a foreign mind, but identifying a well-known departed spirit.

I think we are all mediums and are surrounded by our own departed friends who influence us and their in-

fluences are direct; they give us impressions by thought transference. We do not always know the fact, or distinguish such impressions from our own thoughts. When we go to a medium for a sitting our spirit friends go with us, the medium gets impressions from her control, our spirit friends rarely act in the first person, though sometimes they do, but whether direct or indirect the transference of thought from the spirit world to the medium may not be in words as one has said, but the impression becomes conscious to the medium in words, as any thought does, but the words are hers and if she is uneducated she will use bad grammar even if the spirit who impresses is a scholar. Thoughts are spirit, the words are form; so the uttered words are the medium's, the thought and the impressions are the spirit's. It seems to me this will show why sometimes a departed scholar will use bad English through a medium.

I have no doubt spirits can express their thoughts to their consciousness in words as well as mortals can to their consciousness to be intelligent to themselves; but I am trying to illustrate impressions and influences which are the usual modes of thought transference. In the phenomenon of independent slate writing the communications come in words where the medium has no mechanical, or vocal act in the matter, we do not know

the process, only in some cases the medium's brain is an unconscious factor. I remember once when Epes Sargent, who was unknown to Charles E. Watkins, was experimenting with him and some writing was heard on the slate lying on the table before him, the medium said to him much surprised, "why you are Epes Sargent" and turning over the slate there was a message from his father on it, addressed to Epes Sargent from his father. Mr. Watkins had not seen that message, but he knew what was written, for it was in his mind as soon as it was on the slate and that was the way he knew he was sitting with Epes Sargent.

A spirit claiming to be Theodore Parker inspired a well-known speaker with his thought and we listened to a grand discourse, rather feminine in its language, but broad in its ideas; we missed the strong forcible language of that great preacher and the Parkerite sitting side of me, who was a sceptic, said, Parker and water. I have no doubt Theodore Parker and others of our great departed do transfer their thoughts and the speakers express them in their own language, voice and style and grammar. These are only my impressions. I do not know whether they are my own, or true, or whether they are thoughts transferred from spirits, but they will account for the disabilities that sometimes appear in spirit intercourse.

Boston, July 19, 1891.

DO THEY COME BACK ?

[*Christian Register.*]

IT is related of James Skene of Rubisland, a dearly loved friend of Sir Walter Scott, who survived him over thirty years, and died at a very advanced age, that one evening, a few days before his death, while sitting alone in his room, his daughter found him with an inexpressible look of delight upon his face, when he said to her, "I have had great pleasure: Scott has been here. He came from a great distance to see me, and has been sitting with me by the fireside talking over our happy recollections of the past."

We have all of us had a similar experience, perhaps many times repeated, when the thought and memory of the departed have come upon us so vividly that they seemed actually to have been in our company, sharing our confidences and imparting help and comfort. After a poignant loss that has wrenched us away from the old life-moorings, consolation, when it comes, seems to descend from the heavens, and we gain in some strange way a sense of reunion with the departed. May not this re-knitting of the tie be more real than we believe? Is there anything illogical in the thought that they do come back as allied with our faith in a continued existence? The wonders of thought-transference are gradually unfolding; and the time may come when thought will take its place in

the world of phenomena as an actual force, operating through space, and working by laws yet hidden from our understanding.

Here we dimly see a road for that communion with the disembodied spirit that frees the doctrine from grossness, and makes the more real and tangible the hope held tacitly, half unconsciously, by scores of wounded hearts that their loved and lost are at times near them, do in some unknown way influence their lives, breathe courage and assuage grief, help them to bear their burdens and warn them of danger.

The hope that these things are a reality lies warm and precious at the hearts of thousands who never utter it. They shrink from the thought of material manifestations, of all physical contact, as degrading a sentiment so delicate and intimate; yet they cannot bar out their dead in cold isolation and forgetfulness. The hope that in some subtle and imponderable form they do come back to console and bless is a dear and cherished thought.

It is this new sense of union that comes as the great consoler after the pain of dislocation and loss. The great vacuum that only grief filled is gradually possessed by the softened and beautiful image of those who left us sorrowing, our hearts covered with a black pall. We wake some morn-

ing from our desolation, after a vivid dream of the loved one, looking as in life and smiling upon us. Then a little comfort trickles into the breast. We have seen and clasped the mother, the sister, the friend. The conviction grows in us that he or she lives, thinks, feels, loves, utterly separate from the cold image so foreign to all that once was dear to us, and which we laid in the grave. Then, again, the gold begins to come back to the sunbeam, the blue to the sky, the brightness to the flower. The faces of men and women again have a message and meaning for us; and why? Because we have found in some intimate experience of the soul a new ground of union with those who are gone. They have come stealing back to us in a new form. We still possess them in the depths of consciousness: the mysterious communings of the night we can never explain to others. Then the wish to touch and handle the departed with our bodily hands, to see them with our bodily eyes, seems a gross impertinence. We apprehend them spiritually as they are spirits. All that was noblest and best in them has been restored to us. Their virtues take a new lustre. We feel that the capacity for loving has grown in them to a height we hardly dreamed of.

There are some who never have this experience, to whom their dead come not back, who cannot again get into relation with their memories with the best that was in them, but dwell brooding on the shroud, the pall, the

coffin, the worm, the darkness of the grave. How deeply they are to be pitied! There can be no hope of reunion here until this cloud lifts and forms the softened background of life, letting in the sun and the fresh breezes of heaven. Then the thought of our dead becomes winged, and takes the soft sky colors. It lives in the secret place of the heart.

We do not often speak of these things. They are too sacred to come readily to the lips. They seem far removed from the material round of life, and yet they are always with us, carried round in our consciousness, stealing to us through the day's perplexities, coming to us in the night of trouble, helping and comforting in dark and discouraged hours. It is such a rest to turn our thoughts, after the noisy day, toward their peace,—the calm that embosoms them, as stars are held in the tranquil spaces of the sky. They are so safe from all the noise and fret and worry in which we live that something of repose and harmony is shed into our souls as we think of them.

Are there any who have lost their loved ones who do not think of them as alive, who actually believe them to be lying in the grave, turning slowly to dust? No: the greatest sceptic and materialist shrinks from that horror. They have become invisible to us, as the cap of Siegfried rendered those who put it on; but they are just on the other side of a thin veil: they can feel us through our heart-beats, and we can feel them. Matter is a gross medium

of communication in its earthly forms. Nature has more cunning powers in her hand, and we live more by the laws we do not understand than by those we know. The spirit laws are mainly hidden from us: but it would be a sad stultification of our higher being that apprehends, though it does not comprehend, to deny their existence.

We speak a strange language when we try to tell of the communion of spirits. Our terms are so bungling, so little exact, so foreign to the language of the market and the stock exchange, those who have had like experiences even cannot comprehend us. Hence the language of the *illuminati* degenerates to a kind of jargon. Speech cannot convey these ideas. Music is the only medium through which they become intelligible. We have no terms in which to tell another that we know our dead still live: and yet, without that inward incommunicable assurance, how are we ever to be consoled? Every day they seem to come back, and teach us new lessons of patience and obedience to God's will. If we rebel because they were taken while life was still young and unripe, before it had tasted fruition, while still on the threshold of accomplishment, it is they who steal to our hearts with the message of reconciliation. What are we, to question the ways of the Almighty Power? Our infidelity, our impious wailings, look shallow and crude before the stillness of their

transfigured being. Somehow, in some way, they tell us it is well with them. They open our hearts to sweeter emotions, they take away the hardness and bitterness of grief, they show the black pit into which the unreconciled spirit stumbles, and they help to draw it forth into the light. Take away the belief that they can steal back to the mourning and the desolate, and you take away much of the consolation of the world. We must think that they know and understand, that they forgive and love, or the sky were brazen and the earth a waste of barren sand. We say *our* dead. They are still ours, though departed, though changed. *We* have not given them up: we never can or will. Materialists and doubters may preach to us and lecture to us day in and out to prove there can be no self-consciousness, no memory for those who have gone; but we do not believe it one whit the more. Our hearts are anchored to those dear ones whose material faces lie under the coffin-lid. Our hope of heaven springs at once to the hope of meeting and clasping them again. They are strangely alive for us even here, and we will not tolerate the thought of separation, much more of extinction. It is they who steal to us and tell us to live when we seem to lie in the grave with their cold and motionless forms; for they are of life, and there is no death for the soul.

HOME AGAIN.

THE writer and her better-half visited Santa Barbara and Summerland within the past few weeks. We know of no place in fair America where the climate is so conducive to health as in Santa Barbara and thereabouts. The hotel Arlington is a home within itself, first-class in all its departments. Its land-lord, C. C. Wheeler, knows how to "keep a hotel." The grounds are a marvel of beauty. Flowers of almost every species adorn the borders of the lawns (of which there are two). Climbing roses and vines of tender green, fragrant with the breath of white jasmine, which cling and twine among their branches, make the verandas bowers of rest and beauty.

A mile from the hotel is one of the finest beaches for sea bathing in all California, where guests from all over the world avail themselves of that invigorating pleasure. With drives to different parts of the surrounding country and points of interest, together with hospitable welcome from old friends as well as new, our visit was replete with satisfaction. Summerland, five miles from Santa Barbara, nestled among the hills, is improving fine and steadily and bids fair to be the home or Spiritual Colony, as the angel world would have it. It has a population of over two hundred we are told, and about sixty dwellings. Building is gaining constantly. We noticed that more passengers alighted from the cars,

and more boarded the train at Summerland than any other station on the road from San Francisco to Santa Barbara. This fact alone speaks well for the place. The new depot will soon be finished. A new and fine restaurant is just completed and opened for guests. Success seems to stand guard in defiance of all opposition, inharmony, and dissatisfaction. The Captain who is sailing this Craft, "Summerland", evidently thinks he knows his bearings. His "first officer is on the lookout," yet he does not watch the man "at the wheel." He should order soundings more frequently. We hope and trust that she may sail past all sunken rocks and dangerous reefs. She is a lovely craft and well manned with a too confiding crew, who, if treated well and humane will not become mutinous.

Pretty cottages on all sides greet the eye of the stranger who travels through the town on the southern train. The grand old mountains in the background with undulating coloring; the foothills, carpeted in green, variegated with bright flowers; farms under the highest cultivation nestle near each other as far as the eye can reach; always a summer sky; the balmy air brings peace to the nerves and weary brain. The sea, ever restless, yet calm in its fury, kisses the feet of this beautiful maiden Summerland, and sings a sweet song of hope to this child of its choice,

and seems to say, "Rely upon me beloved, do you not see the sentinels on guard?" All nature seems joyous and glad. She is receiving the robes of full fruition and "none but man is vile," vile from selfishness and greed. But selfishness cannot rule the sons of men when the angels are able to reach their inner beings. None of us are

perfection in this incarnation. All are here for the needed experiences, and we should praise the higher according to our highest lights. We all owe rights to others, and we all know what *is* right. Misunderstandings are comers to us all and when the "mists have cleared away we shall know each other better."

ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

SAILING IN.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

How oft' we have freighted with youthful trust
The ships that have sailed away—
But the years have bro't the moth and the rust
And locks that are turning gray;
How oft' we have watched for the coming sail
On the far horizon's rim
Till the bravest spirit at last would fail
And the watching eyes grow dim.

We have seen our ships by the tempest tossed
And never come back to land,
And the freight that we longed for most was lost
Or scattered about the strand;
Yet all is not lost that's beaten about
By the wind and wave's fierce din,
And never a ship from life's port sailed out
That shall not come sailing in.

THE CAUSE IN NATIONAL CITY.

To the Golden Way:

PERHAPS you would like to hear from a National City Spiritualist providing it is something that is interesting? Well I'll try. We have had Edith E. R. Nickless with us for several Sunday mornings and she always furnishes us with a feast of spiritual good things. I don't think I need to tell her good qualities for they are legion. On August 16th, at the close of her lecture she said, on Sunday next at the close of my meeting there will be a spiritual wedding. That settled it. Nothing of the kind was ever known in this part of the country and everybody is coming. And a woman to marry them? Must see it. So the first arrival this morning found a host of workers almost done and our little hall looked grand. All the pictures were decorated with smilax and flowers. The stage was ornamented with palms and thrown diagonally across the stage was an arch of evergreen from which was suspended the wedding bell composed of white roses lined with red oleand-

ers. The contracting parties were Mr. H. E. Dimick, who is the President of the society during the current term, and Mary Ingraham, our Secretary. Upon their arrival they took their places as their offices required. The regular routine of business was transacted, singing, etc., when Mrs. Nickless delivered a short lecture on "True Marriage." Then "sunflower" came and gave tests which were good and almost all recognized. Afterwards she stepped to the side of the stage, when the two who were to be made one, met under the bell, joined their hands and in a very impressive ceremony, Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless pronounced them husband and wife. It was a grand affair for our little town and every corner of the Hall was filled, not less than 250 being present. San Diego was well represented as well as the Tiajuana valley. We hope the editoress of the GOLDEN WAY will give us a call when she comes this way again.

Faternally,

J. F. MORRILL.

POEM READ AT SPIRITUAL SCIENCE CLASS, AT ROCK ISLAND,
JULY 24TH.

BY ABBIE A. GOULD.

Why do we question the future?
Why do we ask of its truth?
Why do we seek, with the zest of life
For the fount of immortal youth?
Why do we reach in the silence
Aye, grope sometime as though blind,
Reaching to find, if it may be,
The illimitable path of the mind?

Down through the sweep of past ages,
Ever and ever the same,
The spirit has waked out its mission
Through air, and water, and flame;
Waked as the Master has bidden,
Waked, though the flesh knew it not,
Ever to fashion a temple
Peerless of blemish or spot.

You, in whose presence I'm standing
A power felt, yet unseen,
Are building your life forces grandly,
Without rivet, or cutting, or seam;
One in solid completeness,
One in God's purpose of love,
Held in this Heaven welded,
For thy true mission above.

Side by side, since the day-dawn,
In joy, in sorrow, in peace,
Patient has stood each life angel
Thy powers of soul to increase;
Shielded from error and darkness
Guided by truth into light,
Into the clearness of sunshine,
From the flesh, that causeth earth's night.

Not to the ear or the eyesight
Can visions of truth be revealed,
That are hidden in truest conception
While the spirit in clay is concealed,
Yet glimpses are given each mortal
When the soul claims a moment, *its own*,
The Divine then breathes in the human,
The *forces* which compass his throne.

So we bid you, each brother and sister
List' to the pleadings divine,
Fill up each vase of pure crystal
To the brim, of life's sweet wine;
Love, and love only can find it,
Cause it to flow, and ne'er cease,
Bringing to souls, weary laden,
The sweetest blessing of peace.

No envy, no hatred, no malice
Must e'er claim a place in thy heart
Couldst thou see the path of their waking
In terror and anguish would start.
For each with a scorpion's sting
Strikes into life's innermost cell,
Drops its seed of sin, and of poison.
With dangers you cannot foretell.

But within, and without and about you,
As God sends the beams of his sun;
So do those shed the rays of thy presence
Till thy mission on earth is all done;
Then on to the mansions supernal
That await each one there above,
Yes, on to the life that's eternal
To dwell supreme in God's love.

SPIRITUALISM; ITS INFLUENCE ON ALL THE CREEDS AND ISMS.

BY J. M. ROSE IN "PESNO REPUBLICAN."

THE progressive liberal spirit manifested by *The Republican* in throwing open its columns for the discussion of topics of religious faith—subjects of deepest interest to all classes—prompts me to come forward with my feeble offering, which is submitted with the lively hope that some good may result.

So-called modern spiritualism takes its date from the Rochester rappings by the Fox sisters, although Spiritualism is as old as the history of man and is the foundation of all religions. But what are its teachings, and is Spiritualism true? We appeal to its phenomena, which never has nor ever can be explained except upon the spiritual hypothesis. I refer to the wonderful power, mental and spiritual, of its inspirational mediums. Through the power and phenomena of its philosophy, the gospel of this new dispensation, within the brief space of forty years, has been carried around the globe. It has entered and modified all the creeds and isms of civilization. It has captured the materialist and brought him face to face with physical proof that death is not an eternal sleep.

From whence came this power if not from the spiritual world. Without human organization our inspired workers have gone from conquering to conquest, till their teachings have

sunk deep into the hearts of the people.

What are the teachings of Spiritualism? While no creed has been formulated, nor even can be, from the very nature of the philosophy, yet there are certain prominent ideas—ascertained facts I should say—which I will briefly state: It teaches that this earth and all other planets are surrounded by a spiritual universe inhabited by disembodied, intelligent beings, countless millions of whom are possessed with such knowledge of the laws of nature that they seem to be able to control invisible forces and manifest themselves to our very human senses.

The story of Sampson can be relied upon as true when viewed through knowledge we possess of feats of strength displayed before our own mortal eyes, as for instance in the inexplicable force shown not many months ago in the Barton by Anna Abbott. Spiritualism teaches and proves the immortality of the soul. It teaches what we call death is only a change—a second birth into a higher plane of existence. It therefore destroys all fear of death. It teaches and proves that spirits who have passed into the higher plane, can and do, through natural laws, return to associate and communicate with spirits in the physical form. It teaches that

progression is a fixed and eternal law of nature: that there is no such thing as eternal punishment; that in the lowest and most depraved a spark of the Divine Father, which, if warmed by the spirit of love, will expand and in time cast off the imperfections and enable the soul to rise higher in the scale of knowledge and usefulness.

It repudiates the idea of an angry or a jealous God and substitutes therefor a God of love, omnipresent, infinite and manifest to man. It teaches that there are no remissions of sins, that the penalty of every transgression must be paid by the transgressor; either in this life or the next. That the doctrine that "he that believes shall be saved," and that "he that disbelieves shall be damned," belongs to the dark ages and has caused more human suffering than pestilence, famine, flood, fire or any or all other agencies combined.

That there never was and never will be any merit in blind belief. That "as a man sows thus also shall he reap," is amply proven in all the laws of nature and acts of man. It teaches that heaven and hell are creations and conditions of the human mind, and are attained by the causes of those condition and creations. That a pure life makes a heaven, and the reverse creates a torment answering every purpose of an orthodox lake of fire and brimstone. It teaches the fatherhood of God, the motherhood

of nature and the brotherhood of man, each and all indissolubly united. That there can be no true happiness in ignorance, and that the spirits themselves sympathize with and share our griefs and joys.

It teaches that every act of this life high or low, in secret or in public, leaves an indelible impression on the spirit. Thus, the more love and charity we possess, being ever true to our convictions of right, the more beautiful will be our spiritual development. It teaches us that we find truth in nature, the apex of which is in man, and all the revelations of the past and the wonders of the present must stand or fall by the test of the crucible of honest reason. It comes to the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the bond, the free and all who seek the truth shall find. The superstitions of the past and the frauds of the present must all give place to the power of truth.

It teaches that we should not defy any man nor idolize any book nor establish any creed which will in any way prevent the full expansion of the human mind.

It teaches that the idealites and vagaries, however well put in modern or ancient love, though subject of course to the change of sentiment, times or states, nevertheless defy other predictions and must stand till time shall be no more.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

TO THE GOLDEN WAY :

YOUR editorial remarks relative to the death penalty stirred a responsive chord in me and I wonder how many there are that look upon judicial murder in the light of reason. Here we are in the twilight of this century capturing suspected murderers, robbing them of everything with which they could take their own life; convicting them of murder in the first degree on circumstantial evidence, then manacle him so that he has no power to preserve the life that the guardians of the public weal so carefully guarded. Then tied hand and foot and hoodwinked, he is launched into the unknown by the same means that murderous sheep dogs are dis-

posed of. What a marvellous display of wisdom, justice and moral courage is this! No one questions a man's right to defend his life when endangered. Then who but a base coward would take a brother's life after robbing him of every means of defense? If our laws represent the will of the people, then the consequences of their enforcement justly rests with the majority, and that majority cannot escape the consequences of their own acts. And they stand indited for willful, deliberate, wanton and cowardly murder, an offense neither pardonable, or bailable. We are not of that majority.

Yours for justice,

D. S. MAYNARD.

CHILDHOOD, DEAR CHILDHOOD.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

The home of my childhood,
My dear happy home;
I love it, I love it
Where e'er I may roam.
The smiles of my father,
Tender and grand;
His strong manly form,
Born to command.
The voice of my mother,
So sweet in its tone;
Its music still guides me,
As when I was young.
My sisters, more dear
Than words can express;
Though passed through the portals,
Love me none the less.
My brother whose bright eyes,
With witchery glanced,

When he joined in the games
And bright harvest dance.
O, childhood, dear childhood,
Where hast thou gone?
Thou bright crown of glory
Of life's faintest morn.
Back over the past
My footsteps I trace,
And once more am clasped
In the loving embrace
Of friends in my childhood;
And again find sweet rest;
Near my own sainted mother,
The fondest and best.
In the arm-chair sits father
Who glances at me,
Then takes me more lovingly
To rest on his knee.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

How it freshens the dusty road of life to drop the toilsome cares of daily routine and be transported into fair new scenes and surroundings for a season. Such was the good fortune of the writer. A six weeks' vacation in sunny southern California, in the land of orange groves and magnolia gardens, at Hotel Del Coronado, that grand castle by the sea, is indeed the very luxury of living. It was the needed change for tired nerve and exhausted brain cells. And there is certainly no spot on American shores where the weary pilgrim can find gentler winds and softer airs to call back the rosy glow of health and strength. The few weeks spent in that genial clime have been invigorating and energizing to both spirit and body. And the leisure hours of those rare, bright days were golden, in the sweet companionship and the rich, deep sympathies of the warm, tender nature of my friend, Mrs. Geo. C. Perkins.

There is a something that knits souls closer together than ever before when all their precious jewels have been left on shore and the two sail out on the trackless waste of the ocean. It is then we feel what a speck is man in this vast universe and yet how wonderfully encompassed by darkness and night, with only the watching stars to light our watery pathway,

the steady hand and clear eye of the commander brings us safely into port with as perfect accuracy as though we were travelling by rail.

We saw hopeful indications of a season near at hand of much prosperity for San Diego, Coronado and surrounding region, although the deadly effect of the boom is still visible. San Diego ought to be the leading city of Southern California. Its fine harbor and climate unequaled on the coast, are much in its favor and it has, if properly irrigated, as fine a fruit country back of it as can be found anywhere. The oranges grown in Sweet Water valley, some fifteen miles inland, are superior to those grown in any other portion of the State. A fine new Opera House is in the process of erection and I noticed quite a number of substantial buildings going up in different parts of the city, some rather pretentious residences. There seems to be no good reason why San Diego should not from this time go steadily on.

Mrs. Edith R. Nickless we found ministering to the spiritual needs of the community, both publicly and privately. She is a noble representative of Spiritualism in its highest phase. Mrs. Nickless' meetings were attended by the best class of people and she is held in high regard by all who know her, as a lady as well as

a teacher. Dr. Nickless administers to the ills of the body; Miss Mabel, their daughter has an unusually musical and sympathetic voice, which is being trained for the stage. She is a bright, pleasant young girl and certainly gives great promise of an extraordinary future, if her musical studies are properly pursued. The family expects to return East to their home, at the close of the Summerland camp-meeting. They have been on this coast about three years and have won a host of warm friends whose kind wishes they will carry back with them to their Eastern home, and Doctor and Mrs. Nickless may always be certain of a warm welcome awaiting them whenever they may visit California again.

A day spent with the poet, Stanley Fitzpatrick, in her study, was one of the very delightful events of my stay. She is a grandly unfolded soul, that noble worker and writer in the cause of progression.

Ella Wilson Marchant was a visitor at Coronado during the month and is also well known to the readers of the *GOLDEN WAY*.

Mrs. Helen Bushyhead, the pioneer spiritualist, is as earnestly at work with her faith undimmed for the cause as ever.

The restful days are over and all too soon I bid a fond goodbye to the beauties and delights of Coronado, and am again emerged in busy, earnest life by the side of my brave and noble companion and husband at the helm of daily journalism.

It now seems to be conceded, even

by the dailies of San Francisco, that the Assessor and Board of Supervisors of this city have been guilty of the grossest neglect, if not of downright crime, in the matter of levying assessments for taxes. It is not denied that rich men and powerful corporations have, in numerous instances, been able to elude their share of the public burden, nor can a rational observer contemplate the subject without suspecting that the conduct of these officials was not void of ulterior purposes, too iniquitous to demand any special demonstration. Detected in the commission of a monstrous wrong upon the State, and particularly upon San Francisco, the rogues who are intimately concerned maintain themselves in an attitude of insolent defiance and reveal the most unique arrogance on record. Caught in the omission of their sworn duties they have the sublime effrontery to tell the people of the State that there was no time afforded them among the multifarious engagements of their offices, to perform that for which they were elected and draw their salaries.

Ample time appears to have been given for the high assessment of the poor and common people of the metropolis, but the horologe of eternity would bawl all too silently to impinge the tympanum of these derelict scoundrels if a single bell were rung calling the goldocracy to their just doom. It remains to be seen whether or not the Board of Equilization will season political mercy with a modicum of pure and impersonal justice. Already the

telegrams report that "private political arrangements will be used to cover up the shortcomings of San Francisco's municipal administration." If persuasion and coercion of this kind can so stultify and trample down the rights of the people in so flagrant a case, it would be appropriate to reconsider our declaration, that before the law all men are free and *equal*, as a piece of derisive rhetoric, born of a fine lie.

THE inception and growth of anarchy and socialism in the United States is one of the gravest and most startling problems which a Republican form of Government ever had to meet.

Condemn and deplore it as we may, there is no escape from the fact that this explosive and revolutionary policy is vehemently advocated by thousands of persons in our great cities. From Herr Most, who has several times been punished for serious crimes, to the defunct and life-imprisoned felons at Chicago; from George Francis Train, the millionaire crank, to the keeper of a disreputable liquor den; from the intellectual and tender-hearted Henry George to the hypocritical ranter known as Dennis Kearney; from Edward McGlynn, the brave and conscientious ex-priest of New York, to the genial and gifted Judge Maguire of San Francisco and Edward Bellamy; the last decade has produced a truly ridiculous medley of patriotism, love of liberty, world-revolution, confiscation and murder.

The one class expound theories

for the naturalization of land, railways, telegraphs and many other industries; and it may be properly said of them, that, whether in the right or wrong, they have the courage to set their faces against brute force and rely upon reason and education for the ultimate accomplishment of their pet purposes.

The other class, on the contrary, openly and brazenly declare their wish to reduce society to their ideal democracy by means of the boycott and the concomitant centrifugal experiment with dynamite. Those who appeal to reason and the dictates of justice, however erroneous their reasoning or imperfect their sense of equity, are not likely to menace or destroy anything that is worthy to survive.

Those who resort to the powers of the physical realm render it imperative that they should be met in kind, since it is an eternal law of existence that he who invokes assassination or murder must inevitably pay the forfeit with his life.

Sentimentality displayed in favor of the cowardly boycotter and unreasoning dynamiter is on a par with that silly poetic compassion which for many years has, in certain quarters, been shown toward the remorseless and bloodthirsty savage of the territories.

Who are these haters of order and destructionists of life and property in the United States? From whence did they come and what made them what they are?

They are, let it be answered without

prejudice to any class or nationality, mostly those who have immigrated from foreign countries; the lowest and most ignorant people at home, without power, influence or money; reared amid scenes of poverty, degradation and despotism; deprived of all voice in Government; ruled with a rod of iron, and chained in obedience to their conditions by the inexorable forces of aristocracy, wealth and military power; they reach America in a state of political babyhood and their hearts filled with class hatreds. To their benighted souls, freedom is a mystical dream of absolute and uncontrolled existence, at once incompatible with law, order or government. To them the constitution of the country is less familiar than Plato's Greek thesis upon the ideal Republic. The uniform and beneficent statutes of the land, guaranteeing each and every individual right possible to be realized under any known form of government; the wide scope, with endless opportunities for betterment, given to personal ambition; the innumerable industries in which an honest, energetic people may engage, and the exhaustless fields always open to human achievement, are all an empty form, a dead letter, a blind chaos to the foreign Anarchists and boycott-slaves who cry aloud for the millenium, or rave in piteous accents for an imagined, impossible paradise, and yet allow themselves to live in the idleness and stupefaction of lager beer saloons.

The case at first blush provokes both pathos and contempt. It is

pathetic in so far as the undoubted ignorance of these violent and misguided immigrants are concerned, and derisive in as much as they are wholly unappreciative of the magnitude and grandeur of the country that has always extended to persecuted, poor and unfortunate aliens the warmest welcome. Received on terms of perfect equality, coming to a land whose liberty is as sunshine to the darkness of a life-long slavery; allowed to think and express their opinions freely, instead of being enjoined from the utterance of the slightest eccentric thought, graciously permitted to maintain any religious belief or none at all, in lieu of being compelled to conformity with bigoted and tyrannical creeds, these ungrateful creatures are no sooner fairly landed than they commence a bitter tirade against free-born and free-thinking men whose toil has spanned the continent with shining bands of steel and whose brave thoughts have girdled this globe with their glory. What shall we do with the dynamiting anarchist and his feeble and less valiant brother, the boycotter?

We can see no remedy except that better education in the nobler truths and sublime principals upon which this Government is founded; and where, on account of extreme prejudice and inherent viciousness, this course is found to be impossible. We should render such malcontents and destroyers of human peace up to the severest execution of righteous and inflexible law.

THERE has been organized at Marshalltown, Iowa, the Sunnyside Spiritual Institute Association, upon the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, with the design to give instruction in various branches of learning necessary to a true, practical and spiritual earth life, and in the teachings and phases of Spiritual Wisdom and Truth, as well as the development and support of sensitives, who will give the positive evidences of Spirit Life, under the protection of the Association.

It is proposed to erect an Institute building for these purposes, upon a large tract of land, suitably located, by an improvement corporation of spiritualists who will offer their capital stock to the spiritualists of the country at a low figure, and it will return a reasonable interest upon the investment, from the lease of the Institute, and other buildings, and from the sale and lease of cottages and house lots. It is designed to form a harmonial village surrounding the buildings of the Institute, which will be, besides the Institute building, a medium's home, a spiritual library, a sanitarium, seance halls, stores, office buildings, storehouses, etc. All of which will be about a mile outside of this city, and will give to its dwellers all the latest phases of earth life and spirit life.

The location in view is most desirable, for sanitary and all other reasons. The climate at this point is quite mild in winter and very healthy throughout the year. No spot could be better adapted for the purposes of

this beneficent institution, than that suggested by its spiritual advisors. The Trustees of the Association are earnestly working, under Spiritual direction, for the speedy accomplishment of the objects of this great undertaking, and they ask the assistance and co-operation of Spiritualists everywhere to bring out the proposed plans before the attention and for the enlightenment of our people and their advancement in spiritual truth and knowledge.

Correspondence is solicited and may be addressed to the Board of Trustees, Sunnyside Spiritual Institute Ass'n, Marshalltown, Iowa.

W. J. COLVILLE's great lecture, on the life and writings of H. P. Blavatsky, has been issued in pamphlet form, by Colby and Rich, Boston. It is marked by that same spirit of justness that characterizes all his works. It is a careful review of this remarkable woman given by one who neither blindly worships at her shrine nor piles condemnation mountain high on her devoted head.

WHO among us would not avoid the evil that is near, if we did but realize an angel's love was guarding us? And after the toils and cares we are willing to lay aside, become so burdensome that we faint under the pressing load, and we draw the curtain about us for the last earthly sleep to awaken in the morning of another life, will it not be sweet to realize that some angel stands ready to welcome us home again?

REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, the eloquent Boston divine, is now on a visit to this coast. Mr. Savage is a man of no small reputation, indeed it may be doubted whether among that brilliant galaxy of literary men in Boston there is another quite his peer. As a public speaker he represents the new style of oratory, quiet, self-possessed conversational. With no notes or manuscript. Mr. Savage comes forward before his audience and from the very start, his wonderful sympathetic voice catches the ear of the listeners and holds them spell bound to the end. It used to be said a dozen years ago that one could find Mr. Beecher's Church in Brooklyn by simply following the crowd from the ferries. The same is true in Boston, for even on stormy Sundays the great plain auditorium of Mr. Savage's Church is filled with an interested audience.

The religious career of Mr. Savage has been checkered. Starting as a congregational minister he has bordered into one of the most radical of modern preachers, and with voice and pen he defends the modern scientific doctrines. One can scarcely pick up a copy of the *North American Forum* or *Arena* without seeing some article from his talented pen. His sermons are printed not only in the Boston papers, but in pamphlet form and from 10,000 to 20,000 of them are scattered over the land every week.

Mr. Savage spoke in San Jose on "The Change of Front of the Universe," and put forcibly before the people the latest results of the evolu-

tionary theory. As the personal friend of Herbert Spencer, John Fiske and Prof. Cope no man is more competent to do this than Mr. Savage. All Spiritualists are familiar with his views on things psychical.

THE First Progressive Spiritualist Society of Omaha, Neb., passed the following resolutions at a recent meeting.

Resolved:—That in the opinion of this association those persons known as "Spiritualists" throughout the world should, either through their regular organizations or otherwise, apply to the proper authorities of the "Great Columbian Fair" for the privilege of making suitable provisions within the domain of such authorities set apart for all who desire recognition for the purposes of such Fair.

Resolved:—That all papers published in the interests of Spiritualism are requested to give these resolutions a place in their columns and to make such comments as they may see fit.

Respectfully,

GEN. E. ESTABROOK,
DR. J. C. PHILLIPS,
JAMES MONTGOMERY,
MRS. J. E. MONTGOMERY,
CHAS. ALLEN,
MRS. K. M. ALLEN,
R. L. LUNT,
JAMES WINSHIP,
H. D. DWELLY,
MRS. J. A. DWELLY,
JAMES WRIGHT,
MRS. MARY WRIGHT,
COMMITTEE.

DEAD! James Russell Lowell, the poet, philosopher and lover of his kind. A great man who has lived a long and useful life; the suddenness of his taking-off may be surprising, but it does not strike the world with that sense of pain which is often felt over death.

We all recognize and, at times, deplore the melancholy truth expressed by the elder Hawthorne, that "the prophet dies; the man of torpid heart and sluggish brain lives on;" but may we not be consoled, even in this case, with the beautiful conviction of Emerson: "the great man does not fear to die, he knows that he will be permitted to complete hereafter the unfinished work of his past existence."

James Russell Lowell, although a sincerely severe critic of the shortcomings of his age, was one of the most hopeful and joyous thinkers who has bettered the world.

Perhaps no American ever equalled him in the use of satire. A master of invective, he knew how to use the terrible weapon of words; but all of his poison-tipped arrows were shot in behalf of truth and justice.

Understanding as few men do, how to make an enemy appear mean and loathsome, he was never known to employ an evil innuendo against an honest man. Indeed, he was an optimist, pure and simple, whose words are radiant with gold and whose thoughts are lustrous gems. He had, in the language of Marlowe "a mouth of gold and morning in his eyes."

To mankind, at large, he has left

the rich legacy of imperishable thought—something that will endure when bonanza kings and railroad wreckers are forgotten with common beggars in an indistinguishable dust.

A BEAUTIFUL gift from J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel's Order of Light, reached us to-day. It is a copy of "Eona's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World" in a crimson plush case tied with bows of satin ribbon. The case bears on its top the words, "Eon and Eona" in silver letters an inch in length. Its beauty and uniqueness being a joy to its recipient, whose appreciation cannot be told in words. Mr. Fayette's health is very poor, he feels that he is nearing the shores of home. Already he hears the first sound of the bugle's call and is waiting with joyous expectancy for its full tones clear and distinct, "Come home, come home!"

AGAIN in all the fullness and grandeur of womanly dignity, Mrs. J. J. Whitney stepped upon the rostrum, Sabbath evening, August 9, responsive to her guide. Tests given were marvelous and convincing to the most pronounced skeptic. Mrs. Whitney certainly has the field and is the best platform test medium in the United States.

Mrs. I. G. WILLIAMS, 211 Jones Street, is gladdening the hearts of the followers of fashion with her new styles of elegance and beauty in costumes. Her fitting cannot be excelled.

A PRIVATE letter from Sister Anna Daniels, the materializing medium, for the Sun Angel Order of Light, tells us she will be with us this fall. If nothing occurs to prevent, Sister Rogers of Hemlock Lake, New York will accompany her. Mrs. Daniels' photogravure appears in this number and is a very correct likeness of her fine face. Sister Daniels is a sensitive of the finest texture, around her shine the rays of divine. We trust the sisters and brothers of the blessed order, will be ready to clasp the hand of our fair sister in tender welcome. With some there might be a sweet recognizance of the long, long ago.

How sweet to be welcomed by friends of the past.

Who smile in our eyes as of old;

As adown in the vale of memory we glance
And know our heart's love forever we'll hold.

How few there are who heed Nature's admonitions or profit by her lessons. With thoughts and eyes bent earthwards, they never see the stars that shine forever in the "blue vault of night" above them. They grovel among the slums of earth-life, in a realm of unworthy thoughts and desires, raking up garbage instead of golden grain. They think meanly of their fellows, and act meanly towards them, and thereby they grow mean and narrow in their own natures. With no broad outlook upon human life and duty, but wholly wrapt up in the mantle of their own selfishness, they live on husks until old age creeps upon them, and they find themselves fattened with emptiness.

If there is a pitiable thing in all this universe more pitiable than another, it is a human being nearing the land of shadows, with a heart barren of generous impulses—a life crowned by no starry garland of noble deeds.

Who that reasons—who that would live in the upper story of his own marvelous being, and get the best out of life and its experiences—can look out upon Nature in her peaceful and gentle moods, and not feel her silent influence distilling like a sweet incense through all his soul?

Let us resolve to gather wisdom from all that we are and are a part of—from every surrounding circumstance and condition of life and death—laying up some golden stores of character, some precious treasures of soul, with every experience, against the bleak Winter whose outlying and bordering Springtime fills the measureless Beyond.

WE are in receipt of a sheet of music entitled "Spirit Mother Hear My Prayer", words by Marion K. La Rausiem, music by I. Claude La Rausiem, for the pianoforte, violin or flute. "Spirit Mother Hear My Prayer" is arranged for the pianoforte or organ, also as a quartette with pianoforte accompaniment. Price for each arrangement, 25 cents or two for 40 cents. For sale at GOLDEN GATE Office, 624 Polk Street.

AT Dr. Miller's, 314 Ellis street, is the home for those who desire comfort and good board. Tourists and friends from the country will find welcome there.

THE human race is yet in its infancy—is only beginning to walk. It needs all the helps and encouragements of religion as well as science to keep it from stumbling; and they are not always sufficient. Although groping amid shadows it is ever reaching out after and struggling for the light. And it will find it sometime—the true light—the electric light of Wisdom. The law of eternal progress is graven in the heart of the rock, of the plant, of man. All life is barbed with a divine purpose, ever penetrating and reaching forward, holding fast to that which it gains, and never going backwards,—that is, in its entirety and ultimate.

And so we welcome all helps to growth, spiritual or intellectual—we care not whence they come—whether from saint or sinner, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian. He is our brother who loves his fellow men, and would do unto them as he would that they should do unto him—who strives by word and act to so live that when death shall have placed its icy seal upon his lips, the fragrance of many a tender memory will penetrate the hearts of those who knew him best.

MISS H. M. YOUNG, agent for W. J. Colville's books, and "The Problem of Life", is now in Boston, No. 9 Bosworth street. Since her vacation that she passed with friends in a quiet home in North Edgecomb, Maine, she has buckled on the armor and is at work again. Mr. Colville will spend September in Boston and

perhaps remain longer. They are doing a mighty work but few can accomplish. We quote a few lines of her friendly letter: "In Brooklyn the classes were very large, and the people very appreciative. I had charge of the work in that city. They wish us to return in the fall." This tireless little woman obeys strictly the call of duty. Our best wishes are thine dear sister.

WE ARE in receipt of "*The Weekly Discourse*", containing the sermon delivered by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, in Cleveland, Ohio, Sunday July 12, 1891. The invocation alone lifts the soul above the groveling things of this life. The discourse treats upon "Wonder Working, Miracles, and Supernatural Realms." It is deep and instructive to the soul. The impromptu poems that follow are sublime. We ask the Spiritualists all over this fair land, if they realize the rare gem we have here in our midst. Mrs. Richmond has ever stood out from the rest of mankind, as it were, a bright and shining light, that not one hypocrite that has ever shown around her could dim in the slightest degree.

WE understand that the gifted inspirational speaker, Elizabeth Lowe Watson, is soon to return to the rostrum, after a two years' respite from public labors. She will enter on her ministerial duties as soon as suitable quarters for meetings can be found in this city.

MY COLLEAGUE showed her fair, pleasant face at our sanctum this morning on her way home from her outing, where she has passed six weeks at Coronada and with friends in San Diego of unalloyed pleasure and rest. We were rejoiced that the steamer landed in safety with its dear burden. It is hard for a "bird to fly with but one wing," and as she is a host within herself, our work can now go bravely on. Welcome home!

R. L. B.

IN OUR October number a photographure of Mrs. J. J. Whitney will appear with a sketch of her career. Also an illustrated poem by Rose L. Bushnell, which in its simplicity lends a charm to both life and death.

The Summerland of August 8th is before us. We are much pleased with the character of this issue. Its new Editor, Dwight Kempton, seems to lend it that purity of purpose that will keep its columns white and clean. It is quite a pretty little paper printed with the best of type; material, thick and substantial; selections, good; poetry above the average. Its object and aim under the new reign, is to please its readers and pave the way for more glowing success. The beacon light shines steadily and clear, brother Kempton.

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Sorrow, Soliloquy of Phyllis at Sileby, The
Holy Maid of Kent, etc., etc., etc.

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Clair, We Shall Meet Our Friends in the
Morning, Meet us at the Crystal
Gate, etc., etc.

Many of the poems are admirably adapted for recitation, and were used by the author in her public readings. The volume contains 225 pages, is beautifully bound, and furnishes a fine holiday gift. Price \$1.50. Post paid.

PRESS NOTICES.

Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle is masterful in her profile poetical genius. — *The Two Worlds*, (Eng.)

A talented writer and one of President Garfield's brightest scholars. — *Chautauque Argus*.

A gifted poet whose writings are familiar to many. — *Detroit Advertiser*.

Mrs. Tuttle is well known as a poetess and author of many exquisite songs. — *Sat. Eve. Spectator*.

Her poems are worthy to hang like a banner on our walls to recall us daily to our better selves. — *Hester M. Noble*.

A poet with abundant talent and versatility. — *Banner of Light*.

Intuitive, spiritual, dauntily refined, setting itself to music. — *Progressive Thinker*.

Strong, true and beautiful. — *Mrs. Sarah A. Underwood*.

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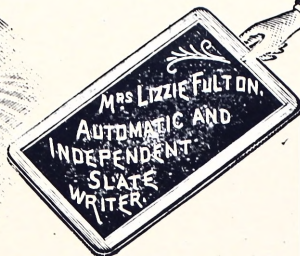
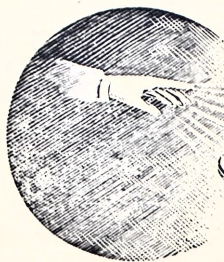
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